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VOLUME VIII

JULY 1873, TO JANUARY 1874

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Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
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Boys must be at least thirteen years of age, and must be well prepared in the usual studies of good grammar schools. It is especially recommended that careful attention be given to a full knowledge of elementary arithmetic (through interest).

The regular course of study will occupy four years; and it is hoped that it will enable the best pupils to pass at Harvard the "additional examinations" in both the classics and mathematics.

There will be semi-annual examinations; and no pupil will be allowed to remain at the school whose progress or deportment is unsatisfactory.

There is a regular session every day from nine o'clock till two; and pupils from a distance, while engaged upon their evening lessons, will be in the presence and under the instruction of their teachers.

The whole instruction of the school will be under the minute superintendence of the master; and it is not intended by the managers to ever allow the school to become so large as to prevent him from knowing the wants, ability, and character of each of his pupils. They desire that he may, so far as is possible, hold a parental relation to those under his care, and that parents may feel that the moral and physical well being of their sons is carefully watched over and guarded.

A large boarding-house will be opened under the direction of the master, who, with his family, will reside in it; thus having constant acquaintance with those under his charge.

The academy building has been erected with great care, and is believed to be one of the most elegant and perfect school-edifices in the country. It has been thoroughly furnished to correspond with the beauty of the building, and with the wish that it should not only have every thing necessary to the comfort of both teachers and pupils, but that it should be attractive and pleasant, — a proper school-home for well-bred boys.

A good playground is attached to the academy, also a gymnasium for use in wet weather. The facilities for active games in the open air have been found of special advantage to boys who come daily from the city to attend the school. The car-fare from Boston is nine dollars per quarter.

The tuition-fee of the academy is one hundred dollars per annum, payable, one-half at the beginning of the first term, and one-half on the first of February.

In compliance with numerous requests, a school preparatory to the Adams Academy will be opened under the supervision of the master.

*** For circulars or other particulars, address

DR. W. R. DIMMOCK,

QUINCY, MASS.

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OLD AND NEW.

VOL. VIII.—JULY, 1873.—NO. 1.

THE papers which we publish in this number of "OLD AND NEW," and the plans which it contains of different academies and colleges, present, very fairly, the several systems now before intelligent men as to the direction of the higher education of the country. It will be found, that, because they approach the important subject which they consider from quite different points of view, there is hardly one position of substantial importance in these high discussions to which justice has not been done by one or another of these writers.

Such discussions, in whatever interest, will gradually compel the attention of thoughtful men and women to the necessity of greatly enlarging and greatly improving the staff of instruction to which is to be intrusted the details of the work which these writers consider. This necessity is indeed the fundamental necessity of every plan for improvement which will be canvassed in these summer months in every trustees' board and in every meeting of eager alumni. At the present moment, we are all demanding much more than we can ever get from the men and women whom we have set to the work in hand.

The whole discussion of the question of the choice of languages in the college curriculum is a fair illustration of the necessity of which we speak. Will you let your undergraduate enter college without any knowledge of Greek? Will you accept German as a substitute, as they have done at Antioch College for many years? That question is one of those discussed in these pages, and which, as these months go by, will arouse a great deal of earnest, perhaps some heated attention. The puzzled arbiter (if we can suppose there were one) before whom such a question should be argued, feeling that both disputants are right, may very well be imagined to ask

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why either language should be excluded. Why is it taken for granted that the OLD is to be sacrificed to the NEW? The answer, of course, in familiar conversation, is, that no boy has time for three languages beside his own,—for Greek, German, and Latin. It is taken for granted that four years, or at the utmost five, are to be spent in the high school or other preparatory academy. It is taken for granted that a half-way knowledge of Latin and a quarter-way knowledge of Greek are all that can be gained in those four or five years. To add German, it is supposed, would be absurd.

So it is absurd, if the school is a school where, on the average, thirty pupils are assigned to one teacher, and where that teacher's knowledge of Greek and Latin is the average knowledge of our college graduate. And if what we are discussing is the question, What we can do with these postulates? it will not be difficult to show that the study of a little German will do as much good as the study of a little Greek does. It may also show that it does as little. But the discussion has much more worth, if it throws us back on this other question, — Whether we mean to be satisfied with these poor conditions.

Any first-rate classical teacher would readily take an average boy of fourteen, and undertake to fit him to read all the Latin required for his entrance into college in eighteen months, if the boy were his only pupil, and if the Latin were the chief work in hand. And no good Greek scholar, taking in hand this boy after he was able to read Latin into English, or English into Latin, at sight, would hesitate, in twelve months, to teach him the Greek required for entrance into our best colleges, if, as before, he were his only pupil. Any such teacher, whether of Greek or Latin, would prefer to have the boy at the same time learning the amount of mathematics required at the best colleges. Two years and a half is ample for the whole affair, if you have but one pupil, if you yourself know the two languages thoroughly well, and are completely at ease with the mathematics; and supposing you are a first-rate teacher.

If, then, we choose to give five years to this process, it is because we choose to do it in the cheapest manner instead of the dearest. That is the whole of that matter.

If to such a boy, it were thought desirable to teach German, twelve months' additional time would be all that any competent teacher would claim to teach him enough of that language for the purposes desired, namely, its use in studying history and physical science.

The common phrase is perfectly true, which says that any language can be learned in a year.

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Pass by the thirty boys best fitted for Harvard College this summer, and, of the rest of the class entering there, there will not be one who knows as much of Latin as any intelligent German emigrant on the Bowery knows of English after he has been one year in this country, if he have fairly tried to learn English. Such a man studies with the keenest stimulus, it may be said. This is true enough. But, on the other hand, he has passed by that period of childhood or youth when the learning of language is the merest trifle, in comparison; the learning of language, in one form or another, being, in fact, precisely what childhood and youth are for.

Just what the first-class teacher we have supposed can do with one boy, he can do with two better than one, and with three better than two. Perhaps he can do with four or five pupils as much as with two or with one. But, after that number, he is over-weighted, if the boy's time is accounted of any value. His personal impulse becomes insignificant, and "the book" comes to be relied upon; which is to say, education ends, and mere routine work begins. For the practical business of teaching the classics and mathematics no method has been hit on more satisfactory than that of the best private tutors in the English universities. One of these gentlemen takes, perhaps, four pupils. He meets A at nine o'clock. They sit at the same table; A does his work under his teacher's eye; they study together. The interest and life of the teacher quicken the pupil. The teacher shows the pupil the best ways of study. At ten o'clock he gives A his directions for his private study, and meets B alone for an hour, as he has met A. At eleven o'clock he meets C. At twelve o'clock he meets D. And at some other hour in the day he meets them all; and they all work together for an hour. The teacher is thus able to consider the personal need of the pupil, and to give him the full advantage of such consideration. The pupil is able to ask the teacher just what he wants, and to show him just what are his difficulties. At the same time, all the pupils meet each other in study and recitation, compare notes, and go forward with the stimulus and sympathy of companionship.

Now, we venture to say that the first of the academies or high schools of this country which will adopt some such course as this, giving to every four boys whom it fits for college one teacher of the first and best ability, whose chief duty it shall be to see that they go through their last two years of preparation thoroughly well, will be the school or academy, which will, at whatever charge, receive the best and most promising pupils, and will receive the largest number

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of them. With a certain steady demand for superficial and almost worthless education, there is another demand for education of the very best type, the results of which may be relied upon. With the increase of the country in wealth, there grows up the determination to have that done in the best way which is done at all. And in proportion as the young men and young women learn that there are ways in which that can be done in two years which they now do in four years, they, and those who direct their education, will certainly insist upon the change.

Such a change will call to the front the people who know Greek and Latin, to act as teachers, in place of mere smatterers, who know a little of the vocabulary of both languages, and are a little in advance of their pupils in the sublime art of guessing out the meaning of a passage. It is a pleasure to see how the number of accomplished classical teachers advances. The associations and conventions which bring them together display, with every year, better and better apprehension of the work which they have in hand and of the great languages of which they have to interpret the literature and the methods. There is no danger but that such teachers will show themselves in numbers sufficient for the duty in hand the moment the country chooses to make the demand.

The history of education in this country presents enough instances of the triumph of first-class arrangements, even when made at considerable expense to the pupil, to encourage and justify new effort in such directions. There is, of course, a tendency to offer at the very lowest charges the priceless advantages of classical culture. But the pupils are very watchful. The changing registers of the Western colleges show that the tide of favor which fills one college one year sets in on another the next, just as the scholars find out that one or the other does, or does not, give what is proposed. And when, in contrast with the cheap work of superficial men and women struggling with large classes, and permitting text-books to teach that of which they are themselves ignorant, one looks back on such schools as Dr. Cogswell's at Round Hill, and Mr. Weld's at Eaglewood, it is to be re-assured as to the possibility of bringing good work to bear in the best way upon the pupils. Those schools live now only in the noble work of men whom they trained. But those men stand ready, many of them in some of the most prominent positions of the country, to join in an appeal for the most thorough, even if it be the more costly, system of education. Cost is not always the first question in the matter of education. It has too often

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been made the first question, and that to the detriment of the community; as in the case of the State of Connecticut, whose famous well-meant blunder of a school-fund had the sole merit of making schooling cheap. The result was, that, since the public money would pay for *some* schooling, the community, with moral indolence, gravitated towards the practice of not taxing itself for any additional schooling; and, for half a century, that ancient State steadily fell behind its more fortunate neighbors, who were forced to pay for all the schooling they got. At present, the error is in process of reparation. The dividends from the fund depend upon the liberality with which the towns tax themselves; and this simple rule has turned the fund from a narcotic into a stimulus.

Other things being equal,— not necessarily otherwise,— that education is no doubt best which costs least. In a country like ours, where capital is dear, this cheapness per head per annum is an especially weighty argument for the masses of the people. It becomes still more weighty when this cost is an argument to be used by political outs and political ins against each other; so that cheapness must continue a leading consideration in our common-school systems.

But the case is different with the somewhat numerous, and in some respects very unfortunate, class who would — or at least could, if they would — gain most by the expensive thorough culture in question. These poor people are the rich, — a class more neglected in education in this country than in almost any other. Hereditary wealth can hardly be said to exist in America, for the reason that wealth is so commonly acquired by ill-educated people, who, because ill educated, do not know that their children need a special preparation in order to be rich well. They themselves had it: it consisted in the hard labor, and grim self-denial, and intense will, which they put forth in acquiring it. This their children have not. But something equivalent to it they must have, or else their money will destroy them. What equivalent can there be? None, unless it is a training more thorough, more elevating, more tonic, than that of the poor, just in proportion as their social circumstances are a drag and a relaxation to the nobler human qualities. That the possession of wealth imposes responsibility (*richesse oblige*), that it should occasion self-distrust and humility, at least as much as conceit and pride, and other like threadbare moral lessons, are in every reader's mind; and he wishes he was in the very middle of the difficulty.

Such trite preachments we naturally avoid; but no other single measure of an educational kind would do more to imbue our whole Ameri-

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can social fabric with the fineness of finish and æsthetic attractions which would so gracefully complete its strength and vigorous movement, than this one measure of organizing schools ideally thorough in aim and method: "Schools for the Elevation of the Helpless Rich," you may call them, if you want to, or "Institutions for Preventing the Rachitis of the Soul."

It would take years before any results would appear? Yes: it takes thirty to make a strong man of that age out of a baby. Why should we expect a nation to improve faster than an individual? And yet to admit that any given reform must have thirty years in which to prove its usefulness would kill the enterprise before any popular assembly, and would greatly damp even the most spiritual of the enthusiasms of the "May meetings." But (for instance) if the evils of our defunct social system of slavery and of its destruction shall have been radically cured by A.D. 1903, it will be wonderfully quick, and notwithstanding the tone of public opinion in the country is unquestionably a tone of unconscious dissatisfaction that things have not gone better south of Mason and Dixon's line, they have improved surprisingly fast too.

In like manner, the establishment of even a hundred such schools as these paragraphs call for would hardly yield visible fruits for a quarter of a century. Suppose the students for them are now (1873) fifteen, that they are under education for ten years (1883), that they then enter into active life; it will require another ten years (1893) before their influence will perceptibly tinge America. It takes a great deal and a long while to effect even a homœopathic modification of our forty-million mass of humanity. But we need it, for all that; and, in one form or another, we shall have it.

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MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. COMBERWOOD ENTERS. — SUNDAY AT RINGHURST.

He was an enormous man every way, — over six feet, and stout out of all proportion. The dog-cart horse specially purchased for this work could do nothing more in a day than take his master to and from the station. In London all omnibuses were closed against him at the price; and cabmen suddenly became singularly short-sighted when hailed by Mr. Comberwood on the pavement. Once he was in the same situation as the famous Irishman, who, being taken in a sedan-chair whereof the bottom was out, remarked, that, "but for the look of the thing, he'd as lief have walked;" that is, Mr. Comberwood's legs appeared as auxiliaries to the wheels, — fortunately without accident, and without either a summons or an action. You can't expect an ordinary vehicle, intended for ordinary persons, to carry an elephant; and an ordinary driver, obliged to take up a fare, whatever his size, can't bring an action against his customer for exceeding a certain weight.

Mr. Comberwood's practice was therefore chiefly in chambers, where Mahomet came to the mountain; the mountain being a necessity to Mahomet as a client.

He had a bald head, bordered from temple to temple with hair as evenly and exactly as if he had been measured for it by a village barber with an inverted wooden basin; and this hair was as curly and neutral-tinted as the Astrachan trimming on a lady's jacket. He spoke quickly, and repeated his sentences, in part or wholly, as might be necessary. His countenance was capable of three expressions, and three only. The first was humorous, the second irritable, and the third blank incapacity. He appeared at his largest when wearing the last expression: it was the one that came naturally to him after dinner, when he spread himself out over a stalwart arm-chair, and stared at the fire, which must have seemed to him like the glow of the setting sun illuminating the outline of his waistcoat's horizon. The first and second expressions merged into one another. When humorous, he became suddenly irritable, and, when irritable, he became suddenly humorous. Also, if his wife was inclined to be irritable, he became immediately humorous. She herself had no humor, nor appreciation of it.

He kissed Mrs. Comberwood and Alice (which I did not like), and told the boys to help him off with his great-coat. It *was* a great-coat with a vengeance. Judiciously parcelled out, it would have clothed a deserving family of eight.

He was very glad to see me.

"Halloo!" he said. "Master Colvin — hey? What's your name? what's your name — hey?"

This was said so fast as to be almost unintelligible to me. I paused and smiled. I did not like to ask what he had said. He did not, however, give me time to think over it, as he went on hurriedly, wearing his humorous expression, —

"Not got a name — hey? No godfathers and godmothers — hey? What did your godfathers and godmothers do for you — hey?"

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"Papa!" said Alice reproachfully.

"They gave him a name — hey?"

"Cecil, sir."

"Cecil — hey — Cecil? Here, Dick, take that fish to the cook: don't tumble down with it now — hey? Do you hear?"

"Yes, papa."

"Now, then," he went on, "hands washing — 'what no soap, so he died' — hey?" To me: "Did you ever hear that story, Master Cecil? 'No soap she bear, and the Great Panjandrum with the little round button at the top' — hey?"

I had not, and hoped he would tell me.

Mrs. Comberwood now thought it time to interfere.

"Dinner is already very late," she said with the precise certainty of a person who knows what o'clock it is to a minute: "so I do beg you will get ready at once, Stephen."

We passed that evening, a very short one, with the weight of the coming Sunday morning on us. This was to be the first Sunday I had ever spent away from home in the holidays. Miss Alice was generally for straying into theological discussion, while Austin read, and Dick taught me the game of fox-and-geese with draughts. Mr. and Mrs. Comberwood talked about the people who were coming, and who were not, to their party. Alice joined them in this; and my attention was drawn towards them twice by the mention of Herbert Pritchard and Mr. Cavander.

"How's Uncle Herbert — hey?" asked Mr. Comberwood. "You didn't know he'd be here. Yes, come to look after you, and give a good report to your father — hey? What a good boy am I — Horner in the corner — hey?"

Then he resumed his part in the conversation. On Sunday morning he read family prayers. Kneeling was out of the question with him. He did it vicariously, through Alice, who was devotional enough for the whole party, enjoying it so evidently, that, not being accustomed to outward piety, and knowing nothing at all of inward, I wondered mightily.

During the morning all mention of the coming theatricals and party was banished. Mr. Comberwood did ample justice to the breakfast in the true spirit of a holiday-maker who has the entire day before him. On week-days he scarcely knew what breakfast meant: it was a hinderance, which very often had nearly caused the loss of his train; but on Sundays this and luncheon were novelties to be thoroughly enjoyed.

We did every thing to the sound of the bell, so much so, that I soon began to derive the name of the place from this practice. A bell got the servants out of bed, and us out of our sleep. Bell number two ordered them to breakfast. The third bell was to inform us that they could not go on any longer alone; and "their betters" must get up and help them. The fourth bell invited us to breakfast: this was an economical bell, and did duty for prayers too. Then came the church-bells, running after one another merrily ever so many times, then taking breath, then coming out at intervals in pairs, then the laggard by himself was peremptorily stopped by the church-clock striking the hour. Then, on our return, there was bell number five for us to prepare, so that the announcement which would have to be presently made should not take us by surprise; then number six, which let out the secret of luncheon; and number seven to summon the servants to dinner in the servants' hall. Tea had another bell, being the

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eighth. The ceremony of dressing for dinner was celebrated with a good rattling fantasia, number nine, on the bell. Dinner itself was the occasion for the tenth, the servants' supper for the eleventh, and evening family prayers the twelfth.

We walked to church slowly and comfortably. Alice had plenty of questions to ask poor old women, tottering old men in slate-colored smocks, and shy children.

The church at Whiteboys was the first village church I had seen; that is I mean with a purely village congregation. It had its Christmas decorations, chiefly done by Alice Comberwood. It was an old Norman church, and one of the few objects of interest in the neighborhood. It had been patched up and restored; and its massive pillars were half hidden by the high pews. The pews indeed were so high, that, had a stranger suddenly entered during the lessons or the sermon, he would have thought he had come upon a clergyman rehearsing his part in an empty church. Looked at in perspective and on a level, the tops of the pews seemed like a sea of fixed waves, between each of which, when the heads popped up, you suddenly beheld the bathers.

This description could not, of course, apply to Mr. Comberwood; and *apropos* it now occurs to me what a magnificent *Suisse* he would have made in a French church. I could not help remarking Mr. Comberwood during service. He was short-sighted, and took a long time to find and fix his eye-glasses. He generally got hold of the wrong psalm, when he made the responses in a rather husky but very audible voice, and so quickly, that he had finished his verse before the rest of the congregation had got half way through theirs; when, having done his part, he would look round from under his glasses (he always viewed every thing from a point either above or below his eye-glasses, never straight through them) as though inquiring irritably, "Why the deuse don't you get on — hey?" When his wife or Miss Alice would point out his mistake to him in a whisper, he replied aloud, "Hey — what?" Having ascertained the nature of their communication, his legal training rendered it compulsory on him to verify their assertions by reference to the calendar; when, having arrived at a right and proper conclusion, and found the correct psalm, he had to wait some seconds in order to adjust, as it were, his ears to the new sounds, and test the accuracy of the congregation's responses by the text of the prayer-book. When the hymn time came, he put his whole voice into it, and shot ahead of organ, choir, and everybody, until the antagonism got so fierce as to threaten the peace of the worshippers. He led them whether they would or not; that is to say, he was first, the organ a good second, and the people last, following sulkily. When, on coming out of church, he observed, "That was a beautiful hymn to-day — hey? very fine hymn — hey?" you might be certain that he had had quite a field-day of it, all to himself. Occasionally the choir skipped, by arrangement, verse number three,— an omission of which Mr. Comberwood took no notice, singing it right through without faltering, and commencing verse number four just as the clergyman was commencing his short pre-preaching prayer, and the congregation were settling into various praying attitudes, of which the one considered most reverential at Whiteboys was a compromise between kneeling and sitting, which was neither

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one nor the other, and very little of either.

Alice knelt. She had a beautiful book in Gothic binding, the printing being in red and black. She was enthusiastic at lunch time about her pupils for the choir of boys which she had begun to train, and spoke with deep regret of the sentiments and opinions of the parish clergyman, who, she said, was fast asleep, and wanted waking.

In the evening we had sacred music; when Alice sang sweetly, and I was enraptured. Bedtime was at an early hour; and, when I had tucked myself carefully up for the night, Mrs. Comberwood entered, and, bending over me, said, "Good-night, Master Cecil. You have no mother, poor boy! You shall be one of my boys. Good-night. God bless you!" Wherewith she pressed her lips on my forehead with another loving motherly kiss; and I have seldom fallen asleep as happily and in such sweet peacefulness as on that first Sunday night at Ringhurst Whiteboys.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONDAY AT RINGHURST. — THE SISTERS. — LIKES AND DISLIKES. — AN UNWELCOME GUEST WELCOMED.

Mr. Comberwood went up to town on Monday morning early. He breakfasted hurriedly, keeping his eye on the clock and his watch, as though suspicious of some collusion between these two to prevent his catching the train. The dining-room clock was two minutes in advance of his watch, corroborating the latter's evidence, and volunteering additional statements. Then every thing necessary for his departure, although displayed in perfect order under his very eye, on the hall table, had to be requisitioned hastily.

"Where's my coat — hey — my coat? Now, then, Dick."

"Yes, papa."

"Ah!" Here the butler assisted him on with his overcoat. "Now, let me see — where's my umbrella? Can't go without my umbrella." Umbrella produced. "Ah! gloves — hey — no gloves? Alice, where" — Gloves shown to be waiting for him. "Ah! now then — there — there — hey?" (This to me, with a humorous expression.) "Nothing you want me to do in town? No" (this to his wife), "very well — I shall hear about the professional person you know — all right!" Then, with a vast amount of puffing, he hoisted himself on to the driving-box of the dog-cart, adjusted the reins, called out to the groom, "Rough shod, no stumbling — hey?" to which the man replied that it was a thaw, the snow lying only in long strips about the country, as if rows of white linen had been left out to dry on the ground. Then on Mr. Comberwood crying out, "Let her go! ky up!" the groom released the horse's head, dashed after the trap, clambered up and took his seat behind in all the stern composure of folded arms, the evident representative of ignorant prejudice turning its back on progress, with which it is compelled to be carried in spite of itself, and looking only to the traditions of the past.

The performances at Ringhurst had been long ago projected by Alice Comberwood for the stirring-up of the neighbors generally.

"No one ever does any thing here," she said in the course of the morning, complainingly, to Mrs. McCracken, her elder sister, who had come to stay over the festivities.

"You're better off for amusement than we are, though, Ally," replied

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her sister, who was providently knitting worsted stockings.

Miss Comberwood had married a Norfolk clergyman with, it was said, "prospects." In a certain sense this was decidedly true. There was already a family of three. "Prospects" unqualified by any sort of adjective command a wide range. To make up for the omission of an adjective, old ladies talked of Mr. McCracken's prospects with pursed-up lips and graduated nods, whose movement, beginning briskly, died away imperceptibly, like those of the China mandarin's head in a grocer's, which are becoming as rare as politeness.

Mr. McCracken's prospects consisted, in reality, of little more than what he surveyed from his kitchen-window in the rear, and from his drawing-room in front. How poor country clergymen manage, not only to exist respectably on two hundred and fifty per annum, but to send sons to the university, was, at one time, as great a problem to me as ever it must have been to them. But when I met the sons; when I knew what they had learnt at home, what they could turn their heads and hands to, and how (what with scholarships and odd prizes such as, hidden away from sight in dusty old collegiate corners, do exist for the benefit of honest lads like these) they contrived to lighten their father's burden while improving their own position, — then I understood it all; and, if ever I require a couple of heroes for an epic, I know where to find my models. Much to the disappointment of my friends, I take this opportunity of stating that I have no intention whatever of writing an epic.

And the only use of the above disquisition is to present you with a fair estimate of Mr. McCracken's prospects, which had not improved since his marriage, and were not regarded in a hopeful light, privately, by Mrs. McCracken, who, however, was as blithe, cheerful, and contented as, I believe, she would have been with half the sum, or double.

"Ah," said Alice, "you don't care about amusement. You've got your own at home."

Mrs. McCracken smiled, paused, looked at the fireplace with the air of having forgotten something, and resumed her knitting. Then she observed, —

"I don't care for theatricals, if that's what you mean, Ally. You know I never did."

"I know you were always Little Mother, weren't you, Nellie? — always staid and quiet, and ever so many years older than you really are."

"Nellie has a good deal to occupy her time," said Mrs. Comberwood, who was rather reserved in evincing her own admiration for her second daughter. She was afraid of her.

"Yes, of course she has. She was cut out for a clergyman's wife." Then she added, as if fearful of having said something unkind, "Dear Andrew! I'm sure there's not a better brother-in-law in the world."

"Nor husband," said Nellie sedately.

"Yet I *do* think," cried Alice impulsively, "that clergymen ought not to marry."

"My dear Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Comberwood, who had caught a whisper of this before among the "new-fangled notions."

"Then all the young curates would be licensed to flirt on the premises. Very dangerous!" laughed the elder sister, speaking as one, who, from her experience, could afford to ridicule such a notion. In her old-fashioned and well-regulated ideas, a clergyman was necessarily a marrying man. If it

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was not good for man of the laity to be alone, much less was it for man of the clergy.

Alice saw matters in a very different light, and was in a heat directly.

"I don't see why they should flirt."

"It is their nature to," said Mrs. McCracken still laughing.

"Nature, dear! There is something more than nature required for a clergyman," replied Alice, warming with her subject.

"Something more than nature? Well, good-nature, I suppose."

Alice did not approve of this levity on so serious a subject, or rather on a subject which she had chosen to make so sacred. Yet she had given herself a mission, which was to convert her family from their own views to hers. The service at Andrew McCracken's church was as unpalatable to Alice as the informalities of a meeting-house; and she thought, that could she influence Andrew in the direction of ornate devotions, and just a trifle more surplice and stole to begin with, what a great thing it would be for — for what? Well, she would not hesitate to reply, "For the future of Anglicanism." This I heard her say to Austin, who seemed to ponder her words as he caressed his favorite sister.

They dearly loved each other. Austin was two years her junior; yet his grave countenance and generally delicate appearance gave him an air of seniority, which was much increased by his calm demeanor and thoughtful way of speaking. He was a born student. Alice sipped books; Austin drank them to the dregs. Alice was easily daunted by uncut leaves; Austin faced them, knife in hand, and conquered. Alice peeped at the last page of a novel to see how it ended; then she skipped all the descriptions, and alighted only on points of dialogue or action. Her bent was dramatic. Austin trudged through the book-country bravely, taking it as it came — heavy plough, marsh, shady lane, or hard, open road. He paused to admire, or to reckon up matters between reader and author. He missed nothing; and, having once read any passage of more than ordinary merit, he remembered it, sometimes literally, but always its proper sense. I have already said how he told me most of the Waverley novels. It is a great tribute to the skill he brought to this kindly, self-imposed task, to record, that, when I came to read "Ivanhoe," "Guy Mannering," and the "Talisman," I was, in a manner, disappointed. Austin's voice was wanting; and he had made reading a trouble to me. It had been so delightful to lie in bed, gradually sinking to rest, to the delicious music of romance and chivalry!

Austin had now joined them, having entered the dining-room in search of me; and the conversation took a new turn.

"Alice."

"Well, Austy."

"The carpenter is here about the arrangements for the stage in the drawing-room. You understand these matters better than I: will you see him?"

"Yes, at once."

"Does Mr. Cavander come home to-day?" asked Austin of his mother, as Alice was leaving the room. She stopped at the door. I was naturally interested in the reply, and looked from Alice to Mrs. Comberwood, and then back again.

"Yes. He will come down with your father this afternoon."

"I know some one who'll be delighted to see him," observed Mrs. McCracken slyly.

Alice blushed. At that minute I

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knew some one who would *not* be delighted to see him. That some one was myself.

Alice, mind, was just on eighteen; I was thirteen and a half. Mr. Cavander's youth or age was of no consequence to me: I was jealous of him. I disliked him already: now I could have challenged him with the greatest possible pleasure, and should have disposed of him with rapture.

I think I must have blushed deeply on this occasion, as Mrs. Comberwood and Mrs. McCracken both laughed.

"Well," said Alice, still at the door, as if the subject had so great an attraction for her that she must speak on it, "I do like him. He's very clever: isn't he, Austy?"

Austin smiled. He only asked if Mr. Cavander was going to take a part.

"No," said Alice: "that's the worst of it. He's coming to be among the audience. I know," she added in despairing accents, "I shall never be able to do any thing before him."

Oh! I could have demolished him there and then. Afraid of *him!* Whatever his cleverness, I despised him. I rather fancy I expressed myself so strongly to this effect, as to cause them all, including Alice, considerable amusement.

I wished at that moment that the drama could have been "Blue Beard," with Cavander as the celebrated polygamist, Alice for Fatima, and myself as Selim, to rush in just as his cimiter was coming down, and — whish — run him through the body. The theatricals with which I would have amused the company should have been the kind of entertainment that upset the Danish court, and made the wicked king go supperless to bed.

The preparations occupied Alice and her brother Dick the greater part of the morning; and at luncheon Cavander was again mentioned.

"He's rather like a Jew," said young Dick boldly.

"Have you ever seen a Jew?" asked Alice, coloring.

"Yes, at school, — a chap very like Cavander"—

"*Mister* Cavander," interposed his mother, correcting him.

"They do not learn manners at school," said Alice.

"And they don't teach 'em at home," retorted Dick, who had a hot temper.

"Hush, Dick!" said Austin gravely.

"Oh, humbug!" cried Dick, who had somehow got thoroughly out of temper with everybody. "Cavander's a fool, and Alice makes such a fuss about him!"

I could have embraced him.

He went on: —

"Yes, you do, Alice; and you look at him when you're talking as if you wanted to know whether you're saying your lesson right; and, when he's here, you never come with us, and" —

He couldn't fire off his revolver quick enough; but before he was stopped, — as he was with spirit by Alice, who was immediately backed by her mother's authority, — I think one bullet had certainly gone straight home. In a half apologetic, half sulky tone, Dick continued, giving a last shot as he retired: —

"Well, you know you do. You're always talking with him about churches, and that sort of thing."

Alice brightened up; and the two other ladies smiled. The absurdity of Alice's attempting such a conversion as Mr. Cavander's had often, ere now, been a subject for their quiet merriment.

"It's a fancy she has at present,"

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was Mrs. Comberwood's opinion: "she'll give it up as she gets older."

In the afternoon, Alice and Dick went out riding. I was offered a pony, but did not feel quite certain of my capabilities, although I should have liked to have accompanied Alice.

Later on, Mr. Comberwood arrived, bringing down a heap of packages from town, and appearing, as Mr. Verney might have described him, "in his character of Izaak Walton, on the threshold of the honest ale-house, where he was welcomed by the buxom hostess;" that is, with the usual basket of fish. Having seen his parcels all deposited, and kissed his wife, he said briefly, "Here's Cavander," rather as if he had counted him among the packages, and after the turbot.

"Any one else?" inquired Mrs. Comberwood, after welcoming her visitor.

"Let me see — let me see," said Mr. Comberwood, fumbling about in all his pockets, one after the other, as though he had mislaid a friend or two in an odd corner. "No, not to-day — not to-day."

He chorussed his last words in his fussy way, walking about, and sniffing suspiciously in a fee-fo-fum and ogreish fashion, and then stopped to stare at me, with an expression of comic surprise at seeing me before him on that particular occasion.

"I've seen your Uncle Van to-day — hey? Yes" —

"Any message for me, sir?" I asked with an air of importance.

"Yes — of course — he said bad boy — whip him — hey?" Then he followed his wife into the library.

While we were all here, Alice returned.

She came in from her ride the very picture of full bloom. The sweet scent of the fresh country air was upon her; its fragrance about her. As she walked into the study amongst the old musty books, it was like letting the bright light of a May morning in upon a closely curtained chamber.

"Miss Alice, how well you are looking!" said Cavander, advancing to take her hand in evident admiration.

Ah! she had not seen him at first: "It was so dark," she said, "coming out of the open air."

"Shall we return to it, if you are not fatigued with your ride?" he asked; and his voice was so sweetly modulated, and yet so strangely to *my* ears, that it was like the effect of a commonplace tune set by a skilled musician to the most perfect harmonies.

"Yes, I am a little tired," returned Alice. "Come and see Bess before they put her into her stall. She was a favorite of yours, you remember. She's so much improved, you wouldn't know her again."

"That's unkind, Miss Alice. I'm not a George the Fourth. I never forget a favorite."

So chatting, they left the room. He had taken no notice of me, beyond saying, "Ah, you again!" when he first entered.

Cavander classed boys with toy-dogs, — expensive, useless, stupid, dirty, and always in the way.

Master Dick's behavior towards him was consistently sulky; and to my mind Cavander was less of a Dr. Fell than heretofore, as now I had positive and clear reason for disliking him.

Had I been asked what harm could possibly come from Alice's partiality for Mr. Cavander, and his liking for her, of course I should have been utterly at a loss for an answer. I

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was in a minority, without even the shadow of a right to an objection. Dick was with me to a certain extent. Austin tolerated him on his sister's account, and committed himself to no opinion on Cavander, except as to his cleverness, which he admitted. Indeed, with Alice, he was fond of listening to him talking on most subjects. The family generally appeared to be proud of their visitor. I was ignorant of evil; but I was jealous. Being jealous, I was suspicious of there being a great deal more than met the eye; but, as to the nature and extent of what I feared, I was totally in the dark.

Ignorance is the best soil for suspicion; and therefore mine flourished prodigiously.

CHAPTER XV.

RINGHURST.—PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS. — FIRESIDE FANCIES. — ARRIVALS. — A FULL HOUSE. — I AM STARTLED. — THE RESULT OF UNCLE VAN'S DILEMMA.

THE piece to be played by our elders in the Ringhurst Whiteboys' back drawing-room was a French *proverbe*, with which a grateful English public had already been made acquainted by the help of a kindly version rendered into language understanded of the people. Alice had read this aloud one evening to her parents, and had suggested "getting it up." So it was got up; and to avert hostile criticism, and to keep the evening's entertainment to its original domestic character, Alice arranged a little afterpiece, as already described, wherein, however, her brothers would not play unless she joined them as authoress and actress. So she consented, and stooped to the pygmies in order to disarm the giants. Her appearance in "Naughty Little Blue Beard" seemed to introduce the reality of children's make-believes, and the freshness of innocence, among such otherwise overpowering vanities as were those of costuming, painting, and directing and ordering at rehearsals.

And what, to all well-regulated minds, let me ask, is the attraction to us seniors (we do *not* go to the back of the box always; or, if we do, we push ourselves forward into priority when we think there's something we haven't seen, though we know we shall pooh-pooh it afterwards) — what, I ask, is the attraction to us, at Christmas-time, in the heated, noisy theatre, if it is not the sunny smiles of the children making the gaslight garish? To see them all in a row, gloves, oranges, and play-bills, — a ripple of laughing waters, — it does your heart good, and warms you towards the oldest jokes, clumsiest tricks, and stalest stage devices. But understand me: even in this retrospect I say distinctly to *see* them, *not to bring them.* I once unbosomed myself sweetly on this subject at a table, where, it being Christmas-tide, the hospitality was profuse, and there were olives to the wine, and olive-branches round about; and the good hostess exclaimed, "You love children! Ah!" Here she turned up her eyes, and thanked heaven for a man, and not a brute. "I will give you a treat. *Will you come to the pantomime with us to-morrow week?*" I was ravished, I was enchanted, I would look forward to it with rapture. The day came: so did the evening. Dinner was provided at five, that we might be in time. In time for what? For the first piece before the pantomime, which is, I am aware, played by the most patient and energetic artists, amid howls and execrations from the upper and uppermost galleries. It was a tea dinner

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too, such as I have already described as having fallen to the lot of Uncle Van. In fact, it was not a dinner at all, considering what I *had* had at that house. Papa was obliged, he artfully said, to leave us on business, but would join us at the theatre. The sneak! He deserved his amiable wife's cutting sarcasm, wherein she drew the happy comparison between the bachelor who doated on children (me) and the husband who avoided them (him). But oh the miseries! I had to sit on the box of the fly. I had to hold every thing, argue with everybody, pay anybody who preferred a claim. Finally, I was put right at the back of the private box, where I leaned my head against the side, like a disjointed Punch-doll, in the vain attempt to catch even a glimpse of a dragon's tail. The next day I had a cold and a stiff neck. But, even on this purgatorial occasion, their infantine hilarity came to me like a message from heaven; for assuredly it told me of good things going on in an unseen world (I have said the sta[illegible] was invisible to me on account of m[illegible] position), concerning which I could only guess or take their statements.

The announcement, then, that the lesser Comberwoods were going to play a little piece written by their elder sister, drew (so to speak) a house; and many wrote for permission to bring friends, — a free-and-easy way of increasing a party to any extent, much practised both in town and country, and often taken as the discharge of an obligation. In this sense, as asking costs nothing, except, perhaps, the trouble of polishing up a certain amount of brass, the practice is valuable, on economical grounds.

The party had grown into something like the proportions of a county ball, and had begun to frighten Mrs. Comberwood. At this time, Mrs. McCracken was most serviceable to her, and undertook the general direction. As for Comberwood, he, for his part, would have had all England invited, and would have "taxed the costs" severely afterwards.

The county people liked the owner of Ringhurst, and were inclined to be gathered together round his board as often as he liked to invite them. There was a jovial geniality and warmth about him, which was as attractive as sealing-wax after friction. When they entered Ringhurst, they felt, instinctively, that there was a round of beef, and a chine, and a pasty, and a Tudoric flagon, in the refectory; that, in short, they had not been asked merely to heat the house with their breath, and save the fuel.

No, Mr. Comberwood blazed out on his guests, and welcomed all without distinction. He had secret corners, though, for choice spirits who cared for oysters and stout (from London) in preference to all the champagne and chicken you could give them; and he knew, too, having concocted them himself, which were the cups to make you wink and gasp, but clutch the handle all the more firmly for such expressions of emotion; and these cups he would recommend to his gossips.

However, much had to be done before we arrived at the supper, which, to some of us boys, was not by any means the least portion of the evening's amusement.

I had to work for my meal for days before; that is, I had to study Baron Abomelique, be perpetually called into the housekeeper's room to try something on (for our dresses were home-made), and to be ready at any moment to hear Austin, Dick, or Alice, if required by them to lend them my ears, in return for theirs occasionally.

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Mr. Cavander lounged about; and, when the important business of the morning was over (which was, of course, our theatrical preparations), Dick would be called upon to ride with his sister Alice, who was invariably accompanied by Mr. Cavander. Dick sulked, and wouldn't; but Alice told him it was unkind, and then he obliged her. He often anticipated their return, riding back alone.

When evening darkened the house, Alice, who loved the fire-light, as being "thinking-time," would sit in a low chair, and hold silent communion with the glowing logs and coals.

Mr. Cavander was never far from her at this hour; and sometimes mamma and Mrs. McCracken would consent to take their refreshing cup of tea in the dark. This predilection for comparative obscurity was unintelligible to the practical elder sister.

"You can't read, you can't sew; and really there's something, to my mind, so oppressive in it, you can hardly talk," said Mrs. McCracken, who did not approve of every one giving way to Alice.

"I do not always want to read; I do not always want to sew; and I think we all talk a great deal too much," said Alice, whose face was thrown into a Rembrandt-like shade by the red light on her dress, from her knee downwards.

"It *is* nice to be quiet sometimes," observed mamma, trying to find a safe place for her teacup; "only why not be quiet with light? I really cannot see at all."

"We should see much better were we to rest our eyes oftener," said Alice sententiously.

"Close them, then," said Dick, at full-length on a settee.

"Dick's right," observed sister Nellie quickly, in order to save him from consequences. "We go to bed too late, as a rule."

"For my part, I love this time of the day at this season: indeed, I am not sure if I do not prefer it far above all other times and seasons throughout the year." Alice thought over her own proposition, and then continued, "The fire is such a companion, and such a superior being too."

"Miss Alice is verging on the doctrines of the Parsees," said a voice, whose owner was now part and parcel of the sofa.

"Better than the par*sons*," exclaimed Dick.

"Dick!" said Mrs. McCracken reprovingly.

"Beg pardon, Nellie, only fun," Dick apologized; "but Par*see* is like par*son*."

"Not in sense," said his brother Austin gravely. "The Parsees are disciples of Zoroaster, and worship fire"

"It is very natural, since they begin with the sun, of which fire is the offspring and the living image. I worship the fire — in winter. I agree with Miss Alice. The fire *does* seem to have a sympathizing heart, a warm, glowing heart, a living heart, with a placid pulsation."

"We can hear it beat, can we not?" inquired Alice, approving the simile.

"Yes. Listen! Calmly, now excitedly, as though it had great things to say. Now there is a change in its constitution. No; it recovers, is brilliant for a second, so that all around catch the ray at different angles, but are helpless to return it, only showing up our own dull-headedness against the fire's wit."

"There certainly is nothing so cheery or cosey in a bedroom," said mamma.

"Or so roaring, noisy, and eager in

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a kitchen," added Mrs. McCracken, who had been thinking it out.

"Look at it in a blacksmith's," cried Dick.

"In a study," said Austin.

"In a drawing-room," I suggested vaguely, but with some remembrance, too, of one cold steel, and highly-polished fender at my father's. I would rather have quoted Mrs. Davis's nursery-fire, or that of the Verneys at dinner-time. I felt that we were playing a sort of game of how-do-you-like-it, when-do-you-like, and where-do-you-like-it, of which I had not as yet filled up the blanks in my formula.

"No," said Alice, planting her elbows on her knees, and stretching both hands out towards the fire, as though imploring its inspiration for her on its own behalf. "See it in a sick-room. How quiet, soft, and purring! How comforting to the invalid is the mere sight of it, telling, as it does, at once of human sympathy, of unremitting care. As long as there is a fire, there must be hope. Fire is necessary to life: it can be of no use to the dead."

"Alice!" said her mother, shivering. There was a pause. We seemed to have drawn ghosts about us, as the shadows grew upon the walls, higher and higher, like spectral creepers.

Mrs. McCracken was for coals, or a log, at once. Alice prayed her to stay her hand.

"Don't bring the servant in," said Alice. "All the ghosts will run away, if Bale comes in with the candle. Don't!"

"We prefer," said Cavander, identifying himself with Alice,—"we prefer darkness rather than light."

"But *not* for the same reason, I hope," returned Mrs. McCracken, who did not feel quite sure whether Andrew would have countenanced this sort of conversation. The Rev. Andrew had once preached strongly about "idle words;" and *she* had not forgotten that sermon. In fact, she had occasionally turned the weapons of that homily against the worthy Andrew himself when he had been stupidly irritating, as husbands will be sometimes. However, he wasn't there to explain himself; and, had he been, his explanations out of the pulpit did not carry conviction to her mind on all subjects. Besides, Mr. Cavander was, every one said,—and she could testify to it too,—a very superior man, who (every one said this also) wrote in some philosophical magazines, and even in "The Times," and was shrewd, too, in business. Who was she, Mrs. McCracken, out of her parish, to sling at this champion? No: if it pleased Alice to essay his conversion, why, it was a fine employment for Alice; and she might hear some plain truths, too, from a man who was not only clever, but commonly sensible. So she reseated herself, and joined in letting Alice have her away.

"Certainly not," said Cavander, answering the last speaker; "although we do wish to propitiate the shades."

"I wish there were fairies," observed Austin quietly, preferring these to ghosts. "I mean Pucks, Titanias, and Oberons. I have a book of stories, with pictures of goblin faces in the fire, and elves twisting about in the smoke. If they are in the sick-room, they must be very good spirits, unless they take to making the kettle boil over, or pulling off the lid."

"Mediæval writers," said Mr. Cavander's voice, for he had by this vanished altogether, "spoke of a spirit behind all forms of life. The spirit of fire was to them as real as to a Parsee; perhaps more real in proportion as their credulity was stronger."

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"Their faith," Alice suggested, with some show of nervousness in her voice.

"A synonyme, in this case," replied Cavander quietly.

"No," she answered quickly, "faith cannot be credulity. I am not credulous because I believe."

"Credulous is derived from *credo*," said Austin, to whom a new line of thought had occurred.

When, in after-years, we have arrived at a sure and calm haven, how almost hopeless is the search back again over the trackless waters to find what breeze first caused our shifting sails to swell in its direction!

"I think," said Alice, speaking cautiously, "one is bound, or almost bound, to believe in the existence of disembodied spirits."

"But the popular notion of a ghost is an embodied spirit. If I hear a human voice uttering words, I know that certain organs must be in exercise. I know that I am near nothing dead, but something living and human. I am bound to believe this by common sense: there is no other compulsion."

This was not at all what Alice wanted; and both Mrs. Comberwood and Mrs. McCracken were secretly delighted at this very reasonable answer as to ghosts.

Alice felt that she was called upon to assert her belief in the supernatural, and on the strongest and plainest grounds.

"There is the Witch of Endor mentioned in the Bible."

Here, at least, it occurred to her that she should have the Rev. Andrew McCracken's better half and her mamma with her. She was doomed to disappointment.

"I trust," said Mrs. Comberwood, "that you don't rank the Scriptures with ghost-stories, Alice."

She had a mind to say something severe on new-fangled notions; but, for her, she had gone far enough.

"No, mamma; of course not!" replied Alice somewhat pettishly.

"Miss Alice meant that she was willing to accept as fact an improbability, if it came to her on such undeniable authority as that of the Bible."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Cavander could adapt his conversation to his company. Alice felt grateful to him for the rescue. It is dangerous to the well-being of a weak state that it should be obliged to accept the voluntary services of a powerful ally, who may, at no distant date, imperiously dictate where once it deferentially advised.

"I should think it is nearly time to dress," said Mrs. McCracken, rising.

The dignified Bale entered with candles, and, finding us all thus sprawling about as if we had fallen on to the sofas and chairs through the ceiling, expressed facially no astonishment, but guarding himself carefully, and in the best-bred style possible, against treading on any other people who might be strewn about at haphazard on the carpet, he placed his lights, while his attendant drew the curtains with a sharp, decided click, as though there were spectators outside who hadn't paid their money for the show; and having officially and distantly answered some questions as to "time" and his "master" withdrew.

"Are the thingummies to come tonight?" cried Dick suddenly, jumping up into an erect position, and shaking himself into his clothes.

"Thingummies?" repeated his mother, who preferred to hear spades called spades, if there were reasons for so doing.

"Yes: you know what I mean,"

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—which, by the way, is peculiar to boyhood, which generalizes, and trusts to chance, — "I mean the fellows who are going to play. Mr. Longlegs" —

"Mr. Langlands, Dick," said his mother, fearful of her son calling her guest this to his face. "Why, he will think that we have been speaking of him as Longlegs behind his back."

"Their rooms are ready," said Mrs. McCracken, — "Mr. and Mrs. Jakeman, Mr. Langlands, and Mr. Dothie."

"And we shall have a rehearsal this evening," said Alice.

"May I be prompter, or call-boy, or something," pleaded Mr. Cavander. "If you have nothing to employ my talents, what shall I do?"

"Talk to Mrs. Jakeman," said Alice. "She's very nice." And she swooped down before the fire.

"Thank you. She will be watching her husband's rehearsal the whole time, and expatiating on its beauties. No: do let me be prompter."

"Austin's going to prompt on the evening itself," I remarked.

Cavander took not the slightest notice of me.

"In the first piece," said Austin: "that's all. The person whom papa brings from London is to prompt and do every thing in that way while we're getting it up."

"Then," said Mr. Cavander, "I shall constitute myself a *claqueur*, and shall rehearse when I am to laugh, cry, applaud, and throw a bouquet. Come, Miss Alice, I may be of use to you, may I not?"

She turned round, smiling on him; and their eyes met. In a second, hers were lowered before his, as the vanquished ship salutes the victor on the high seas. It was a lesson in silent eloquence; but it was the master in the art instructing his pupil.

The bustle and the bells all over again. To-night we sat down a large party to dinner; for Mr. Comberwood's two carriages had arrived with the *corps dramatique*, consisting of the guests above mentioned.

Then came the rector of Whiteboys (the Rev. Mr. Tabberer) and his daughter, who was to take a part in the first piece. The whole talk was of the stage; and the gentlemen amateurs spoke like Olympian gods on a visit to men, telling good and racy anecdotes of a life higher than ours, and freely and honestly expressing themselves refreshed and revived by the incense of praise offered at their shrines by the devotees to whom the Olympians knew they could be uncommonly useful. What is the use of being on friendly terms with a demi-god if he can't get you into Olympus? A fico for your outsiders! These lovers of the drama for its own sake (which soon came to mean for their own sakes; but once in their early days it was not so, — but then they were not demi-gods) accepted sacrifices of houses turned topsy-turvy at their word, and libations of champagne at the hands of those who yearned for even the acquaintance of a cloud in Olympus. These demi-gods of the sock and buskin invited right and left, introduced left and right, ordained where civility should end, and where begin, and graciously put Christopheros Sly at my lord's supper-table, asking my lord, in turn, to the theatricals *chez* Christopheros, which honest Christopheros, once a cobbler in a stall, now a millionnaire in a mansion, was only too pleased to give.

Mr. Comberwood was in no need of these demi-gods; but if your theatricals were to be the thing, and as good (at least) as your neighbors', then it was as necessary to success to reckon the

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names of Messrs. Jakeman, Dothie, and Langlands, in the night's programme, as to secure the name of Sergeant Blyster on the brief for the defendant in an action for libel. Percival Floyd, late of old Carter's, and now a big, hulking fellow, reading for the army at a private tutor's in the neighborhood, had been invited to fill some minor character. His legs were still his difficulty, but were gradually assuming a military character, — a result, probably, of the direction of his studies.

I remember liking them all very much. They were very kind to me; and Mr. Langlands condescended to call me "an infant Roscius." They were vastly polite to Miss Alice, and attentive to Miss Tabberer, and appeared to appreciate Cavander highly, having been, it seemed, all of them, well acquainted with him in London. They confirmed his mysterious literary reputation, and put such questions to him as were intended to show the bystanders how much they themselves knew, and to draw some corroborative information out of Cavander. Directly after breakfast, "the young 'uns," under Miss Alice's direction, were to rehearse for an hour; which we did with as much regularity and precision as if we had been at lessons.

At the end of that time, the stage was to be occupied by the "professional person" from town, to whom Uncle Van had been introduced by Pipkison at the Burlington Baa-Lambs, and who, having already arrived, and taken up his quarters at the "Old Whiteboys Inn," was to have the stage to himself to arrange for our elders, with whom he would then spend the greater part of the day rehearsing.

Having finished my task, I was crossing the hall, when I stumbled upon a gentleman in a gray countryfied suit removing a comforter from his throat, and by his side a young lady most elegantly dressed. Her back was towards me; but at that instant she turned, and the sunlight fell full upon her. Had she come suddenly through the wall on that golden ray, I could not have been much more astonished.

"Julie, Mr. Verney!" I exclaimed, and pulled up suddenly with my hand out; the group looking uncommonly as if we were playing at some eccentric game of partridge-and-pointers, in which they were the birds, and I was the dog, marking them down.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CHANGE COMES O'ER THE SPIRIT OF MY DREAM. — A COLD FAREWELL.

In some old Irish tale, the peasant who has been spirited away into a sorceress's castle suddenly takes up a pipe that he finds lying near him, and commences to play a lilt. At the first note, Devildom had vanished; and he was at his own peat fireside, clasping his dear Norah round the waist. One note of home had done it.

Frampton's Court had been a home to me. Julie represented its good fairy; Mr. Verney the — the — well, I don't know what he represented, except himself, unless at Frampton's Court he might be considered as a sort of Don Wiggeroso Pomposo, the comic chamberlain, who gives up his grandeur to dance with the king. As a man has indelibly impressed upon him the stamp of his public school or university, like a hall mark, so I had the impression of Frampton's Court on me strongly, and no desire to be rid of it. It was, to me, to belong to a secret lodge, a confraternity. I fancy I could pick out a Frampton's Court man now, could I

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see one. If a queen has died with "Calais" written on her heart, can I not live with "Frampton's Court" engraved on mine? Whether I can or not, or whether the material fact be true (which in any case I doubt), is not to the purpose here, seeing that Frampton's has been in my heart for years, worn by time, but not erased. In an instant, Ringhurst Whiteboys had vanished; and I was once more in my old home.

Mr. Verney himself was the first to break the spell. While Julie stood by his side, smiling so prettily, he welcomed me to Ringhurst Whiteboys, having in imagination previously taken possession of this baronial residence. It might, from his manner, have been the property of his ancestors for generations.

"My dear Master Cecil Colvin," he said, waving his hand gracefully, as if pointing out the beauties of the place to me, swaying his body gently meanwhile, — "my dear Master Cecil Colvin, how lovely is this scene! This is indeed rural and yet baronial, from cottage to court! And without, what more lovely spectacle to a mind capable of appreciating the physical beauties which a Watteau might people, and a Claude depict," — here he took breath, recovered his theme, and continued, "Yes, sir, what can be more thrilling entrancing than the ancient face of ever-bounteous Dame Nature, smiling upon us through her tears, and with the pearl-powder of last night's mask not yet brushed from her dumpling — I should say dimpling — cheek!"

He meant that the snow was still on the ground in places; but his *lapsus linguæ* had recalled to my mind Pomona, the goddess of apples, in Frampton's Court.

"In patches, yes," he returned; for I had asked him if this were his meaning, — "powder and patches. Dame Nature in powder and patches, with the trimming of the floweret crocus on her mantilla, and a faint sniff of the last rose of the previous summer wafted to us from the now sleeping Flora."

"Have you come to stay here?" I asked.

"No," he replied in an off-hand way. "I was asked to superintend the rehearsals of the drawing-room comedy, in which I have myself taken a part, and know all Madame Vestris's business in it, from flirting her coquettish little fan, down to the pointing of her delicate, pinky-tipped, satin slipper. Your relative, Mr. Van Clym, — I am correct in his nomenclature, I believe; for though I think I may safely trust myself not to err in any word of purely Saxon character, — and it is astonishing how the best educated people mispronounce their own mother tongue, — yet I am not so certain when I cannot, so to speak, feel my feet: I mean, for example, on the soil of Holland, to which country your worthy uncle — uncle is he not?"—

"Yes."

"Your worthy uncle no doubt belongs. Ahem! I was about to say," recalling his own attention to his original theme on noticing a desire on Julie's part and mine to start a conversation, — "I was about to inform you that I had the pleasure of making Mr. Van Clym's acquaintance at one of those convivial meetings to which your youth yet renders you a stranger, where the voice of jocund melody delights the ear, where the pathetic song gives you *hysterica passio* all down the back, like a flash of lightning on a finger-post — where the feast of reason is enlivened by the play of wit and fancy, with Mr. Pipkison,

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our mutual friend, in the chair, who introduced me to your Dutch uncle, — I mean no offence, — and instructed me to the effect that if I would not mind running down, — metaphysically, for I came by train, — to Ringhurst Whiteboys, I should confer an obligation, increase the circle of friends, and add another five years to my life by sharing with the feathered warblers the pure breezes toying with the thatches of our English homesteads. Apart from this, they have made it sufficiently worth my while to enable me to bring Julie with me, after a consultation with her mother, who is of opinion that this brief change will vastly benefit our child. The others, thank you, are doing well, and" —

Here he was stopped by a sneeze so sudden and so powerful as to have all the effect of a violent shock from a galvanic battery. There was a tremendous report; and then his whole frame vibrated, after which he stood for some seconds clutching at the wrong pocket for his handkerchief, and struggling as it were with a fiend of sneezing, which had been exorcised, and was now doing his worst and last on quitting Mr. Verney's human form.

The noise brought out nearly every one to inquire into the cause, Mr. Langlands among the rest, who, proud of recognizing Mr. Verney as an old theatrical acquaintance whom he had known "behind the scenes," and who would assist his own reputation by corroborating his theatrical experiences, seized upon him at once, and insisted upon his recovering his equanimity by means of a glass of sherry or other refreshment. Floyd, lounging in at this moment, was introduced to Mr. Verney, and then stood staring heavily at little Julie. Floyd was at this time something between a raw recruit and a middy.

I was still in wonderment at little Julie, — little no longer; and yet she was not so tall as I, — she looked so much older than she ought to have looked; and the secret of this I have since discovered, though when, at this time, she told me the reason herself, I was not sufficiently experienced to understand her.

"Do you still play in pantomimes," I asked, "and come out of flower-beds?"

She was quite indignant with me.

"Oh, dear, no!" she answered: "I haven't done that for ever so long! Why, last two seasons I've been in the opera."

"The opera!" I exclaimed. Floyd stroked the down on his upper lip, and regarded her attentively.

The notion I had of the opera at this time was not in any way founded upon what I knew of a theatre. The opera (I remember this fancy so well) was to my mind some enormous building, — like the Colosseum at Rome, of which I had seen pictures, — with singers and music and dancers, somehow, all about, with the irregular regularity and inconsistent consistency of a dream.

That little Julie, who had played with me; who had looked over my picture-books, and received some instruction at my hands; who had, moreover, only, it seemed to me, quite lately, been small enough to go into a theatrical cauliflower or a parsley-bed, — that this little creature should be in a long dress of the fashionable style of the day, with bonnet and the neatest wristbands and gloves to match, telling me of her prowess at the opera, was a greater puzzle, far greater, than if Mr. Verney had announced his appointment to the see of Canterbury, and had walked in dressed in a shovel-hat, knee-breeches, apron, and gaiters.

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"The Italian opera," said Julie. "I was one of the pages in the 'Huguenots' and in 'Favorita.'"

"What?" exclaimed Alice's voice. She had advanced with Austin unperceived, and had overheard the conversation. Floyd was still caressing the fluff meditatively. No one seemed to take any notice of him. And, after all, he was only a supernumerary in the theatricals.

Stranger still. Comparing Alice with Julie, there seemed to be but little difference. Both were, in my eyes, young women, only that I knew Julie's age.

Little Julie's life, hard work at home, and the necessity of working for her livelihood, had nearly made up the interval of years between them. As I looked from one to the other (for I was confused, and did not know exactly what to do), Julie became less and less; dwindling away, in spite of her dress and bearing, to the little Julie with whom I had gone marketing to the *à la mode* beef-shop, — my Julie, in fact, of Frampton's Court.

"You accompanied Mr. Verney?" Alice inquired with some *hauteur* in her tone; while Austin appeared interested in the new-comers.

"Yes," answered Julie pleasantly.

She was not a whit discomposed, but as much at home, and as unembarrassed, as though she had lived in palaces all her lifetime.

"This is Miss Alice Comberwood, Julie," I explained, blushing.

I loved Julie; but Alice was older and grander. Had the choice been then given me between the two, I should have taken Alice, but should have requested Julie to wait until she was a trifle older. In my own estimation I was two years ahead of any one of whom I had become enamoured. My love gave me the superiority; and, somehow or other, the notion, that, in carrying off Alice, I should be a successful rival of Cavander, was at the bottom of it, I believe.

Poor Cavander! Had it remained with me to banish him to the mines of Siberia when I was just on fourteen, or to let him stay in the city, Cornhill would not have seen much of him for some years to come.

"You act?" Alice asked little Julie rather abruptly.

"Yes: every night."

"What in?"

"The first piece."

"Where? I mean at which theatre?"

"The Portico," answered Julie, naming one of the largest metropolitan theatres.

"Do you like it?" asked Austin.

"Very much. I have never done any thing else."

"I wish I were an actor," he said regretfully.

Julie smiled. She knew Frampton's Court as well as the Portico theatre.

Alice was annoyed with Austin.

"An actor, Austy! How can you say so, when you've set yourself on being a clergyman."

It was Alice's pet idea of his future. Austin said that he did not really mean it, which pacified her; but I could see by her manner that there was something deeper than mere annoyance at her brother's thoughtless wish, when, on being summoned to attend the rehearsal, she left us, and called her brother to accompany her.

"You remember going to the opera last year, mamma?" she asked her mother, in the front dining-room, a while later on, when I was then watching the performance, and Julie was sitting by what were to be "the wings," talking to Mr. Jakeman.

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"Yes," returned Mrs. Comberwood. "We heard—dear me! something new, wasn't it?—yes. My memory is so bad for names."

"Les Huguenots," said Alice.

"Ah! of course."

"Do you remember where the queen comes on?"

"No, yes—let me see: in a sort of barge?"—

"I mean where there are steps, and some women dressed as pages."

"Oh, quite well! There were four or five very handsome young women; and Mr. Langlands pointed out what beautiful diamonds one had on, and told us that there was quite a story about it." Mrs. Comberwood went twice to the opera during the season, and forgot nothing.

"Yes. Well, that's one of them sitting there."

"Where, Alice dear?"

"There," answered Alice, inclining her head towards the spot where Julie was seated.

Mrs. Comberwood was vexed. I could not then understand why she should have been; but I remember the fact, as, having overheard the conversation, I felt it incumbent upon me to assist with such information as I could bring to the subject.

"Does your father allow you to associate with — with — these people?" Mrs. Comberwood asked me, raising her eyebrows.

I was bound to reply that my parent knew nothing at all about it: whereupon Mrs. Comberwood was of opinion that she ought to let Sir John know. This distressed me. I saw there was something wrong with the Verneys, at least in the eyes of Alice and her mother; and I determined to ask Austin what it was.

Mr. Verney was very great at rehearsal, especially with the ladies, Miss Alice and Miss Tabberer, whom he had to direct. With the gentlemen he was affable, but firm: with the ladies equally firm, but overpoweringly courteous. When he wanted to show the practical bearing of any stage-direction, he would request Julie to assist him in giving the lesson.

"Stage-management," he said, stopping to lecture, "is an art,—an art, I regret to say, almost entirely lost. Thalia and Melpomene may do their best; Apollo may give us his most sparkling tunes; and, to come to modern days, a Garrick or a Kemble may conquer by the force of a genius which would sweep all before it like Niagara over a dust-bin, and absorb every moving creature in its own exhaustive vortex with the irresistible succulency, I should say, the tremendous suctional power, of the Northern Maëlstrom" (here he paused, expanded his chest, which was swelling out, as it were, with the great notion of the last simile, and beamed on us all round): "but," he continued, "without the stage-manager, what is the use? *Cui bono?* I repeat, *cui bono?* Hamlet may be perfect; but if he be lost in the crowd, or if Rosencrantz and Guilderstein are brought too prominently forward, where is the opportunity for the gifted Roscius? No, sir, pardon me" (this to Jakeman, who was beginning to be a little impatient), "whether it be low comedy, which I take to be your line, sir" (to Jakeman, who was standing as if waiting his turn to advance in a quadrille), "or light touch-and-go, Charles Matthews's line, as I take to be yours, Mr. Langlands,"—whereat that gentleman gave a mock bow, but was really highly flattered,—"no matter whatever it be, stage-management is as much the necessity to our art as the light of heaven to a Michæl An-

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gelo at work on his immortal frescoes. Stage-management is the generalship of our art, ladies, and we make our successes as the noble Roman warrior made them, by strategies, which are to the ignorant, like a truffle to a bumpkin. The finest picture and the merest daub of a signboard are of equal value in the dark; and Hamlet put out of sight in the play-scene, behind Ophelia, instead of in front of her, might as well be in the sixpenny gallery sucking oranges over the brass rail as in such a position as would ruin the chance of the greatest dramatic genius in the world. I beg your pardon, sir. Now let us proceed."

From this specimen it may be imagined what time the piece, which was to last an hour in performance, occupied in rehearsal.

Mr. Verney and his daughter were obliged to leave early, in order to catch the train for town; their engagement at the Portico necessitating their presence there soon after six.

Julie asked me, —

"Don't you think me much grown?"

"Yes, Julie, ever so much!"

"I'm not," she answered; "only papa makes me wear heels, and he will have me dress like a grown-up girl."

"Why?"

"Because then they give me small parts; and, when you've once played those, you don't go back again, and you get more."

"Get more?"

"Yes: higher salary, I mean."

She stopped suddenly. At that moment a vague sense of the line of demarcation between us occurred to her. She changed the subject abruptly, and asked me whether I would not like to see her Aunt Jane again.

"Nurse?" I asked. The word returned to me most familiarly.

"Yes," said Mr. Verney, who was now wrapped for his journey. "She is still a nurse. Head-nurse, too, in a very large family. She is superintendent at St. Winifred's Central Hospital, near the General Post Office. where she cheers the pallid invalids like a blooming Aurora smiling on a sickly swede in a kitchen garden." Mr. Verney's similes smacked of the country atmosphere. He asked, "Shall I tell her that you will do yourself the pleasure of paying her a visit?"

"Yes, please."

"I will. We must make haste, Julie." At this moment, Langlands and Floyd entered; and Mr. Verney emerged from the upper fold of his comforter to bid them farewell, and do something in the way of an advertisement.

"We shall see you at the Portico, Mr. Langlands, one night after the Convivial Lambs, where Mr. Floyd will give us the honor of his company." Floyd bowed, and said he should be very happy to renew the acquaintance of Mr. Verney and his daughter.

"Julie, Mr. Langlands, now plays Dolly in 'The Wish,' continued Mr. Verney: "a very nice soubrette's part, —something between the Humby and the Vestris, in, of course, quite the early days. You will go and see her play one night, I trust. She grips the part, sir." Here he extended his right hand, and suited the action to the word — "she grips the part, sir, with the nip of an irritated panther. You'll be astonished, I assure ye. There's an intellectual grasp about her, sir, that makes you sit tight in your stall and yet turns you over like a crocus in a whirlwind. Come, Julie. Good-by for the present, gentlemen. Good-by, Master Cecil."

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"Good-by; and good-by, Julie."

When we had last parted, we embraced; but now I was a guest at Ringhurst Whiteboys, and she was playing a chambermaid in a farce, a page in an opera, and wearing heels to her boots in order to obtain some addition to her week's salary.

It was not a parting as of old.

The next day Mr. Verney's visit was repeated; but he was out of spirits. His conversation was pitched in a minor key, his similes were dull, his instruction tame, and he did little more than merely his stage-duty. He spoke to me occasionally, and disappeared earlier than on the previous day of rehearsal. I asked for Julie; but she had not accompanied him, and "would not," he added, "be again required on this scene." Her absence threw a gloom over my day, as I somehow felt that I had indirectly been the cause of her banishment. I was for putting this question to Alice, who, I fancied, knew more about the matter than any one else; but just then her attention was fully taken up by the theatricals and Mr. Cavander.

[To be continued.]

THE SMITHS.

[Editor "OLD AND NEW,"—I am but a stranger to "OLD AND NEW," and the Hub is not a land of promise to a backwoodsman; but I will cut my backsights and try you. If I miss, send back the ball to yours, &c.]—GEO. W. SEARS.

LET us say the lives of our sires are lost;
That ever our hopes elude and fade;
That the ages are blackened and battle-tossed,
And we gain no step in a long decade:
What then? shall the wrong and crime exhaust
Eternal justice? and shall no shade
Remain of the life that is crushed and crossed?

Let us say we have gained so much on time,
That we hold some good which their lives have bought;
That not in vain at wrong and crime
Have freedom's battles been aimed and fought;
That even failure may be sublime
In its fearful cost, in the lessons taught,
And its deathless lay in the realms of rhyme.

And all of the good we hold to-day
Has cost us ages of toil to wring
From Hebrew letter, from usage gray,
And the harpy clutches of priest and king:
We work and wait for the better way
The snail-paced ages are sure to bring;
But we grind the bayonets as we pray.

Grim and aweary, we work and wait;
For the brighter dawning shall come at last,
We shall find the key of the golden gate,
And take a bond for the bitter past;
And kings and prelates shall yield to fate
When none of us pay or pray or fast
For the harlot wedding of Church and State.

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

BY W. G. ELIOT.

THERE may be something absurd or arrogant, or, to say the least, decidedly "Western,"—a term which sometimes includes both ideas,—in expecting people to believe that there can be any thing like national importance attached to a half-fledged university west of the Mississippi River. The assertion would be more likely to cause a smile of half-amused contempt than to excite any stronger feeling, either of favor or opposition. If followed by a serious appeal to the community at large, including the pre-occupied constituencies of Harvard and Yale, for a million of dollars of additional endowment, to meet the present urgent demand, the smile would probably lose its sweetness, and an impatient refusal be very promptly given. No such appeal, therefore, is here intended, unless, by making the assertion good, an opportunity of usefulness is thereby presented, which, to some minds, may constitute a claim to friendly consideration.

The assertion, however, is distinctly made, with a conviction of its literal truth, that the institution named at the head of this article, and known as Washington University of St. Louis, is one which has so great advantages, by virtue, first, of its organization, and, secondly, of its geographical position, that it only needs financial strength to make it a leading educational power in the United States.

I. THE PRINCIPLES OF ITS ORGANIZATION.—There are, chiefly, two kinds of universities and higher educational institutions which divide public favor in this country,—those under the direct patronage of the several States, and those which are established and controlled by special religious denominations. We propose to say nothing against either of these recognized methods of action; for they are good in their place and cannot be dispensed with. They have some obvious and inherent difficulties, growing out of the meddlesome tendency of party politics on the one hand, and the unavoidable, narrowing influence of sectarian zeal on the other. But taking all things into account, and notwithstanding these difficulties (which all State universities and sectarian colleges feel and most of them lament), we believe that no other course, in the majority of cases, could have been wisely adopted. As the general method of educational enterprise, it has probably been the easiest and best, particularly in the younger States, where the public mind has not yet been educated up to a clear appreciation of the highest scientific and intellectual interests.

Until quite recently, there have been no important seminaries of learning which do not come under the classification above given; and, even now, the number is very small. Several of these, by acceptance of the United States grant of land for agricultural colleges, have, to some extent, admitted the element of political influence and scrutiny. On the other hand, some of the oldest and most honored institutions have been striving, for many years past, to lessen the directness and strength of the denominational influence to which their estab-

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lishment was due. This is the case with Yale University at New Haven, which may not improbably work its way, under its present wise and generous management, to as perfect freedom as can reasonably be desired. Its great advancement both in the quality and quantity of work done, growing out of such tendencies, especially in the last decade, is a cause of congratulation to all the lovers of sound learning; for it is more and more felt, as the world of science becomes larger and the march of mind more free, that theological or sectarian control is inconsistent with the best intellectual training either of the teacher or the student. In the coming time, perfect freedom of investigation in all departments of truth must be recognized as the law, and the only law, of the higher education.

At Harvard, the same tendencies have been in action for a much longer time, and the desired result is already substantially accomplished. Of sectarian control there is absolutely nothing, of sectarian influence very little; and that little is felt rather in the exclusion of direct theological instruction than in any other way. The connection with the State has also been so far modified, that the interference of party politics has become almost impossible. It is from such causes, as we think, added to the health-giving proximity of a great city, that Harvard has derived its commanding strength and wide-spread usefulness. No degree of energy and wisdom in the management of its affairs, and no degree of liberality on the part of its benefactors, could hold it in its present grand position, if sectarianism or party political strife were admitted into its councils. If its present endowments were quadrupled, on the condition of its giving a recognized influence to any religious sect, the university would be weakened and impoverished thereby.

The prime necessity of an American University is such an organization as will secure both to its faculties and students the fullest freedom of thought and the most unrestricted range of scientific and intellectual research. Its one motto must be (as that of Harvard is) TRUTH, for its own sake and for the love of it. It must so worship truth that it will open its doors wide to all who come, with the full conviction, that, in a fair field truth, asks for no advantage. It must, therefore, be entirely free from sectarian or political control, and have no other aim than to promote, to the highest possible degree, the cause of mental culture.

Washington University entered, from the beginning, upon the bold and apparently hopeless task of building up a great institution, not only without the help of party or sect, but with a distinct renunciation of all such help and of all sectarian bias. The eighth article of its constitution declares, that "no instruction, either sectarian in religion, or partisan in politics, shall be allowed in any department of the university; and no sectarian or party test shall be used in the election of professors, teachers, or other officers of the university; nor shall any such test ever be used in the university for any purpose whatsoever." The constitution also declares the article just quoted "not subject to alteration at any time;" and, to guard against all encroachments in this important particular, the directors obtained an amendment to the charter, by which that article is incorporated into the same, and thereby placed beyond the power of any future board of directors. It is also, by the amended charter, made com-

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petent for the St. Louis Circuit Court, or the St. Louis Court of Common Pleas, upon proper application, to compel the board of directors, by *mandamus*, to perform their duty in the correction of any violation of this rule, and to show their performance of such duty to the satisfaction of the court having cognizance of the matter.

Under this charter, no theological school can be established as a department of the university; or, at least, the practical difficulty of teaching "unsectarian theology" is so great, that it is not likely to be soon attempted. But all other departments of learning are in its proper range; and the powers conferred are ample for the accomplishment of all the purposes of education, in whatever direction of art, science, literature, or philosophy, and by whatever methods, may be chosen. The university may own property in any part of the State, may receive gifts and endowments, without any assigned limit as to amount; and all its property is forever exempt from taxation. The last point was held in dispute for a time, in consequence of a provision in the new constitution of Missouri, adopted in 1865, by which this franchise was withdrawn. But, after passing through all the courts, the decision of the United States Supreme Court was given in favor of the university, upon the general principle of the inviolability of contracts, in the case of Washington University *vs.* Rowse, reported in vol. viii. of Wallace's U. S. Supreme Court Reports, p. 439.

The board of directors consists of seventeen members, in whom and their successors is vested complete control, both of educational and financial affairs. It is a close corporation, making its own regulations and filling its own vacancies, under the restrictions of the charter above named, and subject to the law of the land. It is now composed of men representing all the leading interests of society, of various religious denominations, Catholic and Protestant, who have been, from time to time, elected with a sole view to their competency and willingness to fill the office.

Under this organization, Washington University began a feeble existence about twenty years ago; but its collegiate life is of not much more than ten years' duration. Its university life, in any proper sense of the word, is yet to begin. It has, however, shown good capacity of growth and development, and has already advanced, in a very quiet progress, from a small preparatory school of forty boys, under two teachers, to an institution of respectable significance, including in its catalogue a classical academy, in which boys are well fitted for college; a "Mary Institute," in which girls receive as thorough an education as can be obtained in the United States; a college proper, in which the standard of admission is but six months lower than at Harvard and the course of study not at all less exacting; a polytechnic school, with a four-years' course, modelled, chiefly, after the Technological School of Boston; a school of art and design, just shaping itself into good proportions; and a law school, which has already earned a high reputation for thoroughness of instruction, though numbering but fifty students. The total number of students, of all grades, for this year, is nine hundred and ninety, and the number of professors and teachers, in all, sixty-five.

Its whole property, including real estate, is not less than six hundred thousand dollars, free from debt; and of this amount nearly three hundred

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thousand are invested funds. The total expenses are about eighty-five thousand dollars per annum, which is nearly ten thousand more than its assured receipts; deficiencies being annually made up by special gifts.

Its whole career, such as it is, has been one of great difficulty, during a period of social strife, civil war, and financial crisis; but it has succeeded in obtaining and holding public confidence, in disarming sectarian opposition, and in so identifying itself with the interests of the community, that its failure in any material respect would be regarded as a public calamity. It is already, if not a controlling, yet a strong modifying influence in the educational affairs of the city and state and neighboring communities; and, with an equal progress for another ten years, would make itself felt in every part of the Mississippi Valley.

As indicative of the spirit in which the university has thus far been conducted, and of the interpretation of the charter, which may be regarded as a law of precedent now established, we quote a paragraph which has appeared annually in the published catalogue from the first: —

"The members of the corporation have no selfish nor sectarian purpose to serve. They earnestly desire that the university should attain a high moral and religious character as a Christian institution in a Christian republic; but they equally desire that the narrow principles of sectarianism and party spirit may never be allowed to enter there."

II. Geographical Position. — To the surprise of every one, it appears, by the United States census of 1870, that Missouri is the fifth manufacturing State in the Union: Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio stand before it. Its increase in the ten years between 1860 and 1870 was four hundred per cent, which was really due to the six years after 1864; and the progress in this respect has been still more rapid since the census was taken. It also appears that St. Louis is the *third* manufacturing city; New York City and Philadelphia alone standing before it. Its population has regularly doubled on itself every seven years since 1830, at which time it was fifty-eight hundred. In 1864, it was a hundred and sixty-four thousand; in 1870, three hundred and thirteen thousand; and by a city census just finished it numbers four hundred and twenty-eight thousand. It has the advantage of more extensive river-navigation than any other city in the world; extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghanies, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. It is already one of the principal railroad centres, and thirteen main lines are in full operation, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the extreme north to Galveston and Mobile; and this is but the beginning of a development which promises to be more rapid in the future than in the past. We cannot here enter into the statistical details; but all indications now point to the result, as certain as any such calculations can be, that St. Louis will gain, rather than lose, in its relative importance with the other cities of the Union, in the present and next decade. It will probably number six hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants in 1880, and stand in population, commerce, and manufactures, the second or third city of the United States.

Its influence throughout the great region of which it is the natural metropolis will be, like that of all large

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cities, almost irresistible either for good or evil; and when we consider the immense resources of the Mississippi Valley, by the reasonable development of which it must become the controlling political power of the Union, we cannot exaggerate the importance of the early establishment of such institutions, both moral and educational, as will give a right direction to the public mind. Louisville and Cincinnati and Chicago, and whatever other cities may spring up, will have enough to do, and there is room enough for all; but St. Louis has its own place and appointed work, the magnitude of which is increasing every day, and for the right performance of which it cannot be too soon prepared.

Having reached this point, the readers of "Old and New" will need no argument to prove that a university founded upon broad American principles, and liberally endowed, in this leading city of the West, is a matter of general, if not, strictly speaking, national importance. It is not by any means a matter of mere local interest, but may as fairly invite general co-operation as any of the older institutions which are now appealing to the whole country for aid.

One lesson learned from the late civil war may help us to the same conclusion. It is, that, in this great fraternity of States, we are "members one of another." Our local and general interests, whenever the higher elements of prosperity are involved, can scarcely be separated from each other. The loss suffered by Harvard University in the Boston fire was a loss to the cause of education everywhere. The munificent gifts to Prof. Agassiz's enterprise, by a citizen of New York, are gifts to the people of the United States, for which thanks are due from all. It is comparatively unimportant whether the educational workshop is in Massachusetts or Missouri, or wherever else, so that the conditions of good work, and the best means for its diffusion, are secured. Neither our highest allegiance, nor the exercise of our largest philanthropy, can properly be bounded by State lines. The seventy-five thousand dollars given by Boston citizens,[1] some years ago, to Washington University in St. Louis, was not taken from home uses; but, rather, it was the extension of the best Boston principles broadcast a thousand miles away. The gifts were bestowed at the time of greatest discouragement, and when most needed. It is not impossible, coming when they did, that they may have turned the scale between permanent success and failure. And what difference does it make to the philanthropist where the tree is planted, if it bears life-giving fruit to the people? The question is only one of the greatest good.

It may be said, and we admit the fact, although it may seem to lessen the force of our argument, that there is wealth enough in St. Louis to endow a dozen universities without feeling it. It has a greater amount of capital, and less indebtedness, by very far, than any other Western city. The "solidity" of its merchants compares tolerably well with that of Boston itself; and it has so little of the speculative feeling which trades on borrowed capital and grows rich by "corner-lots," that it is generally understood to be "slow." Real estate is at a lower valuation, take the city through, than in any other large city; and money can be obtained for legitimate uses, and on good security, at any time, at reasonable rates of interest.

[1] Chiefly by Nathaniel Thayer and Mrs. Augustus Hemenway.

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In a word, St. Louis is one of the strongest and wealthiest cities of the United States.

If other men thought as we do, therefore, there would be no difficulty in obtaining five millions, instead of one, for such a university as would meet the growing demand; but, unfortunately, there are but few in any community to whom that kind of prudence is given. Very few of the wealthiest men care to distinguish themselves in that way. The amount already done for Washington University is a standing wonder to the majority of citizens in St. Louis; and to say the truth, under all the circumstances it has been very large. It has reached, including what has been "sunk" in the annual expenditure and in unprofitable investments, three-fourths of a million dollars, all of which (except as above named) has come as free gifts to the cause of education from St. Louis people. It has not come chiefly from the very rich, but from those who, among merchant princes, would be counted as men of moderately independent means. Some of the best donors do not even aspire to be rated so high, and have transcended the common laws of wisdom in their gifts, and are not unlikely to do it again. But it is too soon in St. Louis, to expect a large and general patronage of learning; and perhaps the actual presence of a great university is a necessary antecedent, as, in educational matters, the supply must always precede the demand.

Another explanation of comparatively slow progress is found in the well-known fact that the religious, or, rather, the sectarian motive-power is generally the most efficient in exciting men to large benefactions. To seek after and declare the truth, irrespectively of the outcome, is a proof of advanced intellectual culture, and also of an impersonal desire to do good. To feel such faith in truth, whether in philosophy or science, as to trust it to go alone, without the duly certified ecclesiastical leading-strings, is a rare attainment.

The clear and obtrusive announcement, that a college, or university, is unsectarian, must therefore be a serious hindrance to its early and rapid progress. At first, it will not be believed, and only serves to excite suspicion or distrust. Afterward, when fully believed, if good education is given, the number of students may be large, and is sure to increase in exact proportion as the legitimate working of such an institution is better understood; but the number of "benefactors" will continue to be small, perhaps for several generations. Then, when the good seed sown shall have come to maturity, the fountains of generous wealth will open on every side with a steady and growing stream, as they are now just beginning to do for the *alma mater* of colleges near Boston.

How great a work has that time-honored university done for Massachusetts and New England, and the whole country! Not less, but, if possible, more important is that which Washington University has undertaken to do in the region where it is established. It may, perhaps, have to wait long for the financial strength, which alone it needs for the right accomplishment of its task; but, working in the "Great Taskmaster's eye," we humbly hope that some kind hearts will be moved, either at home or abroad, and some strong hand be stretched out, to forestall the slow working of time, by giving to this healthy young institution the present means to perform the highest educa-

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tional work for the present generation. Such an act, whether regarded as one of philanthropy, patriotism, or Christian service, would find its abundant reward in the good accomplished.

There are some kinds of work which cannot be safely delayed. If not done at the right time, they can never be well done. The opportunity is lost, and the penalty of neglect must be endured. No degree of industry and skill can do in July the work that belongs to April and May. If childhood and youth are neglected, schools and colleges can do but little for mature years. If a rapidly-growing community is left to the materialistic tendencies of a mere "practical" and external prosperity, without the conservative and corrective influence of a higher moral and intellectual civilization, the permanent deterioration of society is the unavoidable result. It is not too much to say, therefore, that the future national character of the American Union depends, to a considerable and appreciable degree, upon the kind of influences brought to bear upon the rising generation in the Western States.

An instructive example, worthy of being quoted in this connection, has just been given in St. Louis by Archbishop Kenrick of the Roman Catholic Church. Having learned that a great many children of the Catholic poor are brought under what he considers bad religious influences in the city reformatory institutions, and by neglect of their parents, he has *suspended action* already begun for the erection of a grand metropolitan cathedral, until a "children's protectorate" shall have been first established and put into operation; and every thing is now going rapidly forward to that beneficent end. While the cathedral was building, a whole generation of boys and girls might be lost. Is not that, at his point of view, good Christian logic? We honor him for his decision.

With the same wisdom of foresight, the Jesuit brotherhood are now enlarging the plans of St. Louis University, their chief institution for boys and young men, with the view of making it the largest and most complete in the country. Equal exertions are making for female education; and every thing is conducted on a scale proportionate to the expected growth and importance of the city itself. No one can reasonably find fault with this. The Catholic Church is faithfully striving to do its appointed work at the right time. If Protestants are disposed to declaim against it, the only American answer to them is, "Go, and do thou likewise."

The university which is the main topic of this article gives another illustration in point. It was organized in 1853, and since that time has done great and good service. In this period, it has had under its charge several thousand pupils; hundreds of whom are now among the leading citizens of St. Louis, and the majority of whom are likely, from their social position, to become such. It has, also, as an institution of learning, founded upon right principles, and in the main, well conducted, done a great deal towards giving a right tone to education, and is at present doing more than at any previous time. Yet it is strictly true that there has been no year since 1855 when it would have been at all possible for the enterprise to have been begun. Those who are familiar with the social and financial history of St. Louis will understand why this assertion can be so confidently made.

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In like manner, we see that opportunity for immeasurably greater work is given now, if done quickly. What may be the condition of things, and who will be the workers, ten years hence, no one can say.

One million of dollars, added to its present endowment, if properly invested, would secure to Washington University, in five years, time and ever afterwards, a commanding influence throughout the Mississippi Valley, and go far towards making St. Louis what it ought to be, — a metropolis of learning and art, as well as of commercial strength. We live in the steadfast conviction that what ought to be done will be done, at the right time and in the right manner; and that those to whom the ability is already given will have the disposition thus to consecrate the "mammon of unrighteousness" to the cause of humanity and truth.

IPSIE.

BY H. A. BERTON.

THE city of Biggin's Bend offered superior inducements to those who loved tranquillity and retirement. In front, and to the right and left, lay the yellow Mississippi, on either bank of which, as far as the eye could reach, was a thicket of young cottonwood-trees. When the river was low, a band of brown mud separated the changeless yellow of the water from the unvarying green of the cottonwoods: when the river was high, the brown mud disappeared, and less than usual of the green was visible. No other diversity of landscape was noticeable or possible.

When one turned from the natural features of the Bend to its society, the same conservatism was found. The inhabitants, exclusive of animals and chickens, were three, — Sam Kavvery, Mrs. Kavvery, and their daughter Mary Jane.

Once in a while, Sam went hunting; once a month he walked to Larkey's Cross Roads, five miles off, to trade skins, furs, and cotton, for sugar, coffee, whiskey, tobacco, and other necessities of life; occasionally he cultivated a little corn and cotton, and killed a pig: but the few people who came to the Bend were pretty sure to find Sam on a bench in front of the house, smoking serenely, and tenderly cherishing one knee.

Mrs. Kavvery, with a cob-pipe in her mouth, could generally be found before the fire, watching the cookery (when any was going on), and reading Benson's Commentaries, and other good books, when she was at leisure.

But Mary Jane, nicknamed Ipsie, was not a creature of such admirable regularity: in fact, her good mother occasionally remarked with some impatience, "'Stonishin' the places that gal ken find to be in when she's wanted for any thin'!" There were no neighbors within five miles: so Ipsie had formed a confidential acquaintanceship with certain of the dogs and chickens. She examined her father's fish-lines half a dozen times a day, and threw them out again in frightful tangles; sat in her father's skiff, and caught the rollers sent in by

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passing steamboats; carved gourds into bird-houses, and climbed into all sorts of breakneck places to locate them; and made lively use of the few remaining resources of the Bend.

Where Ipsie found the light of her eyes, and the bloom of her cheeks, and the tender lines at the corner of her mouth, was a mystery; but girls are always finding such things in out-of-the-way places: perhaps they were given her for the purpose of proving, that, unlikely as it might seem, the Lord had really visited Biggin's Bend. It was equally a mystery where she learned what little she knew. The "Cross Roads Gonfalon" — blessed be scissors! — occasionally told her of ladies clothed unlike herself, and of men different from any of the angular tobacco-chewers who occasionally straggled into the Bend. And once in a while, at night, some enterprising engineer would drive his boat staggering past the Bend, with two great yellow sparkling streamers trailing across the silver and black of the sky, leaving Ipsie's great dark eyes dreaming for a week. Occasionally a boat would touch at the Bend to take or leave a passenger belonging at the Cross Roads; and then, from behind a friendly tree, Ipsie would see, perhaps, two or three pretty children playing on the guards, perhaps a lady with a dress not of calico or the Cross Roads style, or perhaps a bride, with eyes and hair like her own, leaning on the shoulder of some one who did not look the least bit like any of the boys at the Cross Roads.

For several years there had been slowly working, through the miasma and tobacco-smoke which enveloped Sam Kavvery's mind, the idea that his daughter might be in need of advantages not afforded at the Bend; and the effect of long thought on this subject worked Sam up to such a pitch, that he one day took his pipe from his mouth, and said, —

"M'riar, somethin' ort to be done for Ips."

"I know it, Sam," replied his wife.

Then, after the manner of most people acquiescing in any statement, they felt as if they had done their duty.

But ideas are restless, even on the Mississippi; and the resistless power of truth was demonstrated by the fact, that, six months later, Sam Kavvery took his pipe from his mouth, and said, —

"M'riar, somethin' ort to be done for Ipsie."

And M'riar again replied, —

"I know it, Sam."

Sam puffed a few moments longer, and then astonished the echoes of Biggin's Bend by asking, —

"What's it to be?"

And M'riar again faced the situation, and said, —

"That's the question."

M'riar went further: she gave vent to an opinion she had held for many years, by remarking, —

"She needs religion."

His wife's words awoke in Sam's mind the memory of gamblers, steamboat-captains, flatboatmen, and other sinners he had known; and a mental view of Ipsie standing among these affected him so powerfully, that he concentrated a great deal of indignation, pity, and contempt into the single word, —

"Mebbe!"

Mrs. Kavvery had no idea of arguing with her husband; but, to stay her own soul in the faith, she repeated as solemnly as a cracked voice would allow, —

"All mankind is born in sin, an' by natur under the wrath" —

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Sam Kavvery astonished his wife by actually speaking before she had finished her quotation.

"M'riar," said he, "that wuz writ fur deck-hands and the boys at the Cross Roads; but Ipsie ain't mankind at all. She's a woman, or goin' to be; an' some day she'll want a husband, an' she ort to hev a good 'un. Her mother got a good-fur-nothin' shote; an' one in a fam'ly's" —

Just here Sam was interrupted; for love, whose wings seem as much at home in tobacco-smoke as in the perfumed air of rose-gardens, prompted Mrs. Kavvery to get up and lay a great kiss right across her husband's lips.

"Ef she gets ez good a man ez her mother did, she'll do well," said Mrs. Kavvery, as soon as her lips were disengaged from their rather unusual occupation. "An' yet," she continued, her dim eyes looking a shade more weary than ever, "I don't want no daughter o' mine to spend all her days ez mine hes ben. 'Tain't no fault o' yourn, Sam."

But Sam felt guilty; and, never having studied logic, he did not know how to argue himself out of his sense of wrong: so his contrition moved him to press the faithful old head close to his breast. A rap at the door ended this conjugal tableau; and Sam shouted, —

"Come in!"

The door opened; and an unusual looking young man appeared. He had blue eyes and light hair, and a smooth, clean face; while his dress, though of common material, was suspiciously clean. Sam promptly determined that he was neither a Cross Roads man, a boatman, a gambler, nor a peddler; and, as Sam knew no phases of humanity but these, his conjecture had drifted into wonder, when the stranger abruptly said, —

"I am a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and am seeking for 'the lost sheep of the house of Israel.'"

Sam looked appealingly at his wife. It seemed to him he had heard some such words when he was young, and hung about the meeting-house door at night; but, if they *were* holy, his wife was the Bible-reader of the family, and must know. Mrs. Kavvery relieved her husband's mind by devoutly saying, —

"Bless the Lord fur sendin' ye!"

"Certinly," said Sam quite briskly. "Chuck yer traps in the corner, captin: hev a cheer? Here's tub-bakker. Mother, pass out the demi-john."

"Thank you!" said the stranger; "but I neither drink nor smoke."

Sam looked disgusted; but, a bright thought striking him, he hurried to a closet, and took down a pack of cards. His pious wife flew at him in an instant.

"Sam!" said she in a reproachful undertone, "one 'ud think you'd ben raised among the heathen. Preachers don't play keards."

Sam looked humbly into the face of superior wisdom, and meekly asked, —

"Don't they, though?"

"No, nur drink nur smoke nuther."

"Well," said Sam, resignedly laying down the cards. Then he rejoined the young man, looking at him with that hungry expression which solitary people always bestow upon a new face, and said, —

"Well, mister — mister" —

"Breeton," answered the stranger, — "Walter Breeton, circuit rider, and member of the Easter River Conference."

"Well, Mr. Breeton, what's the news?"

"I do not keep pace with the

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march of events," answered the young preacher. "To save souls for my heavenly Master is the one object of my life. Are there any professors in this house?"

Sam jerked a thumb toward his wife, inwardly wishing the preacher had a side which a man could get at in some way.

"Ah, sister!" said the young man, "are you a follower of the Lamb?"

"Follerin' afar off, as it were," tearfully replied Mrs. Kavvery. "I wish my light shined better, so Sam an' Ipsie might come into the fold! I've labored hard with both of 'em; but their eyes seems to be darkened, p'tic'larly Ipsie's."

"Ipsie?" queried the preacher.

"Yes, sir, — our gal: she's"—

Further explanation was rendered unnecessary by the appearance in the doorway of Ipsie herself, and her sudden disappearance.

"Mustn't mind Ips, Brother Breeton," said Mrs. Kavvery. "She ain't used to strangers; an' she ollus gits out. She'll come aroun' in the evenin'."

"Well," said the young man, remarking to himself, "I sincerely hope she will."

"Guess we'll hev a bite pooty soon," said Mrs. Kavvery. "Sam, see ef ther's any thin' on the lines."

Sam hurried out, and found a fine young cat-fish; and, while he was cleaning it, Mrs. Kavvery put some corn-meal dough into a Dutch oven on the hearth, and a lot of biscuit into another Dutch oven, and some slices of bacon into a frying-pan, and put the fish into the same pan, and made coffee, and brought out a dish of honey and a tin cup of persimmons, and was soon proudly contemplating a table loaded with all the luxuries of the land; while the mingled odors of fried bacon and warm saleratus drove the smell of tobacco-smoke entirely out of the room. Then Sam went to the door, and blew a horn; and, in a moment or two, Ipsie appeared.

"Ipsie," said her mother, "this is Mr. Breeton, thet's come down here to save sinners. I hope he'll do yer soul good."

The young preacher hoped so too, as he noticed Ipsie's bright eyes and blushing cheeks.

"Come, stranger, hev a bite," said Sam, who felt that his chance of partaking in the conversation was growing small. "Hev plenty of ham-fat with yer fish?"

"Sam!" cried Mrs. Kavvery.

Sam dropped his knife and fork, and appealed from under the lowest hairs of his eyebrows.

"Ask a blessin', Brother Breeton," said Mrs. Kavvery, looking sorrowfully upon her partner.

Walter Breeton asked the blessing of the Lord on the food before them; and Ipsie, who had never heard anything of the sort before, stared in such astonishment, that when the preacher concluded, and cast his eyes towards her, *her* eyes were so fixed, that she could not withdraw them until she had done a great deal of painful blushing; seeing which, Mr. Breeton blushed himself, and knew he did, and punished himself by vowing to strive to transplant this fair flower to the garden of the Lord.

"Sam," said Mrs. Kavvery, "p'raps the preacher ken tell us what to do for Ips?"

Sam drew his knife through a piece of corn-bread with more deliberation than he usually displayed at table; and he looked as if he thought the matter extremely doubtful. Still his wife had commenced the subject, and

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he couldn't get away from it: so he finally said, —

"P'raps so. Fact is, mister, Ips is a-growin' up; an' she ort to hev a chance."

"Very true," replied the young minister. "She should, of all things, be taught of the Spirit; but every young person is benefited by secular education, no matter how little."

"I guess that's so," said Sam, thinking that any thing with some big words and the true ring must be correct; "but how's she to get this sic — sic — sic — what-d'ye-call-it eddication? Ther' ain't no schools here; an' I wouldn't hev her go to the Cross Roads every day."

"Our Conference Seminary would give her an excellent education at a moderate price, and afford her the inestimable advantages of the constant ministry of the Word."

"Mod'rit price, eh?" said Sam, wickedly oblivious to what had followed. "What's the damages?"

"I believe two hundred dollars a year includes" —

"Two hundred dollars! Judas an' tar-buckets!" exclaimed Sam. "Why, that's more money than I've seed this four year."

"It is a great pity," said the preacher, "that filthy lucre should come between a precious soul and its education. She might take a course of study at home, with the help of her parents."

"Dou'fle," said Sam. "Readin', writin', an' doin' sums, is all me an' M'riar knows; an' Ips knows them a'ready."

For a few moments, Walter Breeton regarded the edge of his plate so thoughtfully, that his hostess was in agony lest a red ant had ventured upon the crockery. Finally the minister raised his eyes, and said, —

"I have had some experience in teaching; and I might give her a preparatory course myself. I am going to hold a two-weeks' protracted meeting at the Cross Roads; and I might come over here for a couple of hours each morning, and teach her from such rudimentary volumes as I may be able to procure at the Cross Roads. I should charge nothing for my services."

"By gum, mister!" said Sam, "that's what I call religion; but we wouldn't think of putting you to so much trouble."

"I should not consider it trouble," said the young preacher quickly, "to, peradventure, enable intelligence to make straighter the path of the Lord."

"Well," said Sam, "it's a bargain, then, ef you'll let me purvide a critter fur ye to ride back and forth on."

To this the preacher assented. As for Ipsie, she failed to exhibit a laudable pleasure in the prospect of education. "The Gonfalon's" scissors frequently found stories whose heroines had lately escaped from boarding-schools, and who wrote gushing letters descriptive of the horrors of knowledge-getting. And yet the young preacher seemed as if he couldn't be very dreadful. Every time she caught his eye, or he caught hers, he seemed pleasanter than before; and when, after reading a chapter in the Bible, and offering a prayer, the young man bade the family good-by, to return in the morning, if one of Sam's friends (to whom the preacher bore a note) could supply a horse, Ipsie almost wished for morning and school-time.

The air of the next day had barely been scented by Sam's first pipe, when the clatter of hoofs announced the approach of the preacher. Ipsie immediately retreated to the cornfield, from which she was promptly

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dragged back by her mother to find Mr. Breeton unwrapping some books.

"I have brought," said he, "works on geography, history, and elocution, besides an introductory treatise on grammar; and I believe, that, with fair attention, your daughter will in a fortnight be able to continue these studies without assistance. But, as every good and perfect gift cometh from above, let us first invoke the divine blessing on our efforts." And he made a short prayer, after which Mrs. Kavvery disappeared, taking her husband with her, and leaving Ipsie and her new tutor alone.

Walter Breeton soon discovered that his pupil was encumbered by no false principles or incorrect teachings: so he delightedly prefaced the lesson on geography with the Mosaic account of the creation; condensed the history of the Jews, the Church, and the Reformation, before he opened the text-book on American history; and read chapters of Isaiah and of St. John's Gospel to illustrate elocutionary principles. And the pupil sat in mute, open-eyed wonder: it seemed to her he must be a hundred years old, he knew so much. She was not a bit afraid of him, though; for he was not at all like the teachers in books. He asked all questions in the gentlest of tones and with the kindest of looks: and when she said, "I don't know," as she was compelled to do in answer to most of his questions, he acted as if it was the answer he had always been accustomed to.

As for Breeton himself, he found his pupil far more intelligent and attentive than any he had ever taught; for, in the graded school of his native village, he had taught only classes of small boys, whose grades were mostly of stupidity. But Ipsie's great dark eyes seemed to be taking in every thing he said; and it was decidedly pleasant to have such eyes fixed on one, and such close attention given to instruction. Why could he not teach her the wisdom of all wisdom? He closed the books, looked earnestly into her eyes, and said, —

"My dear young friend, the teachings of these books are not to be despised; but let me impress upon your mind the importance of the Book of books, and the value of its teachings: may it be a light under your feet and a lamp unto your pathway!"

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean," said Ipsie timidly.

"I mean," said the young preacher, with a pitying sense of his superiority over the ignorant girl, "that it will be unto you an ark of safety, into which you can flee."

Ipsie still looked unenlightened.

"Do you not comprehend my meaning?" said Breeton, with far more patience than he usually exhibited toward stupidity. "I mean, it teaches you of Christ, and how, by faith in him, you will be enabled to pass from death unto life."

"Teaches me what?" asked Ipsie, with a timidity painful to witness.

"Teaches you of the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world," said the preacher, his face lighting up with pious enthusiasm.

Ipsie burst into tears. The young preacher exclaimed, "Bless the Lord!" Now, at last, he had been graciously pleased to send conviction. But Breeton's ardor was suddenly cooled; for the weeping girl exclaimed, —

"I know I'm awful stupid; but I don't understand a bit what you say."

Breeton sighed. "My poor girl," he said, "you must ask God for light; you must lay hold of the horns of the

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altar. Wrestle with the angel, and do not let him go."

"I don't make that out, either," sobbed Ipsie.

"That is because the Adversary is striving to retain dominion over you," said Breeton. "But by faith lay hold of the promises, and make yourself a joint-heir, with Him, of eternal life."

By this time Ipsie's mortification had thrown her into such a violent fit of crying, that she was unable to proclaim her ignorance any further; and Breeton knelt, and earnestly besought the Lord to cast the scales from the eyes of the sorrowing one, to wash her in the blood of the Lamb, and to feed her with the bread of life. Then he mounted his horse, and rode back to the Cross Roads, sorrowfully musing on the dominion the Prince of this world had over the souls of his subjects. The thought stimulated him to more earnest endeavor; and though, in his sermon that night, he innocently clouded the Lord by a mass of verbiage which even those who knew it best comprehended but dimly, his earnestness prevailed upon many, and led them to seek Him whose power is perhaps best manifested by the ease with which he makes himself visible — despite the thick veils which men place between him and his creatures — to all who really wish to find him. And in the morning he rode back to the Bend, believing that the Lord was with him, and that he would make straight the way of his handmaiden.

Sam Kavvery gazed upon the young man with plainly visible disfavor.

"Mister," said Sam, "Ips hez ben a-askin' the mother an' me what some of the things you've ben a-sayin' to her means; an' neither of us can tell her, though the mother tells her they're all right. Now, I hain't got no objections to her hevin' Bible larnin'; but what I want to know is, Ain't ther no plain English in the Bible nowhar? or is it writ only for fellers that's ben to college? 'Pears to me a good deal like talkin' Dutch, — the Dutchmen understand it themselves; but nobody else does."

Just then there sauntered out of the house a middle-aged, well-dressed man, who bowed to Breeton, and said, —

"Going by the boat, sir?"

"No, sir," replied Breton.

"I am," said the stranger; "and I suppose I can wait a day longer in this confounded hole."

"I am a minister of the gospel," said Breeton, "and am at present tutor to our host's daughter."

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "I sympathize with you; for eighteen months after I left Yale" —

"Yale?" interrupted Breeton: "you must have enjoyed rare spiritual advantages."

"Um — oh, yes! certainly," said the stranger. "But somehow they never seemed to benefit me much. The fact is, I was so puzzled and confused about religious matters, that I never knew what to believe; and I don't know to this day."

"Mr. ——" began Breeton.

"Hartinger," said the stranger.

"Mr. Hartinger, would you object to joining with us in prayer?"

"Not in the least," replied Mr. Hartinger.

Breeton called the family together, and delivered a short but earnest prayer. Sam's strictures were still fresh in his mind; and he found, in attempting to pray in different language from what he usually used, he made several awkward and painful pauses. After the prayer, Sam and

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Mr. Hartinger adjourned to the bench to smoke; and Mrs. Kavvery sought the cotton-patch. Breeton approached Ipsie, and took her hand tenderly.

"My dear girl," said he, "has the Adversary left you?"

"I guess not," said she; "leastways I've been puzzlin' my head all night, and haven't got any thing for my pains. If religion is intended for everybody, why isn't it ever talked about so any one can understand it?"

In his prayer, Breeton had realized that language, except such as he habitually used, was not convenient to his tongue. He had determined to practise the utmost simplicity of speech; and his intention was powerfully strengthened by the sight of Ipsie's face, always handsome, but now, under the influence of trouble, made inexpressibly tender and womanly and pure. For a few moments, Breeton labored as he had never done before, yet only to clothe simple truths in simple language. In those few moments he found, that, during his ministry, he had been fondly repeating sentences which had no meaning to most of his hearers; had been using obsolete figures of speech; had been making references, and drawing similes, which no one but a theologian, or a Jew skilled in the literature of his forefathers, could have comprehended; and had been sealing up the fountain from which he implored people to drink.

"My child," said he at length very slowly, "God made the world, and us, and every thing we have and need. He asks no pay of us except our love; and he asks us to prove our love by doing right. The Bible tells us a great deal about right and wrong; our consciences tell us a great deal; and our experience constantly instructs us. God wants us to regard him as a father; and he showed his great love for us by sending Christ to live on earth, like other people, and to die for our sakes. God is a real being; and, though we cannot see him, we can become acquainted with him, if we show by our thoughts and actions we want to be. And he wants us all to go to him when we die, and to be with him forever."

"That's all plain: I understand all that," said Ipsie.

"Then you understand all I can tell you," said Breeton.

"But the horns of the altar, and the ark of safety, and passing from death to life, and the blood of the Lamb, and wrestlin' with the angel, and"—

"They all mean only what I have already told you," said the young minister, blushing guiltily under the half-indignant look the wondering girl gave him; "but I have been foolish enough to suppose these figures of speech were as familiar to others as to me."

"But there's free-will and election, and all those things mother's big black books tell about," said Ipsie.

"Those matters are God's business, and not ours," replied Breeton; "and no one ever gained any thing by meddling with them. God does not expect you to know every thing, but rather to love with all your strength. Do you suppose your father and mother love you any less because you do not know all *they* do?"

"No," said Ipsie, with an absent look in her face, which made Breeton think she would, for a little while, be her own best company. As he stepped out of the house, Sam Kavvery confronted him.

"Mister," said he, "the door bein' open, I heerd all you've ben a-sayin'.

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Do you mean to say that's all? that Ips, or anybody else, don't need to go rollin' on the groun' at camp-meetin', or hev a tremendous 'sperience some way, 'fore they're safe? Ain't ther nothin' to do 'xcept make up yer mind to turn aroun', an' row 'tother way?"

"That's all," said Breeton, "except that, after turning, you *must* row, and keep at it, and not let yourself drift with the current."

"Shouldn't wonder then," said Sam, strolling slowly away, "if I could be a Christian myself."

Breeton was offering a silent prayer, when a slap between the shoulders interrupted him.

"Breeton," said Mr. Hartinger, "I was myself an unintentional hearer of your little sermon; and I must thank you for the clearest religious statement I have ever heard. But, if this is all, what becomes of the articles of faith? and which is the one true church?"

"I am too young a convert to answer many questions," replied Breeton: "but honest opinions about religion do not, of themselves, constitute religion; and, as for the true church, it is in the hearts of His people."

"Noble young heretic, consistent young Christian!" exclaimed Hartinger, seizing Breeton's hand.

It was time for Breeton to start again for the Cross Roads, yet he was very loath to go. He had learned more within an hour than in his whole seminary course; and, while he was reverently thankful to the Great Teacher, he felt considerable human gratitude toward Ipsie. He started to find her, and express his thankfulness. He re-entered the house, and found her still sitting where he had left her.

"Ipsie," said he, in a tone, which, though very tender, startled the girl, "I have attempted to teach you; but *you* have given *me* the most valuable lesson I have ever had: you have taught me to speak plain English. But I shall have many relapses into my old habits; and I know of no one else who will correct me. Will *you* do it — for life?"

Ipsie said nothing, but blushed. The young preacher looked appealingly; and her blushes grew deeper. Still she said nothing; but as, when Mrs. Kavvery came in to set the dinner-table, she found Ipsie's head on Breeton's shoulder, and the young man not the least bit ashamed of it, it seemed evident that Ipsie had accepted the situation.

Ipsie was never made professor of English in a theological seminary; but she did the world good service in revising her husband's sermons, and did far more for God and humanity than did any other member of the Easter River Conference.

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COERCION IN THE LATER STAGES OF EDUCATION.

J. P. QUINCY.

THERE is a familiar Latin line which makes summary disposition of those unscrupulous persons who have presumed to say our good things before us. But a comprehensive form of anathema to be directed against those who say our good things *after* us is still a *desideratum*. Until this great deficiency has been supplied, men should possess their souls in patience. And so, when we read in our newspaper that the learned court has pronounced a decision of immense wisdom, and of unspeakable importance to the nation, it is well to join with the general acclamation over the bench of Daniels that Heaven has sent us. But it is not well to forget the patient laborers at anonymous journalism who anticipated that enlightened judgment by some score of years, and fortified it with arguments which the gentlemen in authority have at length done them the honor to adopt.

More years ago than it is quite pleasant to specify, a few persons of my acquaintance made an exhaustive examination of a certain American college. As we had determined to do our work thoroughly, you will understand that we avoided the blunder of getting letters of introduction to official personages, and inspecting only what they chose to show us. We happened to hit upon the very plan which has since been adopted by Mr. Greenwood, the amateur casual, as well as by "The Tribune" reporter who feigned madness in order to examine the workings of an asylum from the inside. We caused ourselves to be put into the institution that we desired to inspect. You will see that we must have been pretty clever fellows to have staid there four years without getting found out; but the prospect of being able to form intelligent opinions upon all disputed points connected with college education, furnished a stimulus for our best effort. Well, much other business has since engaged the members of that committee; and somehow it has happened that the report of our investigations has never been published in full. But, heartily concurring in its general conclusions, we have all held certain decisive views about college matters, for the acceptance of which — according to our private capacities and opportunities — we have endeavored to prepare the world. And at length the hour has struck. In his last Annual Report, the president of Harvard College ventures upon an observation which has long been a commonplace among many persons who have tried to understand the requirements of the later education in America.

With due official caution, President Eliot finds it "not unreasonable to hope" that the venerable institution of which he has proved so efficient a head "will soon get entirely rid of a certain schoolboy spirit, which is not found in the professional schools, and which seems to have its roots in the enforced attendance upon recitations, lectures, and religious exercises." And after speaking of the practice of foreign universities, and of the average age of admission to Harvard, a notable paragraph is closed with this sentence: "Whenever it appears that a college rules or method, of general application, is persevered in only for the sake of the least promising and worthy students, there is

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good reason to suspect that that rule, or method, has been outgrown." Sound as this concluding proposition undoubtedly is, it seems to contain an implication from which many would dissent. It is my own conviction, that, while the reform indicated would undoubtedly be profitable for the best scholars, it would be still more advantageous for "the least promising and worthy students" *who should be allowed to enter, or permitted to remain in, our highest institutions for education.* The statement is here limited by the conditions italicized, out of respect to the clear and earnest presentation of opposing views by the president of Princeton College, whose letter, evoked by President Eliot's remarks, is familiar to all who follow our educational literature. We have no need, then, to consider that conviction of certain eminent minds, which found expression in the assertion of Adam Smith, that "after twelve or thirteen years, provided the master does his duty, force or restraint can scarce ever be necessary to carry on any part of education." We need not meddle with the question, How far coercive institutions, such as Dr. McCosh approves, may be suited to larger numbers of American youth. It is enough to assert that there is a very respectable class, both in number and intelligence, to whose needs they are not adapted. Let us have coercive seminaries, so far as may be required. Let them be called high schools, academies, colleges, or what you please: it is foolish to wrangle over names. But, in addition to these, let us have at least one educational centre whose methods are essentially different. The time is ripe for an American university that shall worthily represent the highest intellectual life of the nation. To secure this, some temporary inconveniences, and some risks of partial failure, may be well encountered. Even the statistical and popular success dear to catalogue-makers may be wisely perilled in securing a higher level for future effort. Ultimate recognition commanded by broadest usefulness will surely be given, if the proverb is boldly reversed, and no *corpus vile* taken for the experiment.

How far our national centre of the highest knowledge should be formed after a foreign model is a matter for discussion. It may be remarked, that Dr. McCosh's estimate of the German university, whose imitation he seems to deprecate, is quite cordial enough. "Berlin," he tells us, "with its two hundred teachers, can furnish high instruction in every department of human learning. It is the very place for an American youth to go, when, having taken his degree at home, he wishes to perfect himself in some special department of human learning." If we give its full meaning to this last sentence, — a meaning that it may not have been intended to convey, — we touch the rooted conviction upon which advocates of nobler standards in our home education base their demands; for it is emphatically denied, that any European capital is "the very place for an American youth to go" during the most critical period of his development. There is always peril in sending young men beyond the reach of the moral sentiment of their nationality. Its subtle influence is wanted to lend strength to the feeble will, and to separate right from wrong by sharp outlines. It is humiliating to reflect how much the best of us are indebted for our good conduct to the wholesome public opinion in the presence of which we expect to live. Those

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who know the temptations of student life in the continental cities long for the day when our university education at home will leave no pretext for this dangerous expatriation.

But it is not the German university as it exists in Europe, but that university improved, and adapted to our wants by strict periodical examinations, whose claims have found advocates. And here is thrust forward the evil of cramming, that examinations are alleged to induce. It is difficult for many persons of mature life to look at this objection judicially, from the fact that a large portion of their own college examinations were passed by cramming; and this, perhaps, by the connivance of those who directed them. The causes of this ancient deception are not far to seek. Marks for recitations were considered adequate tests of scholarship; and examinations were degraded to exhibitions. The teacher — whether owing to his own fault, or to that of the system in which he was obliged to work — was unwilling that the true results of his course should appear. It was, perhaps, thought desirable that a given institution should be kept on a numerical equality with some rival; or it seemed best that certain youths of idle habits, who could command powerful social influences, should not be disgraced. But, whatever may have been the motives, there can be no doubt of the fact that examinations were often arranged with the special design of giving crammers a chance. And I do not exceed the bounds of my personal knowledge in mentioning that college teachers have sometimes given their pupils very broad hints how and where to cram in order to make a show. But whatever abuses have existed in the past, or exist to-day, few who have considered the matter can doubt that examinations may be made tests of proficiency as nearly absolute as humanity can devise. They can be made to indicate the amount of knowledge that the mind has assimilated far more truly than any average of marks for parrot-like recitations from a text-book. In a report upon the civil service examination, published in England in 1854, and bearing the signatures of such men as Lord Macaulay, Prof. Jowett, and Mr. Shaw Lefevre, occurs this emphatic declaration: "Experience justifies us in pronouncing, that, if the examiners be well chosen, it is utterly impossible that the delusive show of knowledge, which is the effect of the process popularly called cramming, can ever be successful against real learning and ability." Even Dr. McCosh frankly admits that examinations can be so arranged as to render cramming impossible, but thinks that not one examiner in ten is capable of devising them. Although many experts totally differ with him in that estimate, the matter is worth no controversy. Suppose that only one examiner in twenty can prevent this fraud: the reply is obvious, — "Let our national university employ the twentieth man."

Two other objections of Dr. McCosh deserve a passing remark. "Everybody knows," he says, "that many young men enter college without any appreciation of study; and the college should seek to give them a taste for learning by requiring them to come into daily contact with kind and judicious instructors." Owing to the defective state of our preparatory schools, and the easy conditions for admission to many colleges, the first clause in the sentence is, unhappily, true; but it scarcely touches President Eliot's hopes for the future.

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Indeed, it may be confidently affirmed, that, if the examination-papers published by Harvard College represent the *real* requirements for admission, it is impossible for applicants to enter without a decided "appreciation of study." That "the college should seek to give them a taste for learning" is a self-evident proposition. I believe that this should be done by *inducing sympathetic contact* "with kind and judicious instructors." Whether this is best accomplished by *compelling* daily contact with them, is precisely the question in debate.

And, finally, Dr. McCosh implies that temptations to idleness and dissipation are counteracted by the coercive system at present in vogue in our highest colleges. If this were true, it should at once settle the question. There is a sadder necrology to every college than that which gets published upon Commencement Day. The failure of what we call our best education to obtain mastery over the vicious tendencies of humanity is sorrowfully evident. We will cheerfully resign, as a poor *dilettante* delight, all hope of developing our choice intellects by finer methods, if it can be shown that the old system will insure us one self-controlled democrat the more, or one pilfering congressman the less. It would indeed be a fool's bargain to abate a jot from the average moral character an institution develops, to furnish knowledge in encyclopedic rations. But it is emphatically denied that an enforced attendance upon a few daily exercises, and the ranking by recitation-marks, which belongs to the scheme, have any tendency to prevent dissipation in young men who would otherwise seek it. The wretched pretence of school-boy espionage — which *under college conditions* can be only a pretence — induces a school-boy sense of fun in outwitting the shallow device. The collection of hundreds of young men in a university town must necessarily offer temptations to dissipation that no compulsions practicable to professors can appreciably reduce. But it is confidently maintained, that, in the case of students who are properly qualified for collegiate training, these temptations may be reduced to a minimum by lifting the relation of teacher and pupil to a higher level. The attractions to sin must be met by those attractions to intellectual and moral effort which the genuine professor, when left to himself, can bountifully supply. We are bound to distrust our ways of conducting the later education until a hearty co-operation in the purposes of college-residence, instead of being the peculiarity of a minority, has become the pervading spirit of all.

But the root of the disorder, which, more or less apparently, results from the coercive system, is seldom honestly declared. It lies in the incompetence of the best professors for administrative duties. It is painful to think how many men of noble gifts have been compelled to waste power in the blundering performance of work that should never have been required of them. The eyeless Samson making sport for the Philistines is the prototype of men of rarer strength, obliged to fumble blindly before discordant classes who were brimming over with that merry sense of incongruity with which youth is so generously endowed. We are slowly learning that capital can never be forced into a given employment without being forced out of some other employment, and that it seeks spontaneously its most profitable field. That

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costliest capital, the genius and knowledge of a great teacher, is subject to similar laws. You cannot put it to unsuitable work without deadening power in its proper range, and depriving its possessor of that lever of personality by which he might move a generation. It is needless to say that a teacher in an institution for the later education needs far other qualities than are essential for the successful master of a school. If the latter be a man of good character, a student of human nature, and versed in certain technicalities of his art, it is not necessary that he should possess much more knowledge than he is called upon to communicate. But the university renders its peculiar service to the community by collecting men of the highest standard of attainment. The true college professor is never a pedagogue, but always a student. He lives in the high atmosphere of his science, whether it be moral, speculative, or exact. He comes to his class-room fresh from the investigation of a great subject, and filled with enthusiasm for further knowledge of it; and it is by the atmosphere he brings with him that the minds of his pupils must be invigorated. When I think of the amiable and eminent men with whom, as a college student, I was brought in contact, it is difficult to speak with patience of a system which seemed devised to deprive them of just the conditions in which they might have been magnetic. They stood before us in the fetters of a malign enchantment. Here were men capable of filling the offices of guide, philosopher, and friend, after far higher standards than Pope ever fancied; and some perverse fairy was permitted to neutralize their powers by thrusting upon them the additional function of policeman.

It is needless to say that this monstrous combination prevented the greater professors from filling with efficiency their rightful office. The awkward attempts at discipline, which they were forced to make, kept them in relations of petty antagonism with minds that would have yielded readily to their higher influence. The true order of college precedence was reversed. An inferior order of teachers, who were not above the work of turning the compulsory crank, seemed to have an advantage over wiser and better men, who could not be used for the ignoble business. The managers insisted upon "doubling" the parts of Pyramus and the Lion; but it was only Nick Bottom who rushed forward in jubilant readiness to discharge both.

Of priceless value to the nation are the high-minded and studious men, who, from time to time, fill chairs in our best colleges. They are indeed ignorant of the arts of money-getting, and unacquainted with phases of unregenerate human nature of which the man of affairs has daily experience. Never having been more than one-half boy, — and that the best half, —they find it difficult to comprehend the whimsical codes that fetter the average college-student, and have sometimes queerest notions of the laws of evidence. Put one of these men to his right work, and his worth is incalculable. Compel him to be judge, jury, and executioner, among those who are passing through the most sensitive age known to mortals, and you have left nothing undone to reduce his powers to their meanest minimum.

While advocating the voluntary system under the conditions already specified, I certainly do not claim, that, when it is first tried, its success will seem very striking. From what may

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be a prudent deference to the doubts of respected educators like Dr. McCosh, the outgrown principle cannot at once be thoroughly abandoned, nor the better one honestly enforced. Against the crude and reckless application of reform, which wise reformers should be the first to deprecate, we have a guaranty in the character of the men who direct our institutions for the later education. No change can instantly penetrate the inner life of a college, and show the gain it may ultimately produce. Those in authority will proceed little by little, with the view of testing alleged improvements by positive and definite experiments; and they are right in doing so. But it must never be forgotten, that the lingering consequences of regulations partially repealed allow only hazy indications of results that might follow their total abrogation. Some time must elapse before those indefinable influences which constitute a moral climate can make themselves felt.

But when the period of probation is passed, — and marks and compulsions, and personal competitions, have been consigned to their place among provisional methods in the higher training, — I believe that recitations (if daily instructions are still called by that name) may be made so interesting, and evidently helpful to the student, that the wish to avoid them will be unknown. The sentiments with which many have regarded the college recitation, as they knew it, were not wholly without justification. Four-fifths of it were useless to students who had mastered the prescribed lesson. Yet all were obliged to sit, hour after hour, upon painful benches to hear those who would not study stumble over simplest passages, or dodge the very obvious snares that the professor was forced to set for them. And, unhappily, the passive protests against the system, which the true teachers could not be restrained from making, sometimes served to intensify its inherent mischiefs. There was Professor ——, for instance, who taught a science that I will call political economy, and who possessed every personal requisite for giving the highest intellectual guidance. The winning sunshine diffused by the presence of that thoughtful and inquiring teacher can never fade from the memories of those who have felt its influence. Left to his own reasonable methods, how perfectly would he have personified that element of kindly justness in opinion, which commands the allegiance of young persons! But the energy of this man was lowered and absorbed by the fetters in which he was required to work. He was incapable of playing the captious pedagogue, expert in tripping dunces. Students were permitted to keep their text-books open in his recitation-room, and were called upon in regular sequence. But habits created by customary arrangements were not to be changed by this covert repudiation of the principle upon which they rested. The recitation was still *for marks;* and these were to be obtained, not by a general comprehension of the science, but by memorizing those few passages of a text-book upon which each was to exhibit. But suppose this gifted teacher had been permitted to substitute his own electric forces for the dull mechanical ones by which he was forced to grind out certain results! If I venture to put in words the persuasions that might have inaugurated a free intercourse with his classes, it must be remembered that no type can represent the gentle tones that would

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have filled them with abounding power: —

"We have come together, young gentlemen, to pursue some studies in political economy. We shall use Mr. Mill's work as a text-book; but, in connection with it, I shall, from time to time, advise you to read portions of the works of other authors. By a free interchange of question and reply we shall make our study interesting. Some of the forms of the old recitation we shall find it well to retain. From time to time, I shall ask those who are willing to be called upon to give in their own language the results of our reading and conversations. I may answer a question about the examinations that are to be passed at the end of the term, by saying that I have nothing to do with them. For a statement of what will be required, together with the penalties for failure, I refer you to the regulations issued by the business managers of this institution. I will mention only that these examinations are minute, and will be conducted chiefly in writing. They will thoroughly test your real knowledge of the subject of our study by evidence as nearly infallible as the experience of experts can devise. But let this be the last word or thought we give to them. We have only to feel the interest and value of the science as it opens before us; and we need trouble ourselves as little about the tests of the examiners as the wise man is concerned about the ways in which the world will find him out."

But, however confident we may be that there is no surer way of promoting honor and self-control among a good class of young men than by assuming these qualities to exist, it is certainly true that some restraining machinery must be kept ready for action where large numbers are brought together. If the bolts of discipline are not to be thrown by the weak and erring hands of literary professors, to what power should they properly be confided? I answer, The laws of the land for the protection of person and of property, and for the correction of lawlessness and vice, should be enforced by the business managers of the university. Any police force found necessary to protect buildings and grounds should be provided. A salaried law-officer should be employed by the council of directors to protect the interests of their trust by the methods known to his craft. It should be clearly understood that the outrageous assaults that are sometimes committed under the name of "hazing" would be submitted to the investigation and punishment of the courts. The crime of endangering property and life by bonfires, or otherwise, should be prosecuted by a vigilant attorney. Offences which the law cannot restrain (and these are fewer than might be supposed) should be reported to the council of directors, to be dealt with by warning or expulsion, as should seem best. But, these forces existing, they would rarely or never be called into action against young men who had learned how to study, and, in their daily intercourse with their teachers, were gaining that invaluable part of education which comes through independent, responsible action.

The subject of discipline administered by the instructors in the highest education is so admirably treated by President Venable of the University of Virginia, that little can be added to a citation of his remarks: "I have seen the plan of trusting to the students' honor and of the abolition of all espionage tested here, and in the

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University of South Carolina. It has also been adopted in most of the Virginia colleges with the best results. Its effects in imbuing the body of the students with the spirit of truth and candor, in giving them the proper scorn for a lie, and in promoting a frank and manly intercourse between the students and professors, cannot be too highly estimated. A student who is known to have been guilty of a violation of his examination-pledge, or of any other falsehood in his dealings with the authorities (things of rare occurrence), is not permitted by his fellows to remain in the institution. I believe, that, if this system of trust and confidence were adopted in all the colleges in the land, it would prove an inestimable blessing to our country in inculcating manliness, truth, and integrity upon our future rulers." The good advice with which, on many occasions, Massachusetts has favored Virginia, is handsomely repaid in these wise and suggestive words.

Compulsory attendance at daily religious worship seems to lack all logical justification in an American university. One party of sensible and good men will tell you that compulsory college prayers are the master-device of Satan for killing all real devotion in the human breast. On the other hand, persons of equal excellence protest against any form of education which lacks this daily recognition of the religious obligations of man. While these utterly conflicting views exist, it seems to me impossible that a great university open to all persons, and respecting all consciences, should pronounce judgment in the matter. While opportunities for attending public worship should be furnished, the obligation to attend them should be enforced by the legal guardian of the minor student. It is a responsibility that belongs to parents, and which, for the good of all parties, they should not be permitted to shirk. As testimony to the fact of attendance upon divine service, I venture to say that there is not one parent in a thousand who would hesitate to take the word of the son he is supporting at college. The censure, or penalty, for remissness in this duty — if it were regarded as a duty — should be left in his hands.

But, while insisting that mental culture should be the sole end of university *requirements*, I yield to no one in the belief of its inadequacy to secure a complete and healthy manhood. An ability to stand bravely in a minority, a love of truth that shall weigh lightly all earthly advantages, — these are the gifts of a high and reverent faith. That "purification" from natural and acquired sin which Plato considered the essential condition of human worth is likewise the first requirement of Christianity. The solemn cry of the Psalmist, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" every individual is bound to answer at his peril, and as wisely as he may. It is doubted only whether this question can be wisely answered by the formal regulations of a secular corporation constituted for other purposes. The University of Virginia does not exact attendance upon daily religious services; and its president gives important and gratifying testimony to the good results of this liberality. When any considerable number of persons demand for a portion of the students of a university instruction and oversight conformable with a special mode of religious belief, the foundation of different halls or homes will meet their wishes. The occupants of these institutions may, of

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course, be subjected to such supervisions and compulsions as their supporters approve.

I have thus specified some of the conditions which men of radical thought believe that an institution for the later education should fulfil. The university should gradually abandon its petty coercions and petty competitions, and represent, in the highest sense, that "community" which was signified by the mediæval use of the word. The well-known law in mechanics, by which two forces not in the same direction may be replaced by a single force, is potent in the immaterial world. We look back with something like incredulity to the time when college instructors administered corporal chastisement upon refractory students. It is difficult to believe, that, less than a century ago, those appointed to minister to minds diseased could think of no better sedatives than the fetter and the lash. Another generation may look upon existing relationships between teacher and taught in the later stages of education as scarcely less false and demoralizing. For what Bacon has said of philosophers is equally applicable to a too commonly accepted status of college professors: "They are stars which give little light, because they are so high." The student is encouraged to look upon himself as a victim, and upon his tutor as a licensed executioner, and seeks his revenge in a whispered gibe or doubtful epigram. It is time that the miserable game of thrust-and-parry, played between the crammers and the crammed, should give place to a nobler relation. The utmost skill of the great professor will always lie in the simple truth of the science his own labor has created or enlarged. An institution will attract such men — nay, it may be said to *create* them — by providing them with congenial work. The university that best knows how to use these rare teachers — men of sensitive and highly-refined organizations — may claim to be *national* in the noblest sense of that much-abused adjective. Such a metropolis of learning, where the highest American culture may thrive under the most fitting conditions, it is to be hoped, is not far from us. Its advent will fill with intellectual ambition many who have not yet felt such stimulus. Confining its benefactions to the divine gifts of liberty and opportunity, it will cause a normal expansion of that mental power so greatly needed to cope with the complex problems our democracy is thrusting upon us. In better ways than by exacting prayers and praises from reluctant youths will the great university honor Him "whose service is perfect freedom."

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THE SPECIALTIES.

BY E. E. HALE.

[An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of Bates College and of Dartmouth College.]

JOHN MILTON returned to England from his foreign travels just as England was on the edge of civil war. In France and in Italy he had been welcomed with enthusiasm. He had been fairly petted by scholars; he had been jealously watched by cat-like inquisitors, afraid that he was budding heresies into the true vine; he had been serenaded by musicians; he had been sung by poets; he had been beloved by all. But Milton would not stay to be petted or flattered. The thunders growled in the horizon of England; the batteries were builded which were to open on the English Sumter: and the true Englishman knew, the true Christian knew, that, in such an exigency, his place was home. He left sunny Italy for foggy London, left flattery to find abuse, left play for work, and work the hardest. He had been graduated at the university a few years before. I may say, gentlemen, that, when he turned his back upon Italy, his last vacation was over, and the real commencement of his life had come.

I may then fairly allude to his life to-day as an illustration for some inquiries which we will make as to liberal study such as that to which you, gentlemen, devote yourselves. Here is the man, on the whole, most distinguished among men of our race, if, in our estimate of distinction, we are to give a fair estimate to personal purity, to moral greatness, and to intellectual power. Of all men who have spoken our language, Shakspeare and Milton are the two, whose loss, if we can conceive of it, would be the most fatal; and, of these two, John Milton is the man, who in thought and action, in character, in politics, in his hope and effort for the coming-in of the kingdom of heaven, say in one word, in his religion, represents the idea and the prophecy most dear to America, and especially to young America. Some illustrations drawn from that master life ought to be of use to young America to-day.

John Milton was the first scholar of his time; he was the first theologian of his time; he was the first statesman of his time; he was the first poet of his time.

He was the first scholar of his time. When Charles the Second, fleeing into exile, wished to establish his cause before Europe, he retained the person then accredited as the first man of letters in Europe — Claude de Saumaise — to write out the justification of Charles his father. At the order of the parliament, Milton replied. He rode over Saumaise in their tournament, as Charlemagne or Roland would have ridden down and ridden over Don Quixote. And the name of the showy scholar, who knew, men said, every thing worth knowing, exists to-day in the dreariest corner of the dreariest cyclopædia, only because Milton honored him with a reply.

Milton was the first theologian of his time. Not even his friends who made the Westminster Confession, not even such sweet spirits as Herbert and Vaughan and Chillingworth and Taylor, who in an

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opposing camp showed their unity of the spirit with those who overthrew the crown and the throne; not Hooker, Baxter, and Law; nor, on our side the water, not any Cotton or Davenport or Mather or Williams of them all — have so held the faith of the world, have so swayed its devotion, or so guided its prayer, as he who invoked the Holy Spirit for his muse, and taught all men the music of the first evening hymn.

Looking back upon it all, we have a right to say he was the first statesman of his time. Cromwell and the rest were trained in that rough school of statesmanship which does not miss its mark. Like our own dear Abraham Lincoln, when the common sense of the people pushed them on, they found out how to lead. There was no lack of will; and they found out the way. But when they had to defend in letters the work that they had done; when, as against a defeated church, or a throne overturned, they had to justify in eternal argument their cause, — whom had they to turn to but John Milton?

That he was the first poet of his time, the world allows. There are not wanting those who say he was the first poet of all time.

Now, what was the training, gentlemen, which stood Milton in stead for service so various to the world? What were the early studies which laid the foundation for work so distinguished, — work in lines so different, which was, however, work so bravely, nay, so completely done? There are ugly proverbs, which say that a "Jack at all trades works ill at all." That may be true of trades: clearly it is not true of the nobler range of service. How was Milton trained in boyhood and in youth, that, when a man, he might serve his country and his God, whether as advocate, whether as theologian, whether as statesman, or as poet? The answer is in familiar words: As boy and youth, thanks to a fond father's wisdom! Milton had the most generous, the broadest culture England or Europe had to give. He enjoyed what we rightly call a liberal education.

The world was then what it is now in the habit of men's minds and in the drift of their ambitions. There is no doubt, therefore, that John Milton and his father were surrounded with people who advised some other training. They urged, I do not doubt, what people now call a specialty; that this young man should be early trained to some special pursuit, trade, or calling. As time passed on, I do not doubt that they pointed out the success, the brilliant success, of this or that specialist, as illustrative of the value of their counsel. The chief contractor who made Cromwell's powder, for instance (there must have been such a man, though history has forgotten him), the master manufacturer who made the powder which Cromwell's soldiers kept so dry, and burned to so much purpose, was, doubtless, in the London of that day, a person of more mark and note than John Milton. He had wrought on his specialty, and had wrought on it well. He had made a good contract; he made good powder; and he got good pay. History has forgotten him; but I dare reconstruct history so far as to say that I am sure he rode in his carriage, while Milton went afoot; that his wife had laces and silks fit for an empress, while Milton's wife spread thin butter on thick bread for hungry schoolboys. I think the powder-contractor and the poet may have known each other at school. I

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think he may have nodded good-naturedly to Milton, as they met some day at the government offices; and I can hear the contractor saying to himself with contemptuous pity, "That is what comes of the classics and the mathematics, Christ College and the university; and my coach and four here are what came of my specialty." Yet for all that, gentlemen, if you and I had to choose between the two lines for son of ours, we should not choose the special training, we should choose the liberal education: for we should say, "It is perfectly certain that the powder manufacturing will be done; it is not perfectly certain, that, without watchful care and delicate nursing, the world will get its science, its statesmanship, or its theology, or its poetry." About the methods in life, there need be no fear. The doubt and danger are about the principles on which all methods depend. The methods of life are all that the specialist fully learns. The man of liberal education is studying its principles.

It is unquestionably true, that, with the immense enlargement of human knowledge, the several sciences part so widely, that no man can pretend to master them all; and only the merest charlatan professes the knowledge of the detail of every vocation. Still it is as true as ever, first, that all science involves a knowledge of fundamental and essential principles, and that the man who is not trained and habituated in these will be a mere dabster and empiric even in the method of the special science which he has chosen. It is true, again, that each science is to be investigated and explained by the same eternal laws of truth, and methods of reasoning, as every other; and the specialist who undertakes to study or to teach without habit and experience in these laws of truth, and methods of reasoning, breaks down again as dabster and pretender. Once more: it is true, that as the unity of nature asserts itself, and the correlation of one force with another, that man succeeds best in interpreting Nature in one of her phases, who can best interpret her in another. This is the man, who, from the breadth of his education, can tell something of the harmony of things, of the kosmos of the universe. He succeeds in his specialty just in proportion to the breadth of his general education.

Yet it is necessary to say this, and to illustrate it by such memories as those which tell us to what education we owe John Milton, and how great the loss would have been, had we specialized him into a scrivener, because, in the rush of our time, even the colleges and universities have been invaded; and the old narrowness of the specialty is here and there proclaimed anew, as if it were some new discovery in education.

When we come to examine this tempting and specious proposal, does it amount to any thing more than the old temptation, that the child of God shall use the heavenly form God has given him by setting it to make bread out of stones?

What do we say of the same proposal when it is presented a little younger in men's lives?

In my own home, the city of Boston, there is an annual expenditure for the education of children of about a million and a half of dollars. The poorest child may take the advantage of this expenditure till he is eighteen years of age; and the methods are so arranged, that he may, if he choose, enter with good instruc-

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tion on many of the lines of study pursued in most colleges. In spite of this generous provision, however, the larger part of the children leave school before they are twelve years old. They do this that they may acquire certain specialties. It is now the specialty of selling lozenges, or matches; it is now the specialty of leasing opera-glasses for the evening; it is now the specialty of what is called a cash-boy in a large retail store: it is not an apprenticeship, which educates a boy for higher life. At twelve he is too young for that. It is only a specialty which enables him to earn, week by week, about as much as will pay for his food.

When we see this in the case of the little boy or girl, we all regret it. There is then no question that the decision of the parents is wrong. By all means in our hands, we attempt to change that decision. In Boston we are at this moment trying to introduce into the schools such technical education, in sewing, in carpentry, and other useful arts, as may persuade short-sighted parents to keep their children at school a little longer; for we think even half a loaf is better than no bread. We do not do this because we like to do it: we accept it as the necessity forced upon us by the determination of ignorant parents to gain the immediate return of bread and butter for the education which is given to their children. We see that the longer we can put off the acquisition of the specialty the better.

This principle, which is acknowledged by all in the case of boys and girls, loses none of its force when it is applied in the lives of young men and young women. Of course, in civilized life, each man, sooner or later, must have his special training in the service which he is to render. But the precise object for which we have founded these colleges is to give the liberal and broad foundation on which that training is to be based. And the rule of life might be stated, almost without an exception, that the longer the special training could be postponed, so the generous preparation were still in progress, the better for the man, and the better for mankind. The fine and analytic division of labor for which the specialist pleads, results, he thinks, in a certain improvement in the quantity or the quality of the world's manufacture. If one man always does one thing, and another man always does another thing, each man growing perfect in his specialty, the result will be, we are told, better pins in your pin-factory, more sheetings from your majestic mills, finer type for your newspapers, and Remington rifles more highly finished in your armories. All this is very possible. But the argument forgets that this world was not created for the manufacture of pins, of sheetings, of newspapers, or of rifles; it was created for the training of men: and the man is made more perfect and more, not by his deftness in this handicraft, or his knack in that trade, but as one part of his being is thoroughly wrought in with another part, body with mind, and mind with soul.

The great modern patron of that system of industry which makes each man do what he can do cheapest, and divides labor so that one man shall make the heads of pins perfectly, and shall be capable of nothing else, that another man shall point them perfectly, and be fit for nothing else, is Adam Smith. It might be enough to say, that, if Adam Smith's theory could have been properly carried out, he would have spent his life, not in

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writing treatises of political economy, but in fishing for herrings on the shore of Scotland; that being the industry for which nature seems to have best fitted that region, had not the restrictions of government or civilization introduced other life there. Adam Smith is himself, then, an illustration how much the world gains when the boy and the man is trained to some broader and higher life than the mere specialty to which circumstances, or what people call "nature," would have directed him. Have we not, in our own history, had instances,—instances enough to teach us what the country gains by training its citizens in the broader culture? Like the old Greek culture, it enables them to turn to any service. What is the whole tenor of the history of the war? Who were our diplomatists,—our Adams and Marsh and Motley? They were men who had been trained in the broader culture, and took up the specialty of diplomacy as a matter of course, just as Themistocles led a fleet without having been trained to the specialty of a sailor. The special accomplishment, indeed, is only charlatanism, when it is not based on knowledge of the principle employed. Such is the rule-of-thumb reckoning of the seaman who does not know why his latitudes and longitudes come right, and is wholly the slave of his process.

It was my fortune, once, to sit for several days by the side of the late Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, while, with skill and success which I will not pretend to describe, he presided over a large, excited assembly, which, but for his admirable gift, would have been stormy. When all was done, I ventured to felicitate him on his success. "I think I have succeeded," said he; "and I believe it is because, in all my life, I have only for three or four hours been in the chair of any assembly. I believe it is because I know nothing of the technics of parliamentary law. I mean," he added with earnestness, "that I have been trying all through these days to apply the principles of justice, of truth and common sense, in the forms, which were of course familiar to me, of deliberative assemblies." Gentlemen, I could not but contrast that verdict with the verdict of one of your own statesmen who stood with me one day in the gallery at the Capitol, as an acute parliamentarian, who has thus far never been any thing but an acute parliamentarian, dissected some point of order to the bottom. "I would not," said your senator, "know as much as that man knows of parliamentary law, no, not if you gave me the world!" Take that as a not unfair contrast of the difference between principle and method, if, by any misfortune, either must be learned alone.

The man who does not understand the principle will constantly be blundering in his method. The amusing stories of the blunders of the accurate Chinese imitators are illustrations. But more than this, and worse than this, the specialist who has not laid a generous foundation for his art cannot explain it to another, cannot wisely conduct the experiments for advancing it: he can only repeat the processes to which he himself is bred. The hackneyed anecdote says that Mansfield told the Indian judge, who had not been trained in the principles of law, to make his decisions boldly, and they would be right, but to beware how he gave his reasons, for they would surely be wrong. Precisely so, the mere specialist cannot give his reasons. He has to work by

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a recipe; and what becomes of such work? It was such work which the artisans of old time wrought in, — in the lost arts, — over whose monuments we are left to wonder. Such workmen learned the process; but they were powerless to explain the principle: so the abiding or eternal element was gone. The science ceased to be a science: it became an art, a knack, a secret, a memory, a shadow, and then was gone forever.

Of modern science, on the other hand, the glory is, that it is built up on certain eternal principles which have found their formulas in what we call laws. A knowledge of these laws leads to the true experiment, and to the simplifying of science. All true science is seeking to make science simpler and simpler: it is seeking to find the general principle of which these special arts are only the illustrations. The greatest victory of modern sciences, the correlation of physical forces, is an exquisite instance of the answer given to men who were able to interrogate nature not with one, but with many questions. And the bold suggestions and fascinating generalizations of the most distinguished naturalists of our time — of your Darwins and Huxleys and Tyndalls — are gifts to us from minds which have been trained not in one line of research, nor in two, but in many, I might almost say in all. Their generalization takes its value from the range of their observation. Then the statement of it is intelligible, because they have not disregarded intellectual sciences of analysis, of investigation, and of argument. And once more: their methods are intelligible because there is, and they know there is, a principle behind.

The truth seems to be, that, for all these reasons, we should be glad in every case to postpone the training for the specialty as long as possible. We are to make the studies in preparation for it broad enough to train every faculty of body, mind, or soul. It is only in the lowest grades of life that we do not find fault with the absence of either side of such training. We do not ask, perhaps, that a hod-carrier shall move gracefully, or speak fluently, or talk without profanity. But just so soon as life calls for leaders, just so soon as a crisis comes, so soon as education, or men of education, are in question, we ask that body, mind, and soul, all shall be all ready for our service.

Does any one venture to make what men call the crucial test the test of success in war? If you inquire there, our own experience is all on one side. The education of West Point, which has given such vigor to our armies, is thoroughly liberal, and by no means technical or special. What men write English like your West Point army officers? what men better understand the relations of science with science? nay, what men have been more successful in their practical interpretation of constitutional law? And, if you will ask the most successful of them as to what is the best preparation for West Point, they will tell you, without exception, that the best introduction to West Point is the full training of one of our colleges. Yes, gentlemen; and if you look outside West Point, in the army, the verdict is the same. What men rose to rank most distinguished, and won the love, as well as the honors, of the country, as did the men whom your *alma mater*, and yours, and mine, had trained not for one service only, but to be ready for whatever call of duty? In Maine and New Hampshire, it is

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enough for me to allude to Chamberlain and Sylvanus Thayer. Let me indulge a personal regard, and speak with a regret which is not personal, but national, in naming for my own *alma mater* our Lowell and Wadsworth. Or let me speak for the country, when I name men still living, — Hayes and Terry, and Butler and Chamberlain, and Hawley and Howard. Did not such men lead their soldiers under fire more cheerfully, because every memory of old heroism and storied victory was theirs? — the memories of Mantinea and Thermopylæ, and Lutzen and Naseby. Did they not care for their soldiers more tenderly, because their eyes had overflowed when they read of the gentle ministries of St. Louis and St. Vincent? Did not they rule conquered cities more firmly and more wisely, because they had early learned how to love a Curtius and to scorn a Verres? Nay, gentlemen, such men died more easily, the eye of the body closed with one smile more tender creeping over the cold features, because, as they died, they remembered what Harvard and Yale and Brunswick and Lewiston, and Dartmouth had taught them in their boyhood: "Blessing and honor indeed, that a man may die for his country."

But I do not choose, gentlemen, in this honored presence, to discuss these questions on the strength of any illustrations, however pertinent or strong. I stand in the presence of a college dedicated to liberal study, founded by men who believed in liberal training, the home of young men who have consecrated their lives to it. It is those young men who have honored me by giving me the opportunity to discuss these themes. No college can pretend to liberal study, unless, like yours, it is baptized in the free thought of its founders. Here, at least, I need only refer to the central demand of all Christian education, — the demand made by him who was a scholar before he was an apostle; who, in the schools of Jewish thought, and even from the teachers of Gentile wisdom, had learned what the wisdom of men had to say in these things. It is St. Paul who rises above the wisdom of the flesh to speak to you in the words of the Spirit. It is St. Paul who says, in words which might be well taken for the eternal motto of a new-born college, that the aim of all life, the object of all training, is that we may come unto a perfect man: *εἰς ἄνδρα τέλειον*, — "Unto a perfect man!"

It is not simply the training of the voice to speak; it is not simply the training of the eye to see; far less is it the training of the fingers of the hand to this service or that toil: it is that we may come unto a perfect man. The whole body, soul and spirit, are to be presented blameless, — the body, by those exercises and by that temperance which come from the wisdom that is first pure; the mind, by that discipline (such as these gentlemen know how to interpret) which shall quicken fancy, shall strengthen memory, and shall clear argument from sophistry. And the soul, the infinite child of an infinite God, is to be trained in faith and hope and love; in faith to look above the world; in hope to look beyond time; in love to look outside its lesser life, in that communion in which we are one with all God's children, one even with himself. This is the standard, gentlemen, which the great Christian apostle proposes for your education. Faithfully try his experiment, and look forward to nothing less than this ultimate blessing.

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Then let life offer to you what it may; let your special duty be here or there; let the hand be called for, or the head, or the heart; let it be words of conviction, or deeds of valor, or prayers of faith, which the world needs from you, — you are equipped for the one call or the other. You stand not hampered by the little habits of some petty training; you stand forth ready, aye ready, the willing sons of Almighty God, strong in the liberty in which Christ has made you free.

TRACES IN PRINT OF DANIEL WEBSTER'S WORK IN COLLEGE.

Daniel Webster entered Dartmouth College in 1797, and was graduated, after passing through the regular course of studies, in 1801. His biographers mention, that, during this period, he delivered two orations, which were printed; and that he took part in the publication of "The Dartmouth Gazette," a weekly newspaper printed in the town of Hanover, N.H., where the college is situated. We have before us printed copies in the original of both of the orations, and a file of the newspaper. In view of the extraordinary powers of mind which Mr, Webster afterwards developed, it is interesting to examine these productions of his early years. It is true that, like other great men, in the later years of his life he alluded in terms of disparagement to the writings of his early life. As early as 1829, he wrote with reference to them: "They are, or ought to be, all forgotten; at least, most of them, and all of this early period." But this judgment, however sincere and serious, is altogether too harsh; and in this opinion we doubt not that our readers will concur if they will accompany us through the following notes.

The full titlepage of the first Fourth of July oration delivered by Mr. Webster (for in later years he delivered several others on the recurrence of the national anniversary) is the following: —

"An oration pronounced at Hanover, New Hampshire, the 4th day of July, 1800; being the twenty-fourth anniversary of American Independence. By Daniel Webster, member of the junior class, Dartmouth University.

"Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence."
Addison.

"Published by request of the subscribers. Printed at Hanover, by Moses Davis, 1800."

From this oration we make the following extract. It will be recollected that Washington had died in the preceding month of December, not many months after the commission of lieutenant-general had been conferred upon him, in the general expectation that a war with France might become necessary.

"Although we must feel the keenest sorrow at the demise of our Washington, yet we console ourselves with the reflection that his virtuous compatriot, his worthy successor, the firm, the wise, the inflexible Adams, still survives. Elevated by the voice of his country to the supreme executive magistracy, he constantly adheres to her essential interests, and with steady hand draws the disguising veil from the intrigues of foreign enemies and the plots of domestic foes. Having the honor of America always in view, never fearing, when wisdom dictates, to stem the impetuous torrent of popular resentment, he stands amidst

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the fluctuations of party and the explosions of faction, unmoved as Atlas,

'While storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
And oceans break their billows at its feet.'

Yet all the vigilance of our Executive, and all the wisdom of our Congress, have not been sufficient to prevent this country from being, in some degree, agitated by the convulsions of Europe. . But why shall every quarrel on the other side the Atlantic interest us in its issue? Why shall the rise or depression of every party there produce here a corresponding vibration? Was this continent designed as a mere satellite to the other? Has not Nature here wrought all her operations on her broadest scale? Where are the Mississippis and the Amazons, the Alleghanies and the Andes, of Europe, Asia, or Africa? The natural superiority of America clearly indicates that it was designed to be inhabited by a nobler race of men, possessing a superior form of government, superior patriotism, superior talents, and superior virtues. Let, then, the nations of the East vainly waste their strength in destroying each other; let them aspire at conquest, and contend for dominion, till their continent is deluged in blood: but let none, however elated by victory, however proud of triumphs, ever presume to intrude on the neutral station assumed by our country.

"Britain, twice humbled for her aggressions, has at length been taught to respect us. But France, once our ally, has dared to insult us; she has violated her obligations; she has depredated our commerce; she has abused our government, and riveted the chains of bondage on our unhappy fellow-citizens. Not content with ravaging and depopulating the fairest countries of Europe, not yet satiated with the contortions of expiring republics, the convulsive agonies of subjugated nations, and the groans of her own slaughtered citizens, she has spouted her fury across the Atlantic; and the stars and stripes of Independence have almost been attacked in our harbors. When we have demanded reparation, she has told us, 'Give us your money, and we will give you peace.' Mighty nation! Magnanimous republic! Let her fill her coffers from those towns and cities which she has plundered, and grant peace, if she can, to the shades of those millions whose death she has caused.

"But Columbia stoops not to tyrants; her sons will never cringe to France. Neither a supercilious, five-headed Directory, nor the gasconading pilgrim of Egypt, will ever dictate terms to sovereign America. The thunder of our cannon shall insure the performance of our treaties, and fulminate destruction on Frenchmen, till old Ocean is crimsoned with blood, and gorged with pirates.

"It becomes us, on whom the defence of our country will ere long devolve, most seriously to reflect on the duties incumbent upon us. Our ancestors bravely snatched expiring Liberty from the grasp of Britain, whose touch is *poison:* shall we now consign it to France, whose embrace is *death*? We have seen our fathers in the day of Columbia's trouble, assume the rough habiliments of war, and seek the hostile field. Too full of sorrow to speak, we have seen them wave a last farewell to a disconsolate, a woe-stung family; we have seen them return, worn down with fatigue, and scarred with wounds; or we have seen them, perhaps, no more. For us they fought; for us they bled; for us they conquered. Shall we their descendants now basely disgrace our lineage, and pusillanimously disclaim the legacy bequeathed us? Shall we pronounce the sad valediction to Freedom, and immolate Liberty on the altars our fathers have raised to her? No! *The response of a nation is 'No!' Let it be registered in the archives of heaven!* Ere the religion we profess, and the privileges we enjoy, are sacrificed at the shrines of despots and demagogues, let the pillars of creation tremble; let world be wrecked on world, and systems rush to ruin! Let the sons of Europe be vassals; let her hosts of nations be a vast congregation of slaves; but let us who are this day *free*, whose hearts are yet unappalled, and whose right arms are yet nerved for war, assemble before the hallowed temple of Columbian freedom, *and swear to the God of our fathers to preserve it secure, or die at its portals.*"

"The Dartmouth Gazette" was not, as is sometimes supposed, a college newspaper or magazine conducted by the students. It was the weekly newspaper of the town, consisting of a folio sheet; each of the four pages presenting a surface of about nine by sixteen inches of printed matter, in four columns. The first number bears date the 27th of August, 1799; and its publication was continued not only during Mr. Webster's term in college, but for many years afterwards, "by Moses Davis, on College Plain, west

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of the meeting-house, Hanover, N.H." The first number begins with the "Printer's Address," in which Mr. Davis addresses himself "to the free and enlightened citizens of New Hampshire and Vermont, patrons of science and heirs of freedom;" and signs himself, "The public's devoted, humble servant, Moses Davis."

Mr. Webster was a contributor to the columns of this newspaper from the beginning of its existence. It is known that he wrote the pieces which it contains under the signature of "Icarus." One of these appeared in the very first number, in 1799; and they were continued until February, 1801. We find thirteen altogether under this signature. Some of them are in prose, some in verse, and some partly in prose, and partly in verse. The first three contributions are of the character last described, and make a series of essays on the subjects of "Hope," "Charity," and "Fear." There are also verses upon "Winter" and upon "Spring." But others of the contributions are of quite a different character. These are prose articles, generally discussions of current political questions, or comments on passing affairs. It would occupy too much space to quote the whole of these; and a series of brief extracts would give but little idea of their character. We copy entire the following clever piece of political satire, which is contained in the number for 24th February, 1800, at which time the news of the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire in Paris had just come to hand:—

"MR. PRINTER.—One of my *winged* correspondents on the other side of the Atlantic has very politely obliged me with the following. It is not probable that the expedition hinted at below will ever be attempted, since Bonaparte has sent the five directors to *pot;* but it may serve to show to what a height the ambition of the *cidevant* Directory had arisen.

ICARUS.

"To citizen Blanchard, the acronaut.

"In the name of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"The Executive Directory, reposing full trust and confidence in your integrity and diplomatic skill, have appointed you to the command of an aerial squadron destined to attack the moon. From Paris you will proceed, with the troops allotted you, to Amsterdam, where you will be largely reinforced: thence you will proceed directly to the object of the expedition. Having arrived at the moon, you will declare to the Lunarians, that you come not as an enemy, but as a friend; that you come to rescue them from that load of tyranny under which they groan; that you 'bear death to kings, and freedom to the moon;' that the Directory of the *terrible republic*, having conquered every thing worthy of their attention in this terrestrial orb, have extended their arms and their benevolence to the inhabitants of their world. On your first arrival, you will take care to distribute among the Lunarians such books and publications as tend to destroy that superstitious veneration for honesty and religion, and set men afloat on the ocean of Reason. Our secretary will furnish you with a few copies of Mr. Paine's work, and a file of the 'Journal de Paris,' together with a few 'Constitutional Telegraphs,' and 'Republican Ledgers,' transmitted to us by our very dear friend in America. These are all which will be requisite. Having effected the object of the expedition, having established among the Lunarians the constitution which accompanies this message, you will make a small requisition of about four or five hundred millions, and return to France to receive the never-fading laurels of *triumph* and *victory*.

"By order of the Directory,

"Health and fraternity,

"LE GARDE, *Secretary*."

In the Notices to Correspondents, "Icarus" is frequently referred to, sometimes chided; as thus, 7th October, 1799: "Since our first number, 'Icarus' has taken his flight, and no intelligence can be obtained respecting him. It is feared, that, in his approach to the sun, his waxen wings are melted, *and that evil has befallen him*." 10th February, 1800: "Icarus

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is reminded of his obligation to the editor. We wish some of our writers would rouse him from his present state of lethargy." 4th August: "Icarus, where art thou? Have the sunbeams of July and August fused thy wings?" 27th December: "Icarus was telling, a few weeks ago, of 'continuing' to harp upon 'winter;' but, as winter has seen fit virtually to leave us, Icarus has rightly judged it proper to continue silent. If a distich of his would help us to a few inches of snow, he should be paid for it." Similar notices were addressed to other regular correspondents of the paper, of whom there were several.

It is not probable that these formal contributions comprised the whole of the assistance which Mr. Webster rendered to the printer of "The Dartmouth Gazette." His own account of his connection with the newspaper is contained in a few lines of the fragment of autobiography printed in the collection of his "Private Correspondence," prepared by his son Fletcher Webster. In speaking of his college life, Mr. Webster says, —

"My college life was not an idle one. Besides the regular attendance on prescribed duties and studies, I read something of English history and English literature. Perhaps my reading was too miscellaneous. I even paid my board for a year *by superintending a little weekly newspaper*, and making selections for it from books of literature and from the contemporary publications. I suppose I sometimes wrote a foolish paragraph myself."

In the Biographical Memoir prefixed to the standard edition of Mr. Webster's works, Mr. Everett says, in the paragraph in which he describes Mr. Webster's course at college, "He took part in the publication of a little weekly newspaper, furnishing selections from books and magazines, with an occasional article from his own pen."

Mr. George T. Curtis, who appears to have made most thorough and faithful use of the ample materials in his hands for the preparation of the "Life of Daniel Webster," in reference to the same period, says, "He superintended a small weekly newspaper printed in Hanover, and called 'The Dartmouth Gazette,' during the year 1800, which was his junior year."

In a paper upon "The Student Life of Daniel Webster," which we presume we are not in error in attributing to the accomplished pen of Prof. Sanborn, it is stated, that, "during the last two years of his college life, he made frequent contributions to a newspaper published at that time in Hanover."

Mr. Webster's relations with Mr. Moses Davis were friendly and familiar. This is evident from the circumstance that he maintained a correspondence with him after leaving college; and on one occasion at least, after graduation, furnished, at the urgent request of Mr. Davis, the "Newsboy's Address" in verse for the new year. This appears by a note to a letter from Mr. Davis to Mr. Webster contained in the "Private Correspondence." The same volume contains several letters from Mr. Webster to Mr. Moses Davis; one of which, in the index, is entered under the initial D.; and some others under the name of Mr. Isaac P. Davis, by means of the accidents common in the preparation of an index.

Mr. Moses Davis was the "printer" of "The Dartmouth Gazette," and was no doubt responsible to the public for what its columns contained. Newspapers in those days — if not everywhere, certainly in this country — seldom contained what are now known as "editorials." Indeed, the manager,

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as we have seen in citing Mr. Davis's address, in undertaking the publication of "The Dartmouth Gazette," assumed the title merely of "printer," and not the more ambitious one of "editor." His correspondents often addressed him by name, as, in this case, "Mr. Davis;" and their communications were printed with that address, instead of the formal, "To the editor of the Gazette," or the less formal, but equally indefinite, "Mr. Editor." Such communications on political topics were generally furnished by gentlemen interested in public affairs, who chose that mode of communicating their views, under a signature to which they sometimes adhered for a variety of articles, or sometimes changed when desirous of appearing in a fresh disguise; for the authorship of such pieces was commonly a secret carefully guarded. Such was the case with regard to Mr. Webster's papers signed "Icarus." One of his early friends (Mr. Jacob W. McGaw) mentions in a letter written in 1852, that, in one of the college-vacations, "Mr. Webster asked me if I saw and read 'The Dartmouth Gazette,' and, if so, what I thought of 'Icarus,' whose productions sometimes appeared in that paper. My criticisms were more severe than just. Two or three years afterwards, he informed me that he was the veritable 'Icarus.'" And in a letter from Mr. Webster to his classmate Bingham, dated Feb. 5, 1800, he says, 'Much speculation is made here on the scribblers for 'The Dartmouth Gazette.' Old 'Icarus' is handled without ceremony. I shall tell you hereafter some pretty things about it." But the letter in which these "pretty things" were told — if such letter ever were written — is not preserved in the printed correspondence.

The task of the conductor of a newspaper in those early days of American journalism, besides enlisting the services of such correspondents as he could find willing to furnish these formal communications, consisted in making up with skill and judgment the summary of news, foreign and domestic, from such materials as were accessible, and in infusing into his columns a due variety of literary matter to suit the diverse tastes of his readers. The staple of each paper was, of course, the news, which must generally be selected from the newspapers received in exchange from the larger towns. To make the selection with proper judgment, so as to preserve a continuous narrative from week to week, was a work requiring care, and a considerable knowledge of public affairs abroad, as well as at home. But besides this staple of news, and besides the stated contributions from anonymous contributors of the character to which we have alluded, there must also be in each number of the newspaper a certain quantity of "poetry," of "wit," and of "miscellany." These things, like the news, must be selected from such sources as might be within reach.

On the second or third page of the newspaper, however, under the small inside heading, where the date, both of place and day of publication, was repeated, the printer would insert, generally in his smallest type, such few original observations as he might have occasion to address directly to his readers or correspondents. These would sometimes contain references, generally brief, to the news contained in other parts of the paper, or to passing events. Such notices as these are the germ of the modern "leading article," or *article de fond* as the French call it. It is among these notices in "The Dartmouth Gazette"

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that we look for "the foolish paragraph" which Mr. Webster says he sometimes furnished. The extracts which we make below are taken from the part of the paper thus described; being found under "The Hanover head," as it is termed.

Nobody in those days would have cared to pay money[1] for such articles as those which were furnished to "The Dartmouth Gazette" by "Icarus," "Cavebo," "Spunkey," and the other regular contributors to its columns; but Mr. Moses Davis would be very glad to have the assistance of a clever student in making up the newspaper generally; and he might consider himself fortunate indeed in obtaining the services of one so apt for the task as "junior Webster."

Since Mr. Webster's contributions to "The Dartmouth Gazette," as we have already mentioned, began with the first number, it would be interesting to know whether he was consulted in the choice of the motto which was printed at the head of the sheet, from the first number continuously: —

"Here range the world, explore the dense and rare;
And view all nature in your elbow-chair."

Judge Story, as is well known, supplied the motto (writing it himself) which "The Salem Register" has borne at the head of its columns since its establishment: —

"Here shall the press the people's rights maintain,
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth its glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to religion, liberty, and law."

Mr. Webster, in 1799, was not unable or unwilling to express himself in verse, and might have furnished an original motto for "The Dartmouth Gazette," had he chosen. Was he, perhaps, consulted in the choice of the headings, which, agreeably to the custom of the time, were given to the several departments of the paper? — "Seat of the Muses," for the poetical extracts; "Cabinet of Comus," for the waggery, which has always formed a feature of journalism in this country; and the more modest title of "Miscellany," for the literary extracts in general; while "The Moralist," or "The Monitor," was used as a heading to introduce the more serious reflections.

However great or little may have been the part of Mr. Webster in the selection of news and of literary matter for "The Dartmouth Gazette" during the first two years of its existence, which were nearly contemporaneous with the last two years of his college life, the work was remarkably well done. The file of the newspaper now before us would serve very well for an encyclopædia of the history of the period; and it was a period of great historical importance. It was toward the end of the year 1799 that Napoleon quitted Egypt, and returned to France. The last stages of the French occupation of Egypt, including the assassination of Kleber, as well as the wonderful series of events in which Napoleon took part in Europe, the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, the battle of Marengo, and the various steps in the intricate complications of European politics,

[1] A letter to Daniel Webster from his brother Ezekiel, dated 15th May, 1803 (two years after the graduation of the former, and when the latter was approaching the close of his second year in college), throws some light on the scale of compensation prevailing for services in connection with newspapers at that time. The letter is printed in the Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster, and would be inexplicable but for a note of the editor, Mr. Fletcher Webster, stating that it "refers to a request from Mr. Davis to Ezekiel Webster to edit 'The Dartmouth Gazette' anonymously." It does not appear what was the precise character of the arrangement that had been proposed; but Mr. Ezekiel Webster declined it: and in the letter to which we refer, he says, "I have now no idea of undertaking the business. I could not afford to do it under two or three dollars a number; and Mr. Davis would be unwilling to give, perhaps, as many cents."

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were faithfully chronicled in "The Dartmouth Gazette," as the news of each event arrived at irregular intervals, and always long after the event. The battle of Hohenlinden, for instance, was fought on the 3d December, 1800. Gen. Moreau's official despatch reporting the action is printed in "The Dartmouth Gazette" of 7th March, 1801; for it is a distinguishing feature of the manner in which the journal was conducted, that important official papers were usually printed in their integrity. It may require an effort of memory on the part of college students at the present day to recall the fact, that, within the present century, it was fresh news to describe the battle which gave rise to the lines made so familiar to the present generation by every "Class-book" and "Reader:"—

> "On Linden when the sun was low;"

and that Hohenlinden, in 1801, was a name as little known as were Solferino or Magenta before the wars of the Second Empire.

We think we may fairly attribute to Mr. Webster's judgment the idea of selecting for publication, on occasion of the death of Suwarrow, the passage from Shakspeare on the death of Wolsey. The number of "The Dartmouth Gazette" for 6th October, 1800, contains a paper upon this subject, which is followed by these words: "When reading the fate of the great Suwarrow, we are irresistibly led to the recollection of that of Wolsey; and we doubt not the pen of the poet will do that justice to the former that Shakspeare has done the latter." The passage from Henry VIII., beginning,

> "So farewell to the little good you bear me!
> Farewell, a long farewell!"

and concluding,

> "And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
> Never to hope again,"

is then printed at length.

If it is reasonable to presume that Mr. Webster had the principal charge of making the miscellaneous selections of a literary character for the columns of "The Dartmouth Gazette," it is interesting to note in the number for the 4th of August, 1800, an extract filling a column, from the "Power of Solitude; an original poem by Joseph Story." Mr. Story was by a few years Mr. Webster's senior, having been born in 1779. It is not probable that they were personally known to each other until after Mr. Webster left college: perhaps they met on occasion of the professional visit to Portsmouth mentioned by Mr. Story in his autobiography; although he does not allude to the circumstance, and the date is not precisely fixed. This poem was written as early as 1798. In a letter to Mr. S. P. P. Fay, dated the 26th of December in that year, Mr. Story speaks of it as "the sweet employment of my leisure hours."

Among the poetical extracts is Wordsworth's "We are Seven," prefaced with the remark, "The following beautiful piece of poetry is taken from a small collection called 'Lyrical Ballads;'" the name of the author not being given. As the first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" was published in 1798, it is noteworthy to find this extract printed at Hanover in 1800. Other pieces of poetry, introduced by brief appreciative remarks, are found from time to time in "The Dartmouth Gazette."

The treatment of the subject of the negotiation of the treaty between the United States and France, now known as the Convention of 1800, invites our attention, because Mr. Webster had occasion, many years afterwards,

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to review the history of that negotiation in his well-known speech on the French Spoliations. The matter was one which was watched with eager interest throughout the country; and it is evident that a careful eye was kept upon it in the preparation of "The Dartmouth Gazette." Whatever report was received was promptly made known in the columns of that paper; and there are frequent references to the fact that no news had been received of progress made. As is now well known, the commissioners on the part of the United States were a long time in reaching Paris; being delayed by stress of weather, and somewhat exceptional accidents due to the disturbed political condition of Europe. They had been accredited to the Directory, and found Napoleon at the head of affairs as first consul. Their demand to be put into communication with an equal number of ministers endowed with equal plenipotentiary powers was, however, accorded; but their negotiation was protracted over a period of six months, and they were constrained to sign a treaty which contained no provision for the payment of the claims of American citizens who had suffered by the "spoliations." A reference to this subject, together with a reference to the claims of the French Government upon the Government of the United States in respect of alleged violations of the earlier treaties between the two countries, was contained in the draft of the convention which they negotiated; but this article was struck out by the Senate of the United States in ratifying the treaty. The argument for the payment by the United States of a sum to the American claimants for spoliations is based upon this action of the Senate, taken in connection with the curious manner in which it was treated by Napoleon.

It was in November, 1799, that the American commissioners sailed from the United States. On the 30th March, 1800, they assembled formally for the transaction of business in Paris; and on the 3d October the convention was actually signed, under date of the 30th September.

The embarkation was announced in "The Dartmouth Gazette" of 18th November, 1799. In the number of the 3d March, 1800, we read, "On the 18th of December no information had been received in London of the arrival of our envoys in France." 12th May, "An arrival at Philadelphia from Cadiz mentions that our envoys had passed through Bordeaux on their way to Paris. The Cadiz account is as late as the 10th March, and may therefore be credited." 26th May: "The arrival of our envoys, and their being received, is now unquestionable; and it is to be hoped that there will be a speedy termination of difficulties, provided the termination be founded on principles which will be durable." 16th June: "On account of the indisposition of Bonaparte, the negotiations with our envoys are suspended. Mr. Murray is said to be unwell." 21st July: "Our negotiation with France drags on heavily. The latest Paris accounts do not flatter us with a speedy settlement of our affairs with France." 28th July, in introducing the summary of foreign intelligence: "We do not find a syllable about our commissioners." 29th September, under date of Raleigh, N.C., the 2d of that month: "A gentleman from the seat of government says that the Secretary of State has received information of the suspension of the negotiation between this country and France." This news

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from Paris, received at Hanover, N.H., by way of Washington, and Raleigh, N.C., if it had any foundation in fact, must have referred to some temporary hitch in the proceedings. A little later, 20th October: "A Washington paper says, 'We can assert with confidence that no official despatches have been received from our envoys at Paris, of a date subsequent to the 17th of May; and that our government has no information of the actual state of the negotiation with France.'" 25th October: "By last evening's mail we received information of an arrival at Portland from Liverpool, bringing London papers to the 31st of August. . . . Gen. Kleber has been murdered; and Gen. Menou has succeeded him in his command. *Nothing certain respecting our envoys.*" Finally, on the 15th of November: "Important. By this morning's mail. Paris, Oct. 2.— A treaty of friendship and commerce between the French Republic and the United States of America was signed yesterday by the French ministers-plenipotentiary, Joseph Bonaparte, C. P. Claret Fleurieu, and Roederer, and the American commissioners, Oliver Ellsworth, W. Davie, and W. Murray. Malta surrendered to the English the 4th September."

The paper of the 6th of December, 1800, contains the message of President Adams to Congress on its meeting, the 22d of November, which mentions the reception by the first consul of the American envoys "with the respect due to their character," but states, that, "at the date of the last official intelligence, the negotiation had not terminated." The convention, when received, was not made public in the United States from the official copy, but was communicated to the Senate in executive session. It is nevertheless printed in full in "The Dartmouth Gazette" of the 3d of January, 1801; the injunction of secrecy being as little heeded by the press in those days as in these. It should be stated, however, that what was thus printed was a translation from the French text, as appears clearly by the attestation in print, as "an exact copy" by Talleyrand, as well as by the language, which is not precisely that of the English text, to which the American press had not then access. The translation appears to be substantially correct; but it is noteworthy that it concludes, "Done at Paris the eighth day Vendemiaire, the ninth year of the French Republic, and the *third of October*, 1800." The 3d of October, as we have already mentioned, was the day when the treaty was actually signed; but the date in the official copy, both in the French and English texts, is "the 8th Vendemiaire of the year IX, 30th September, 1800."

The text of the convention having thus been before its readers for a fortnight, "The Dartmouth Gazette," in its issue of the 17th of January, 1801, contains the following comments upon the third page directly under "the Hanover head"—

"The British spoliations on American commerce amounted to four millions of dollars, when Mr. Jay obtained by treaty a promise of restitution. The French spoliations amount to twenty millions, for which not even a promise of restitution is obtained by the late 'convention.' The British treaty produced such a convulsion of this country, that nothing but the weight of Washington's personal character saved the government from destruction. The French treaty will go quietly into operation, from the affectionate regard of one party for France, and the principle of supporting government which actuates the other."

Two weeks later, "The Gazette" mentions a report of the rejection by

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the Senate, in executive session, of the second article, which, it is mentioned in parenthesis, is that "in which the subject of indemnity for spoliation is waived."

We have entered into these details, as an interesting illustration of the successive stages by which matters that have now passed into history developed themselves to the careful observer who was watching the progress of events for the purpose of keeping the readers of "The Dartmouth Gazette" exactly informed in contemporary affairs. It is easy to see that the superintendence of the newspaper was a valuable school of experience for one qualified to profit by the opportunities it offered.

The paper of 15th November, 1800, contains the following: "Single females, under certain conditions, are allowed to vote in New Jersey. They lately exercised their right; and the election terminated federally. This proves their fondness for *union*."

The following, which, beyond mistake, is a piece of college waggery, is from the paper of 29th November, 1800: "Four dollars' reward is offered in the Washington paper for a *steer* that has strayed from Georgetown *College*. A description of the animal is given; but nothing is said about the proficiency he has made in his studies."

An old newspaper file is almost irresistible; but we forbear putting our readers to the test of further notes from that now before us. Before leaving it, however, we must remark, that even the advertisements possess a certain interest, and are suggestive of Mr. Webster's opportunities of a kind of which we know he was not slow to avail himself even at that early period of his life. Mr. Moses Davis, the "printer" of The "Gazette," kept a bookstore; and his lists of new books received, show how intelligent was the circle of readers for whose literary tastes he provided. Witness the following: "Lately received at the Hanover bookstore, Montesquieu's Spirit of the Laws, Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind, Paley's Philosophy, Burlamaqui on Law, Kaimes's Elements of Criticism." These standard works begin the list, which continues with the titles of other books, and ends with a miscellaneous catalogue: Gunter's scales, paints for limners, pencils of camels' hair for ditto, toothbrushes, steel pencil cases, blank books of all sizes, a great variety of penknives. Even at this day, a student would be glad of a chance to forage in a warehouse so well supplied.

Very nearly at the close of his college course, Mr. Webster was called upon by his classmates to pronounce a eulogy upon Ephraim Simonds, a member of the class, who died in college. The death of young Simonds took place on the 18th of June, 1801; and the eulogy appears to have been spoken on the eve of the breaking-up of the class before commencement. It was printed in a pamphlet at the time; and a copy of the original edition is now before us. Mr. Curtis, in his "Life of Daniel Webster," says, "I know of but one copy now in existence," and adds in a footnote: —

"The copy of this eulogy which I have seen belongs to Mr. Ticknor. 'In 1820,' says Mr. Ticknor, 'I happened to dine with Mr. Webster at his own house, while the convention to revise the constitution of Massachusetts, of which he was the leading member, was in session; and, sitting next to him after dinner, I told him, in the course of conversation, that I had recently found among some old pamphlets a copy of the oration which he delivered in his senior year on the death of his classmate Simonds. He looked surprised, and turned suddenly and rather

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sternly toward me, and said, "Have you? I thought till lately, that, as only a few copies of it were printed, they must all have been destroyed long ago; but the other day, Bean, who was in college with me, told me he had one. It flashed through my mind, that it must have been the last copy in the world, and that, if he had it in his pocket, it would be worth while to kill him to destroy it from the face of the earth. So I recommend you not to bring your copy where I am." ' "

Copies of the eulogy, however, were not so rare as Mr. Webster supposed; nor does there appear to have been any good reason why an attempt should have been made to suppress it. Besides (1) the copy of which Mr. Webster was aware, (2) that which Mr. Ticknor had, and (3) that now before us, there was a fourth, from which a reprint was made at the Dartmouth press at Hanover, in April, 1855, by the Rev. Daniel Kimball, now of Rockford, Ill. There is, however, we believe, no copy either of the original or of the reprint in the Boston Public Library; and we shall conclude this paper presently by quoting such portions as will give our readers an adequate idea of its character.

We have said that there does not appear to have been any good reason why Mr. Webster should have desired that this oration should be forgotten. Mr. Curtis very justly remarks with regard to it: —

"There is one other of Mr. Webster's college productions which was printed at the time. This was a eulogy pronounced at the funeral of his classmate Simonds, who died at Hanover in June of their senior year. There is, perhaps, nothing that so profoundly moves a band of college youths as the death of a classmate, especially if it take place at the institution. In such a closely-united circle of generous and aspiring young men, in the morning of life, Death seems to come with an especial shock; and if his shaft is aimed at one who has given more than ordinary promise, and is more than usually beloved, there will be inevitably, from the nature of the emotions excited more than from any desire to ape the customs of the larger and older world, an expression of what is felt in the formal funeral oration, or other ceremony of that kind. The case of Simonds, excepting in the circumstances of his death, was just such a one as that of which Landor afterwards said all that can be said in such cases, when he wrote the beautiful epitaph, in five words of his masterly Latin, over the poor Oxford scholar who had wandered out in the fields, and died of exhaustion:

"'Literarum quæsivit gloriam,
Dei vidit.'

"This is what young Webster was appointed to say over his classmate Simonds, and what he did in substance say, in the more expanded form of a public eulogy. I know of but one copy now in existence. It is natural, unaffected, full of feeling and of a strong religious faith. It is not, in my judgment, open to the criticism which he afterward made upon his printed college performances, of being in 'bad taste' in respect to its style. Of course, it has not the same simplicity which he afterward reached. There are words which he would have expunged, and sentences which he would not have constructed, ten years afterward. But it might, if he had chosen to have it so, have been seen by the world at any period of his life, as a not unworthy forerunner of his more mature productions; for it is marked throughout by the elevation of thought, as well as the tenderness of feeling, that belonged to his character."

And the following glowing words from Mr. Choate's eulogy on Mr. Webster fitly describe the manner in which these early performances should be regarded: —

"Many now alive have said that some of his performances having regard to his youth, his objects, his topics, his audience, — one on the celebration of Independence, one a eulogy on a student much beloved, — produced an instant effect, and left a recollection to which nothing else could be compared; which could be felt and admitted only, not explained, but which now they know were the first sweet tones of inexplicable but delightful influence of that voice, unconfirmed as yet, and unassured, whose more consummate expression charmed and suspended the soul of a nation. To read these essays now disappoints you somewhat. As Quintilian says of Hortensius, '*Apparet placuisse aliquid eo dicente quod legentes non invenimus.*' Some spell there was in the spoken word which the reader misses. To find the

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secret of that spell, you must recall the youth of Webster. Beloved fondly, and appreciated by that circle as much as by any audience larger, more exacting, more various, and more fit, which afterwards he found anywhere; known to be manly, just, pure, generous, affectionate; known and felt by his strong will, his high aims, his commanding character, his uncommon and difficult studies,—he had every heart's warmest good wish with him when he rose. And then, when—unchecked by any very severe theory of taste, unoppressed by any dread of saying something incompatible with his place and fame, or unequal to himself—he just unlocked the deep spring of that eloquent feeling, which, in connection with his power of mere intellect, was such a stupendous psychological mystery, and gave heart and soul not to the conduct of an argument, or the investigation and display of a truth of the reason, but to a fervid, beautiful, and prolonged emotion, to grief, to eulogy, to the patriotism of scholars,—why need we doubt or wonder, as they looked on that presiding brow; the eye large, sad, unworldly, incapable to be fathomed; the lip and chin, whose firmness, as of chiselled perfect marble, profoundest sensibility alone caused ever to tremble,—why wonder at the traditions of the charm which they owned, and the fame which they even then predicted?"

The following is the full titlepage of the pamphlet containing Mr. Webster's eulogy on Simonds:—

"A funeral oration occasioned by the death of Ephraim Simonds of Templeton, Massachusetts, a member of the senior class in Dartmouth college; who died at Hanover, (N.H.) on the 18th of June, 1801, æt. 26. By Daniel Webster, a classmate of the deceased.

'Et vix sustinuit dicere lingua *vale!*'

Printed at Hanover, by Moses Davis, 1801."

The dedication is as follows: "To Mr. and Mrs. Simonds, parents of a greatly beloved but now deceased classmate, this sheet is presented, in testimony of respect and sympathy, by D. Webster."

The oration begins as follows:—

"No one ever ascended the stage to speak on a more delicate subject than the loss of a companion. It is a subject that admits not the flights of fancy, nor the charms of eloquence.

"Little, indeed, is he fitted to cull the flowers of rhetoric, whose bosom still bleeds for the loss of its inmate, whose powers are overwhelmed in a flood of sensibility.

"To eulogize kings and heroes, to swell the pomp of courtly oratory by building up paragraphs of shining and unmeaning panegyric, were an easy and an insignificant task; but it is unnatural to aim at brilliant imagery or elegant diction 'when Grief sits heavy at the heart.' Hard is it to be formal when we feel; to declaim when we would weep.

"We are at this time assembled for one of those solemn purposes imposed on us by the common lot of our nature. To hear the dull funereal toll, to mark the vestiges and recount the triumphs of death, ever have been, and ever must be, the mournful business of mortals. In consequence of that eternal, universal destiny from which man in vain pleads exemption, we now deplore a loss too recent to need the powers of recollection, and too deeply pencilled on the tablets in our bosoms to have its colorings heightened by the dashes of imagination. Simonds, our brother, our fellow-traveller to the temple of science, our morning friend, and our evening companion—where is he? He sits not within these walls; his countenance cheers not the speaker. He walks not in the aisles of yonder building; he is heard no more in our halls. We approach his late abode on yonder eminence; but no voice bids us welcome: desolate, and hung with his garments, it is a sad remembrancer of our loss. Where, then, shall we seek for him? In the cool of evening, when gray twilight shrouds the hamlet, shall we find him arm in arm with a brother? Alas! his brothers are no more to feel the warmth of his hand. Shall we see him hereafter around the board of philosophy, or meet him at the altar of the Muses? He appears there no more forever. Shall we behold him in some sequestered glade, retired from the world, and wrapped in religious contemplation? He is not there: he is gone, and we see him not again. The storm of death has overtaken him: it has beaten hard on his temples, and he has fallen.

"In the solemn hour of midnight, when the darkness is terrible, and deep sleep falleth on man, the commissioned angel descended from the throne of Jehovah, and bore him up to the presence of his Judge.

"All of him that was mortal now lies in the charnels of yonder cemetery. By the

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grass that nods over the mounds of Sumner, Merrill, and Cook, now rests a fourth son of Dartmouth, constituting another monument of man's mortality. The sun, as it sinks to the ocean, plays its departing beams on his tomb; but they re-animate him not. The cold sod presses on his bosom; his hands hang down in weakness. The bird of the evening shouts a melancholy air on the poplar; but her voice is stillness to his ears. While his pencil was drawing scenes of future felicity, while his soul fluttered on the gay breezes of hope, an unseen hand drew the curtain, and shut him from our view. The laurels of manhood were just ripening on his brow, the principles of future greatness were fast collecting in his bosom, when death, who, like the spouse of Nabis, embraces only to destroy, folded him in its iron arms. With him life's visionary scenes are over, its fantasies are fled. The incidents that checker our human existence produce no alteration in his being.

"He seeks the land that no disturbance knows,
Where the faint slumber, and the tired repose;
Where none at partial fortune can repine,
For slave and master on one couch recline;
Where heroes' vanity and monarchs' pride
Are humble as the beggar at their side;
Where death impartial spreads a gloom profound,
And night and peace and silence reign around."

The oration proceeds in eulogy of Simonds, bearing witness to his Christian character with appropriate reflections. It concludes as follows: —

"While we mourn, let us not mourn for ourselves alone. In sympathy there is nothing selfish nor contracted; animated and benevolent, its rays are diffused as widely as the strokes of affliction are felt. There are scenes still more affecting than we have witnessed; there are bosoms whose sorrow is greater than our own. Is any one here whose tears have flown for a son or for a brother? — any one who has felt the heart-rending pangs of a separation of those ties which nature forms, and love corroborates? Go to the shades of Templeton, to the bosom of a family surprised by the tidings of death. Your feelings shall there be arrested by eloquence that nothing can resist, — the eloquence of nature, the eloquence of grief. A brother's tears, a sister's sighs, shall there awake the sympathetic emotions in every heart that is not steeled in insensibility. Robed in the sable attire of affliction, you shall there behold a mother whose bosom throbs; you shall see a father — but you have seen: lowly bending over yonder balustrade, you have seen the tear of age trickle down the cheek of a venerable parent. With eyes turned towards heaven, you have seen the struggle between fortitude and affliction shake his frame. You saw, and did you not pity? Did not the manliness of silent grief heave a sigh from your breasts, that ascended with your morning aspirations, and mingled with the hallowed incense of a parent's prayers at the throne of grace?

"But sighs and tears and grief are unavailing: they enter not the chambers of death; they resuscitate not from the grave. To that God, then, in whose hands are life and death, whose throne is established in justice, and the beams of whose mercy illuminate universal being, let us commit our much-loved friend, and bid him a cordial and a final farewell!

Peace to his shades! And when the general doom
Shall raise him renovated from the tomb,
Be grace's white mantle o'er his shoulders spread,
And the saint's triumph blaze around his head!

"Brothers of the class, this day completes the course of our collegiate studies, and gives us to the world. The hour of separation, ever mournful among friends whose hearts are united, to us is doubly mournful from the loss of a highly respected classmate. Before to-morrow's sun shall go down, we are dispersed. We part, however, with the ardent and consoling hope of meeting once more, and of taking a more solemn adieu on the day of our anniversary. But with Simonds we meet not again. The parting moment with him is over. He has already pronounced his valedictory; he has flitted on the wings of a seraph; he has commenced his eternity. Impressed with this reflection, let us retire from the mournful business of the present occasion, and, as the last best tribute we can pay to his ashes, let us subscribe our names, as he did his, to the catalogue of virtue's friends. Let his memory be embalmed in our bosoms, and, through every period of our future life, let his image be constantly with us, a monitor to our actions!

"May those guardian spirits that watch around the just, guide and protect us, together and apart! may Almighty Grace secure us from evil, and energize all our talents in the exercise of Christian morality; and when it shall be said of us, that earth embosoms her sons, may we then be united with our Simonds in that far better country, where the solemn dirge shall be exchanged for the symphonies of Gabriel's harp, and the voice of funeral eulogy shall be heard no more!"

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SCROPE; OR, THE LOST LIBRARY.

BY FREDERIC B. PERKINS.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XIII.

"And yet there are a great deal worse places than that in New York," said Bird, reflectively, as they passed up Broadway, beyond Bond Street and Great Jones Street.

"What ones?" said Scrope at once, and with perceptible eagerness. And Adrian, sickened as he was, and though he said nothing, also wanted to know. Ever since the Tree of Knowledge of Good was also the Tree of Knowledge of Evil, man's instinct to understand has asked after both. As God joined the two knowledges together, it is no wonder that man has not yet succeeded in putting them asunder. And still, there was a great difference between the animal eagerness of Scrope and the intellectual instinct for knowing that stirred in Adrian, and which he distrusted while he felt it.

"Well, gentlemen," replied Bird, "police reporting is one of the roughest pursuits in the world, I suppose. It is in that line that I have seen things — Perhaps I'll tell you about them some day. But I really can't, now — it's too bad. Besides, some of the best citizens are interested in some of the worst of them."

"How do you mean?" asked Adrian.

"Why, — now there's that Paradise, for instance," replied the police reporter, — for such his words implied that he was — "do you know who owns that building?"

"No, — who?"

"It's one of the very worst holes on Broadway. There's been two murders there that I know of already. They break all the ten commandments as much as once every ten minutes, almost all night. And it belongs to one of these eminent capitalist fellows that are so respectable and subscribe to all sorts of things. Button, his name is."

"I don't believe it," said Adrian, shocked, and impulsively — "I beg your pardon, what I mean is that you must be mistaken. I know Mr. Button."

"Then I beg *your* pardon, if he is a friend of yours. But there's no mistake about the fact. You may go with me to the register of disreputable tenements which the Police keep at the Mulberry Street Headquarters, with the names of the owners, and I'll show it to you written out in full, and then you may go and search the records of land at the City Hall and find the deed to Mr. Button all recorded at length."

"But why don't they print that whole list of names?"

"Reason enough; it would show that the respectability of New York gives houseroom to the crime of New York and so maintains it for money."

"But it isn't possible," persisted Adrian. "He don't know it, of course. Or he has let the place to some one who is misusing it or underletting it against his will."

"All right," said Bird — "that's just the way they talk. As if a man like him would own a building on Broadway and not know what is done

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with it! And as for the misuse against his will, — do you suppose he don't know that the Paradise is a law-breaking concern every night of the year, and that he can have it shut now, late as it is, before midnight, if he chooses?"

Adrian was silent; for the truth had hit him very hard. Bird resumed:

"Of course there's underletting; there's an agent, and a tenant, and one or two undertenants. Such places pay two or three times as much rent as any respectable business could pay; but I don't insinuate that *that* has any thing to do with it. Dear me, no!"

Adrian said no more, but like a straight-forward and clean-hearted young fellow as he was, he silently resolved that at his first meeting with Mr. Button he would reveal to him the outrage which he was suffering in this matter. "I'll have the pleasure of shutting up one hell-hole," he said to himself, as they walked along.

In a few moments they reached the scene of the proposed exhibition: a billiard saloon known as "Jack's," nearly opposite the New York Hotel. They entered through a sort of fancy grocery store, and turning short and passing through a side door at the back, came into the billiard room itself, a large square apartment, immediately under "Hope Chapel," and of course belonging to the same owner. A magnificent bar stretched all the way across one side; nine full-sized tables — none of your trifling three-quarters affairs — were orderly disposed in three ranks upon the ample floor, each strongly illuminated with its own shaded gas-lights, the wires with the wooden beads for marking the game strung upon them, hanging across above in their long catenary curves, and the armory-like racks of cues standing stiffly back against the wall. The bar-keeper, a far more magnificent creature than his guild-brother of the Paradise (particularly as to his curled and shiny hair; — there must be some mysterious real connection corresponding to the coincident first syllables of bar-ber and bar-tender —) was, however, no less assiduous, and was swiftly ministering juleps and other rivers of delight — "sweet fields arrayed in living green (i.e. the juleps) and rivers of delight," to divers persons who stood before his shrine. Two of these, nearest the new-comers, were in a muzzy state, talkative and disputatious, but imbecilely good humored, and were at the moment discussing a weighty point in orthoepy, perhaps none the less interesting to Adrian, who was close to them, from the fact that of the two methods of spelling the word in dispute which they severally asserted, neither agreed with his own.

"No 'tain't," said one — "it's J, e, r, m, y, e, r."

"Why no tisn't," said the other, articulating with the most painstaking distinctness, — "it's G, u, r, m, i, a, r."

"Less arsh thish genlmn," was the reply, and they began to submit the question of the grand old Hebrew mourner-poet-prophet's name to Adrian, who briefly assured them with a bow that he didn't know how to spell at all, and pushed forward to get away from their drunkenness, to the front rank of the spectators. These were already intently beholding the Billiard Tournament, which was in progress upon a carom table, the deep green of whose cloth testified that it had been newly caparisoned, doubtless for this very occasion.

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The game was what is technically called the French game, played with one red ball and two white ones, and is about as much superior to the "full" or "American four-ball game" as chess is to draughts. The two heroes who were contending for "a purse of $500, and the championship," were a couple of serious looking youths, very business-like and thoughtful of aspect, both trim-built, alert, and well-made, and with a professional deftness of execution very pleasant to see. There was nothing so very remarkable about their play, which was only for the State Championship, and not for the vaster supremacy of the continent: the whole boundless continent was not theirs on the present occasion, but a pent-up New York contracted their powers. As in this game the nerves are at least as important as they were to Mrs. Wititterly, applause or disapproval is as stringently forbidden as it would be at a funeral, and the silence that prevailed was almost oppressive. Perhaps a hundred connoisseurs and amateurs were present. From one or two distant tables where dullards incapable of a worthy admiration were pursuing their own selfish amusement, the click of the balls, or some quiet remark, echoed faintly now and then; or some silly babble from a toper at the bar sounded over the heads of the crowd; but they themselves were impassible as Amphictyons. Once or twice, when some brilliant shot round the table restored a desperate run, or when the figures from some delicately prolonged process of "nursing" accumulated high, an irrepressible murmur of excitement just breathed around; but only to be hushed under the warning glance or the quiet gesture of the umpire.

Adrian watched with much enjoyment the graceful and accurate movements and manipulations of the two players, and the almost intelligent obedience of the clean ivory balls, that travelled about on their geometrical errands over the green level of the table, touching a cushion at one point, giving a delicate tap to one ball in a far corner, coming straight back home to tap the other ball, then trundling off a little way and waiting to receive the next message. At last the game was up; the winner, with one or two hardy and perilous "shots round the table" and one brilliant and desperate "draw," completed a run of thirty, and the breathless marker, standing mace in hand, called out "Game!" Then the ring broke up, the prize was adjudged; the assembly broke out into a loud buzz of conversation and debate; there was prompt application at the bar for many drinks; and groups of two, three or four at once occupied all the tables.

"Come," said Scrope promptly, "let's have a game;" and stepping swiftly across to a table still vacant, with the quick dexterity of familiar custom, he laid his hand on the table, just in time to prevent two others from reaching it.

"Here's a table," he exclaimed. The two strangers, discomfited, turned away with some surly muttering, but the etiquette of the billiard saloon is as the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not: — "First come first served," it saith, — and they did not resist. The three friends, nothing loath, took off their coats; each man selected his cue from the rack; a bullet-headed, short-haired person of Irish-American appearance, brought them the billiard balls, and they set to work at a three-handed game.

Neither of the three was particularly skilful, but as their unskilfulness was about equal they matched very

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well; and playing for amusement only, they had a very jolly time of it. Scrope's play was reckless, Bird's cautious and safe, Adrian's well calculated and in a certain sense scientific because he always played with a definite purpose; but from lack of practice his execution was far below his ideal. After a while Scrope, who had been noticing Adrian "lay out" good shots and then miss them, observed upon it:

"Vewy ably missed!" he exclaimed, as Adrian's cue ball, a little too delicately touched, stopped about two inches short of the deep red on which it should have caromed for three, and left a run of thirty or forty on the two reds for Bird: — "Vewy ably missed. I never saw anybody make so many ansome misses in my life. An ole boarding-school of them."

"Yes," said Adrian merrily, "it's because I am too scientific and sacrifice every thing to principle. I don't envy you your scratches, either. 'Tis better to have aimed and missed than never to have aimed at all! And here's our worldly friend Mr. Bird, who has been picking up our crumbs, and is ahead of both your luck and my science, just by practical sense and industry."

It was quite true; it is as true in billiards as in trade or in politics, that steady attention to business, hard work and careful good sense are the best means of accumulation. In many other ways also, however, are the moralities of this beautiful game, — moralities hitherto never developed — illustrative of the affairs of life. A man's shots, for instance, show his character. One player is forever putting on a twist, or making draw shots, and counts in the most unexpected manner, forcing the tormented balls in every direction by cunning underhanded strokes. Another, by sheer straight forward force, drives his ball far round the table, with long-sighted powerful combinations. Another prefers "follow shots;" softly and delicately he coaxes the hard ivory balls, who quietly do what he wants, but don't know that they are coaxed. Another still, the cunningest of all, a silent monopolizer, gets a corner on the balls. He gets the two reds "jawed," and stepping back and forth round the corner pocket, counts and counts to the paralysis and infuriation of the helpless excluded adversary, who longs to whack him over the head with the butt of his cue. And the vicissitudes of the game, moreover, prove and exhibit the characters of the players like those of life.

However: — the three young men played away, and after a time Adrian missed one or two easy shots. Now, men who would bear a colossal misfortune with equanimity may get quite excited over a game. And in billiards, there is a very curious but undeniable relation between the player's state of mind and his success. Virgil has stated the point as if he had been inspired with a motto on purpose for this game:

"Possunt quia posse videntur."

"They can, just because they believe it." And *vice versa* too. The first miss was, you may say, pure accident, but it damaged Adrian's *morale;* the second shot *he did not have faith that he would make,* and so he did not make it. "I guess I sha'n't count any more," he said, in a sort of half serious discouragement.

"Take three fingers of Old Burbon straight, Ad!" uttered a voice in an oracular tone; "that'll set you up again, just like a fly."

All three of the players looked to

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see who was the oracle. It was the taller of two young men who had approached without being noticed by the players, and who had been looking on in silence for a few moments. The shorter was a very dark complexioned young fellow, natty of costume, adorned with jewels of price, and very flashy in bearing. The other, who had spoken, was big and fat, even noticeably so; and — delicately be it intimated — his substance was distributed after such a manner that the circumference of his waistband bore to that of his trousers' leg, too great a ratio for the best sculpturesque effect. He also was well dressed — in the pretentious sense, — being majestic in fine black broadcloth, a glossy new hat, gloves, a showy lavender-colored waistcoat, a white under-waistcoat, a speckled shirt, a bright red cravat, a diamond pin, and a slender cane whose ivory head was carved in the similitude of a plump human leg bent at the knee. His face was round and full and almost puffy: his dark hair was coarse and straight; his rather thin mustache was elegantly waxed into two sticky-looking little horizontal tips, in that fashion that always suggests that they are agglutinated with the remainder-grease of the last meal. His lips were not very thick, but had a sort of over-full look; and they were slightly varnished, and their red color thus brought out, by the dewy moisture of a perceptible exudation of tobacco-spit. His eyes were dark, rather small, but quick enough, and the black eyebrows were rather thin, like the mustache.

Before Adrian had time to speak, this splendid youth resumed, with a jovial haw-haw which exhibited a row of tobacco-stained teeth that otherwise would have been white and regular enough —

"Why, by — Ad, you d—d rascal, what the" —but really, the oaths must be omitted, although it cuts "a monstrous cantle out" of the speaker's observations, and deprives us of something like half the utterances of his great mind, leaving them insipid, like a dish of eggs with the yolks all picked out. But, as the showman says in the burlesque, "the Public Heye must and shall be regarded;" in one sentence parenthesized blanks may indicate the habitual proportion of this speaker's appeals to his Maker, and afterwards — as Lord Timothy Dexter said about the stops in his style of composition, people must "pepper and solt it to suit themselves."

"Why ( )" said the big fat young man, "Ad, you ( ) rascal, what the ( ) are you doing here, ( ) you? Is Saul also among the prophets?"

"How do you do, Cousin William," said Adrian, good humoredly, and it must be confessed not without some little feeling that he was out of place. But where can you play billiards in New York — on a decent public table — without having rum, tobacco, gambling, profanity and vulgarity in the room? — "How do you do? — More like a prophet among the Sauls, I guess, isn't it?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the other, with so voluble an effusion of glee, and with eyes so swimming and such a swaying of his heavy figure, that Adrian instantly perceived that he was at least half tipsy; but even while he laughed, he administered a mighty slap between Adrian's shoulders, and then taking his cue out of his hand, gave three resounding bangs upon the floor. A boy hurried up, in obedience to the well-known billiard-room summons; and the summoner continued,

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"What's yours, gentlemen?" — looking to Bird and Scrope — "Introduce me, Adrian," he interrupted; "can't drink with an entire stranger — against my principles."

"Mr. Scrope," said Adrian, thus appealed to, and making a considerable effort to seem proud and happy; "My cousin Mr. William Button. Yours too: I suppose you missed finding him at home. Mr. Bird, a member of the press;" and so on. Then Mr. Button in his turn introduced his short and swarthy companion to them all as Mr. Oppenheimer; and therewith he vouched for him amidst a perfect storm of oaths, as "the sharpest sport in this city — can't beat me though — hay, Op?" And the whole bowed and shook hands all round and round. They all attempted to decline drinking, but young Button began to be vociferous; enlarging with much vigor on the happy occasion of his meeting a new cousin, as one most proper for hospitality; the players at the adjoining tables began to look with obvious displeasure at the big noisy fellow who was disturbing their game, and Bird, touching Adrian's elbow, nodded, as much as to say, "We had better do it," and they all consented, and jointly remitted to the entertainer the choice of liquors.

"Five Old Burbon straight," said Mr. Button, — but Oppenheimer, amending, ordered for himself a "soda cocktail" instead, saying "You know, Bill, my head ain't so strong as yours. I can't carry any more."

The liquors came and were drank, and Adrian, though like most persons of clean descent and pure health he unfeignedly abhorred the abominable rank sharp scalding-hot flavor of the whiskey, which he swigged down pure in obedience to the exhortation of his cousin, found to his surprise that the sort of stir it produced through every fibre of his frame, although he felt in his brain the beginning of something like a loosening of his usual clear perfect command of all his wits, somewhat as if a thin hot mist or cloud was just beginning to gather among them, yet did really appear to have re-enforced his billiard faculties, whatever those are, in some way; for he proceeded to make some unusually good runs, and in fact came out first, Mr. Bird's economy carrying him through a good second, while Scrope had the game to pay for.

Very likely, according to that wise ordinance of our Maker under which the more we lose the more we want to keep on and get it back, Scrope would have insisted on another game; but he was really good-natured; and, as soon as Bird had completed his hundred, Mr. Button, not being quite clear in his intellectuals, and not having the most correct instincts in the world to make up for his lack of good training, called out,

"There you go, Mister Scrope. All gone up in a kite! Now see me wipe out Brother Oppenheimer. Come, Op!"

And he pulled off his coat and proceeded to pick out a cue. The "sport," sharper as he was, looked rather confused at the invitation, but the others, laughing, acquiesced, and sat down to look on. The game which now followed puzzled Adrian for a time. Button, though at least half drunk, played a very fair game indeed. As for Oppenheimer, Adrian observed at once how perfectly cool and clear-headed he was; then he noticed the extreme neatness of his style of play. He used exactly the force required, and no more; the cue

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ball, like a trusty middle-aged servant with errands, trundled deliberately off, called at a cushion or left the duplicate message of a carom, and moved just a few steps further to a place convenient for setting out on the next errand. It was an instructive exhibition to Adrian of that judicious play which always considers *the next* shot. But at the same time he was struck by the easy shots which Oppenheimer missed; once a plain short carom; once a fair shot round the table; and Adrian was sure that as the "sport" made these misses, he as it were relaxed muscles and attention together,—striking, one might say, with his eyes shut. Whenever he had done so, he muttered some short exclamation of disgust, or gave a vexed sort of whirl round on his heels; while Mr. Button exulted over him with effusive, self-exalting and half-tipsy glee. Adrian cautiously intimated to Mr. Bird something of these observations.

"Oh yes," said that gentleman, in his quiet intelligent way; "that Oppenheimer is just playing him off. I know him. He sleeps on a billiard table every night,—unless sometimes it's a faro table for a change. He can give points to either of those champions we saw over there. He's a first class billiard sharp. You may play with him if you want to, and you'll win any small bets, if he thinks he can coax you into a large one. But don't bet a cent more than you are willing to lose."

"I never risked a cent on chances yet in my life," said Adrian, quietly, "and I don't want to. He'll never make any thing out of me."

"You're a lucky man," said Bird with a smile.

As the game proceeded, Adrian noticed over and over the same set of phenomena he had thus observed, and every time he saw the contrast of fine play and intentional failure, he wondered more that Button did not see it. But conceit and tippling together are a very thick cloud, and the big foolish youth was fully convinced that it was his own skill that kept him just behind or just in the lead of his cool and steady opponent. Towards the close, Button grew more and more noisy, laughing and bawling out slang observations with every shot whether he counted or not. At last there remained as it happened only one single point for Mr. Button to make, while Oppenheimer had let himself fall behind twenty-five points; and the uproar of the triumphant Button was becoming tremendous. The balls were left, moreover, in one of those technically troublesome positions which look so desperate to an ordinary player, the cue ball being "frozen" to one of the others, while the rest were behind that one and close together, so that all four lay in a short straight row. Of course, Oppenheimer could not count if he moved the ball which the cue ball touched; and for a moment he seemed to study the position with some little care. As for Button, he exulted. Bending over the balls, and shading them with his hand so as to keep off the reflections of the gas-light, he peered intently at the focus of interest, where the "spot ball"—which was Oppenheimer's—lay just touching the deep red. "Frozen, by ——— " he exclaimed at last. "Tight as Greenland. Doctor Kane himself couldn't get out of it. *Now* count, Oppy! Gentlemen, see Oppy count now!"

"You've got me, William, that's a fact," remarked Mr. Oppenheimer, with a discouraged air. "No use

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playing against you and luck together. However, I'll play away from the other balls, at any rate." So saying, he stepped around to the further side from his cue ball, and quickly and almost carelessly placed his left hand as a "bridge," in the high way necessary for playing over other balls; touching the table with three fingers only, instead of with the lower rim of the palm also, and Adrian, watching closely, noticed not only the delicate moulding of his projecting thumb, and the almond shape of his clean pink nails, but the coquettish *perk* of his little finger sticking out as a fanciful lady's does when she lifts a teacup to her lips, and the sparkle of a small bright diamond in a plain gold ring on the same little finger. In a moment, almost as it seemed without looking at the balls, the "sport" administered a delicate little dig to the cue-ball; a short stroke, directed from above downward almost upon the very top of the ball, and that did not seem to follow the ball an inch. Button, watching his closest to see that the "frozen" ball did not move, was baffled, but said, "No harm, I guess."

But there was harm. The spot ball had received one of those mysterious "twists" somewhat such as are given in what are called "macé" shots, which seem to inform the white ivory with the knowledge of a complete campaign. Slowly, as if reluctantly, but almost whizzing on its own perpendicular axis, the spot ball crept a few inches to the cushion — then leaped suddenly away as if it was there that its errand was given it, but at an unexpectedly wide angle across a corner, then taking a second cushion, rebounded accurately upon the two balls that had been so snugly sheltered behind the deep red one; and Oppenheimer had counted two.

"I declare!" exclaimed Adrian, softly, but in great admiration, — and watching the "sport," who stood near him, he saw, to his surprise, a swift subtle smile that just glimmered as it were for an instant upon his dark face, and was instantly repressed. Oppenheimer had counted on purpose. As for Button, his oaths would have terrified a custom-house.

"What for did you want to scratch exactly then, I want to know?" he asked.

"I *didn't* want to scratch, Bill," said Oppenheimer, with a neat double meaning — "you can't always make the balls do what you expect, you know!" — And he played on.

"Two, five, eight, ten," enumerated Adrian to himself, as the sport counted and counted towards his twenty-five, playing always with the same swift apparently careless precision — and so on up; — "twenty — twenty-two — twenty-four — twenty-No! A miss, upon my word!"

"Sold again — and I've got the money," bawled Button quite beside himself, for a miss counts one for the opposite party, and Oppenheimer had thus *beaten himself;* and Button gave three such bangs on the floor with the butt of his cue as if he had meant to plant it in the hard Carolina pine, as the old Saxon bishop Wulstan of Worcester planted his crosier in the marble of Saint Edward the Confessor's tomb, rather than yield it to the Norman primate Lanfranc.

"Five more Burbon!" he vociferated, as the boy ran up for the order. Everybody refused however. But Button, whose views on the subject of "treating" were to the full those of the foolish, vulgar, rich, rowdy, young American — and that drunk — almost foamed at the mouth at such a recep-

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tion of his hospitality, and swore by a great many more things than there are in the universe that if they wouldn't drink with him in honor of this victory, he'd drink all five glasses himself. He was the more obstinate, as he grew more excited; and they were fain to yield once more at least in form, even Oppenheimer not insisting on his harmless alkaline beverage.

The five drinks came, each flanked with its attendant tumbler of ice and water for mixing; every man took his glass; Adrian prepared to endure another half hour of uncomfortable stir within him and of unclean flavor in his mouth.

Mr. Button lifted his glass with an air of triumph; "Gentlemen," he said, "I give you on this occasion" —

The glass dropped on the floor and smashed into bits among the slop of whiskey. The young man's tongue failed him at the same moment with his fingers; so did all his muscles at once, and instantaneously he toppled over against the billiard table and then upon the floor. Adrian and Oppenheimer, who were nearest, instantly seized him by the shoulders to lift him up. Adrian saw that his face was very red; his eyes were shut, a little thick foam discolored with the juice of the tobacco that was visibly lodged in one cheek to make room for swigging and speaking, was working out from between his lips. The lips and the whole face were thrilling and working as if with shocks of nervous pain; the same thrills vibrated through the arm and back under both of Adrian's hands, and seemed to pass out through the helpless fingers, which clutched and wavered.

"Put him in a chair here by the window," said Oppenheimer, and they did so. Then he quickly opened the window, and the cold air of the wintry night fell in upon them like a block of ice, so solid and pure and cold was it, as it broke into the heated and gas-lit and perceptibly smoke and drink-flavored atmosphere of the room.

Adrian had never been so close to such a sight; "What a horror it is!" he was saying to himself, thinking of drunkenness, when Oppenheimer, taking up one of the glasses of ice-water, poured some into his right hand and slopped it upon Button's forehead. It trickled all over his face and down upon his shirt-front. Nobody paid much attention; a drunken man in a billiard saloon is not a black swan, nor a black sheep either, for that matter.

"He'll come out of it in a few minutes," said the gambler.

Bird was looking on in his quiet attentive way: "It's a fit, isn't it!" he said coolly, not questioning, but asserting with slight surprise; then, to the gambler, — "Has he had many of them?"

"No — not more than half-a-dozen," said the other, — "Tisn't much more than a dizziness."

"Just hold those bits of ice on his forehead," suggested Bird. The gambler did so; and sure enough, in a moment or two Button's face and whole frame became quiet; he seemed to go into a sleep, breathing softly and regularly; the dark flush began to pass from his face; and in perhaps five minutes he opened his eyes in a sleepy sort of way and looked round as if puzzled to know how he came there.

"What is it?" he asked — "Guess I had another little spasm, didn't I?"

"Yes; but you're all right now," said Oppenheimer, and he closed the window. Button sat still a few moments, with a dazed sort of look,

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somewhat like one awaked before he has slept enough. The rest chatted about indifferent matters for a few minutes; and then the big youth, with an effort, laid his hands on the arms of his chair and hoisted himself up, saying,

"Come; let's trot out."

"Best thing you can do is to get a good long sleep, Bill," said Oppenheimer, very sensibly. But that, as it would appear, was no part of Mr. Button's plan. He "scorned delights, and lived laborious days" and nights too; with a double-Milton power of labor, for the time being; though what would have been an intolerable slavery to the pure and lofty old poet and scholar, Mr. William Button believed to be the strenuous pursuit of manly pleasures befitting a free and independent American citizen. Nor can anybody, even though as heavy, not to say strong, as Mr. Button, over-draw on his vital revenues, without finding sooner or later that when the current dividends are exhausted, his checks have been honored out of his capital. He usually finds it out sooner rather than later, and always too soon. It was not yet too late for the foolish Mr. William Button, if he had only known it; but it was pretty nearly too late.

"Sleep—!" was the irritated reply; though the future state (or place) to which the speaker relegated the idea of repose was precisely that where it is commonly least believed to exist. Oppenheimer looked a little surprised. "Just as you like," he said however, with a kind of indifferent acquiescence, such as one uses with a feeble or sick person who is querulous about trifles; "just as you like, about sleeping there or going there; it's all one to me!"

"Well,—let's go up stairs, Opp; Ad's a stranger; want to show him the elephant."

The gambler gave a swift suspicious look, not at Button, but at the three others. Scrope answered, this time.

"I guess e means the tiger, wather than the helephant, don't e? Weckon we've all visited the animal?—and he looked inquiringly at Bird and Adrian. The police reporter only smiled and nodded; Adrian said he believed he knew what the beast was, but had never seen him. Button at once insisted on going, and was quite nervous and fussy about it.

"Well, come on," said Oppenheimer, adding, "Never saw you so fretful before, William—what's the matter with you lately?" If Mr. Oppenheimer had been familiar with epilepsy, he would have recognized this fretfulness as a common symptom; but neither he nor young Button himself knew this; indeed, the attack he had just had was his first clearly pronounced one. The disease was just taking a good hold; or rather was just showing the good hold it had already taken;—for the degeneracy of brain and nerve tissue which seems to be the proximate vehicle of epilepsy works a good while in secret, like an engineer approaching by mines and getting a good many of them placed and loaded before any explode.

CHAPTER XIV.

The party, now consisting of five, came out from the house that Jack kept, and stepping round to the same recess in which was the outer entrance to Hope Chapel, Oppenheimer entered one of the side doors, led the way up two flights of stairs, and ush-

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ered the rest into a middle-sized room, fronting on Broadway. Here they found a dozen persons, gathered round a table about the size of a common dining table for six, and which was covered with green cloth. On a platform a few inches high occupying most of its surface, was displayed an array of playing cards, faces uppermost. On or among these there lay here and there little piles of ivory disks an inch or more in diameter, some white, some red. Back of the table sat a tall and sedate looking personage, who solemnly drew out other cards from a neat little German silver case at his right hand. At every third card, as he turned it and showed it, there was some little stir among the company: one shifted one of the little piles of ivory disks from one card or interval to another; another placed more disks on his pile; another drew some of them to himself; or the presiding genius took some of them; and a watchful person with a little frame something like what they call or used to call in primary schools an arithmeticon, moved backward and forward small pips strung on wires.

Adrian, who had read divers accounts of the splendid fittings of gambling establishments, of their noble hospitalities, such as game suppers, champagne and the like, felt rather cheated; however, he quietly asked Bird if this was a faro table. Bird said it was.

The five stood watching for a few moments. Then young Button, taking a seat at the table, began to manipulate disks, which he seemed to purchase of the president. Mr. Bird with much gravity drew forth in his turn a bank note and deposited it upon the little platform among the cards. The president — if that was his title — in a moment or two with perhaps even more gravity put forth his hand and took the same into his own possession. Indeed, the card part is almost superfluous in this transparent and equitable diversion, which could be made still simpler and of course more beautiful if reduced to the plain and brief transaction of handing successive five dollar bills across a table by one person, to be received by another, who should place them in his trousers' pocket. This would save time, and also the whole expense of "lay-out," dealing-box, and checks; and ivory in particular, as the best authorities both on natural history and on commerce inform us, grows scarcer and more costly every day.

"Is that all there is to it?" whispered Adrian to Bird.

"Pretty much," was the reply, — "once in a while the money comes back the other way."

"I don't see much fun in it," rejoined Adrian.

"Ever play, sir?" joined in Oppenheimer suddenly, apparently having overheard.

"No," said Adrian; "never did such a thing in my life."

"Didn't?" said Oppenheimer with obvious eagerness. "Well, try your luck. Come on."

"Why," said Adrian, civilly, "I don't care the least about it; — besides, I can't afford it. I'm as poor as a rat."

"Never mind that," said the gambler. "Here" — and he pulled some notes out of his pocket — "Give me great pleasure to furnish you twenty dollars to begin with — We'll go in cahoot: — fifty if you want."

But Adrian's healthy nature was clean physically and morally "by sixteen descents" — and more too; for he

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was of almost unmingled blood, of the ancient English Puritan type. He was as ready for fun as anybody; and he was eager to see, and for increase of knowledge was willing to undergo even the stink of tobacco and the almost equally foul fumes of liquor and dirtiness. But it was only the wish to know that impelled him; the instinct of an active mind, inquiring after all truth, and analyzing sewerage, if necessary, to get at the portion of truth which may be peculiar to sewerage; not the instinct of the hog, which will eat it and wallow in it. He did feel an impulse, not to accept the unaccountable offer of Mr. Oppenheimer, but to take some of his own money and play it away if only to ascertain for himself what the sensation was — if there was any sensation. But he was strongly dissuaded by the repulsive something which quietly but steadily impressed him, as a subtle evil quality in an infected air comes to weigh upon one's senses. He could not see that either Scrope, who had been betting a little, Button, who was playing away in an eager manner, or Bird, who after losing his five dollars had looked on with his usual quiet air, felt any thing of this repulsion. The furniture and fittings of the room were meagre and soiled. Perhaps the foot-worn old Brussels carpet, the faded grease-spotted wall-paper with its awkward bunchy pink roses, the frowsy old maroon colored window-curtains, may have helped this feeling. But most of it was from the vulgar and evil bearing and atmosphere of the familiars of the place. There was no princely personage; no haughty young aristocrat; not even a solid banker, infuriated with a species of excitement even more hot and hellish than stock-gambling. Not even the likeness of Mr. Bret Harte's self-sacrificing scoundrel of an Oakhurst could Adrian discern. All the faces were not only hard and greedy and unfeeling and also violent and lowering in expression, but of a small, mean, vulgar type; so that Adrian remembered what he had read somewhere of some criminal class or population, that they would cut anybody's throat to get an old pair of trousers.

And he steadily declined the pressing and not particularly elegant officiousness of Mr. Oppenheimer. This gentleman's insinuating smile, after a few minutes, suddenly deserted him, and he darted a very ugly look at Adrian, muttering something about "beats," and then looking across at the president of the bank, he made some sign or other.

There was an immediate stir among the company, who arose as with one consent, president and all, leaving Button alone at the table. Several very elaborate oaths were sworn, which somehow seemed to Adrian not improper, but, like weeds on a dung-hill, simply the natural product of the place. Three or four of the men stepped to the door and stood there as if to prevent exit; the others, turning, and with murmurs more or less indistinct, bent scowling countenances upon the visitors. The chief or dealer, nearly opposite to whom, a little to the left, Adrian had been standing, was stepping around that end of the table, apparently with some vengeful intent. Adrian, startled and uncomfortable, watching all this movement, heard the dealer say something about "playing any d—d games on a party of gentlemen about their private business." As he uttered these words in a most growling and inauspicious manner, he was moving close past Bird, who stood at Adrian's left. Adrian heard his companion say in a

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low tone something of which he only caught the words — "On the square — quit it, Jimmy" — and he made some very quick gesture or other, as if to button his coat or reach after some weapon or other article in or under the breast of the same. Whatever it was that was done or said, its operation upon the indignation of the dealer was as instantaneous as the touch of oil to water in which a bit of camphor is travelling. In an instant, the fellow was perfectly motionless. Then he turned, and saying "Beg pardon — all right, gentlemen," resumed his place, and the whole trouble, whatever it was, fell instantly to the previous dead calm.

Mr. Bird, now looking at his watch, said aloud, "Well, boys, I must go; — will you come?"

Adrian assented; so did Scrope; as for Button, he swore he wouldn't until he'd got that last twenty-five dollars back. Bird looked at the dealer — at least Adrian thought so — At any rate that worthy promptly laid down the cards he had taken up, and said in a very peremptory tone,

"Bank's closed, gentlemen."

Button still grumbled; but the dealer coolly seized the pile of white checks before the young gentleman, gave him some bank-notes, which he counted out as if constituting an understood equivalent, and without paying the least attention to his irritated reclamations, arose and turned off the gas from the large burners which illuminated the faro table, leaving it in the comparatively dim light of the rest of the room. Again there was a general movement; but this time only of dispersion; and Bird, Scrope, Adrian and Button went down stairs, Mr. Oppenheimer remaining. Adrian had politely testified to the last gentleman, his obligations for guidance as well as for proffered financial aid, but the gambler was quite curt and ungenial in his reply.

From the outer door they all went together up Broadway to Union Square. Button, after divers murmurs and complaints, admitted that he was tired out. Indeed, they were all pretty tired, and Adrian not the least so; for he had been on his feet since early in the morning; and travelling in the iron-bound streets of New York is peculiarly exhausting to those unaccustomed to the unyielding footing of the stone.

As they went, Adrian, questioning with interest about the scene they had left, found that it was one of those minor haunts of gamblers which the police call a "skin game;" i.e., where the object is to (metaphorically) skin the visitors; that the company they had found there were "ropers-in" or "cappers," to wit mere decoys.

"The fact is," said Bird, "if it hadn't been that Jimmy Dexter the dealer knew I was in with the police authorities, they might have made it a little awkward for you. They get mad very easily, if they see any reason for it. Your refusing to play vexed friend Oppenheimer."

"I don't see why," said Adrian; "and what on earth made him offer me money? I never heard of such a thing."

"Don't you know?" said Bird, "Many gamblers believe a man is sure to win the first time he plays. He was going in cahoot, you know — to have half the winnings; and he looks on it that you have kept him out of so much money."

At Fourteenth Street they parted, all four going different ways; Button on a Fourth Avenue car, Scrope on a Broadway car, Bird on a down town

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car — having, he said, to go to one of the newspaper offices, late as it was; while Adrian though weary, preferred to walk at least part of the way to his quarters, for the sake of refreshing himself with a little out-door air after his triple seething in the hot close filth of concert-saloon, billiard-room and gambling-hole.

As he went, he meditated, the series of his thoughts running somewhat as follows:

"Lucky it isn't William that I'm engaged to! — Rather undesirable brother-in-law! — However, no danger that Ann will let him infest her household much! — Hope Mr. Button doesn't own Hope Chapel building too! — Wonder if I could get a copy of that police list of New York good men that own bad houses? — Shouldn't like to have a quarrel with Mr. Button over that concert saloon tenement! — What a defiling evening! Makes one feel unclean through and through! Touch pitch — I don't envy this Mr. Bird his other experiences that he wouldn't tell — Sha'n't ask him either; I've dived deep enough for my purposes! — No use to try to do any thing for William, I'm afraid — Fit, too; — I've heard that epilepsy never lets go if it once gets hold — Fitzwilliam, I suppose Scrope will be calling him — Sorry for his father" —

And so on, his mind rambling round and round amongst the particular web of circumstances closest to him at the time, until he reached his boarding-house, on one of the cross streets near the since disused Twenty-Seventh Street Railroad Station. Here, after a good deal of trouble, he was admitted, and with profuse apologies he retired to the small "hall bedroom" which was his lair for the time being, and at once went to bed.

He fell asleep instantly; but some broken and disjected members of his waking thoughts still haunted him in his dreams. Their fantastic and unwelcome nature may have been partly caused by a still remaining evil effect of the nasty liquors of which he had twice partaken that evening. Perhaps some additional unpleasantness may have accrued from the endemic co-tenants of his bed; for nothing in the experiences of his own home, cleanliest of the cleanly homes of old Hartford, had prepared him for these blood-sucking vexations. To inquire whether or no any prophetic force or quality was concerned or contained in these dreams, would be to raise questions even deeper than those of entomology or hygiene.

Whatever the causes, however, it is certain that at some time in that night he dreamed a grotesque and disagreeable dream, one of those peculiarly distinct and truthful-seeming ones that occasionally come to us, and which leave in the mind the memory as of a real past experience. It appeared to him that he was with difficulty making his way westward along the sidewalk on the north side of Pearl Street, Hartford, between Main and Trumbull Streets. The walk was one unbroken sheet of "glare ice," and the weather was bitter cold. As he slid and tottered unsteadily along, he suddenly, — but with a horror singularly in the reverse of what must have been his waking feelings at an appeal from that voice, — heard himself called by name, but in a jeering and most ill-natured manner, by his own lady-love — Miss Ann Jacintha Button. "Here, here, you fool!" she scolded, in a sharp high tone — "why don't you

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wait for me! Wait, I tell you!" But scared most unreasonably by the call, he seemed to redouble what became a frantic effort to escape instead of a mere unstable but decorous progress along the street; and looking behind in his fright, he saw Miss Button skating, — as it were, — with terrific velocity upon his traces, her arms outstretched as if to seize him, with something of the fell and fatal pertinacity of Death after the Youth in the New England Primer —

> "*Youth* forward slips —
> Death soonest nips."

With horribly inefficient increase of effort, he scrambled onward, thinking "I'll get round the corner of Trumbull Street in a minute, and then I'll run!" — though why he should not have adopted this unutterably base and cowardly expedient at once, he could not have told, — unless because he must have tumbled down. Still he strove forward, while the calls and jeers and reproaches of the pursuing maiden grew as voluble and furious as the magical voices that in the Arabian tale beset persons ascending the hill on their road to the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Yellow Water. Persons met him and passed him, looking with open contempt upon his flight; and ever and anon Miss Button threw in a sarcastic request to them to "see that fool trying to run away!" The icy sidewalk of the single block from the Pearl Street Church to the Town Clerk's Office seemed to stretch into a perspective as hopeless as the whole Great Arctic Floe; and just as his fright, his vexation at not getting forward, and his mortification at making such an exhibition in public, began to be further complicated by fantastic doubts as to the topographical possibilities of what he was actually about, he woke, with an incredible sense of relief, and before he fell asleep again, he puzzled himself for a long time, trying to decide whether there was any rational element in the vision. Possibly the fact of his making the inquiry may have been evidence for the affirmative; but if so, it was without any consciousness or assent on his part.

CHAPTER XV.

THE proposed "see-ance" (that is what most of them call it, with accent on the first syllable, doubtless supposing it to mean a session of seers) of the next day being postponed for some reason or other, Adrian passed his Thursday and Friday in sight-seeing and other varied occupations, taking care to find pretexts for calling two or three times at Mr. Van Braam's and once or twice at Mr. Button's, as was right and proper. He also met more than once Mr. Scrope and Mr. Scrope's new friend Bird the police reporter, with whom the free and easy young Englishman seemed to have struck up a friendship almost as prompt and absorbing as that of the soulful maiden in "The Rovers, or, The Double Arrangement," who, after two minutes' converse with another soulful maiden that she has never met before, exclaims, "A sudden thought strikes me — let us swear an eternal friendship!"

Mr. Bird was, however, in fact a "very nice fellow." He was quiet, silent rather than talkative, but had a way of knowing every thing — within a certain range, that is, — giving a clear and sufficient account of it if applied to, in a perfectly unpretending manner; and there was an air of steadiness and coolness that somehow made him comfortable to be with. Besides, he was willing to go

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anywhere, provided his professional duties, which were somewhat irregular, allowed, and as his knowledge of the evil side of city life appeared — so far at least — to be peculiarly complete, he was just the guide, philosopher and friend that the scatter-brained Scrope wanted. Indeed, Scrope urged Adrian to go with him and Bird on more than one voyage of inquiry during these same two days; but the young man had had quite enough for the present of the subsoiling investigations that seemed so delightful to the Englishman; and the more mysterious and enthusiastic Scrope became in his descriptions and anticipations, the less did Adrian relish either the pursuit or the pursuer. Bird seemed totally indifferent as to these expeditions themselves, and to be actuated only by a pleasant good-natured willingness to obtain for the eager young foreigner any knowledge or experience whatever that he might desire, without raising any question about good or evil.

On the evening of Friday, however, Adrian and Civille made their appearance in due season at the little hall which was the usual gathering-place of the *Solidarité de l'Avenir;* a rather close and fusty upper room in a public building in the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Place. It is a discouraging fact that reforming assemblies are usually almost as ill ventilated as primary meetings. If the founders of the New Patent Future don't provide clean fresh atmospheric air to begin with, they need not expect they can bring about a clean fresh social atmosphere. A dirty philosopher may perhaps by possible exception teach a clean philosophy. So may a frail and crooked-looking person possess a good deal of strength; but it is not probable.

Adrian and Civille accommodated themselves with seats pretty near the desk, somewhat at one side, and which, by virtue of a curve in the line of the seats, gave a view both of the little stage and of all the auditors. They had hardly settled themselves in their places, before Messrs. Scrope and Bird — who, it will be remembered, had received from Miss Civille, permission to be present, — and Mr. William Button along with them, who had not received any such permission, — walked gravely in, and espying the young people, came and ensconced themselves, after salutation due, behind them; Bird behind Civille, Scrope behind Adrian, next to the right and Button at Scrope's right, so as to be furthest from Civille; a diagram apparently laid down by pure chance, but which very neatly represented the spiritual relations of the five; Civille and Adrian (for instance) perhaps not very far from the same line, but Civille at the left or heart side; Bird very decidedly behind her; Scrope at least as much further from her as the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle is longer than a side; and Button at a trapezoidal distance. The room rapidly filled up with men and women, a good many of the latter coming without masculine escort; it was not long before every seat was full, and a number of later comers were forced to stand in a row next the walls. A grave and tall old man with long thick iron-gray hair combed smoothly back over his head and behind his ears, arose from one of the side seats and took the chair. There was a sort of expectant interval of a few minutes, and a buzz of whispering talk like a thin acoustic cloud floating at the level of the people's heads. To this our quintette of friends quietly contributed.

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"How d'ye like the looks of the Solidarity de Lavenoo?" asked Mr. William Button, among the others, in Adrian's right ear. A spirituous incense on his breath floated round at the same time to his hearer's nose.

"All very nice, so far," replied Adrian, smiling at the young gentleman's joke.

"Queer crowd," pursued Button — "like boarding-house butter — more hair than fat."

This, though inelegant in point of rhetoric, was a very just observation in substance, as Adrian perceived to his great amusement as he glanced around the room. In truth, he thought to himself that Button alone was probably possessed of more fat than all the rest of the assembly. They were terribly skinny, indeed, almost all of them, with hollow eyes, lank cheeks, and frames as spare as if the assembly was a congress of clothes-horses. Adrian fancied they had all been desiccated in some hot dry air, and he had a feeling as if it was still playing about among them. Sensitive to impressions and atmospheres, he seemed almost to feel that his own lips and his eyes were beginning to parch a little; that he was beginning to dry up in the heat that seemed to quiver in the crowded room. In truth he had entered into a new world; the thin ghostly windy overheated oven-dried world of Talking Reform Enthusiasts, that he had so often heard of, but had never really touched and felt; that strange unreal buzz, of mere good intention with so little morality or religion mingling in it, so little positive constructive intellect, above all so infinitely less of real power — of common sense. A fantastic realm is theirs, situated, like the Nephelococcygia, the cloud-bird-land, of Aristophanes, between the heavens and the earth. Here they flit, with no footing on the one, and no reach into the other, yet with a feeling that like the Birds of the witty Greek dramatist they are managing both. But they have no hold. Like the ghosts that flocked about Ulysses at the entrance to Hades, their own unsubstantiality repels them when they try to grasp. A curious further detail or two of analogy might be traced between those melancholy Odyssean shades and our Talking Enthusiasts of to-day. They are querulous; there is something remote and thin in all their utterances; they gibber; and some of them at least — such as the extreme Red Republicans for instance, make their nearest approach to a substantial and efficient life by drinking warm blood.

The present occasion, too, although Adrian had not been told of it, was a grand field day or General Muster, such as should take place for every army from time to time, to serve as roll-call, to enable the force to encourage itself by the sight of its whole proud self all together and by the consciousness of its power in unison; and to maintain habits of associated activity and concerted effort. The hosts of progress — or rather Progress, — were here in presence. Hosts is the word; for each of those skinny middle-aged women, each of those lank long-haired, dried-eyed men, is a host in h{im/er}self — if you will accept the host's own word for it.

Another trait in this assembly was very striking to Adrian. This was the exceptional forms of the heads. In a State legislature, in the representative deliberative assembly of a powerful religious sect, the large average size of the heads may be noticeable, or their average height

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—and sometimes their average baldness; but they are almost all heads that do not greatly vary from a usual form. But the *Solidarité* looked in this particular like the head-maker's lumber-room for bad jobs. Some of the people had over-large brains on thin weak necks; some of the heads were small and over-intense; some were oddly high and narrow; some bulged upward and forward; some were cut short off in a perpendicular line close behind the ears; some shot out in a shelving slope over the eyes; some poked up and back into a peak at the crown.

Adrian, studying this grotesque assortment of exteriors, and musing upon the spirit of the assembly, strove to apprehend some element in it which might seem a reasonable point of sympathy for attracting such a finely and sensitively organized person as Civille. The best conclusion he could reach was, however, that there must be in her an appreciation of their good intentions, and a loving charity, together large and strong enough to silence any repugnance that she might feel from the side of taste, or any jeers from the mirthful side of her nature. *A priori*, most certainly, one would judge that a fastidious and delicately cultured lady could only have laughed, or looked the other way. As it was, she seemed to him almost like a solitary Sister of Charity in a hospital full of harmless lunatics.

—The gray haired old chairman rapped thrice upon the desk:

—"The *Solidarité* will please come to order!"

—"Don Rodrigo Scipio de Nada, of Cuba, will address the friends, on the Progress of the Physical Sciences."

Don Rodrigo, a short slight little man, very gentlemanly in dress and bearing, with black eyes and hair, a dark complexion, a pleasant face, a smiling and courtly manner, on this stepped forward from one of the front seats and opened the business of the evening. Nobody could possibly have surmised what the graceful little gentleman was going to say. He began with a well worded apology for his English, —which did not need it, —and then went on somewhat thus:

"One of the Physical Sciences recently investigated with the most active interest is Optics. —If we admit a beam of the sun's light through a small hole into a dark room, and cause it to fall upon a smooth white surface after passing through a triangular piece of glass called a prism, there will be seen upon the white surface not a spot of white light, but a bar composed of successive portions of different colors. This is called the Solar Spectrum."

And so on; being the merest rudiments of the subject, as given in any school philosophy. Poor little Don Rodrigo! His notions about the average attainments of a probable audience in that community were based on the condition of common schools in Cuba. He was importing coals into Newcastle as fast as he could; you may say of the bituminous variety too, by the spontaneously combustible tendency which was quickly developed. For a few moments the hearers were mannerly and quiet enough; then they began to whisper and giggle; to grow restless and stir about in their seats. An odd looking bald man, very dusty of aspect, in a brown coat, hopped up at the further side of the room and opened his mouth, with the obvious purpose of interrupting, but was expeditiously pulled down again by a more forbearing companion, which enterprise caused a ripple of laughter, and Don Rodrigo paused

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a moment in innocent wonder. In a few moments more the bald man made another vain attempt to hop up. Almost at the same time, another queer looking person with a sharp wrinkled face and dyed hair and beard, — though really queerness in that assembly consisted in not being queer — with the same jerkiness of action as the bald man's, also hopped up, and being either less fortunate in a companion or more powerful in resolution or in physique, he completed his nefarious, or at least discourteous, design. "Mr. Chairman," he snapped out in a high sharp key, speaking very fast and fidgety, and growing madder as he went on, "Mr. Chairman, I think the gentleman had better stop right here. I didn't come here to-night to be told a lot of stuff that I learned when I was a little boy at school. He's wasting the time of this meeting, when it ought to be occupied in promoting the greatest interest of the human race."

A strange cracked feminine voice a little behind Adrian squealed out,

"I think the brother's quite right."

Don Rodrigo, altogether dismayed, surrendered at once, and crept humbly back from the stage to his place, where he sat immovable and distraught, all the rest of the evening, gazing at the toes of his neat little boots, as unconscious of the collision of majestic intellects that was going on around him as one of the corpses in Kaulbach's great picture, of the furious warrior- wraiths contending in the air above.

The cracked squealing voice resumed;

"Mr. Chairman!" —

The chairman gave an uneasy look around him, like one who seeks shelter from an impending shower. Civille whispered to Adrian, who was with extreme difficulty preserving a grave countenance,

"It's Mrs. Gloriana Babbles the Inspirational Speaking Medium. She's a little troublesome sometimes, for the spirits that control her have many things to say."

Adrian turned and gazed at Mrs. Babbles with a good deal of interest, for it was his first close view of one of the prophetesses of the period, and she was only three seats away. She was, it is needless to say, skinny; but in a superlative degree: so that the idea occurred to Adrian's naughty mind, whether in such a case the cuticle might not admit of gores being cut out at the sides or elsewhere, as they treat over-full garments, the slits thus formed to be neatly sewed together, thus restoring a smooth fit. Otherwise, the good lady, like Mrs. Gamp, had "the remains of a fine woman" about her. She had once possessed a quite comely face, and a good figure. But little beside the bones was left to show it; her blue eyes were faded and sunken in deep sockets; the lips, thin and pale, were a little crowded by the artificial teeth; the whole face had a dried look; the long stringy curls that dangled at either side of her head looked wispy and fatigued; and her voice, besides being cracked and high and thin, was curiously nasal withal; a falsetto-soprano squeal through the nose.

"Mister Chairman," she began, "I am impressed this evening with the greatness of the work before us. Brethren and sisters," — Adrian, looking back to the chairman, saw that the old gentleman's face had assumed a grotesque expression of rueful endurance, and he drew a very long breath to the same effect — But at the moment up jumped again the guardian angel with dyed hair,

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— "A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in *dye*," —

snapped out that he rose to a point of order, and therewithal he moved that all speeches be limited to five minutes. This was seconded, Adrian thought, by almost everybody in the room, and was carried by an enormous majority, the cracked voice of Mrs. Babbles being prominent among the few negatives.

"Dear friends," resumed the medium, waving about in a sort of rhythmic motion, "I sorrow that such narrow limitations should be laid upon the spirit-utterance. Yet the loss is yours. I am impressed to reveal to you the sure approach of the glorious day of spiritual enlargement. I see, in the immediate future, bright traces of the wondrous sunrise of spirit freedom, of spirit love, of spirit happiness" —

And so on. At the end of five minutes sharp, rap rap rap! went the old chairman's gavel with most emphatic good will; and Mrs. Babbles succumbed at once.

Then succeeded a number of speakers, some on one subject and some on another, some of whom were in the most shameless and partial manner allowed to transgress the wholesome five-minute rule. Mrs. Babbles murmured audibly at this more than once, but in vain. A spirit of oppression was present, and she could not resist it. Adrian listened, in wonder at the immense range of views which were presented — from the extremest intolerant Calvinist piety to the most utter denial of any thing superhuman or of a distinction between right and wrong; from absolute materialism to absolute spiritism; from a servile obedience to organized legality, to the jumpingest individual freedom. Equally was he struck with the fantastic nature of the suggestions thrown out, at their astounding disconnectedness, and at the wonderful tolerance of the speakers, which was very genuine, and very funny; for it consisted, not so much in giving hospitality to other people's views, as in being patient while other people snubbed your own. They snapped and snarled, as if ready to bite one another's heads off; the mordant dusty dyed man getting full as many nips as he gave, and though everybody spoke as irritably as if they all had neuralgia, yet nobody resented it. They were no more civil, and no more resentful, than so many members of the Peace Society; which indeed a good many of them were.

But the jumble was terrific. There was a neat little brown-eyed woman who solemnly told in an absorbed manner and with a sweet voice how her prayers had already slain the Pope of Rome, and how the Scarlet Lady was in consequence on or before the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventh year from that, to be finally dislodged from her sevenfold seat. There was Mr. Jobraker the Linguist with his new Universal Language, in which he delivered a short address, after explaining that as this language was based on the principles of the universe, all those who were in the right relations to the universe would understand every syllable. The alternative was obvious, and Adrian had to conclude that his relations were not right — if Mr. Jobraker was; for he could hear in the new language only a hash of uncouth noises. Then arose a woman who developed a theory that only women have souls; men having none, but only enough of a sort of animal intelligence to fit them for waiting on the ladies. This was

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received with a good deal of applause, in which the oppressed Mrs. Babbles was particularly vehement. There was a man whose view was that only the Old Testament should be regarded as the authoritative scriptures, for the reason that neither Christ nor any New Testament writer had commanded or recommended any such book or writing except the Old Testament; there was a person, with the puzzled and weary look of one that labors among thoughts too heavy for him, and whose eyes gleamed with incipient madness, who delivered an incoherent discourse, stuffed with Latin and Greek references, upon the coming renewal of all things, which, he said, was in English, the Period of Cosmopolitics; but should more properly be called by the name (well adapted to convey a hint of the confounding of all relations together) — The Epikataparastasis. Upon this poor fellow the five-minute rule was ruthlessly enforced. There was a gentleman who was just returned from a great city in the interior of Africa, accompanied by a native chieftain therefrom; — the names, as nearly as Adrian could get at them were, the city of Ofoofoo, the chief Woojubleevit; who looked like any other decent person of color respectably dressed; and the traveller announced that a subscription was open at the desk to educate Mr. W—— nobody subscribing. Then there was Professor Yellitt Strong, who wanted to advocate his great project of an Elocutionary College for Brakemen, to prevent the misery which arises from so many people's not understanding where they are to get off the cars; and Professor Strong gave some very impressive illustrations of the inarticulate howls now in vogue on railroad trains, and then contrasted these with the clear and resounding shouts that ought to be, and with which the professor almost hoisted the assembly bodily off their seats.

Perhaps the most interesting of all however was a lady — skinny, of course, — elderly, as it happened, — who presented herself as a delegate from a band of sisters claiming to be far in advance of any other reformers.

At this audacious statement the *Solidarité* fairly gasped. No wonder. In advance of us! Why, they thought, we have gone to the very extreme — and then jumped off, — how is it possible to float any further out into Chaos! But the delegate proceeded to read the resolutions of her constituent body. Were they in earnest, or not? Adrian, dizzy with the whirling phantoms of the place, beset and buffeted like an intellectual Saint Anthony by a whole pandemonium of monstrous visions, was ready for almost any thing.

"Resolutions," read this fearless champion of her sex, and who by the way had visibly possessed herself by some means or other of no mean portion of the badge of nobility which she vindicated for her down-trodden sex—

"Resolutions of the society for HIRSUTE EMANCIPATION.

"*Whereas* there is every reason to believe that the effeminate beardlessness which distinguishes most women is an ingeniously contrived badge of slavery imposed upon them by the Tyrant Man; and

"*Whereas* there is equal reason to believe that one bold, united and persevering effort will free us from this or any other physiological mark of the degradation of our sex, therefore

"*Resolved:* that we hereby organize for the glorious and noble purpose of Securing Beards to Women, as

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the first step in the great progress of the age towards the Equality of the Sexes.

"*Resolved:* that we will take the remaining steps as soon as we have achieved the first.

"*Resolved:* That all who are not wholly recreant to the cause of their sister men, degraded below the least comprehension of the Spirit of the Age, and lost to every sense of justice, are called upon to rally round our banner."

Having read this declaration, the lady informed the *Solidarité* that Mr. Darwin's doctrine of the beauty of hairlessness was no other than a cunning attempt to ward off in advance this very movement by the women. She developed also a long and unanswerable historic argument constructed on the principle of those that show how all the good things in the Christian religion were pretty universally known long before Christianity was invented; which argument began with that striking passage from the Old Edda, which describes how, in order to bind Fenrir the Wolf, the child of Loki and Angurbodi,

"Al-father sent Skirnir the messenger of Frey into the country of the Dark Elves or Svartalfaheim (swart-elf-home) to engage certain dwarfs to make the fetter called Gleipnir. It was fashioned out of six things; to wit, the noise made by the foot-fall of a cat, THE BEARDS OF WOMEN, the roots of stones, the sinews of tears, the breath of fish and the spittle of birds." Coming hence down the long tract of ages, the speaker ended with a triumphant presentation of the case of Signora Julia Pastrana, the Celebrated Bearded Lady, who, she said, is a living proof of the truth of the new principles, — and The President of the Society. The Treasurer, she continued, is Mrs. Jackman of Wilmington, Illinois — and here the speaker read from a Western newspaper,

"Wilmington, Ill., has a bearded lady, who is 27 years old, born in the State of Maine, has shaved for 18 years; and weighs 150 pounds. She is short in stature, and is married to a Mr. Jackman. She wears a beautiful mustache and chin whiskers black as a coal. Mrs. Jackman is a very intelligent woman, and is not at all ashamed of her whiskers."

There was also a Physiological and Medical Director — Doctor Beard: —

"Patron Saint, the Old Hairy," thought Adrian; but he did not dare say it.

In such addresses the evening sped excitingly away. Adrian, always a student of character, was singularly interested in this astonishing collection of exceptional types, and felt the same interest, with a distinct sense of pain superadded, in considering the question, What business has my pure and delicate cousin Civille in this rout? She is like the Lady amongst the beasts in "Comus" — how can I get her out? Perplexed and pondering, — but reserving his conclusion with an instinctive use of what is called "the judicial mind," until he should have got in all the evidence, he resolved to wait before making up his mind, until he should have attended the other proposed sittings, namely at the medium's, and at "The Germ." So he escorted his cousin home, — their talk consisting of his inquiries about the personages of the *Solidarité* and their objects, — and left her.

[To be continued.]

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THE RECORD.

BY T. G. A.

At Cambridge, in its ancient university,
And at umbrageous Amherst, you may find
Slabs marked with footsteps in extreme diversity, —
Prints which Earth's caravans have left behind.

They are the pages of our planet's history,
Older than records writ by human pen,
Linked to our life by life's recorded mystery,
And lost in night at last beyond our ken.

All are obscurely grand; with them coeval
We seem, in fancy, to behold the seas
Retire before the smoking land's upheaval,
And earth for man made fit by slow degrees.

Vast shapes, the warders of those days chaotic;
Batrachian monsters wallowing in the slime
Of rivers, — life's rude sketches embryotic,
And hints of forms to be advanced by time.

Among them is the record of an hour,
One minute of it, — awfullest of things, —
Where passed along the plastic ooze a shower,
Sealing in sandstone all its dimpling rings.

Time faints in reckoning what hour, what minute,
Near its own birth-time, fell from heaven that rain:
'Tis as if yesterday it fell; and in it
We may read much to make Heaven's meaning plain.

Each passing moment stamps its fixed impression
Somewhere, with meaning for our human lives, —
Somewhere, each act, each thought, makes its confession:
Nothing is lost, the smallest thing survives.

God's angels photograph the sigh of feeling,
The blush of guilt, a blessing or a ban
For the hereafter, when, to all revealing,
In light shall show the hidden life of man.

If matter live so locked in stone forever,
Much more shall soul impress its fleeting shower,
And gleam of sunshine, till from Death's cold river
Shall rise immortal tokens of each hour.

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THE GRANGES OF THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

BY MRS. PAULINE SWALM.

THE idea of the order of the "Patrons of Husbandry" was originally borrowed from an association which for many years had maintained a feeble existence in a community of Scotch farmers in North Carolina. The objects of this Scotch society, so far as can be ascertained, appear to have been the purchase of all needed supplies from first hands and at wholesale rates, and the cultivation of more intimate social relations among its members; that is, it was a secret, co-operative, industrial, and social association among those already allied by mutual work and interest and sympathy. It was meagre in number, and narrow in influence, to a degree that the fact of its existence was unknown beyond the limits of the little community affected by its institutions. Nor was it until the spring of 1868, that the idea of these Scotch farmers first began to be mooted abroad, and become known to the people of the West. During the previous winter, Mr. O. H. Kelley of Itasca, Minn., and a dozen other leading agriculturists of the West, happening together in Washington, held frequent interviews in relation to the interests of the farming population of the Great West. It was at this time and place that the farmers' movement first suggested itself to their minds, upon learning of the character and operation of the little Scotch society in North Carolina, whence sprung the agricultural revolution in its present shape. At once the idea was seized upon, and adapted to meet the purposes of a national organization. Early in the year 1868 a "grange" was organized at Itasca, Minn., under the supervision of Mr. Kelley. This was the first grange organization in the United States, except the organic germ in North Carolina. Another grange was speedily organized at Newton, Jasper County, Io.; and in a short time a third entered upon a feeble existence at Waukon, Allamakee County, Io., Here and there in various parts of the West and North-west, other granges were organized from time to time; but the movement had not yet taken firm root, and its existence was still precarious. At the end of 1871, the order had been introduced into Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois; but, up to the close of the year 1871, its entire number in the four States named is estimated at not over seventy-five thousand.

Quickened by a new impulse, and strengthened by a powerful vitality, its progress within the past twelve months, beginning with the year 1872, has been not less than wonderful. From its weak army of seventy-five thousand, it is claimed, that, in the same four States, its membership has swelled to the more formidable number of four hundred and fifty thousand, and is constantly increasing with the same rapid vigor. At the same time, the order has been introduced into a large proportion of the remaining States, and some of the Territories, and is extending not only to the north and west, but also to the east and south. It is this prodigious growth, rapid advance, and general diffusion throughout the country, that gives the deepest significance to this movement. In Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and particularly in Geor-

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gia, the agricultural classes are organizing granges with the same avidity which characterizes the movement in the North-west. Altogether it is found in active operation at the present time in twenty States, two or three Territories, and in the Canadas.

During all these years of slow development and growth, it is noteworthy that the practical operation of the farmers, movement has continued to be conducted by its originators, who divided amongst themselves the offices aud charter membership of the National Grange, which constitutes the supreme court of appeal in all questions appertaining to the active management and work of the order. From its early day to the present moment, no important changes have been effected in its management; and, for the most part, its leaders are actively and nominally the same.

The order is a secret society. Women, as well as men, are admitted to all the privileges of the granges. Members admitted to the first degree are known respectively as Laborer and Maid; to the second degree, as Cultivator and Shepherdess; to the third degree, as Harvester and Gleaner; and, to the fourth degree, as Husbandman and Matron. The fifth degree is conferred only in the State granges, which are composed of masters and past-masters of the subordinate granges, and their wives, who are matrons. Those admitted to this degree are called members of the Pomona or Hope Grange. The sixth degree is conferred only upon members of the council of the National Grange, which is composed of masters and past-masters of State granges, and their wives, who have taken the degree of Pomona. The emblem of this degree is Flora (charity). The seventh and highest degree is conferred only upon members of the national senate, which comprises members of the council who have served one year in that body. The members of this degree are charged with the secret work of the order, and constitute a court of impeachment of all officers of the National Grange. The functions of the council and senate are equivalent to those of representatives and senators in civil legislative bodies. The supreme executive authority of the order is lodged in the master of the National Grange; at present Mr. Dudley W. Adams of Waukon, Io. Each subordinate grange, in common with the National and State granges, elects its own master, overseer, lecturer, steward, assistant-steward, chaplain, treasurer, secretary, gate-keeper, Ceres, Pomona, Flora, and lady assistant-steward, whose relative duties are implied in their respective names. The officers of subordinate granges are elected for one year's service; of State granges, for two; and of the National Grange, for three. In accordance with the second article of the constitution, subordinate granges must meet at least once each month, and the State and National granges annually; the former to select its own time and place, and the latter on the first Wednesday in February of each year, at such place as shall be from year to year determined. Its last meeting was held in Washington; its next will be held at St. Louis. In active operation, the subordinate granges mostly meet fortnightly. The minimum fee for membership in a subordinate grange is, for men five dollars, and for women two dollars, except charter-members, who pay, — men three dollars, and women fifty cents. In order to organize a new subordinate grange, it is necessary for nine men and four women who have

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received the four subordinate degrees to make application for a dispensation to the secretary of the National Grange, — Mr. O. H. Kelley of Washington, — and accompany the same with a fee of fifteen dollars. Fifteen active subordinate granges in a State may apply for and receive authority to organize a State grange. Each State grange is represented by its master in the National Grange. The one clause in the constitution which at once has received the severest censure and warmest praise is that which summarily excludes all religious and political questions as subjects of discussion from the work of the order. The greatest danger of the movement at this time is, that it will wreck itself, on a sudden, on the fatal reef of politics, from the nearing of which it is warned, and even forbidden.

The word "grange," by which name the order in its working capacity is designated, which, in this instance, is equivalent to lodge, is from the Latin *granum*, signifying grain: in fact, the word has a variety of meanings, or shades of meanings, which all confine it strictly to an agricultural connection. In ordinary English it means a farm, together with all its immovable belongings. In French it means a grain-farm. In old Scotch it signifies a place where the tithes and rents of the church were paid in kind; and in modern Scotch it denotes a grain-farm's buildings. The word is very old; and in the literature of earlier times it is of frequent occurrence as applied to aristocratical residences; in which sense it has a similar significance to the words "park," "lodge," and "lair." But the name is always in some way connected with farming, or land and its belongings; and is as appropriate and fine-sounding and aristocratic a title as the farmers of the country need desire to be distinguished by.

As a rule, the members of this order are farmers; but the terms of the constitution exclude no one from its membership: and many are joining the rank and file of the movement who are not farmers, but yet who are as deeply interested in the success of the main purposes of the organization as the practical farmer. The leading object of the farmers' movement is to secure cheap transportation for farm-produce, to regulate railroad tariffs in such manner as will afford a fair and reasonable outlet for the enormous and rapidly increasing grain product of the North-west. Another prominent purpose of the organization is the reduction of the cost of manufactured implements by bringing the manufacturer and farmer into direct relation. For this purpose, the granges appoint middle men of their own, through whom an interchange of products is effected at the minimum cost. On all the leading railway lines of Iowa are found these grange agents, who control the shipping-interests of the entire farming community of the State, and stipulate for the purchase of farm implements and all other articles of daily consumption. Already, in the way of manufactures, the yoke has been made easy; but the railroads are hitherto inexorable. Throughout the whole Mississippi Valley there is a surplus of food products, and a deficiency of manufactures: in consequence, the necessity arises for a foreign market; although a more extensive home market would be better for the double purpose of sale and purchase. At the present high rates of railway tariff the disadvantage to the producing classes of this region is

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obvious. Here lies the strength of their reason for demanding a remedy, and the keynote to the present success of the order of the Patrons of Husbandry. It is because, under the existing order of things, the wages, which means the net earnings, of the farmers of the North-west, are the wages of starvation.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR. — The following list gives the names of the present chiefs of the order, the Preamble to the Constitution of the National Grange, and the Practical Suggestions after it, and before the Constitution of the Iowa State Grange. The constitutions themselves are merely codes for the business management of the order, and give not the least hint of what its chiefs, or the order itself, may or may not do. The only suggestions on these important points to be found in the authentic document from which these extracts are taken are in the extracts themselves; and a careful reading of them will suggest a good many things, particularly if the absence of restraint on the managers is kept in mind.

It should further be remembered, that the Patrons of Husbandry and their granges are not the same body as, nor connected with, a working-man's association with national views, having its headquarters at Washington, and a cheap transportation convention, which recently met at New York, and one at Atlanta, Ga.

OFFICERS OF NATIONAL GRANGE.

ELECTED AT SIXTH ANNUAL SESSION.

Master, Dudley W. Adams, Waukon, Io. *Overseer*, Thomas Taylor, Columbia, S.C. *Lecturer*, T. A. Thompson, Plainview, Wabasha County, Minn. *Steward*, A. J. Vaughan, Early Grove, Marshall County, Miss. *Assistant Steward*, G. W. Thompson, New Brunswick, N. J. *Chaplain*, Rev. A. B. Grosh, Washington, D.C. *Treasurer*, F. M. McDowell, Corning, N.Y. *Secretary*, O. H. Kelley, Washington, D.C. *Gate-Keeper*, O. Dinwiddie, Orchard Grove, Lake County, Ind. *Ceres*, Mrs. D. W. Adams, Waukon, Io. *Pomona*, Mrs. O. H. Kelley, Washington, D.C. *Flora*, Mrs. J. C. Abbott, Clarkesville, Butler County, Io. *Lady Assistant Steward*, Miss C. A. Hall, Washington, D.C.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

William Saunders, Washington, D.C.; D. Wyatt Aiken, Cokesbury, Abbeville, County, S.C.; E. R. Shankland, Dubuque, Io.

PREAMBLE.

"Human happiness is the acme of earthly ambition. Individual happiness depends upon general prosperity.

"The prosperity of a nation is in proportion to the value of its productions.

"The soil is the source from whence we derive all that constitutes wealth; without it we would have no agriculture, no manufactures, no commerce. Of all the material gifts of the Creator, the various productions of the vegetable world are of the first importance. The art of agriculture is the parent and precursor of all arts, and its products the foundation of all wealth.

"The productions of the earth are subject to the influence of natural laws, invariable and indisputable: the amount produced will consequently be in proportion to the intelligence of the producer; and success will depend upon his knowledge of the action of these laws, and the proper application of their principles.

"Hence knowledge is the foundation of happiness.

"The ultimate object of this organization is for mutual instruction and protection, to lighten labor by diffusing a knowledge of its aims and purposes, expand the mind by tracing the beautiful laws the great Creator has established in the universe, and to enlarge our views of Creative wisdom and power.

"To those who read aright, history proves, that, in all ages, society is fragmentary; and successful results of general

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welfare can be secured only by general effort. Unity of action cannot be acquired without discipline, and discipline cannot be enforced without significant organization: hence we have a ceremony of initiation which binds us in mutual fraternity as with a band of iron; but, although its influence is so powerful, its application is as gentle as that of the silken thread that binds a wreath of flowers."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

"The work of the subordinate granges has two stages, or periods.

"First, we organize the granges, and study to become familiar with the work of the lodge-room. We study to take in the essence and spirit of our beautiful and elevating ritual. We also get acquainted with each other. As a people, we pay too little regard to the social and fraternal element in society. There are, perhaps, reasons why this is so, growing out of our earnest, practical life in developing a new country; but it is none the less true that our happiness and well-being would be better promoted by cultivating more fully our social natures.

"After the organizing period has passed, we come to the business or material phase of our work. Here we need to be governed by a large and enlightened wisdom. We are suffering from the oppression of corporations. Manufacturers combine against us; and, owing to circumstances by which we are surrounded, we perhaps do not understand, at present, just the best and most business-like method of remedying the evil. We need, then, to carefully study and mature our plans before we begin to act. We talk over among ourselves what we desire to do, and compare opinions as to the best methods of arriving at results. Having perfected our plans, we should be more than careful that we carry out in good faith and in a business-like way all agreements and contracts."

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The Examiner.

ALMOST any thing with language on it may constitute a literature, if collected in sufficient numbers. Clay cylinders with arrow-headed characters on them, medals or coins, rocks with inscriptions, files of play-bills or hand-bills or posters: — even the collection of bottle-corks which a certain virtuoso got together with immense pains was literature, so far as the names branded on the corks constituted a collection of inscriptions. Possibly even a library of old closed account-books could be called a literature. Nobody will deny the name to a collection of pamphlets — unless, perhaps, they should be catalogues of auction-sales of groceries and dry-goods. A collection of college catalogues, though, perhaps, reasons might be found for disallowing it the name of literature, is entitled to it for special reasons. Such catalogues are records of institutions either wholly or in great part literary in purposes or methods, or both; they include a great deal of the history of these institutions; they display a great range of courses of study; and their statistics show what numbers of youth are at a given time employed in the pursuit of the higher education.

More than two hundred such catalogues have been used in compiling the College Directory which accompanies this number of "OLD AND NEW." It is true, that, to obtain these, some six hundred or more institutions were circulared, and a good many of these a second time. As to those which did not reply, is it not a natural consolation to conclude that either they are defunct, or that they are beneath consideration? But Harvard College was one of these. And, moreover, there are reasons for believing that one of the most deeply seated of human feelings is a disinclination to furnish statistics to another man for nothing. A pathetic article in "The Publishers' Weekly" of June 7, entitled "The Catalogue Question," is to the same effect. It sets forth with much feeling how hopeless would be the task of preparing a complete list of American publications. It could be done, no doubt; but to prepare the list, and print five hundred copies of the book (more than could be sold), would cost at least

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ten thousand dollars' worth of time, labor, and printing. So much money cannot be raised in America for that object.

Even the swift examination of these catalogues which has been made in compiling our College Directory has suggested some things of interest. The compiler, who has not meddled much with college catalogues since about a quarter of a century ago, when he was in the way of knowing a little about them, has noticed changes.

There are more institutions, of course. The population of the country has increased from about 23,000,000 in 1850, to about 38,500,000 in 1870, and, according to the average rate of increase, to just about 40,000,000 in 1873. Wealth has increased a good deal more than population; having grown from just over $6,000,000,000 to just over $14,000,000,000. General mental activity, and, with the rest, that sort which seeks education, cannot be stated in figures; but the change which has brought our colored population in a body within the educable class within the period named comes nearer to being measurable by arithmetic than any other mental movement in history. So, as we have almost twice as many souls in the country as a quarter of a century ago, twice and a third as much riches, and a decidedly higher average of mental activity, no wonder we have more institutions of collegiate grade.

There are a great many more kinds of them. As Mr. Herbert Spencer would note it, there has been a marked progress of differentiation among them. Except the schools of law, medicine, and divinity, the special schools of higher education have come into being within this time as a class of well-established and received institutions. Veteran educators will easily remember the manual labor school experiment which was tried, and distinctly failed, some fifty years ago. The reason is plain enough: it takes all the average student's disposable vitality to be a competent student; and therefore he cannot earn a living at the same time. But the present agricultural and technological schools call for labor, so far as they do so, not over and above the course of study, but as part of it. A greater educational improvement still is the reception of industrial pursuits to *collegeable* dignity. During the last quarter-century, men have learned very fast that civil engineering, agriculture, business, applied arts generally, can be taught and practiced scientifically just as much as the giving of castor-oil, bringing a suit in assumpsit, or analyzing the interior of the Almighty. Such schools are the various agricultural colleges, — Cornell University, the Boston Technological Institute, the Stevens Technological School, the Sheffield Scientific School, the School of

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Mines at Columbia College, the Bonney Agricultural School, the Natural History School at Penikese, and the like.

Not less striking is the advent of the collegiate institutions for colored youth; and not less so, again, is the rapid growth of the practice of the co-education of the sexes in the higher institutions. Is there any collegiate institution, unless it be Oberlin, where this was allowed twenty-five years ago? And, to-day, look at the surprising proportion of entries in our Directory, where the number of students includes "men and women," especially in the central and western part of the northern tier of States! And these include such institutions as Cornell University and Swarthmore College, which it may almost be said were impossibilities in 1850.

None the less do the institutions exclusively for women increase. The women's medical colleges have grown up within this time: so has Vassar College; and the Simmons Institution, provided for, but not yet established, is to be a Woman's Technological Institution.

The "School of Journalism," of which a good deal has been said in some quarters, appears not to be called for quite yet by the spirit of the age. It is very likely that it will be; and perhaps the time may be fixed in spirit, if not in date. It will be when newspaper writing as a whole shall have thrown off such qualities as are inconsistent with the spirit and feeling of an institution for learning, and shall seek those which are not.

Another great change is the surprising extension of the course of study in our colleges, and the still more surprising development of those institutions themselves. The past quarter-century is the birth-period of the university in America. It is only now that some of our strongest institutions, whether old or new, have begun to be entitled to the name in its modern sense. In the mediæval meaning of offering their privileges to all alike (Africans excepted, and Oberlin without this illiberal stigma), they have always been universities.

The average age of students has increased; though this does not appear on the catalogue. Of course, the average of graduating attainment has risen, and the ability and morality of the average student as a self-impelled, self-controlled self-educator. Such is the ideal student. Hitherto he has been found in the post-graduate professional schools, but not often enough in the colleges proper. He is becoming more frequent. He is the welcome advanced guard of the cultivated, scholarly, gentlemanly America which is coming.

Much could be said on other points; such as the remarkable improvements in the text-books used in our colleges, both as to subject-

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matter and as to style of typography. To examine even the few volumes which are noticed in this number of the magazine would thoroughly astonish any man who had not seen a school-book for twenty-five years.

But even the heads of discourse would over-fill our space.

WORK.[1]

THE earnest tone which pervades Miss Alcott's new story, and the happy glimpses it affords of home-life, pleasantly remind the reader of "Little Women." Miss Alcott's style, though far from careful, is vivacious, and peculiarly her own. Her ready sympathies, and her bright, sensible way of looking at life, make her a favorite with the young people; and children of an older growth read her books with enjoyment and profit. "Work" will be welcomed by both young and old; and Christie's adventures will be followed to the end with undiminished zest.

In the story before us there is a grateful absence of the current slang-phrases which have sometimes disfigured this sprightly writer's book. Do our young people wilfully ignore the beauty of refined language? Then let the imaginary characters, which exert so large an influence on their own, ignore slang; for the aim of story-writers should be not only to give their pictures of life that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin, but to present a higher ideal. "Fiction has no business to exist," says Joubert, "unless it is more beautiful than reality."

Our story relates the fortunes of a young girl, who, at the early age of twenty-one, leaves an uncongenial home, and, sustained by a brave heart and high hopes, goes alone into the world to achieve independence. Christie's career is fitful and varied. She begins her new life as a housemaid; but her ambitious spirit does not allow her to remain long in this position. She turns from one field of labor to another with restless activity, and adapts herself to new duties and strange companions with marvellous success. Thus at one time we see her on the stage, winning applause and favor as an actress. Now she appears as a governess, now as companion to an invalid, again as a seamstress. Through faithfulness to a fallen friend, she loses a good position; and when, poor and forsaken herself, she drifts to despair, a grateful hand snatches her back to life and hope. Christie finds lovers as well as friends in her changeful experiences; and we leave her in the midst of her usefulness, a noble, happy woman. But we have no intention of sketching the plot for the benefit of those readers who begin a story at the end.

In the course of her experience Christie naturally falls in with all sorts of people; but the mixture of the practical and romantic seems a little incongruous at times. This strikes us especially as we read of the Carrol family, over whose luxurious home a mysterious shadow hangs. Christie's presence in this doomed home lightens the atmosphere a little, but does not avert the tragedy which

[1] Work: a Story of Experience. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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ends her labors as companion. The whole scene has a morbid tinge, and savors of the melodramatic.

Yet this sad picture serves to bring into strong relief the portrait of C. Wilkins, clear-starcher, with her six rollicking urchins. The shrewd, bustling, honest-souled woman bursts upon us like a fresh Nor'-wester, and blows away all lurking miasmas. She is the most original character of the book. One of the most amusing scenes in which she figures is where her patriotic ardor finally triumphs over dull inertia, and her reluctant 'Lisha dons a soldier's garb.

Miss Alcott endeavors, in this "Story of Experience," to illustrate the beauty and need of labor, and to inculcate the grand truth, that wholesome work is the salvation of many souls. In Miss Alcott's creed there is no repulsive sentimentalism. The divine communion, the trust in God for which Christie yearned and despaired of, and only gained after years of patient devotion to duty, is the true religion. It does not come to all alike; but many will seek and find it only as Christie did. Robert Falconer, in Macdonald's story, first teaches the neglected souls he is striving to uplift to help themselves.

This story contains a beautiful lesson of our mutual dependence on each other, and the duty of helpfulness. It is good to read of the Greathearts who do not live to themselves alone, and who are never too busy to "lend a hand." Better still is the knowledge that such men and women live not only in good books, but that willing hands are to-day outstretched in this working-day world to strengthen the weak and the doubting by their cordial grasp.

We trust that all who read "Work" may find it in their hearts to say Amen to the closing words: "The greatest of God's gifts to us is the privilege of sharing his great work."

MARY THACHER.

COLLEGIATE ADDRESSES.[1]

THESE documents have been taken at random from among those sent to the office of "Old and New" along with the catalogues for the College Directory. They illustrate various points of interest in connection with our system of higher education, as well as with the particular institutions to which they relate.

The first three are on musical subjects, and were delivered at the opening of as many departments in the College of Music of the new "Boston University." Prof. O'Neill's is an ornate discourse on the spirit and influence of music; Prof. Buck's, a summary account of the history of his grand instrument, with observations on its capacities and present management; while Prof. Paine's is a thoughtful analysis of the resemblances and differences between music and the other fine arts, in which he includes poetry. All three are really interesting as discussions of their subjects, and still more so as marking the be-

[1] Inaugural Lecture of the Department of English and Italian Singing, Æsthetics, and Physiology of the Voice, in the College of Music of Boston University. By John O'Neill, Professor and Lecturer. Oct. 26, 1872. 8vo. Paper.

The Influence of the Organ in History. Inaugural Lecture of the Department of the Organ in the same. By Dudley Buck, Professor and Lecturer. Jan. 13, 1873. 8vo. Paper.

Inaugural Lecture of the Department of Musical Composition, History, and Æsthetics in the same. By John K. Paine, Professor and Lecturer. Oct. 28, 1872. 8vo. Paper.

Swarthmore College. Exercises at the Inauguration of President Magill. 8vo. Paper. 1872.

Sermon at the Twenty-ninth Anniversary of the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education, Jacksonville, Ill. Oct. 20, 1872. By George F. Magoun, D.D., President of Iowa College. 8vo. Paper. 1873.

Inauguration at Baldwin University, Berea, Ohio. June 8, 1871. 8vo. Paper. 1871.

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ginning of a liberally-organized and scientifically-conducted college of music.

President Magill's Inaugural at Swarthmore College is a calm and plain discourse upon the policy and situation of that young but strong college, endowed and managed by Friends, and whose corporation is about half of men, and half of women; which admits students of each sex, allows a large choice of elective studies, and aims to furnish "a thorough classical and an equally thorough scientific education in separate courses." President Magill expresses himself satisfied that the results, thus far, of the optional method, are, on the whole, satisfactory. He is more emphatic in approving the co-education feature, which, he says, is no longer to be reckoned an experiment, and which he seems to expect will soon be adopted even at Yale College. This, then, is the last stronghold of exclusive masculine educationism.

That young men and young women may often be educated together is certain; but if any considerable number of young men or young women, either, — or their natural guardians, — prefer to have them taught by themselves, they ought to be so taught. A test of the same nature may well be kept in mind on the question of optional studies, which should, undoubtedly, be permitted to some degree. There are certain ground studies which should be enforced on all. There are students who will have to be driven through any study. There are students who are intensely fond of some studies, to the practical exclusion of others. Some students may be trusted; others not. The older a student, the more likely it is that he is fit to choose his studies, and control his conduct too. The objection which President Magill seems to consider weightiest is, that the optional method complicates the course and the recitations. On the whole, the method of optionals may at present be considered as adopted in principle, but a good deal unsettled as to extent and mode of management.

The Address of Dr. Godman, two years ago, at assuming the presidency of Baldwin University, and President Magoun's Annual Sermon before the College Education Society, instead of dealing with single studies, or with questions of literary or administrative organization, discuss the more familiar, but not less important, question of Religious Collegiate Education. They both assert its value and necessity, — the former by arguing directly the intrinsic necessity of religion as part of mental life; the latter, in the main, implicitly, through the facts adduced in its account of the operations and theories of the inestimably useful society to which it was delivered. The point specially argued by Dr. Magoun is that well known to have been strongly maintained by that most excellent and "exceptionally wise man" (as Dr. Magoun very justly calls him), the late Rev. Theron Baldwin, the founder and chief organ of the society; to wit, that there ought to be at the West fewer colleges, and those better endowed. This argument is strikingly illustrated by a table of the endowments of the eight (originally) Congregationalist colleges in New England (Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Bowdoin, Williams, Dartmouth, Middlebury, University of Vermont), as compared with those of eighteen Western colleges; being nearly all those that are aided by the society (viz. Beloit, Berea, College of California, Carleton, German Evangelical, Illinois, Iowa, Knox, Marietta, Oberlin, Olivet, Pacific University, Ripon, Wabash,

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Washburn, Western Reserve, Wilberforce, Wittenberg).

The totals are: —

	Eastern, 8.	Western, 18.
Whole valuations,	$11,695,027	$34,629,101
Endowments,	4,331,211	1,386,468
Beneficiary Fund,	743,999	60,018

Dr. Magoun argues powerfully the proper conclusions. They are so clear, that we need not even repeat them. But it is an uphill business to convince a college that it had better die.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.[1]

THE second volume of "The Speaker's Commentary," recently issued by Scribner and Company in good clear type, is another fruit of the comprehensive work of biblical criticism and learning now undertaken by the scholars of the Anglican Church. The whole, when finished, will be a monument of industry and toil in this department. As different parts of each volume are by different men, there is a great variety in the style and method of treating the text. The second volume includes Joshua, with notes from Rev. T. E. Espin, B.D.; Judges, Ruth, and Samuel, by Right Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey, M.A.; Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, by the Camden Professor of Ancient History of Oxford, Rev. George Rawlinson. The Introductions and Notes of this volume have varied intellectual characteristics, and marked degrees of merit. The writers treat the books as veritable history, and as a part of "divine revelation." The miracles as recorded are accepted as actual facts; and nothing of a legendary or mythical character is recognized. Joshua is regarded as a model soldier, and his character as free from reproach. The wholesale slaughter of the Canaanites is defended not only for the benefits supposed to follow, but also as a fulfilment of a divine command. Here are a few words on this point: —

"If it be objected that this is to represent God as sanctioning cruelty, the answer is obvious: 'It is no sanction of cruelty to direct a lawful sentence to be carried out by human agents' (cf. on Num. xxxi. 3). Nor would obedience to God's command in this matter make the Israelites brutal and bloodthirsty. Wholesale massacres have many times in history been perpetrated by a soldiery maddened by resistance, as after the storming of a town. But no body of men ever acquired, or would be likely to acquire, a relish for human slaughter, by being constrained to put to the sword in cold blood all the inhabitants of a country, city after city, even when, as must many times have been the case in Joshua's campaigns, no resistance had been or could be attempted. . . . The behavior of the Israelites, on many occasions, proves that they shrank from a terrible duty of this sort when laid on them by God, and did it only so far as they were compelled to do it." — Pp. 15, 16.

The reasoning on this subject shows to what lengths even good men will go to justify the most atrocious deeds in defence of their theories, and to what extent they will do violence to their moral feelings by representing wholesale slaughter as done by the direct command of God.

Of course, the volume lacks the unity which it would have if it was all the result of a single mind. This,

[1] The Holy Bible according to the authorized version (A.D. 1611), with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation. By bishops and other clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., canon of Exeter. Vol. ii. Joshua – 1 Kings.

New York: Scribner, Armstrong, and Company, 654 Broadway. 1873.

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however, is an advantage, and gives additional value to the volume as a whole. The Introductions and Notes are a decided improvement on the old dreary commentaries. It is free of a vast deal of dry rubbish, and abounds with the results of more recent biblical scholarship. It represents the average opinions of the English Church, and has neither the aggressive rationalism of Colenso, nor the profound philosophic insight, the truth-poise, accurate learning, and powerful intellectual grasp, of Jowett. The volume, however, is a step in the right direction; and though its treatment of the text and the introductory discussions fail to answer some of the most important questions raised by modern criticism and historical investigation, it contains a great deal of valuable information for the general reader.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.[1]

BESIDES the long and industrious labors of Webster himself, the quarto dictionary called by his name now embodies the results, as has been computed, of about thirty years' labor by the best scholars in language that could be engaged. A good deal of wisdom has been shown during this editing process by steadily rendering the work more and more a record of the current usage of the language, instead of leaving it, as at first, Dr. Webster's prospectus of what he thought that usage should be. The traces of this original condition have almost entirely disappeared; and nearly all such as are left can be defended with a good deal of reason on intrinsic grounds, though really one hesitates at "cag" (i.e., *keg*), and wishes to ask, Where, in the writings of good English authorities, can that spelling be found?

This process of beginning with an extensive set of suggested improvements, and then dropping such of them as the public would not receive, was a characteristically American one; and none the less so because it was not laid out on purpose by Dr. Webster, but was the result of an unintended *consensus* among a series of editors. It involved, no doubt, a sort of retractation. But to confess that an experiment was unsuccessful is no disgrace; and the method has certainly resulted in the establishment of some novelties of real value.

Spelling, defining, derivation, pronunciation, are the four primary departments in which a dictionary should inform. A recent criticism on Webster's Dictionary (nominally on all dictionaries) claims that the orthoepic portion of dictionaries is of little value; that the derivations might well be omitted; that the number of words given should be as small as practicable, instead of as great; and that the book should generally be so made that it may be difficult to use. At least, this last seems directly implied by talking about their "thought-lulling convenience;" and the argument is like objecting to the muscle-relieving convenience of the steam-engine.

Whatever may be true of reference-books for philologists, an English dictionary for every-day use by ordinary people must give, not the least, but the most, that is possible in every way, —in number of words, variety of kinds of information, and fulness in each department. Instead of being restricted to a mere word-book, as the critic in question would require, the very cyclopedic tendency which he dis-

[1] An American Dictionary of the English Language. By Noah Webster, LL.D. Thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged and improved. By Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., and Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. Imperial 4to. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. Sheep. $12.00.

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likes is exactly what the buying public want, will have, and consequently have got,—pictures, synonymes, special lists of names, accounts of characters in fiction, specimen alphabets, comparative grammar, and all the rest of it. If the addition of a concordance to the Bible, a volume of sermons, and a receipt-book, would double the sale of the dictionary, we should recommend the publishers to add them at once. Whether a few people like it or not, it is the business-acceptableness of a commodity to the many which determines its existence and its prosperity.

As a cyclopædia about words, the present pictorial quarto Webster is a wonderfully comprehensive and convenient book. Whenever its next edition shall be made ready, is it unreasonable to ask that the same criterion shall be consistently adopted throughout which has avowedly been used in one department?—"Present, established, cultivated general usage has seemed to the editors of this revision, in general, the final test" on the subject of pronunciation. In spelling and definition we apprehend it is the same, and that the application of this standard throughout would simply continue the process of improving the work.

WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY.[1]

Dr. Worcester's theory of dictionaries was the safe and conservative one, that they are records of fact, and not makers of law. Upon this principle were conducted the long and judicious researches and examinations which the preparation of his great dictionary required; and it is this characteristic which has recommended it to so many cultivated scholars. Few such are ready to admit the rights of a linguistic Luther, even though the established forms should be corrupt. A literary language is like a glacier, — it moves and changes, but under forces, and in ways, that are inaccessible to individuals. We can investigate and record the rates and laws of such changes; but we cannot much modify them: and while we are poking about the surface of the subject, or peering into its depths, it is carrying us bodily along with it.

The character of Dr. Worcester was reserved and quiet. It is very interesting to see how distinctly this trait comes out in his Preface, whose last two paragraphs are singularly modest expressions of the feelings and sentiments of one who dismisses to the public the work upon which his life has been spent, and his fame must depend. "It will be apparent," he says, "to any one who may examine this dictionary, that a great deal of labor has been bestowed upon it in order to bring it to its present state; . . . but no amount of labor, research, and care, can render such a work free from errors and defects. The best authorities that can be had differ, in many cases, from each other; and they will sometimes inevitably lead astray." And he adds, he has tried not to afford any ground of reasonable complaint, nor to give any just cause of offence, and to keep the moral influence of the work unexceptionable. That he entertained sufficiently definite views of his own and of other people's labors in lexicography is easily to be gathered from his expressed hope, that, "instead of tending to corrupt the language, it shall conduce to preserve and promote its purity and correctness."

The author's own characteristic reserve and caution, as well as his habits of clear and precise thought and ex-

[1] A Dictionary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. Boston: Brewer & Tileston. Imperial 4to. Sheep. $10.00.

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pression, are obvious, it might almost be said, in every line of his solid and extensive work. Even the unquestionable and irresistible popular demand for fulness of statement and information has been only reluctantly yielded to; the greatest expansiveness being found in the selection of passages to illustrate the uses of words. Even the physiognomy of the pages of the dictionary, clear, open, and legible, notwithstanding the great number of words to a page, expresses the same character.

FALSE PHILOLOGY.[1]

THIS is a curiously scornful and acrid discussion of questions about the derivation, meaning, and use of words, accompanied with the impalement, by way of illustration, of divers offenders, and especially of Mr. Richard Grant White, who is most horribly treated for the sins of his "Words and their Uses." Mr. Hall's knowledge is abundant; and his statements are supported by a wonderful wealth of circumstantial references. His own style is full of force and animation; but he has not the mildness and sweetness of manner which should belong to a judge, nor even to an advocate, nor even to an executioner. On the contrary, it is only among the images of the most awful retribution that any competent similitude can be found for his proceeding. He is the destroying angel amongst the helpless soldiers of Sennacherib, the unresisted slaughterman in a pen of Cincinnati swine. Except that the illustration is directly inverse as to the intellect engaged, there is one still more appropriate in respect of the unfeeling nature of the work performed, and particularly as to the strong, but not graceful, agility shown: it is that embodied in the well-known saying, "Every one for himself, as the jackass said when he danced among the chickens." Mr. De Quincey is another of Mr. Hall's victims, whom he pounds and smashes as badly as he does Mr. White, and without paying the least attention to the fact, that whereas Mr. White, though pretty well disabled at the end, was in some sense alive at first, Mr. De Quincey was dead to begin with.

The little treatise is stimulating, learned, useful, and almost always correct; but it would be difficult to discover another modern publication where so much ability is shown in a spirit so excessively bitter.

[1] Recent Exemplifications of False Philology. By Fitzedward Hall. New York: Scribner Armstrong, & Co. Cloth, limp. $1.25.

SAMUEL J. MAY.

ONE of the best and pleasantest of recent biographies. Mr. May was one of those rarely endowed men who not only are intensely and efficiently active for every good thing, and against every evil one, but who can advocate their own cause, oppose another's, and even convict others of wrong, in a manner at once perfectly sufficient, and perfectly sweet and kind. To those who are governed by common angers and contempts, there is something almost incredible, even while they stand by and look on, in the administration of reproofs, or the expression of dissents, or in the prosecution of oppositions, by such men. Mr. May was born in Boston, Sept. 12, 1797, and died at his home in Syracuse, N.Y., July 1, 1871. His years thus filled out the full measure of the life of a man. But his good works constitute an infinitely nobler standard. Always very laborious, and utterly

[1] Memoir of Samuel Joseph May. Portrait. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. Cloth. $1.50.

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fearless, he was one of the most useful of pastors, one of the most efficient of the earlier abolitionists, and one of the heartiest and strongest of those who labored in that resurrection of the cause of popular education which formed so marked a feature in the *real* history of the United States during the second and third quarters of the present century, and which is at present going forward with increasing momentum. It is only that everlasting, or at least eternal and troublesome, category of space that prevents the extracting of anecdote after anecdote in illustration of these statements.

LOGICAL BOOKKEEPING.[1]

THIS is a curiously-reasoned body of doctrine, or *corpus juris*, beginning with a fundamental proposition in political economy, and proceeding on, by regular steps, to very full details of practical book-keeping. Thus: —

Values are either commercial (viz., money, property, or securities), or ideal (viz., "labor or service," including expenses and proceeds of capital).

Book-keeping registers exchange of these values. As all values are either commercial, ideal, or mixed, either of the three may be exchanged against either: whence the only nine possible kinds of business-exchanges in "nine equations;" viz., commercial for commercial, for ideal, &c.

The "thirteen results" are shown thus: you can be in no more than three cases at beginning a course of business, — either you have something, or you have nothing, or you have less than nothing (i.e. are insolvent). From the first position you may come out at five points, — to more capital, to less, to the same, to nothing, to less than nothing. From nothing you may get to have something, nothing, or less; from insolvency, to more insolvency, to the same, to less, to paying-point, to gain. There are thirteen results. Business admits of no more, says Mr. Folsom.

This elaborate analysis, which reminds one of the exhaustive exhibition of the syllogism in Whately's Logic, may be reduced to three cases: you gain, you lose, you do neither.

The real value of the book, however, has, equally with this rather wire-drawn exposition, resulted from the author's unusual power of systematizing clearly and completely. When he comes to the practical part, his explanations and illustrations are remarkably full and intelligible; insomuch even that any person of average ability could take the book and the blanks, and become a competent book-keeper all by himself, allowing, of course, for a little practical experience such as a lawyer or a doctor or anybody must have. And, if the theoretical introduction should bother the pupil, let him just begin at page 80, chapter vii., with the words, "We are now prepared to work out transactions," and let him work them out, and take his theory last.

[1] The Logic of Accounts; a New Exposition of the Theory and Practice of Double-Entry Book-keeping, based in Value, as being of Two Primary Classes, Commercial and Ideal; and reducing all their Exchanges to Nine Equations and Thirteen Results. By E. G. Folsom. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 8vo. Half roan. $2.

SCHOOL ETHICS.[1]

GOOD morals and gentle manners are the first and greatest of the wants of our country to-day. Intelligence and energy are abundant; but the careful observer of the times knows

[1] Good Morals and Gentle Manners. For Schools and Families. By Alexander M. Gow. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle, & Co. Cloth. $1.25.

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that our danger is lest these be used for immoral purposes. That they are exerted in an inelegant manner is a different difficulty, and doubtless not so important; but it is important enough.

Mr. Gow's little book is a classified compend of the leading topics under three main heads: I. Moral Law; II. Municipal Law; III. Social Law, or Politeness. The topics are well arranged, the spirit of the book excellent, the discussions competent; and the questions at the foot of each page are sufficient to enable the teacher to ask as many more as are necessary; for abundant extempore questions are indispensable in effective teaching. No school can counteract an immoral or vulgar home-influence; but this class-book, properly used, will form a good basis for all that schools can do.

PUTNAM'S ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SERIES.[1]

THESE volumes are part of a series intended to contain so much instruction in natural and mechanical science as shall be suitable for secondary and higher schools. The series, including twenty-five treatises in all (the volumes here noticed being those hitherto issued), was written and first issued in England: otherwise it might not have been published in this country. For, as things are, the experiment of issuing a moderate edition of such a series here, after it has first appeared there, is within the compass of a reasonable investment; while to prepare and introduce them new would demand a very considerable capital speculatively invested. This is a sufficient apology for the local references scattered throughout the volumes; but nevertheless one wishes them out. They are carefully prepared, are brought up abreast with the latest results and conclusions in their respective departments, and are executed with a competent good faith that is very agreeable. No doubt there are scientists in this country capable of preparing a similar set of science and art manuals; but the excessive cost, and the doubtfulness of the commercial result, have thus far prevented any such enterprises among us on a scale and in a manner equal to this.

[1] Practical Plane and Solid Geometry. By Henry Angel.

Machine Construction and Drawing. By Edward Tomkins.

Elements of Acoustics: Light and Heat. By William Lees.

A First Book of Mineralogy. By J. H. Collins.

Steam and the Steam-engine: Land and Marine. By Henry Evers.

Steam and the Locomotive Engine. By Henry Evers.

Physical Geography. By John Macturk.

Introduction to Astronomy. By John I. Plummer.

Being Nos. 1, 2, 8, 13, 22A, 22B, 23, 25, of the Elementary Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo. Cloth. Per vol., 75 cents.

LARS.[1]

Two young Norwegians quarrel, jealousy inciting them; and, according to an old custom, they are stripped to the waist, fastened together, and in the presence of all the villagers, male and female, fight with knives, till Lars the hero kills his rival. It then appears that the deceased is favored by the rather coquettish maid, who proves faithful to her dead lover. Lars, despairing, comes to America, and is taken into service by a Quaker farmer with a lovely daughter. The old Berserker spirit is here tempered and softened through years of peace, with but one outbreak, in which he strikes the old Quaker, is forgiven, is afterwards converted to the Quaker faith, and marries the daughter. After

[1] Lars: a Pastoral of Norway. By Bayard Taylor. Osgood & Company: Boston, 1873.

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the father's death, Lars returns to Norway with his wife, where they teach Christianity by their words and example.

Into this story are woven descriptions of pastoral life and romantic incidents. The conversion and Christian fortitude of Lars are beautifully depicted.

The interest of the story, the simplicity of its style, and its happy versification, make this an attractive little volume.

WAGNER'S CHEMICAL TECHNOLOGY.[1]

A STANDARD and well-known work. As the author observes with weighty meaning, "The eighth edition having followed the seventh within two years, but few words of introduction are necessary." The first edition came out in Germany in 1850, and the eighth twenty years afterwards, in 1870,—a success which means far more in Europe than in America. The chief divisions of the work are as follows: I. Chemical Metallurgy. II. Crude Chemical Products. III. Glass, Pottery, Gypsum, Lime, and Mortar. IV. Vegetable Fibres. V. Animal Substances. VI. Dyeing and Calico-Printing. VII. Artificial Light. VIII. Fuel, and Heating Apparatus. The range of topics is great, the explanations of processes remarkably full and clear, and the whole brought carefully down to the date of issue, 1870. The literary merits of the translation, as edited by Mr. Crookes, are great; and the management of it is such that it will be found extremely interesting and instructive to the general reader.

[1] A Handbook of Chemical Technology. By Rudolf Wagner, Ph.D., Professor of Chemical Technology at the University of Wurzburg. Translated and edited from the Eighth German Edition, with Extensive Additions. By William Crookes, F.R.S. With 336 Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. Cloth. $5.

PROTESTANT CHARITABLE SISTERHOODS.[1]

A USEFUL collection of information, constituting "as nearly as possible a complete history of sisterhoods and deaconesses' associations in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States," together with accounts of the House of Mercy at Clewer, England, the celebrated Kaiserswerth Deaconess-House, the Mildmay Deaconesses' Home at London, the Sisters of Charity of the Society of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross at St. Petersburgh, and other similar institutions abroad. There are abundant forms for ordaining deaconesses, and sufficient statements of a theory of the work of such bodies. The book is, of course, Christian, Evangelical, Episcopalian. It is a suggestive and valuable little contribution to the history of practical Christianity, and throws broad side-lights on some points of what is called "The Woman Question."

GERMAN.[2]

THIS standard text-book, as the author with proper pride remarks in his Preface, has been favorably received for more than twenty years, and has been republished in Europe. It contains a full series of exercises arranged on the principle of gradual progression, and a multitude of short phrases for practice, full vocabularies (German-English and English-German), the usual paradigms, reading-exercises, and a compendious German grammar.

[1] Sisterhoods and Deaconesses at Home and Abroad. By the Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Rector of Grace Church, New York. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

[2] A Complete Course with the German Language. By W. H. Woodbury. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. 12mo. Half roan.

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PROFESSOR HADLEY'S ESSAYS.[1]

A NUMBER of these papers have already appeared in "The New-Englander," "The Journal of the American Oriental Society," and elsewhere. Most of them are on philological questions; the others being historical or critical, except one or two, which are ethical, with a strong religious tone. They are written with ample learning and research, with remarkable justness and dispassionateness of tone, and in a perfectly quiet and limpid style. They form a memorial most appropriate in kind, and excellent in matter (as far as they go), of the singularly lucid, calm, powerful, just, and self-sufficing intellect of their writer, — a man who only lacked the single stimulus of ambition to have been famous. Every thoughtful reader of these pages will regret, first of all, that the writer wrote no more.

VEGETABLE MANNERS.[2]

IF everybody that enjoys this delightful little book is young, nobody that reads it will grow old, unless it be with desire after the larger treatise on the same subject, which Dr. Gray's Preface announces. In reading these extremely curious accounts of the "tricks and the manners" of vegetables, it is not easy to help asking, What is the bearing of these facts on the Darwinian hypotheses of selection and development? Can those be applied, for instance, to the most marvellous fairy-story, — the relationship between the orchis and the moth, in which the plant depends on the insect for aid in bearing seed?

[1] Essays, Philological and Critical. Selected from the Papers of James Hadley, LL.D. New York: Holt & Williams. 8vo. Cloth. $4.

[2] Botany for Young People. Part ii. How Plants Behave, How they Move, Climb, Employ Insects to Work for them, &c. By Asa Gray. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. Small 4to. Boards.

CHEMISTRY.[1]

A MODIFICATION, with abridgment, of the well-known and standard large work of Eliot and Storer. It is intended to carry the learner forward by the sound method of his own experimental practice, instead of the old fashion of talking, questioning, and letting him look on at a few experiments. There is a very useful Appendix, with details about chemical apparatus and manipulation; and a distinct impression of full and accurate knowledge is given by the definiteness and directness of the statements and directions.

THE BIBLE OF THE AGES.[2]

THE narrowness which has been a reproach to Christian writers, and which led them to disparage every thing outside of the Hebrew or Christian pale, is fast giving way to a juster appreciation of the thought and work of really true and good men wherever found. The volume of selections by Mr. G. B. Stebbins is a child of this new intellectual catholicism. It contains fragments of "the deepest thoughts, the clearest spiritual light and life, of the whole human race." The editor has reached back into the past, and plucked fruits from the Vedas, the Buddhist commandments, Confucius, Zoroaster, the precepts of Jesus, the philosophers of Greece, the teachings of Andrew Jackson Davis, and the later utterances of the Free-Religionists. Here, indeed, is a storehouse of seed-thoughts of sufficient

[1] An Elementary Manual of Chemistry; abridged from Eliot and Storer's Manual, with the co-operation of the authors. By William Ripley Nichols. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. 12mo. Cloth.

[2] Chapters from "The Bible of the Ages." Compiled and edited by G. B. Stebbins, Detroit, Mich. Published by the editor, 1872.

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variety to suit all tastes. The editor has made a very suggestive book. We have been struck with the fact that only two pages are given to the words of Jesus, and scarcely one to Paul, making nearly three pages in all from the New Testament; while T. W. Higginson has sixteen pages, and Andrew Jackson Davis nearly thirteen pages.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL READERS.[1]

SUITABLE selections, printed unusually well, with good illustrations very well engraved on wood by John Karst, and with proper summary instructions as to elocution, &c. Newly chosen reading-matter must, from time to time, be furnished for the children. It is a curious illustration of the spirit of the age, that the newspapers have furnished their share to these school-books.

THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER YEAR-BOOK.[2]

A CONVENIENT and solid mass of statistics and information. It contains a photo-lithographic facsimile, reduced, of the first issue of "The New York Observer," fifty years ago, on May 17, 1823; portraits of Sidney E. Morse and Richard C. Morse, who founded it; a brief sketch of the history of the paper for this period; the usual astronomical information; a better list of the officers of the United States Government than that given in "The Tribune Almanac," as it contains the names of the heads of department bureaus; an excellent historical table of all the justices of the United States Supreme Court, of all the governors of all the States since the adoption of the Constitution in 1789; tables of the National and State public debts, of denominational statistics; alphabetical lists of names of Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran, Presbyterian, and some other clergymen in the United States (they couldn't make room for Methodists and Baptists); lists of colleges, &c. It is the best statistical annual that we know of for this country at present.

WORCESTER'S POCKET DICTIONARY.[1]

A REAL pocket dictionary; smaller than a good many money pocket-books. It is skilfully condensed; but its judiciously chosen type, and good ink and presswork, make it clear and readable, notwithstanding the small letter. The woodcuts are, perhaps, as much for fashion as for necessity; but the tables of weights, measures, money, &c., at the end, are positively useful.

THE BERBER.[2]

A RE-ISSUE of a lively and spirited story illustrating the state of society in the Barbary States. It is apparently faithful in its descriptions of scenery, manners, and characteristic incidents. Some of the more startling events are, the author says, historic. The *points* of the story are artistically dispersed, and its interest is kept up to the end. It well sustains the reputation of the author.

[1] The American Educational Readers. Arranged and graded for the Use of Schools (First, Second, Third, and Fourth Readers). New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. 12mo. Boards.

[2] The New-York Observer Jubilee Year-Book, 1873. New York: Sidney E. Morse & Co. 8vo. Paper. $1.00.

[1] A Pocket Dictionary of the English Language, compiled from the Quarto and School Dictionaries of Joseph E. Worcester. By Loomis J. Campbell. With illustrations and numerous tables. Boston: Brewer & Tileston. 32mo. Cloth.

[2] The Berber: a Tale of Morocco. By W. S. Mayo, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo. Cloth.

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COWLES ON PSALMS.[1]

REV. DR. HENRY COWLES has prepared a volume on the Psalms, designed for ministers and their hearers. The notes are running commentaries on the text, and are very like expository sermons. The author regards the book of Psalms "as a *growth*, — the accumulation of religious odes composed during the lapse of several centuries, and hence a national product of the piety and talent on the one hand, and of providential circumstances on the other, which make up the religious history of the covenant people during those most favored ages of the national life."

The book will be useful to ministers who are unable to consult the original sources, and will be of real service to the general reader. It is a decided improvement on many of the popular commentaries made from the hash of old and effete biblical scholarship.

THE VOX HUMANA.[2]

THIS musical monthly is named, no doubt, from a stop, because it is to go on. The lively writing and keen practical good sense of its editor are making it go, at any rate, and at a brisk pace. It is not pretentious, not a "swell organ," by any means; nor on the other hand, does it stoop to any thing of a low and pedalling nature. It is readable, plain spoken, and gives some really good music in every number: for instance, in that for, June 23, next on hand, a song by Kucken, and an organ *pastorale* by J. S. Bach. This last selection is meant to show that Mr. Barnard has invented an improvement on the Wadsworth mottoes; for he means to go forward, and Bach too.

PUTNAM'S EDUCATIONAL MANUALS.[1]

Two neat and handy little compends in their respective departments of language, and containing abundant materials for all ordinary purposes, and arranged in the very sensible modern fashion, with bold-faced lower-case letter for the catch-words.

PUTNAM'S POPULAR MANUALS.[2]

OF these two Manuals of Popular Science, the first is by a well-known and instructive, as well as entertaining, writer on astronomical subjects. The second is by a less known author whose scientific work is competently done, although his popularizing is not quite skilful enough, and some of his polemics are a little too bitter.

ROBERT BRUCE.[1]

BY way of showing how a kingdom can be reconquered, M. Marmier gives a history of the life of Robert Bruce. He makes a very pleasant story of it, from such authorities as Barbour,

[1] The Psalms, with Notes, Critical, Expository, and Practical; designed for both pastors and people. By Henry Cowles, D.D. New York: Appleton and Company, 549 and 551 Broadway. 1872.

[2] The Vox Humana. A Journal of Music and Musical Information. Edited by Charles Barnard. Cambridgeport, Mass. Monthly. $1.00 a year. 10 cents a number. 4to. 16 pages.

[1] A Dictionary of Synonymes of the English Language, with Roots, Definitions, and the Pronunciation of each Word. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 18mo. Cloth. $1.

A Dictionary of the Derivations of the English Language, in which each Word is traced to its Primary Root; forming a Text-Book of Etymology. With Definitions, and the Pronunciation of each Word. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 18mo. Cloth. $1.

[2] Half-Hours with the Telescope. By Richard A. Proctor. Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo. Cloth.

A Manual of Popular Physiology; being an Attempt to explain the Science of Life in Untechnical Language. By Henry Lawson, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo. Cloth.

[1] Robert Bruce: Comment on Reconquiert un Royaume. Par X. Marmier. Paris: Herchette et Cie. Boston: Schoenhof & Moeller.

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Froissart, Tytle, and Walter Scott. As "The Tales of a Grandfather" are probably not very widely read in these days, this story will be new to many young readers, who will find another charm in making it out from a foreign language. The book is in handsome print, and attractive in appearance, as well as contents. "The present time," the author says, "resembles but little that of Robert Bruce." But he believes that the history of the Scotch hero may be a lesson in perseverance to the French in the recovery of their lost kingdoms.

COTTAGE RESIDENCES.[1]

Few books were ever printed less pretentious than the little series of Mr. A. J. Downing, which, under varying titles, had practically the same object; namely, to show to a benighted generation of house-builders the blackness in which they were groping, and to point out a brighter way.

Mr. Downing was a young man living at Newburgh on the Hudson, where he maintained an establishment which he called the "Botanic Nurseries," and devoted his time to the laying-out and planting of gentlemen's grounds. He had studied Loudon's works, and had come promptly enough to a sense of the monstrous ugliness of the so-called villas which were multiplying all over the land. In 1841 he published, as the result of his reading and study, a little work quite in the line of his trade, called "A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape-Gardening, adapted to North America; with a View to the Improvement of Country Residences, &c. With Remarks on Rural Architecture." This was an octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, of which, perhaps, four hundred were wholly on landscape-gardening: the remaining fifty were occupied with brief descriptions, accompanied by rude woodcuts, of ten or a dozen country-seats, mostly on or near the Hudson. Having thus opened the vein, he continued it the next year with a little work of less than four hundred pages, entitled "Cottage Residences: a Series of Ten Designs for Rural Cottages and their Gardens and Grounds, adapted to North America." The drawings consisted of small plans and perspective views on a small scale, and were in the nature of what are technically called preliminary sketches. They were characterized by invariable good taste, modesty, and reserve, and exactly met the need of the time. It is not too much to say that this little book put an end to the hitherto undisputed reign of the village carpenter, and opened the eyes of people interested in such matters to the possibility of combining simplicity with beauty. And making allowance for the fact, that, since this book was written, it has grown to be the common practice for a man about to build even a small house to put himself into the hands of a professional architect, the book is just as useful to-day as it was thirty years ago,—especially that portion of it which relates to the laying-out and planting of gardens and grounds, which contains much information which everybody needs, and few possess; and which is less generally supplied by professional assistance.

This book, originally printed as a thin octavo, has, we presume, been

[1] Cottage Residences; or, A Series of Designs for Rural Cottages and Cottage Villas, and their Gardens and Grounds. By A. J. Downing. New Edition, with revised Lists of Trees, Shrubs, Fruits, &c. By H. W. Sargent and C. Downing. Edited by George E. Harvey. New York: John Wiley & Son. 4to. Cloth.

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for some years out of print. We are now presented with a new edition, resplendent in green and gold binding, with a large quarto page and tinted paper, in which the quiet author would hardly recognize his own work. Moreover, the editor, who improves the convenient opportunity of the titlepage to display his own business-card, has added to the original work a dozen designs of his own, which compare unfavorably with Mr. Downing's, and which, independently of their merit, we cannot but consider impertinent and out of place. It is not quite fair to any author who is no longer capable of giving or withholding his assent, to load his finished work, which has earned the favor and good will of a generation of readers, with the burden of a postscript as large as the original.

Mr. Downing wrote his book for the use and guidance of people of moderate means intending to build small houses in the country; and it was printed in a form which brought it easily within the reach of such people. The present volume is an *œuvre de luxe;* and we shall be more likely to find it on rich men's tables than in the hands of those for whose use the book was first made.

In 1850 Mr. Downing published his third and last work, — the architecture of country-houses, of which as the largest and most valuable of his works, containing the result of a larger experience and a maturer thought, and covering a much broader field, we shall hope to see shortly a new edition.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

NOVELS.

MURPHY'S MASTER. By James Payn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Paper. 25 cents.

KENELM CHILLINGLY: his Adventures and Opinions. By E. L. Bulwer (Lord Lytton). New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth. $1.75.

The Same. 8vo. Paper. 75 cents.

THE NEW MAGDALEN. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Paper. 50 cents.

BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. Household Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. Royal 8vo. Cloth. $1.50.

LORIMER LITTLEGOOD, Esq. By Frank E. Smedley. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

THE OLD COUNTESS; or, The Two Proposals. A Sequel to "Lord Hope's Choice." By Mrs. Ann. H. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

OLD KENSINGTON. By Miss Thackeray. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Cloth. $1.50.

LITTLE GRANDFATHER. By Sophie May. Illustrated. (Little Prudy's Fly-away Series.) Boston: Lee & Shepard. 18mo. Cloth. 75 cents.

HERO CARTHEW. By Louisa Parr. New York: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. By T. Hardy. New York: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

A STRANGE STORY. By Lord Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Cloth. $1.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMAN IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. By Abba Goold Woolson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. Cloth.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By Rev. John Hall, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. 12mo. Cloth.

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THE MEN OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC; or, The Present Leaders of France. Reprinted from the London Daily News. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

BETSY LEE: a Fo'c's'le Yarn. A Poem. New York: Macmillan & Co. 18mo. Cloth. 75 cents.

MISS BEECHER'S HOUSEKEEPER AND HEALTHKEEPER; containing Five Hundred Receipts for Economical and Healthful Cooking; also Many Directions for Securing Health and Happiness. Approved by Physicians of all classes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

THE LIFE OF FRANZ SCHUBERT. By George Lowell Austin. Portrait. Boston: Shepard & Gill. 18mo. Cloth. $1.25.

THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC: What to See, and How to See it. By John Erastus Lester. Boston: Shepard & Gill. 16mo. Cloth. $1.50.

PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS; for the Use of Dramatic and Reading Clubs, and for Public, Social, and School Entertainment. Dialogues and Dramas. Edited by Lewis B. Monroe. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY. By James FitzJames Stephen, Q. C. New York: Holt & Williams. 12mo. Cloth. $2.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA. An Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. Cloth. $1.50.

SCINTILLATIONS FROM THE PROSE WORKS OF HEINRICH HEINE. Translated from the German by Simon Adler Stern. New York: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

FARM BALLADS. By Will Carleton. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Small 4to. Cloth. $2.

THE YEAR. By D. C. Colesworthy. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. Cloth.

MONOGRAPHS, PERSONAL AND SOCIAL. By Lord Houghton. Portraits. New York: Holt & Williams. 12mo. Cloth. $2.

THE MINISTRY WE NEED. By S. Sweetser. Boston: Am. Tract Society. 18mo. Cloth. 75 cents.

IN MEMORIAM. Matthew Fontaine Maury. 8vo. Paper. 32 pages. 1873.

THE RAILROAD QUESTION. State Ownership no Remedy for Existing Evils. A Reply to Mr. C. F. Adams, jun. By Richard S. Spofford. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 8vo. Paper. 50 pages.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By Archibald Geikie. Illustrations. (Science Primers, No. IV.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo. Cloth.

THE AMERICAN'S HAND-BOOK TO VIENNA AND THE EXHIBITION. With Information in regard to Routes, Expenses, Hotels, &c. By C. W. DeBernardy. Map and Illustrations. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 12mo. Cloth limp. 75 cents.

MODERN MAGIC. By M. Schele de Vere. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo. Cloth. $2.

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Record of Progress.

A PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

In another part of this magazine I have expressed somewhat radical views concerning the requirements of university education in America. All who agree with them will unite in recognizing one effective way of hastening the reform there indicated. The school and the college are parts of one system, and must improve or degenerate together. It is by compelling the professor to attempt work which he must do poorly, but which might have been *well* done at school, that his office is hampered and belittled. The position which is false for a college instructor is the true one for the master of a school. His sphere is not, or should not be, so large as to preclude the constant oversight of those submitted to his care. He deals with boys who know that they are boys. To him belongs the authority of the parent; to the professor, the guidance, by example and counsel, of the elder brother.

In the last July number of "Old and New," it was mentioned that a classical school, which had been endowed fifty years before by the first President Adams, was about to open in his native town. And now Mr. Hale thinks that a few words concerning the prospects of that seminary might be of interest to some of his readers. I could consent to write them, only after declaring that the favorable condition in which the Adams Academy enters the second year of its work is owing very little to the action of those officially intrusted with its control. It is chiefly due to the generous exertions of the able and accomplished gentleman whom they were so fortunate as to secure for its Master. The success of the Adams Academy shows the demand which exists for schools of the higher grade which shape their instruction with a special view to the criterion of our best colleges. It shows that our people are beginning to realize the truth which President Porter of Yale has stated in this emphatic language: "The great want of America is an organized system of secondary schools. If the tens of millions of dollars that have been wasted, and worse than wasted, in founding superfluous colleges and pretended universities, had been bestowed in endowing classical schools of the highest order, the colleges themselves, and the general education of the country, would long ago have been lifted to a higher position."

It may be worth while to mention the leading characteristics of the plan of education which the Adams Academy is designed to carry into effect. It will be found, in some respects, different from other endowed schools existing for the same general objects. The managing board of directors are required to be residents of the academic town, in order that the

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school may be constantly under their inspection, and an appeal be made to them at any moment. The Master is, however, the responsible head of the school, and is held accountable for the quality of the tuition, as well as for the moral and physical well being of those confided to his charge. He must provide thorough and extended instruction in the different studies necessary for admittance to college; and this instruction must be made *a training* by means of a regular school session. He must see that the evening studies of pupils residing in the town are pursued under supervision, and with suitable assistance. He must conduct the instruction at the beginning and end of the school course; it being considered that the introduction to the study of Latin, and the closing year of Latin and Greek, demand his personal attention. The number of pupils that will be received at the Adams Academy is placed at a limit much below that of other endowed classical schools. This is done in order that the Master may know the ability, character, and needs of every boy. It is believed that each pupil should be appealed to as an individual of separate and special responsibilities, — the possessor of his own peculiar talents, for the use of which he is accountable. But the Adams Academy is in no sense a reformatory institution; and no boy of vicious or depraved habits, from whatever rank of society he may come, will be allowed to remain at the school. In case such a boy is inadvertently admitted, his parent or guardian will be privately notified that a prompt removal is required. The work of reforming the vicious is undoubtedly noble: but it is not one that can here be undertaken; for it is desired that the intercourse of the boys, both with their teachers and with each other, shall be an education in well-doing and right feeling, none the less efficient because the pupils are unconscious of its processes. Such religious instruction is attempted as a school unsectarian in its character may properly give. The daily session is always opened by reading a chapter from the Bible, selected for its historical interest or its ethical instruction: this is followed by the Lord's Prayer, or by some simple form of petition in which all Christians may join. On Sunday the pupils are required to attend whatever church their parents may select. But, in the afternoon of that day, the Master will hereafter hold a Bible class devoted to such scriptural studies as all sects agree are profitable for young people. These will be followed by plain talk upon such daily duties as his intercourse with his pupils during the past week may suggest. But more confidence is felt in the power of carefully guarded associations to instil right feelings than in those formal methods which profess to inculcate them. The attempt to provide adequate training for the whole nature is experimental, and may, in many respects, fail to meet expectations. The large building which is to be occupied as a school boarding-house, and which will be under the absolute control of the master, offers an opportunity without which such a design could not hope for execution. It will, in any case, enable him to attend to the important matters of exercise, ventilation, and food. Care will be taken that the boys study and play upon a good substratum of physical nourishment. A part is sometimes greater than the whole, notwithstanding the definitions of philosophers. The *argumentum ad pue-*

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rum comes with double cogency, if the *argumentum ad ventrem* has duly preceded it.

Sensible persons have already perceived that the scheme of education just sketched is worth little more than the paper upon which it is printed, except upon one condition. The inquiry will be made, What sort of Master have you to carry this out? Upon this point, it is well to avoid speaking with undue confidence. It can only be said that those who know most about the Adams Academy believe that it has a teacher fully able to realize the plans of its directors. It seems to them that Dr. Dimmock comprehends the responsibility of his position, and, what is more to the purpose, enters into its labors with that keen enjoyment which well-organized men take in doing work that they do well. It is certainly not time to say that he can solve the problem of awakening the consciences of healthy boys as Arnold solved it at Rugby; but it may be safely affirmed that he has the nameless power that wins the confidence of young persons, as well as the abundant sympathy with them which is worth more to a teacher than all the linguistic niceties with which pedants have troubled themselves.

Upon the general subject of classical schools, it may be remarked, not only that there is a certain American prejudice against them, but that many men who are too intelligent to share in the feeling have yet some sympathy with it. When a writer so popular and interesting as Mr. Parton permits himself to talk about "the obstructing nuisances of Latin and Greek," his words have undoubted weight with masses of easy-going readers. And, so far as such strictures have been applied to the manner in which the ancient tongues have been commonly crowded into young minds, I am not disposed to complain of their severity. Many of us were taught Latin at an age when an appeal could be made only to the verbal memory; and this memory, once having taken possession of the field, never seemed able to give place to any real apprehension. About how many busy brains still float those dreary lists of exceptions to incomprehensible rules,— fragments of a wreck which never came to haven in the understanding! The wholesome curiosity of the boy was choked with an unvitalized mass of word-knowledge. To the child of seven or eight years, the ablative absolute may have a pleasant alliterative jingle; but it seems as essentially "unknowable" as is the absolute itself to the philosopher. Yet, if it be true that the amount of time often spent over classical acquirements is out of all proportion to their results, it furnishes no presumption against the advantage that a boy of fourteen, who has already acquired a good English education, may find in commencing classical studies under intelligent instruction. Indeed, it is not improbable that the continuance of this education may be best defended upon the identical ground occupied by those who assail it, — the bewildering multiplication of wise and valuable modern books. Under the same roof with the Adams Academy has been placed one of the best-selected town libraries in the country. And the thoughtful visitor can scarcely help observing how these two educational institutions correct and complement each other. It has certainly seemed to me that the minute and exhaustive study of a few ancient authors in the school was just what was wanted to cultivate those powers of attention and compre-

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hension which would enable one to use the library to the highest advantage. But let us not make a fetish of any thing. There is no harm in modestly expressing the conviction that a mastery of the grammar and literature of *one* ancient language would be better for many persons than the very partial knowledge of two which is attained by the mass of college graduates. Some of us may live to see the day when a thorough acquaintance with German or French shall be accepted as the equivalent of one of the ancient tongues in preparation for college. When this comes to pass, an option of the modern language will be offered by the Adams Academy.

The object of this paper is not to give undue importance to the establishment of a single school of very limited capacity. It is rather to suggest the demand that exists throughout the country for academies of a similar or an improved character. Our people will sustain them upon one condition. They must be *public institutions.* I do not mean that no fees should be charged. On the contrary, the expenses of such schools must be far greater than any ordinary endowments can meet; and on every account it is best that those who are able to do so should pay some portion of the cost of the education of their children. But the great schools of our nation should never be controlled by close corporations of trustees bound to carry out, for all time, the possibly silly whims of a dead man. John Adams wisely left the direction of his classical academy in the power of the living generations of men who shall vote in his native town. And the result has proved his foresight. When the school was opened, his townsmen came forward in their private capacities, and guaranteed generous aid to his endowment fund. It is to private liberality that we owe the new dormitory which promises to be of so much advantage to the school. The assistance that has been offered to the academy by leading citizens of Quincy who were neither classical scholars, nor had children to educate, is a most interesting circumstance. It shows that sensible people realize that college cant and anti-college cant are equally absurd. There is no first or last about the matter. We want different educations for different boys. The wise farmer will feed his grains upon phosphates, and his potatoes upon potash and salt. But a bushel of early-rose potatoes is as important in its way as a bushel of wheat; and a good potato is certainly much better than a blasted ear of corn.

The Adams Academy can hope to supply only a very small portion of the demand which exists for "classical schools of the highest order." Its greatest usefulness may be in inducing other communities to equal or surpass it.

J. P. QUINCY.

THE PRACTICAL MAGAZINE.[1]

THIS is one more of the now numerous English periodicals which, like books, are of late years so commonly manufactured in England, shipped three thousand miles, and furnished to American consumers for less than it would cost to make them here. To object to the process — as things are — is like saying how sad

[1] The Practical Magazine: an Illustrated Cyclopædia of Industrial News, Inventions, and Improvements, collected from Foreign and British Sources, for the Use of those concerned in Raw Materials, Machinery, Manufactures, Building and Decoration. London: Published for the Proprietary. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Monthly. Vol. I. No. 1. February, 1873. Per number, $1.00.

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it is that lead sinks in the water. Yet there are abundant reasons for wishing that we could ourselves make such good wood-cuts, such good paper and ink, such good press-work, and often such well prepared articles, as they make on the other side. Note that this is not covetousness nor envy; it is only a righteous ambition; and meanwhile we do not undervalue our neighbor's merchandise. The Practical Magazine is a monthly periodical, of the same general class with our own "Scientific American," but aiming to cover wider ground, and on a higher plane. The Boston firm of J. R. Osgood & Co. have arranged to have an edition with their imprint sent over, and thus furnish it as the American publishers.

The three numbers which we have seen contain a good deal of interesting and useful matter. How far it will prove practically adapted to American industrial conditions, is for experience to decide; but to enable our readers as far as we can to judge for themselves, we note the subjects of the principal papers in the February number, not naming a number of shorter articles and paragraphs:

Biography and portrait of Mr. Bolckow, an English ironmaster and member of parliament, a "self-made man" of German birth; with a good deal of history about the iron business in the Cleveland district.

Account of some of the chief inventions of the Cornish engineer Richard Trevithick, with cuts.

Notes on Farm Manure Pits, Sheds and Tanks, with cuts.

Manufacture of Rivets, with cuts of machines.

Commercial and Manufacturing Industries of Russia, with descriptions and statistics (one of a series).

Two short papers on American inventions, with cuts, viz., a napping machine, and a mode of excavating canals and reclaiming waste land together.

Experiments on tension of driving bands of leather, India rubber and gutta percha, by M. Tresca of the Paris Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

Mineral Wealth of Spain, with statistics.

Loss of sodium in Leblanc's process for making Soda.

Abstracts of German papers on civil engineering, architecture, and building; translated from the Leipzig "Civil Engineer" (one of a series).

Practical Note-book of Technical Information for Students and Workmen (on cutting out ornamental wood-work, mouldings, &c.) with many illustrations (series).

Notes on Industries of the North of Europe (series).

Applied Chemistry; being brief abstracts from chemical periodicals, transactions, &c. (series).

Art Studies from Nature, as applied to Design (a review of a book, with cuts).

— There; anybody can see how suggestive a set of articles that is; and without much technical knowledge it is easy also to perceive that there is a great deal of useful information in the work

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Musical Review.

[Figures 1 to 7 inclusive indicate degree of difficulty; e.g., 1 very easy, 7 very difficult. Capitals (A to G) the key. Small letters without brackets, the range for the voice.]

CARL PRUFER, 30 West Street, Boston.

Menuetto. 3. F. Schubert . .25

The minuet and short trio are from the fantasie in G major, Op. 78; fingering by Liszt. To give its true beauty requires careful attention to the light and shade. Execution not difficult.

Variations on Russian Hymn. 4. Eug. Thayer 75

This is the twelfth number of the Organ Repertoire, several numbers of which we have already noticed. For pedal practice it is admirably adapted; and the careful noting of the stops, and their combination, simplifies the rendering for any organist of average ability. The *adagio* and *finale* particularly effective for a closing church-service.

Nursery Rhymes Galop. F. 3. Ch. Koppitz 50

The introduction in F, the galop and *finale* in C. Quite simple if the small notes in the octave passages are omitted. Not especially original, but sufficiently rhythmic for a rushing galop.

Children's Pieces. G. 2. F. Mendelssohn 35

Mr. L. R. Goering has arranged a number of choice classical selections for the violin or flute, and piano. The entire series forms a charming addition to the home musical library. The above, which is the third number in the series, is from the well-known Opus 72.

VOCAL.

O Jugend, O Schöne Rosenzeit. (*Spring-time of Youth.*) A. 4. (E to A). Mendelssohn . . .35

The perfection of beauty in music and words: the one makes one long to possess a pure high tenor or soprano; the other, in its description of the beloved one, leaves the echo of its burden in the heart and on the lips. *O Könnt ich Herzliebchen, stets bei dir sein!*

Finklein und Baüerlein. (*The Sparrow and the Thresher.*) C. 4. Taubert 40

A charming playful song of child-life, — a pretty dialogue between the sparrow and the farmer thrashing in the barn-floor, with its tik, tik, tak! and its quaint endearing German diminutives, *Finklein, Bauerlein, Scheuerlein.* To know how fascinating and piquant the song can be, one should hear Clara Doria sing it as she gave it at the last Harvard Concert, with Mr. Dresel's accompaniment.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington Street.

Flower-Song. F. 3. Gustav Lange 50

Already popular, as played by the

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Beethoven Quintette Club. The pretty Blumenlied is well worthy buying and playing. The theme is pleasing, and gracefully treated in arpeggios. The octave variation is vigorous, but never heavy. Played with taste and expression, quite sure to please.

Will o' the Wisp. D. 4. A. Jensen 40

One of the most fascinating Irrlicht caprices we have. It is a reprint from the "Wanderbilder." Not difficult to read in slow time: its execution becomes quite difficult in combining *motto vivace e sotto voce.*

Berceuse. F. 5. Joachim Raff 50

Properly speaking, the Cradle-song is a composition by Ch. Gounod; but Raff's transcription is so much more than the original, that it describes the piece more truly to affix Raff's name. The runs, arpeggios, and double thirds require the greatest nicety and lightness in execution, as well as velocity. Raff is one of the new school. The enjoyment we have already received from his symphony, and a few piano compositions that have reached us, create a strong desire for more.

Arabesken. 3. Isidor Seiss. $1.00

A series of eight absolutely good short pieces, in different keys, and with the following titles: Introduction," "Ballad," Romance," "Interlude," "Making the Wreath," Earnest Life," "Epilogue," "Consolation." Each separately twenty-five cents. It is desirable to have the entire series from the intrinsic merit of each number, besides the advantage from an economical point of view.

VOCAL.

Dream Visions. F. 4. Silas G. Pratt 40

We give the author's name as printed on the titlepage, feeling sure that Mr. Silas G. Pratt must regret as much as we do the mistake by which his name takes the place of Robert Schumann. Possibly Mr. Pratt may be the author of the words which we are advised should be sung with much expression and rapturous enthusiasm: in this case we suggest the removal of his name to the left-hand side, and the insertion of R. Schumann on the right. The transfer of the Traumerei bodily from the Kinderscenen was quite bold enough; but the addition of a violin obligato accompaniment, to be played with *mutes ppp,* suggests Thomas's orchestra, and its fine-drawn pianism in the favorite concert-piece, too distinctly to think of the appropriation in any other light than that of an unfortunate mistake. A fine picture of Miss Graziella Ridgway adorns the titlepage. Would that America possessed a genius capable of the entire creation! Accepting it, however, as a gift from across the water, we renew our old enthusiasm for both melody and harmony, and desire to hear it well sung by a sweet-toned soprano.

Farewell. (E to A♭). 3. A. E. Warren 30

A simple song reiterating in various forms the pain of parting, which only "those can know who say farewell." Accompaniment simple.

Sleep on, and Dream of Me. (E to A). 3. Louisa Gray. .30

Commonplace in word and setting. Unobjectionable enough, but without special merit of any sort.

Bright Hopes. G. (D to E). 2. H. P. Danks 30

The sentiment inculcated is admirable. Words by Josephine Pollard.

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"Hope should never die,
Though the heart be weary,
Though the days seem long,
And the way be dreary."

The prescription is good; but who shall furnish the medicine?

Meeting. E♭. (E♭ to B♭). 3. . H. Millard 50

A companion song to "Parting," by the same author. Mr. Millard's songs are always musical, with a pathos of their own which is apt to suggest strong family likeness. Any one sung by itself would please; though a succession might bring satiety. This one, dedicated to Mademoiselle Louise Liebhart, is quite good. Suitable for a high soprano or tenor; also possible for a mezzo-soprano by omitting the small notes.

He giveth his Beloved Sleep. D. (E to D). 3. Franz Abt . .30

Dream of Angels, Little One. E♭ (B♭ to E♭). 2. Franz Abt .30

Two excellent songs for a contralto or low mezzo-soprano voice. Accompaniment simple. The second one especially charming. Words by Geo. Cooper.

When thou'lt meet thy Love again. E♭ (A♭ to D♭). 3. J. Concone 30

A beautiful contralto song. The original is to be found in the first volume of Forty Songs for a contralto voice, Opus 17, No. 24. The studies were always favorites from the musical, rhythmic flow of their melodies, and the fitness and individuality of the accompaniments.

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont Street.

Instrumental.

Serenade. B. 5. Lebert and Stark. 20

Mazurka Caprice. 5. D♭. Lebert and Stark 75

Two more selections from the series of piano-forte pieces graded for use in the Stuttgart Conservatory. These are both from the fourth or highest grade, and proportionately difficult. The "Serenade" is the more musical of the two.

Vocal.

Open wide the Golden Door. F. (C to D). 1. G. Dana . .40

We have a right to expect from Russell's publishing-house something better than printed pages that are simply innocuous, if it is simply innocuous to picture heaven as supplied with "waiting ushers dressed in white" ready to assist decrepit women "with staffs of light" for walking-canes.

A Shadow. A♭ (G to G). 4. Madame E. Rudersdorff . . .50

Much more attractive than "Little Baby's gone to Sleep," by the same author. Words by Proctor. The air quite melodic, and well put upon the piano. Madame Rudersdorff has many claims to her title as artiste.

Apollo. A collection of part-songs for male voices, with English words. By Charles J. Sprague. A series of seven small pamphlets, each, with one exception, containing one part-song.

1. *Hymn to Music.* Lachner . .50
2. *Student's Song.* Liszt . . .75
3. *On the Rhine.* Kucken . . .75
4. *Rhine Wine Song.* Franz . .50
5. *The Woods.* E. Ruter . . .70
6. *The Sparrow's Twitter.* T. Otto 70
6. *Swan Song.* H. Truhn . .70
7. *Light.* Liszt 70

The title has been chosen as a popular one, without implying that the selection was made especially for the use of the popular Apollo Club. Most of the songs, however, have

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already been given by the Apollos at the public concerts or the private rehearsals. No. 1 was particularly attractive in the broad, effective style for which, under Mr. Lang's skilful leadership, the club has become distinguished. The "Swan Song" the least agreeable in its voice-setting, though the harmony is fine. "The Sparrow's Twitter," in the same number, is a delicious bit of merry fun, as all who heard the Apollos at their last concert of the season will admit. No. 7, by Liszt, has not yet been sung. The English versions to all are, of course, admirable.

WHITE, SMITH, & PERRY, 296 Washington Street, Boston.

Shepherd's Evening Song. F. 3. Ch. D. Blake. 50

Un morceau brillante arranged as a solo; also for four hands. An introduction precedes the song, which is pretty without being very original. A nice little echo, with neat little runs, and a sprinkling of arpeggios. Makes a graceful, pleasing, and not difficult piece.

Herald of Spring. A. 3. E. L. Gurney 40

This is called a *caprice joyeuse*, supposed to be suggestive of spring. A good deal of preluding fails to suggest any thing satisfactory. We are afraid we might not recognize spring without any other harbinger; but the season has been unpropitious, it is true.

Joyous Spring. F. 3. G. D. Wilson 50

Morceau also for the piano. We are inclined to like Wilson, after all; though our classical friends are sure to smile wisely and pityingly. It is true all his compositions are evidently by the author of the "Shepherd Boy;" but who doesn't like that the first time? A good many continue to like it, though it is played *ad nauseam*. There is always the same sort of simple theme, the same echo suggestion, the same smooth-running arpeggios and runs; but there is a great deal of worse music that is only a noise.

The Night Birds whisper Soft and Light. 3. C. A. White . .50

A quartette for mixed voices. Pleasing and simple. Quite a lover-like and romantic titlepage. Those in the boat rowing seem to be having a better time than the girl on the steps.

My Home beyond the Tide. A♭. 2. S. N. Tucker 40

Song and chorus. More realistic on the outside than in the inside. We suppose some one likes impossible pictures of heavenly mansions with marble steps, china vases holding gardener's bouquets, women with chignons, crowns, and double skirts, offering evergreen wreaths to the innocents who have just been ferried over by a substantial angel with wings spread swan-fashion in lieu of sails; while a well-tattooed marine with a boat-hook contemplates alternately the picture, the moon, a small ship, and a large frigate (in dangerous proximity to the rocks, we should say). But we are not nautical, emotional, or fanciful enough to appreciate, much less criticise, such a work of art.

[NOTE TO MUSICAL PEOPLE. — Any piece of music named in the above Music Review will be mailed to any address, free of postage *both ways*, on receipt of the retail price.]

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COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

MAINE.

BATES COLLEGE (Lewiston). Founded 1863. President, Oren B. Cheney.

Faculty and other college officers: John Fullonton, *Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology;* John Jay Butler, *New Testament Literature and Homiletics;* Jonathan Y. Stanton, *Greek and Latin;* Benjamin F. Hayes, *Mental and Moral Philosophy, and New Testament Literature;* Richard C. Stanley, *Chemistry and Geology;* Thomas L. Angell, *Modern Languages and Mathematics;* Charles Howard Malcom, *History;* James Albert Howe, *Systematic Theology;* George C. Chase, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* Thomas Hill Rich, *Hebrew;* Clarence A. Bickford, *Tutor.*

Number of students, 115.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE (Brunswick). Founded 1802. President, Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain.

Faculty: Alpheus Spring Packard, *Natural and Revealed Theology, also Librarian;* John Appleton, *Medical Jurisprudence;* Ephraim Chamberlain Cummings, *Mental and Moral Philosophy;* Jotham Bradbury Sewall, *Ancient Languages and Literature;* Alonzo B. Palmer, *Pathology and Therapeutics;* William Warren Greene, *Surgery;* John Smith Sewall, *Rhetoric, Oratory, and English Literature;* Edward W. Jenks, *Obstetrics and Diseases of Women;* George Leonard Vose, *Civil Engineering;* Stephen Jewett Young, *Modern Languages;* Cyrus Fogg Brackett, *Chemistry and Physics;* Alfred Mitchell, *Pathology and Therapeutics;* George Lincoln Goodale, *Natural Science, Applied Chemistry, and Materia Medica;* William Widgery Thomas, *Scandinavian Languages and Swedish:* Alpheus Spring Packard, jun., *Entomology;* Joseph P. Sanger, *Military Science and Tactics;* Thomas Dwight, *Anatomy;* Charles Greene Rockwood, jun., *Mathematics;* Edward Sylvester Morse, *Comparative Anatomy and Zoölogy;* Robert Amory, *Physiology;* Henry Leland Chapman, *Latin;* Frederic Henry Gerrish, *Materia Medica;* John Norris McClintock, *Topographical Engineering and U. S. Coast-Survey Methods;* Robert Lawrence Packard, *Applied Chemistry and French;* James B. Taylor, *Elocution and Oratory;* Charles Henry Moore, *Latin;* Dudley Allen Sargent, *Director of the Gymnasium;* Fred Eugene Whitney, *Assistant Librarian;* Hampton E. Hill, *Demonstrator in Anatomy.*

Number of students, 266.

COLBY UNIVERSITY (Waterville). Founded 1820. President, James T. Champlin; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty: Samuel K. Smith, *Rhetoric;* Charles E. Hamlin, *Chemistry and Natural History;* Moses Lyford, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* John B. Foster, *Greek and Latin;* Edward W. Hall, *Modern Languages;* Julian B. Taylor, *Tutor.*

Number of students, 55.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS (Orono). Founded——. President, Charles F. Allen; *also Professor of English Literature, Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: Merrit C. Fernald, *Mathematics and Physics;* Robert L. Packard, *Chemistry, French, and German;* William A Pike, *Civil Engineering;* Charles H. Fernald, *Natural History;* Joseph R. Farrington, *Farm Superintendent;* X. A. Willard, *Dairy Farming;* James J. H. Gregory, *Market Farming and Gardening;* James Deane, *Military Instructor;* John Perley, *Book-Keeping and Commercial Forms.*

Number of students, 71.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE (Hanover). Founded 1769. President, Asa Dodge Smith.

Faculty and other college officers: Joel Parker, *Law;* Dixi Crosby (Emeritus), *Surgery;* Benjamin Labaree, *Moral Philosophy and International Law;* Edward Elisha Phelps, *Pathology;* Alpheus Crosby (Emeritus), *Greek;* Oliver Payson Hubbard, *Chemistry and Pharmacy;* Daniel James Noyes, *Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy;* Edwin David Sanborn, *Oratory, Belles-Lettres, and Rhetoric, also Librarian;* John Lord, *History;* Edmund Randolph Peaslee, *Obstetrics and Physiology;* Henry Elijah Parker, *Latin and Roman History;* Jean Godeby, *French;* Mark Bailey, *Elocution;* John Ordronaux, *Medical Jurisprudence;* Elihu Thayer Quimby, *Mathematics, Civil Engineering, and Mechanics;* Carlton Pennington Frost, *Medicine and Physiology;* Charles Augustus Young, *Natural Philosophy*

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and Astronomy; Alpheus Benning Crosby, *Surgery;* Charles Henry Hitchcock, *Geology, Mineralogy, and Natural History;* Edward Rush Ruggles, *Modern Languages and English Literature;* Lyman Bartlett How, *Anatomy and Physiology;* Henry Martyn Field, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Edward Swift Dunster, *Obstetrics;* John Carroll Proctor, *Greek Language, Literature, and History;* Ezekiel Webster Dimond, *General and Agricultural Chemistry;* Robert Fletcher, *Civil Engineering and Stereotomy;* Charles Franklin Emerson, *Natural Philosophy and Mathematics;* John King Lord, *Latin and Rhetoric;* Frank Asbury Sherman, *Mathematics and Graphics;* Francis Brown, *Greek;* Benjamin Thomas Blanpied, *Chemistry and Natural History;* Solon Rodney Towne, *Gymnastics;* Daniel Gile Brockway, *Demonstrator in Anatomy;* Leonard Melville French, *Assistant Demonstrator;* Edward Payson Stimson, *Chemistry;* George Bates Nichols Tower, *Civil Engineering.*

Number of students, 408.

VERMONT.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE (Middlebury). Founded 1797. President, Harvey D. Kitchel, *also Professor of Political Economy and International Law.*

Faculty and other college officers: William H. Parker, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Edwin H. Higley, *Greek and German;* Solon Albee, *Latin;* George A. Webber, *Intellectual and Moral Philosophy;* Henry M. Seely, *Chemistry and Natural History;* Ezra Brainard, *Rhetoric, English Literature, and Elocution.*

Number of students, 58.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT AND STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE (Burlington). Founded 1791. President, Matthew Henry Buckham.

Faculty: Samuel White Thayer (Emeritus), *Anatomy;* Walter Carpenter, *Theory and Practice of Medicine, and Materia Medica;* McKendree Petty, *Mathematics;* John Ordronaux, *Physiology, Pathology, and Medical Jurisprudence;* Peter Collier, *Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Metallurgy;* Henry Williamson Haynes, *Greek, also Librarian;* Henry Augustus Pearson Torrey, *Intellectual and Moral Philosophy;* Volney Giles Barbour, *Civil Engineering;* George Henry Perkins, *Zoölogy, Botany, and Geology;* John Ellsworth Goodrich, *Rhetoric, English Literature, and Latin;* William Darling, *Anatomy;* Benjamin Howard, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* Louis Pollens, *Modern Languages;* John Austin Collier, *Assistant in Chemistry;* Peter Collier, *Curator of Museum.*

Number of students (men and women), 125.

MASSACHUSETTS.

AMHERST COLLEGE (Amherst). Founded 1821. President, William A. Stearns; *also Professor of Biblical History and Interpretation.*

Faculty: Ebenezer S. Snell, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Charles U. Shepard, *Natural History;* William S. Tyler, *Greek;* Julius H. Seelye, *Mental and Moral Philosophy;* Edward P. Crowell, *Latin;* Edward Tuckerman, *Botany and History;* Edward Hitchcock, *Hygiene and Physical Education;* William L. Montague, *French, Italian, and Spanish, and Librarian;* Richard H. Mather, *Greek and German;* L. Clark Seelye, *Rhetoric, Oratory, and English Literature;* William C. Esty, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Elijah P. Harris, *Chemistry;* Benjamin K. Emerson, *Geology and Zoölogy;* Enoch F. Burr, *Scientific Evidences of Religion;* Theodore W. Dwight, *Constitutional Law;* John W. Churchill, *Elocution;* Henry B. Richardson, *Greek and Latin;* Robert M. Woods, *English and Mathematics.*

Number of students, 261.

BOSTON COLLEGE (Boston). Founded 1863. President, Robert Fulton; *also Prefect of Schools, Catechist.*

Officers and teachers: John J. Murphy, *Poetry, Grammar, Mathematics, French, Prefect of Discipline;* Henry J. Shandelle, *Grammar, Algebra, French;* Michael A. Bruton, *Grammar, Arithmetic, French;* Lawrence J. O'Toole, *Rudiments, Arithmetic;* Thomas McLaughlin, *Rudiments, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping;* Alphonsus Charlier, *French;* Herman P. Chelius, *Organist;* George Mullins, *Drill-Master.*

Number of students, 139.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY (Boston). Founded 1869. Deans of faculties: George S. Hillard, *Law;* Eben Tourjée, *Music;* William F. Warren, *Theology.*

Officers of instruction and government; Charles N. Allen, *Violin;* Santiago Cancio Bello, *Spanish;* Edmund H. Bennett, *Contracts;* Melville M. Bigelow, *Bills and Notes, Insurance Estoppel;* Dudley Buck, *Organ;* Benjamin F. Cocker, *Pantheism;* Charles

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R. Cross, *Acoustics;* Dwight Foster, *Equity;* Wulf Fries, *Violoncello;* N. St. John Green, *Torts and Crimes, and Kent's Commentaries:* George S. Hillard, *Contracts and Professional Ethics;* Charles Koppitz, *Orchestration;* Jacob F. Krauss, *Oriental Languages;* James E. Latimer, *Historical Theology;* Ernest H. Leseman, *German;* Thomas F. Leonard, *Elocution;* John W. Lindsay, *Exegetical Theology;* Francis J. Lippitt, *Partnership and Agency;* Otis P. Lord, *Pleadings and Practice;* Albert C. Maggi, *Italian;* John O'Neil, *Singing, Æsthetics, and Physiology of the Voice;* John Ordronaux, *Medical Jurisprudence;* Henry W. Paine, *Real Property;* John Knowles Paine, *Composition, Musical History, and Æsthetics;* James C. D. Parker, *Piano-forte;* David Patten (Emeritus), *Practical Theology, also Librarian;* Edward L. Pierce, *Bailments and Corporations;* Robert C. Pitman, *Moot Courts;* John Morrison Reid, *Lecturer on Missions;* Charles T. Russell, *Evidence and Admiralty;* Benjamin F. Thomas, *Wills and Administrations;* Eben Tourjée, *Sacred Music;* Luther T. Townsend, *Practical Theology;* Stephen H. Tyng, *Lecturer on Pastoral Topics;* William F. Warren, *Systematic Theology;* Francis Wharton, *Conflict of Laws;* Isaac W. Wiley, *Lecturer on the Christian Ministry;* Theodore D. Woolsey, *Lecturer on Polytheism;* Carl Zerrahn, *Oratorio, and Orchestral Conductor.*

Number of students, 177.

College of the Holy Cross (Worcester). (Report of 1872). Founded 1843. President, Antony F. Ciampi.

Faculty and other college officers: Albert J. Peters, *French;* L. H. Gache, *Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics;* James Major, *Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Mathematics;* Charles H. Fulmer, *Rhetoric;* John J. Murphy, *Poetry;* Jeremiah McCarthy, *Humanities and Mathematics;* Stephen E. Folan, *Humanities and Mathematics;* Thomas F. McLaughlin, *Humanities and Arithmetic;* Thomas M. Reynolds, *Latin, Greek, and Arithmetic;* P. J. Murphy, *Latin, Greek, and Arithmetic;* George P. Burt, *Music;* Peter B. Mignault, *Physician.*

Number of students, 140.

Harvard College (Cambridge). Founded, 1636. President, Charles W. Eliot.

Officers of instruction and government: Emory Washburn, *Law;* Frederick Henry Hedge, *German;* John Barnard Swett Jackson, *Morbid Anatomy, and Curator of the Anatomical Museum;* John Langdon Sibley, *Librarian;* Andrew Preston Peabody (*Preacher to the University*), *Christian Morals;* Oliver Stearns, *Theology;* Louis Agassiz, *Zoölogy and Geology;* Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Anatomy;* Benjamin Peirce, *Astronomy and Mathematics;* Asa Gray, *Natural History;* Thomas Motley, *Farming;* George Cheyne Shattuck, *Theory and Practice of Physic;* Francis Bowen, *Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity;* Joseph Lovering, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, *Greek;* Henry Warren Torrey, *Ancient and Modern History;* Jeffries Wyman, *Anatomy;* Henry Jacob Bigelow, *Surgery;* George Derby, *Hygiene;* John Eugene Tyler, *Mental Diseases;* Henry Lawrence Eustis, *Engineering;* James Russell Lowell, *French, Spanish, and Belles-Lettres;* Josiah Dwight Whitney, *Geology;* Ezra Abbot, *New Testament Criticism and Interpretation;* Charles Edward Buckingham, *Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence;* Hermann August Hagen, *Entomology;* Francis Minot, *Medicine, and Diseases of Women and Children;* Wolcott Gibbs, *Application of Science to the Useful Arts;* Daniel Denison Slade, *Applied Zoölogy;* John Phillips Reynolds, *Obstetrics;* Francis James Child, *Rhetoric and Oratory;* Calvin Ellis, *Clinical Medicine;* George Martin Lane, *Latin;* Joseph Winlock (*Director of the Observatory*) *Astronomy and Geodesy;* Henry Willard Williams, *Ophthalmology;* Thomas Henderson Chandler, *Dentistry;* Josiah Parsons Cooke, *Chemistry and Mineralogy;* Edward James Young, *Hebrew, Oriental Languages, and Biblical Literature;* Charles Franklin Dunbar, *Political Economy;* Charles Carroll Everett, *Theology;* John Nelson Borland, *Clinical Medicine;* William Watson Goodwin, *Greek Literature;* Christopher Columbus Langdell, *Law;* Ferdinand Bôcher, *Modern Languages;* David Williams Cheever, *Clinical Surgery;* Ephraim Whitman Gurney, *History;* Adams Sherman Hill, *Rhetoric;* James Mills Peirce, *Mathematics;* James Clarke White, *Dermatology;* Francis Humphreys Storer, *Agricultural Chemistry;* James Bradstreet Greenough, *Latin;* Bennett Hubbard Nash, *Italian and Spanish;* Arthur Searle, *Assistant in the Observatory;* George Tufton Moffatt, *Operative Dentistry;* John Knowles Paine, *Music;* Henry Adams, *History;* William Augustus Rogers, *Assistant in the Observatory;* Francis G. Sanborn, *Entomology;* Robert Thaxter Edes, *Materia Medica;* William Everett, *Latin;* Charles Sanders Peirce, *Assistant in the Observatory;* Charles Joyce White, *Mathematics;* Raphael Pumpelly,

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Mining; Thomas Barnes Hitchcock, *Dental Pathology and Therapeutics;* Henry Pickering Bowditch, *Physiology;* William Henry Pettee, *Mining;* Charles Burnham Porter, *Demonstrator of Anatomy;* Charles Sprague Sargent, *Horticulture;* John Fiske, *Assistant Librarian;* Frederic Irving Knight, *Auscultation, Percussion, and Laryngoscopy;* Clement Lawrence Smith, *Latin;* John Collins Warren, *Surgery;* Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, *Paleontology;* Luther Dimmick Shepard, *Operative Dentistry;* Nathaniel Ware Hawes, *Operative Dentistry;* Reginald Heber Fitz, *Pathological Anatomy;* George Herbert Palmer, *Philosophy;* Edwin Pliny Seaver, *Mathematics;* Frank Eustace Anderson, *Greek;* George Anthony Hill, *Physics and Registrar;* John Trowbridge, *Physics;* Charles Loring Jackson, *Chemistry;* Edward Stickney Wood, *Chemistry;* Pierre Julien Boris, *French;* Josiah Calef Bartlett, *Mathematics;* Arthur Irving Fiske, *Greek;* Henry Barker Hill, *Chemistry;* Henry Howland, *German;* James Jefferson Myers, *Proctor;* Charles Herbert Moore, *Free Hand Drawing and Water Colors;* George Theodore Dippold, *German;* William Hunter Orcutt, Joseph Bangs Warner, *Proctors;* Charles Edward Munroe, *Chemistry;* Arthur Lord Huntington, Henry Parkman, William Willard Boyd, Samuel Brearley, Henry Nathan Wheeler, Albert Lamb Lincoln, Edward Stevens Sheldon, John Freeman Tufts, Moses Perkins White, *Proctors;* Edward William Hooper, *Steward;* James Winthrop Harris, *Secretary;* Amory Thompson Gibbs, *Assistant Secretary;* James Jennison, *Librarian of the Divinity School;* John Himes Arnold, *Librarian of the Law School;* Joseph Herbert Senter, *Assistant in the General Library;* John Freeman Brown, *Assistant in the Physical Laboratory;* Alfred Withington Field, *Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory;* William Elder, *Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory;* Marcello Hutchinson, *Assistant in the Laboratory of Agricultural Chemistry;* Arthur Gorham Davis, *Treasurer's Bookkeeper;* Frederic William Lister, *Superintendent of the Gymnasium.*

Massachusetts Agricultural College (Amherst). Founded 1863. President, William S. Clark; *also Professor of Botany and Horticulture.*

Faculty: Levi Stockbridge, *Agriculture;* Henry H. Goodell, *Modern Languages;* Charles A. Goessmann, *Chemistry;* Henry W. Parker, *Mental, Moral, and Social Science;* Selim H. Peabody, *Physics and Civil Engineering;* Henry James Clark, *Veterinary Science;* A. H. Merrill, *Military Science and Tactics;* Robert M. Woods, *Rhetoric and Elocution;* Charles L. Flint, *Dairy Farming;* Joseph White, *Civil Polity;* A. S. Packard, jun., *Useful and Injurious Insects;* Richard H. Mather, *Sculpture and German Literature;* Alonzo Bradley, *Honey Bee;* M. Fayette Dickinson, jun., *Rural Law;* George S. Cheney, *Vocal Music;* Willard C. Ware, *Gardener;* John C. Dillon, *Farm Superintendent.*

Number of students, 171.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology (Boston). Founded 1861. President, John D. Runkle; *also Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics.*

Officers of instruction: William Watson, *Mechanical Engineering;* John B. Henck, *Civil and Topographical Engineering;* William R. Ware, *Architecture;* William P. Atkinson, *English and History;* George A. Osborne, *Mathematics, Astronomy, and Navigation;* Alfred P. Rockwell, *Mining Engineering;* Edward C. Pickering, *Physics;* Samuel Kneeland, *Zoölogy and Physiology;* John M. Ordway, *Metallurgy and Industrial Chemistry;* James M. Crafts, *Analytical and Organic Chemistry;* Robert H. Richards, *Mineralogy and Assaying;* Thomas Sterry Hunt, *Geology;* George H. Howison, *Logic and the Philosophy of Science;* S. Edward Warren, *Descriptive Geometry, Stereotomy, and Drawing;* William Ripley Nichols, *General Chemistry;* Henry L. Whiting, *Topography;* Henry Mitchell, *Physical Hydrography;* Alpheus Hyatt, *Paleontology;* Lewis B. Monroe, *Vocal Culture and Elocution;* William H. Niles, *Physical Geology and Geography;* Charles R. Cross, *Physics;* Gaetano Lanza, *Mathematics and Mechanics;* Ernest Schubert, *Free-Hand and Machine Drawing;* Eugene Letang, *Architecture;* John A. Whipple, *Photography;* William E. Hoyt, *Civil Engineering and Drawing;* Jules Lévy, *French, Spanish, and Italian;* E. C. F. Krauss, *German;* Charles Kastner, *Practical Design;* Edward K. Clark, *Mechanical Drawing;* Randal Whittier, *Mathematics;* James M. Hodge, *General Chemistry and Qualitative Analysis;* Clarence S. Ward, *Quantitative Analysis;* Hobart Moore, *Military Tactics;* Darwin C. Fogg, *Janitor.*

Number of students, 356.

Mount Holyoke Female Seminary (South Hadley). Founded 1836. Principal, Miss Julia E. Ward.

Teachers: Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, Miss Anna C. Edwards, *Associate Principals:* Miss Lydia W. Shattuck, Miss Harriet E. Sessions,

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Miss Hannah Noble, Miss Helen P. Bowers, Miss Lucy J. Holmes, Miss Susan M. Clary, Miss Frances M. Hazen, Miss Elizabeth B. Prentiss, Miss Mary C. Townsend, Miss Sarah L. Melvin, Miss Elizabeth M. Bardwell, Miss Louise F. Cowles, Miss Susan Bowen, Miss Sarah Bowen, Miss Anna M. Wells, Miss Adaline E. Green, Miss Elizabeth P. Hodgdon, Miss Martha E. E. Bradford, Miss Cornelia M. Clapp, Miss Caroline L. White, Miss M. Ella Spooner, Emma H. Callender, M.D., *Physician, and Teacher of Physiology;* Miss Mary O. Nutting, *Librarian;* Mlle. Caroline de Maupassant, *French and German;* Miss Emma A. Ide, *Vocal Music.*

Number of students, 271.

New Church Theological School (Waltham, Mass). Recently established. President, Thomas Worcester; *also Professor of Theology.*

Faculty and officers: T. O. Paine, *Hebrew, Greek, and Latin;* L. B. Morrow, *Elocution and Culture of the Voice.*

Number of students, 7.

Tufts College (Medford). Founded 1854. President, Alonzo A. Miner; *also Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy.*

Faculty and other officers: Thomas J. Sawyer, *Christian Theology;* John P. Marshall, *Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology:* Jerome Schneider, *Greek;* Heman A. Dearborn, *Latin;* Benjamin G. Brown, *Mathematics;* William R. Shipman, *Rhetoric, Logic, and English Literature, also Librarian;* Moses T. Brown, *Elocution;* Charles E. Fay, *Modern Languages;* Charles D. Bray, *Civil and Mechanical Engineering;* Charles H. Leonard, *Homiletics and Pastoral Theology;* William G. Tousey, *Psychology and Natural Theology;* Silas W. Sutton, *Mathematics;* John W. Adams, *Vocal Music.*

Lecturers in Divinity School: Thomas B. Thayer, *Evidences of Christianity;* A. St. John Chambré, *Ecclesiastical History;* E C. Bolles, *Relations of Science to Christianity;* E. H. Chapen, *Study of Language.*

Number of students, 80.

Williams College (Williamstown). Founded 1793. President, Paul Ansel Chadbourne. Ex-President, Mark Hopkins; *also Professor of Theology and of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: ——, *Astronomy;* Nathaniel Herrick Griffin, *Latin, also Librarian;* John Tatlock (Emeritus), *Mathematics;* John Bascom, *Rhetoric;* Arthur Latham Perry, *History and Political Economy;* Charles Franklin Gilson, *Modern Languages;* Sanborn Tenney, *Natural History;* Cyrus Morris Dodd, *Mathematics;* Orlando Marcellis Fernald, *Greek;* Ira Remsen, *Physics and Chemistry;* Henry Wilson Smith, *Physical Training.*

Number of students, 119.

Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science (Worcester). Founded 1865. Principal, Charles O. Thompson; *also Professor of Chemistry.*

Faculty: George I. Alden, *Mechanics;* George E. Gladwin, *Drawing;* John E. Sinclair, *Mathematics and Civil Engineering;* Alonzo S. Kimball, *Physics;* Edward P. Smith, *Modern Languages;* Thomas E. N. Eaton, *Mathematics;* Milton P. Higgins, *Superintendent of Machine Shop.*

Number of students, 93.

RHODE ISLAND.

Brown University (Providence). Founded 1764. President, E. G. Robinson; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: John L. Lincoln, *Latin and German;* Samuel S. Greene, *Natural Philosophy and Astronomy;* Albert Harkness, *Greek;* J. Lewis Diman, *History and Political Economy;* Benjamin F. Clarke, *Mathematics and Civil Engineering;* John H. Appleton, *Chemistry;* T. Whiting Bancroft, *Rhetoric, English Literature, and Elocution;* Eli W. Blake, *Physics;* William C. Poland, *Latin and Greek;* J. W. P. Jenks, *Director of Museum of Natural History, Lecturer on Agriculture;* Charles H. Gates, *French;* Charles L. Nichols, *Analytical Chemistry;* Reuben A. Guild, *Librarian;* William Douglas, *Register.*

Number of students, 204.

CONNECTICUT.

Trinity College (Hartford). Founded 1823. President, Abner Jackson; *also Professor of Ethics and Metaphysics.*

Faculty and other college officers: John Brocklesby, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Thomas R. Pynchon, *Chemistry and Natural Science;* John T. Huntington, *Greek;* Edwin E. Johnson, *Rhetoric, and English Language and Literature;* Austin Stickney, *Latin;* Samuel Hart, *Mathematics;* George O. Hol-

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brooke, *Modern Languages;* John Williams, *History;* Francis T. Russell, *Oratory;* Duncan L. Stewart (emeritus), *Greek and Latin;* George C Shattuck, *Medicine;* William A. M. Wainwright, *Anatomy and Physiology;* William D. Shipman, *Law;* Samuel Eliot, *Political Science and Constitutional Law;* William Cleveland Hicks, *Civil and Mechanical Engineering;* Wootton Wright Hawkes, *English Language and Literature.*

Number of students, 67.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY (Middletown). Founded 1831. President, Joseph Cummings; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: John Johnston, *Natural Science;* John M. Van Vleck, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Calvin S. Harrington, *Latin;* James C. Van Benschoten, *Greek and Modern Languages;* George Prentice, *Rhetoric, English Literature, and Hebrew;* William North Rice, *Geology and Natural History;* Ralph G. Hibbard, *Elocution;* Moses Clark White, *Histology and Microscope;* Caleb T. Winchester, *Librarian;* George Brown Goode, *Curator of the Cabinets;* Darius Baker, *Tutor in Latin;* Edgar Moncena Smith, *Tutor in Mathematics.*

Number of students, 189.

YALE COLLEGE (New Haven). Founded 1801. President, Noah Porter.

Faculty and instructors: Leonard Bacon, *Church Polity and American Church History;* Elias Loomis, *Natural Philosophy and Astronomy;* William A. Norton, *Civil Engineering;* James D. Dana, *Geology and Mineralogy;* George E. Day, *Hebrew and Biblical Theology;* Samuel Harris, *Systematic Theology;* Thomas A. Thacher, *Latin;* Benjamin S. Roberts, *Military Science;* Benjamin Silliman, *Chemistry;* Chester S. Lyman, *Astronomy and Physics;* James M. Hoppin, *Homiletics and Pastoral Charge;* Stephen G. Hubbard, *Obstetrics;* William D. Whitney, *Sanscrit, Comparative Philology, and Modern Languages;* Moses C. White *Histology, Pathology, and Microscopy;* Francis Wayland, *Mercantile Law and Evidence;* George P. Fisher, *Ecclesiastical History;* William P. Trowbridge, *Dynamical Engineering;* Timothy Dwight, *Sacred Literature;* Charles A. Lindsley, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Hubert A. Newton, *Mathematics;* George J. Brush, *Mineralogy and Curator of Mineralogical Cabinet;* Samuel W. Johnson, *Agricultural and Analytical Chemistry;* William H. Brewer, *Agriculture;* Francis Bacon, *Surgery;* Leonard J. Sanford, *Anatomy and Physiology;* William C. Robinson, *Elementary and Criminal Law, and Law of Real Property;* John F. Weir, *Painting and Design;* Lewis R. Packard, *Greek;* Cyrus Northrop, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* Daniel C. Eaton, *Botany;* Arthur M. Wheeler, *History;* Addison Van Name, *Librarian;* J Willard Gibbs, *Mathematical Physics;* Arthur W. Wright, *Chemistry and Molecular Physics;* Thomas R. Lounsbury, *English;* Othniel C. Marsh, *Paleontology;* D. Cady Eaton, *History of Art;* Eugene L. Richards, *Mathematics:* Francis A. Walker, *Political Economy and History;* John H. Niemeyer, *Drawing;* Franklin B. Dexter, *Assistant Librarian and Registrar;* Simeon E. Baldwin, *Constitutional and Commercial Law, Law of Wills;* Oscar D. Allen, *Metallurgy;* Edward B. Coe, *Modern Languages;* Addison E. Verrill, *Zoölogy;* Franklin Carter, *German;* William G. Sumner, *Political and Social Science;* Johnson T. Platt, *Pleading and Equity Jurisprudence;* Henry P. Wright, *Latin;* James K. Thacher, *Natural Philosophy;* Henry A. Beers, *English Literature;* Edward Heaton, *Mathematics;* Thomas Hooker, *Greek;* Edward G. Coy, *Latin;* Henry Ward Beecher, *Preaching;* Mark Bailey, *Elocution;* John E. Clark, *Mathematics;* Albert S. Wheeler, *German;* William L. Bradley, *Anatomy;* Gustave J. Stoeckel, *Vocal Music;* Richard M. Bache, *Plane Table Surveying;* F. R. Honey, *Orthographic Projection;* Abram M. Shew, *Insanity;* Daniel H. Wells, *Civil Engineering;* Sidney I. Smith, *Zoölogy;* Oscar Harger, *Paleontology;* Edward S. Breidenbaugh, *Chemistry;* Charles S. Hastings, *Physics;* Horace Andrews, *Surveying;* Daniel H. Pierpont, *Surveying;* Theophil M. Prudden, *Chemistry;* Louis Bail, *Drawing.*

NEW YORK.

AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY (Auburn). Founded 1820.

Faculty: Samuel M. Hopkins, *Ecclesiastical History and Church Polity;* Edwin Hall, *Christian Theology;* J. B. Condit, *Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology;* E. A. Huntington, *Biblical Criticism, also Librarian;* Willis J. Beecher, *Hebrew.*

Number of students, 47.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK (New-York City). Founded 1866. President, Alexander Stewart Webb.

Faculty and other college officers: Jean Roemer, *French;* Agustin Jose Morales, *Spanish Language and Literature;* Gerardus Beekman Docharty, *Mathematics;* Charles

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Edward Anthon, *History and Belles-Lettres;* John Graeff Barton, *English Language and Literature;* Robert Ogden Doremus, *Chemistry and Physics;* Hermann Joseph Aloys Koerne, *Descriptive Geometry and Drawing;* Adolph Werner, *German;* John Christopher Draper, *Natural History and Physiology;* Alfred George Compton, *Mechanics, Astronomy, and Engineering;* George Washington Huntsman, *Philosophy;* Charles George Herbermann, *Latin;* Jesse Ames Spencer, *Greek;* Benjamin Arad Sheldon, *Mathematics;* Casimir Fabregou, *French;* Jame Godwin, Solomon Woolf, James Knox, Fitzgerald Tisdall, *Tutors:* James Edward Morrison, *History and Belles-Lettres;* Charles Roberts, *Tutor;* Ernest Fiston, *French;* Eustace Whipple Fisher, *English Language and Literature;* Edward Ellice Burnet, *English Language and Literature;* John Robert Sim, *Tutor;* William George McGuckin, *Tutor;* Robert Abbe, *Tutor;* Charles A. Walworth, *Bookkeeping and Phonography;* Hugo R. Hutten, *German;* J. Hampden Dougherty, Charles E. Lydecker, Martin Summerbell, *Fellows;* Joseph Edwin Frobisher, *Elocution;* Asa Williams Wilkinson, *Assistant in Chemistry;* John Thomas Cuming, *Librarian and Registrar;* Francis A. Reicard, *Assistant in Repository;* Charles Wolfe, *Mechanician.*

Number of students, 880.

College of Physicians and Surgeons, Medical Department of Columbia College (New York City). President, Edward Delafield; *also Lecturer on Pathological Astronomy.* Established 1807.

Faculty: Willard Parker, *Clinical Surgery;* Alonzo Clark, *Pathology and Practical Medicine;* John C. Dalton, *Physiology and Hygiene;* Samuel St. John, *Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence;* Thomas M. Markoe, *Surgery;* T. Gaillard Thomas, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* John T. Metcalfe, *Clinical Medicine;* Henry B. Sands, *Anatomy;* James W. McLane (Adjunct), *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* Thomas T. Sabine (Adjunct), *Anatomy;* Charles F. Chandler (Adjunct), *Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence;* Edward Curtis, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* William Detmold (Emeritus), *Clinical and Military Surgery;* William H. Draper, *Diseases of the Skin;* Cornelius R. Agnew, *Diseases of the Eye and Ear;* Abraham Jercobi, *Diseases of Children;* Fesenden N. Otis, *Venereal Diseases, and Diseases of Genito Urinary Organs;* John G. Curtis, *Demonstrator of Anatomy;* Charles McBurney, *Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy;* James L. Little, *Operative Surgery and Surgical Dressings;* Edward C. Sequin, *Diseases of Nervous System (Insanity);* George G. Wheelock, *Physical Diagnosis;* A. Brayton Ball, *Diseases of the Kidneys.*

Number of students, 356.

College of St. Francis Xavier (New-York City). Founded 1847. President, H. Hudon.

Faculty and other college officers: Francis Cazeau, *Vice-President, Prefect of Studies, and Chief Disciplinarian;* James Perron, *Treasurer;* Theodore Thiry, *Chaplain;* Charles H. De Luynes, *Librarian;* William Pardow, *Assistant Prefect of Studies and Discipline, Librarian of the Students' Library;* Godfrey Friderici, *Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, and German:* Samuel Frisbee, *Physics, Mathematics, Mineralogy, Botany, and Mechanics;* Cleophas Desjardins, *Chemistry;* Maurice Ronayne, *History and Evidences of Religion, President of the Debating Society;* Patrick Dealy, *Director of the Alumni Sodality;* Peter Cassidy, *Rhetoric and Elocution;* James Casey, *Belles-Lettres and Geometry;* Francis Smith, *Classics and Algebra;* John Cunningham, *Introductory Class;* Joseph Jerge, *Grammar, Algebra, and German;* John B. Prendergast, *Grammar;* Edward McTammany, *Grammar;* Robert McGinley, James P. Melanephy, *Rudiments;* Francis Xavier Renaud, *Commercial and Preparatory Courses;* James H. Reddan, *Arithmetic and French;* John O'Neill, *Commercial Law;* Aloysius W. Reilly, *First Commercial Class;* Charles F. H. O'Neill, *Second Commercial Class;* Thomas J. McDonough, *Third Commercial Class;* William B. J. Boddy, *First Preparatory Class;* Thomas J. Wentworth, *Second Preparatory Class;* Francis T. Durand, *Third Preparatory Class;* John S. O'Leary, *Fourth Preparatory Class;* Theodore T. Chevalme, *French;* Prof. P. Oeker, *German;* Antonio A. Herrera, *Drawing and Penmanship;* John Dowdle, *Penmanship;* Felix Simon, *Vocal Music.*

Number of students, 446.

Cornell University (Ithaca). Founded 1865. President, Andrew D. White; *also Professor of History.*

Faculty: William Channing Russel, *Vice-President, History, and South European Languages;* Evan W. Evans, *Mathematics;* George C. Caldwell, *Agricultural Chemistry;* Burt G. Wilder, *Comparative Anatomy and Zoölogy;* Willard Fiske, *Librarian, North European*

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Languages; William D. Wilson, *Registrar, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy;* James Law, *Veterinary Medicine and Surgery;* William Charles Cleveland, *Civil Engineering;* Charles Fred. Hartt, *General, Economic, and Agricultural Geology;* Albert N. Prentiss, *Botany, Horticulture, and Arboriculture;* John L. Morris, *Practical Mechanics, and Director of the Machine-Shops;* Charles A. Shaeffer, *Analytical Chemistry and Mineralogy;* Charles H. Wing, *Chemistry;* Henry McCandless, *Agriculture;* Tracy Peck, *Latin;* Isaac Flagg, *Greek;* Charles Chauncy Shackford, *Rhetoric and General Literature;* Charles Babcock, *Architecture;* Hiram Corson, *Anglo-Saxon, English, and Oratory;* William A. Anthony, *Physics and Industrial Mechanics;* William E. Arnold, *Mathematics and Military Tactics;* James W. MacMurray, *Military Science;* H. H. Boyesen, *North European Languages;* T. Frederick Crane, *South European Languages;* Henry T. Eddy, *Mathematics;* James Morgan Hart, Waterman T. Hewett, Bela P. MacKoon, *North European Languages;* James Edward Oliver, Ziba Hazard Potter, *Mathematics;* Frederick L. O. Rœhrig, Alfred Stebbins, *South European Languages;* Lucien A. Wait, *Mathematics;* Louis Agassiz, *Natural History;* Theodore W. Dwight, *Constitutional Law;* John Stanton Gould, *Mechanics applied to Agriculture;* George Washington Greene, *American History;* James Russell Lowell, *English Literature;* Goldwin Smith, *English History;* Bayard Taylor, *German Literature;* James Anthony Froude, *English History;* C. V. Riley, *Economic Entomology;* Edward Wyllys Hyde, *Civil Engineering;* William Russell Dudley, *Botany;* John Henry Comstock, *Entomology;* William Harkins, *Assistant in the Library;* B. Hermon Smith, *Director of the University Press;* George Berry, J. H. Comstock, *Masters of the Chimes.*

Number of students (men and women), 537.

De Veaux College (Suspension Bridge). Founded 1857. Acting President, George Herbert Patterson; *also Professor of Sacred Studies, Latin, Greek, French.*

Faculty: James Van Voast (head master), *Sacred Studies, Mathematics;* Francis E. Pierce, *Military Science;* William Keith Brooks, *Mathematics, Physical Science, Bookkeeping;* Cecil Barnes, *English, Geography, History;* Francis Eugene Whitney, *Greek, German, Music;* Charles Newton Fessenden, *Latin, Elocution, Drawing, Penmanship.*

Number of students, 60.

Elmira Female College (Elmira). Founded 1855. President, Augustus W. Cowles; *also Professor of Sacred Literature, Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty and other college officers: D. R. Ford, *Physical Science, Mathematics, and Astronomy;* Anna M. Bronson, *Physiology and English Literature;* E. Harriet Stanwood, *Latin, Algebra, and Evidences of Christianity;* Agathe Elise Jacot, *French and German;* C. L. Chubbuck, *History and Arithmetic;* Clara H. Hannum, *Gymnastics, Latin, and History;* Laura A. Wentworth, *Music;* Mary W. Knight, *Music;* G. W. Waters, *Painting;* Kate M. Bacon, *Drawing and Painting.*

Number of students (women), 151.

Hamilton College (Clinton). Founded 1812. President, Samuel Gilman Brown; *also Professor of Evidences of Christianity.*

Faculty and other college officers: Charles Avery (Emeritus), *Chemistry;* Nicholas Westermann Goertner, *College Pastor;* Oren Root, *Mathematics, Mineralogy, and Geology;* Christian Henry Frederick Peters, *Astronomy;* Ellicott Evans, *Law, History, Civil Polity, and Political Economy;* Edward North, *Greek;* John William Mears, *Intellectual and Moral Philosophy;* Albert Huntington Chester, *Agricultural Chemistry;* Abel Grosvenor Hopkins, *Latin;* Chester Huntington, *Natural Philosophy;* Henry Allyn Frink, *Logic, Rhetoric, and Elocution.*

Number of students, 149.

Hartwick Seminary (Hartwick Seminary P.O., Otsego Co.). Founded 1815. Principal, James Pitcher.

Faculty: Luther E. Albert, *Theology;* F. W. Wetherwax, *Tutor;* George Fenton, *Assistant Tutor;* Mrs. Cora O. Barnard, *Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 73.

Hobart College (Geneva). Founded 1824. President, Maunsell Van Rensselaer; *also Professor of Christian Ethics, Evidences of Christianity, and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Kendrick Metcalf, *Rhetoric and Elocution, and English Language and Literature;* John Towler, *Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Mathematics, and Modern Languages;* Hamilton L. Smith, *Astronomy and Natural Philosophy;* Joseph H. McDaniels, *Greek;* Francis Philip Nash, *Latin;* William Stevens Perry, *History;*

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Charles T. Vail, *Elocution, English Language and Literature, also Librarian and Registrar.*
Number of students, 45.

INGHAM UNIVERSITY (Le Roy). Founded 1857. Acting President, Lucius D. Chapin; *also Professor of Art Criticism.*

Faculty: Mrs. E. E. Ingham Staunton, *Vice-Chancellor, and Director of the School of Art;* William L. Parsons, *Mental and Moral Science;* Mrs. L. A. Parsons, *Classification, History, and Literature;* Miss Rhoda E. Mead, *French and German;* J. Jennings, *Mathematics and Academic Studies;* Miss Sarah B. Corliss, *Natural Sciences and Academic Studies;* R. L. D. Chapin, *Latin;* Abbie B. Gray, *Preparatory Department;* Mrs Julia W. Davison, *Health and Domestic Department;* Phineas Staunton, *Drawing, Crayoning, and Oil Painting;* Henri Appy, *Vocal Music;* Mrs. C. S. P. Cary, Miss Hittie Feagles, Miss Maggie R. Innis, Mrs. J. Jennings, *Instrumental Music.*
Number of students, 160.

MADISON UNIVERSITY (Hamilton). Founded 1820; chartered 1846. President, Ebenezer Dodge; *also Professor of Metaphysics.*

Faculty: Philetus B. Spear, *Hebrew;* Alexander M. Beebee, *Logic;* Lucien M. Osborn, *Natural Sciences;* N. Lloyd Andrews, *Greek, also Librarian;* John James Lewis, *Civil History, English Literature, and Oratory;* Edward Judson, *Latin and Modern Languages;* H. Harvey, *Moral Philosophy, Biblical Interpretation, and Pastoral Theology;* James M. Taylor, *Mathematics, also Principal of the Grammar School;* David Weston, *Ecclesiastical History.*
Number of students, 189.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE (New-York City). Founded 1863. Director, Brother Paulian.

PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE (Brooklyn). Founded 1846. President, A. Crittenden.

Faculty: D. G. Eaton, *Mathematics and Natural Science;* Miss Elizabeth J. Smith, *Matron;* Miss Susan K. Cook, Mrs. Mary H. Leffingwell, *Collegiate Teachers;* Miss Abby T. Wells, Miss Harriet A. Dickinson, Miss Annie L. Parker, Miss Louise B. Hendriksen, Miss Louise V. Van Ingen, Miss Veturia Manson, *First Academic Department;* Miss Alice A. Caruth, Miss Susan R. Howard, Miss Mary F. Swain, Miss M. Gordon Pryor, Miss Emily J. Hadden, Miss Margaret E. Winslow, *Second Academic Department;* Miss Mary A. Willis, Miss Elizabeth A. Massa, *Third Academic Department;* Miss Sarah Louise Taylor, Miss Maria L. Fullerton, *Preparatory;* Miss Sophia L. Waterbury, *Composition;* Mlle. Emilie Achert, *French;* Miss Celinda T. Davis, *Latin;* Madame Antonie Hoffmann, *German;* Alberto De Tornos, *Spanish;* Mrs. Marion Christopher, *Organist and Vocal Music;* S. Steffanone, *Vocal Music;* Miss Harriet Hudson Clarke, *Vocal Music;* Madame William Vincent Wallace, *Instrumental Music;* Miss Virginia Granbery, *Drawing and Oil Painting;* Miss Eliza G. Aller, *Elementary Drawing;* Mrs. Juliet W. Perkins, *Elocution;* Miss Ellen Garahan, *Penmanship;* Miss Fanny Elkins, *Laboratory Assistant;* Miss Hannah J. Garahan, *Librarian;* Miss Emma J. Browne, *Secretary;* A. B. Crosby, *Physiology.*
Number of students, 809.

RUTGERS FEMALE COLLEGE (New-York City). Founded 1838. President, George W. Samson.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE (Fordham). Founded 1846. President, Joseph Shea; *also Professor of Evidences of Religion.*

Faculty and other college officers: John Fitzpatrick, *Chief Disciplinarian;* Peter Tissot, *Book-keeping;* Godfrey Friedrici, *Mental Philosophy, Ethics, and German;* Louis Jouin, *Physics, Chemistry, and Mathematics;* David Merrick, *History;* Edward Doucet, *Chaplain;* William J. Doherty, *Rhetoric and Music;* John J. McCarthy, *Belles-Lettres and Geometry;* Thomas J. Campbell, *Classics and Algebra;* Francis S. Smith, *Grammar and Arithmetic;* David C. Plante, *Grammar and Arithmetic;* Ernest Desjardins, *Grammar and Arithmetic;* Alfred La Rue, *Latin;* Neil N. McKinnon, *English, Geometry, and Book-keeping;* Charles J. O'Connor, *English, Algebra, and Book-keeping;* John O'Rourke, *English and Arithmetic;* Patrick Donnelly, *English and Arithmetic;* Henry Kavanagh, *Preparatory Class;* Raymond Sapia, *Spanish and Penmanship;* Julius Macé, *Music;* Salvator Urso, *Music;* Felix Simon, *Music;* James Bathgate, *Physician.*
Number of students, 265.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE (Buffalo). Founded 1861. President, Brother Frank. Vice-President, Brother Halward.
Number of students, 291.

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St. Lawrence University (Canton). Founded 1856.

Faculty: Ebenezer Fisher, *President of Theological School, also Professor of Theology and Ethics;* John Stebbins Lee, *Ecclesiastical History and Biblical Archæology;* Orello Cone, *Biblical Languages and Literature and German;* A. G. Gaines, *Acting President College of Letters and Science, also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy;* John Stocker Miller, *Latin and Greek;* Allen Eugene Kilby, *Mathematics;* Lucy G. French, *French and Latin;* Edwin C. Bolles, *Microscopy, Chemistry, Zoölogy, and Botany;* James Henry Chapin, *Geology and Mineralogy;* A. Zenas Squire, *Mathematics;* Foster L. Backus, *Latin;* Annette J. Shaw, *German;* Hiram A. Merrell, *Mathematics;* Isaac P. Booth, *Librarian;* Mrs. Edna J. C. Noble, *Elocution.*

Number of students (men and women), 69.

St. Stephen's College (Annandale). Founded 1860. Warden, Robert B. Fairbairn; *also Professor of Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: George B. Hopson, *Latin;* Andrew Oliver, *Greek and Hebrew;* William W. Olssen, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Charles A. Foster, *History and English Language and Literature;* James Stryker, *Greek;* H. C. Rush, *Tutor;* William H. Tomlins, *Librarian.*

Number of students, 71.

Syracuse University (Syracuse). Founded 1870. Chancellor, Alexander Winchell.

Officers of instruction and government: John R. French, *Mathematics;* Wesley P. Codington, *Greek;* John J. Brown, *Chemistry;* Charles W. Bennett, *History and Logic;* Heman H. Sanford, *Latin;* George F. Comfort, *Modern Languages and Æsthetics;* John H. Durston, *Modern Languages;* W. Locke Richardson, *Elocution;* John Towler, *Anatomy;* Frederick Hyde, *Surgery;* Hiram N. Eastman, *Medicine;* Nelson Nivison, *Physiology, Pathology, and Hygiene;* Edward B. Stevens, *Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Botany;* Charles E. Rider, *Ophthalmology and Diseases of the Ear;* Harvey B. Wilbur, *Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System;* J. V. P. Quackenbush, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* John Van Duyn, *Histology and Microscopy, and Assistant in Anatomy;* Joseph P. Dunlap, *Clinical Medicine;* Henry Darwin Didama, *Clinical Medicine;* Roger W. Pease, *Clinical Surgery;* Alfred Mercer, *Clinical Surgery;* J. Otis Burt, *Materia Medica;* Wilfred W. Porter, *Clinical Midwifery, and Diseases of Women and Children;* William T. Plant, *Medical Jurisprudence;* John W. Lawton, *Clinical Ophthalmology and Diseases of the Ear;* Miles G. Hyde, *Demonstrator of Anatomy;* John P. Griffin, *Librarian and Registrar.*

Number of students, 108.

Union College (Schenectady). Founded 1795. President, Eliphalet Nott Potter; *also Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Lecturer upon the Evidences of Christianity.*

Faculty: Tayler Lewis, *Oriental Languages, and Greek and Latin;* Isaac W. Jackson, *Mathematics;* John Foster, *Natural Philosophy;* Jonathan Pearson, *Natural History;* Henry Whitehorne, *Latin and Greek;* William Wells, *Modern Languages and Literature;* Maurice Perkins, *Analytical Chemistry, and Curator of the Museum;* Rev. Ransom Bethune Welch, *Logic, Rhetoric, English Literature, and Mental Philosophy;* Cady Staley, *Civil Engineering;* Harrison Edwin Webster, *Natural History;* Sidney A. Norton, *Physics;* Isaiah B. Price, *Mathematics and History;* Jonathan Pearson, *Treasurer and Librarian;* Edgar Marshall Jenkins, *Assistant Treasurer and Registrar.*

Preparatory department: Benjamin Stanton, *Preparatory Training for the College;* Samuel Burnett Howe, *Principal of Schenectady Union School;* Thomas R. Featherstonhaugh, *Assistant Professor in Union Classical Institute.*

Medical department (Albany Medical College, established 1839). James McNaughton, *Theory and Practice of Medicine;* James H. Armsby, *Surgery;* Edmund R. Peaslee, *Diseases of Women;* Meredith Clymer, *Diseases of the Nervous System and of the Mind;* William P. Seymour, *Obstetrics and Diseases of Children;* John V. Lansing, *Physiology and Clinical Medicine;* Albert Vanderveer, *Anatomy;* Henry R. Haskins, *Anatomy;* George T. Stevens, *Ophthalmic and Orthopedic Surgery;* John M. Bigelow, *Materia Medica;* Maurice Perkins, *Chemistry and Toxicology;* Hon. Ira Harris, *Medical Jurisprudence;* B. U. Steenburg, *Demonstrator of Anatomy;* Henry March, *Curator of the Museum;* William Hailes, *Assistant Curator;* Willis S. Tucker, *Chemistry.*

Law department (Law School Albany): Thomas W. Olcott, *President;* Orlando Meads, *Secretary;* Ira Harris, *Practice, Pleadings, and Evidence;* Isaac Edwards, *Personal Property, Contracts, and Commercial Law;* William F. Allen, *Real Property;* Matthew Hale, *Criminal Law and Domestic Relations;* Wil-

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liam L. Learned, *Relation between Civil and Common Law.*

Dudley Observatory: George W. Hough, A.M., *Director, assisted by* Thomas E. McClure, Henry L. Foreman, Clarence Stirling, Prof. Hough.

Number of students, 459.

UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, Medical Department (Buffalo). Founded ——.

Dean of Faculty, Julius F. Miner.

Faculty: Charles B. Coventry (Emeritus), *Physiology and Medical Jurisprudence;* Sandford Eastman (Emeritus), *Anatomy and Clinical Surgery;* James P. White, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* George Hadley, *Chemistry and Pharmacy;* Thomas F. Rochester, *Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine;* Edward M. Moore, *Principles and Practice of Surgery;* William H. Mason, *Physiology and Microscopy;* Julius F. Miner, *Special Surgery;* H. N. Eastman, *Materia Medica and Hygiene;* Milton G. Potter, *Anatomy;* William C. Phelps, *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

Number of students, 98.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK (New York City). Founded 1831. President, Howard Crosby.

Faculty and other college officers: Isaac Ferris (Emeritus) *Chancellor;* E. A. Johnson, *Latin;* John W. Draper, *Chemistry and Natural History;* Martyn Paine (Emeritus), *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Alfred C. Post, *Surgery, Military Surgery, and Hygiene;* Benjamin N. Martin, *Logic and Intellectual and Moral Philosophy;* Richard H. Bull, *Civil Engineering;* Henry M. Baird, *Greek;* George W. Coakley, *Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy;* John C. Draper, *Chemistry;* Charles A. Budd, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* Henry Draper, *Physiology and Analytical Chemistry;* Alfred L. Loomis, *Medicine;* William Darling, *Anatomy;* T. Addison Richards, *Art;* E. H. Gillett, *Political Science;* Vincenzo Botta, *Italian;* William H. Thompson, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Henry E. Davies, *Law;* E. Delafield Smith, *Law;* David R. Jaques, *Law;* George H. Moore, *Law;* Charles Francis Stone, *Law;* Charles Carroll, *French and German;* John J. Stevenson, *Geology;* Joseph A Saxton, *Mechanical and Architectural Drawing;* Luis F. Mantilla, *Spanish;* Alexander Meyrowitz, *Hebrew.*

Number of students, 354.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER (Rochester). Founded 1846. President, Martin B. Anderson; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Asahel C. Kendrick, *Greek;* Isaac F. Quinby, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Henry A. Ward, *Natural Sciences;* Samuel A. Lattimore, *Chemistry, also Curator of the Cabinets;* Albert H. Mixer, *Modern Languages;* Joseph H. Gilmore, *Logic, Rhetoric, and English Literature, also Financial Secretary;* Otis H. Robinson, *Mathematics, also Librarian;* William C. Morey, *Latin.*

Number of students, 157.

VASSAR COLLEGE. Founded 1861. President, John H. Raymond; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Harriet W. Terry, *Lady Principal;* Charles S. Farrar, *Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry;* Maria Mitchell, *Astronomy;* Alida C. Avery, *Physiology and Hygiene;* Truman J. Backus, *Rhetoric and English Language and Literature;* James Orton, *Natural History;* Charles J. Hinkel, *Ancient and Modern Languages;* Henry Van Ingen, *Painting and Drawing;* Frederick Louis Ritter, *Music;* Priscilla H. Braislin, *Chemistry and Mathematics;* Eliza M. Wiley, *Music;* Ann Eliza Morse, *Assistant;* Cæcilie Kapp, *German;* Fanny A. Wood, *English Composition;* Frances Ellen Lord, *Greek and Latin;* Eunice D. Sewall, *Librarian;* Anna M. Platt, *Music;* Agnes M. Lord, *Music;* Mary Dame, *President's Secretary and Assistant Librarian;* Adelaide L. Smiley, *Latin;* Caroline B. Le Row, *Elocution;* Abbie F. Goodsell, *Rhetoric and English Composition;* Lily E. Smythe, *Vocal and Instrumental Music;* Susan E. Daggett, *Ancient History, and Superintendent of Preparatory Students;* Charlotte C. Haskell, *Botany;* Clémentine Villiot, *French;* Eunice M. Cretin, *French;* Mary L. Segur, *Vocal Music;* Lois Anna Greene, *Physical Training;* Alma B. Goodrich, *Music;* Arabella J. Tuttle, *Music;* Charlotte E. Finch, *Music;* Bergitte Soot, *Music;* Ella M. Liggett, *Mathematics;* Mary L. Avery, *English Composition;* Ellen Dean, *Mathematics;* Abbie M. Goodwin, *Latin.*

Number of students, 411.

NEW JERSEY.

BORDENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE (Bordentown). Chartered 1853. President, John

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H. Brakeley; *also Lecturer on Natural Science.*

Faculty: J. Easter, *Mental and Moral Science;* Charles W. Bunn, *Mathematics and Ancient Languages;* Miss Jane Briscoe, *Physiology and History;* Mrs. J. E. D. Easter, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* Joseph Kœhler, *Instrumental Music;* Mrs. E. Lansing, *Music, Drawing and Painting;* Miss Mary A. Harmon, *Singing;* Mad'lle Aimee Wagner, *French and German.*

Number of students, 128.

BURLINGTON COLLEGE (Burlington). Founded 1846. President, William Henry Odenheimer.

Officers and teachers: Francis J. Clerc, *Mental and Moral Philosophy;* Marcus F. Hyde, *Ancient Languages;* George McClellan Fisk, *English Literature;* Horace R. Chase, *Mathematics;* Charles Everest, *English Language, also Drill-Master;* C. Baquet, *French;* A. Paladini, *Italian and Spanish;* E. R. Schmidt, *Natural Sciences and German;* Henry S. Haines, *Curator.*

Theological faculty: W. H. Odenheimer, *Canon Law;* F. J. Clerc, *Ecclesiastical History, Evidences of Christianity, Book of Common Prayer;* M. F. Hyde, *Sacred Criticism and Patristics;* George Morgan Hills, *Homiletics and Pastoral Theology;* Elvin K. Smith, *Dogmatic Theology;* William S. Walker, *Oriental and Biblical Literature;* Louis C. Newman, *Hebrew.*

Number of students, 65.

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY (Princeton). Founded 1746. President, James McCosh; *also Professor of Biblical Instruction.*

Faculty and other college officers: Stephen Alexander, *Natural Philosophy and Astronomy;* Lyman H. Atwater, *Logic, and Moral and Political Science;* Arnold Guyot, *Geology and Physical Geography;* John T. Duffield, *Mathematics and Mechanics;* J. Stillwell Schanck, *Chemistry and Natural History;* Henry C. Cameron, *Greek, also Librarian;* Charles W. Shields, *History, and Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion;* William A. Packard, *Latin and Science of Language;* John S. Hart, *Belles-Lettres, and English Language and Literature;* Joseph Kargé, *Modern Languages;* S. G. Peabody, *Elocution;* Fuller P. Dalrymple, *Mathematics;* Eli Marsh Turner, *Belles-Lettres, also Assistant Librarian;* Alfred H. Fahnestock, *Latin;* John Laird, *Greek;* James C. Moffat, *Lecturer on Greek Literature;* George H. Cook, *Lecturer on Geology;* C. F. Brackett, *Physics;* Henry B. Cornwall, *Analytical Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c.*

Number of students, 376.

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY (Madison). Founded 1868. President, Randolph S. Foster; also *Professor of Systematic Theology.*

Faculty: James Strong, *Exegetical Theology;* John F. Hurst, *Historical Theology;* Daniel P. Kidder, *Practical Theology;* Henry A. Buttz, *Greek, also Librarian;* Henry C. Whiting, *Latin;* J. N. Irvin, *Greek;* Solomon Parsons, *Mathematics and Science;* Rudolph Wahl, *German, also Acting Librarian;* John Miley (elect), *Systematic Theology.*

Number of students, 107.

RUTGERS COLLEGE (New Brunswick). Founded 1770. President, William Henry Campbell.

Faculty and other college offices: Theodore Frelinghuysen, *Biblical Literature, Evidences of Christianity and Moral Philosophy;* George H. Cook, *Chemistry, Natural History, and Agriculture;* De Witt Ten Broeck Reiley, *Latin;* David Murray, *Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy;* Theodore Sandford Doolittle, *Rhetoric, Logic, and Mental Philosophy;* Jacob Cooper, *Greek;* John Conover Smock, *Mining and Metallurgy;* George W. Atherton, *History, Political Economy, and Constitutional Law, also Military Superintendent and Librarian;* Carl Meyer, *Modern Languages;* Francis Cuyler Van Dyck, *Analytical Chemistry;* Edward A. Bowser, *Mathematics;* Isaac Edgar Hasbrouck, *Mathematics and Graphics;* Albert Stanborough Cook, *Mathematics.*

Number of students, 194.

SETON HALL COLLEGE (South Orange). Founded 1856. President, M. A. Corrigan.

Officers, professors, and tutors: James H. Corrigan, (Vice-President), *Metaphysics and Ethics;* William P. Salt, *Civil Polity and Political Economy;* M. J. Holland, *First Prefect and Chief Disciplinarian;* Theodore Blume, *Latin, Greek, and German;* Charles de Gomme, *Mathematics and Natural Science;* William Phillips, *History and English Literature;* Leopold de Grand-Val, *French;* Edward Fritsch, *Music;* A. Benthall Briggs, *Commercial Course;* William Roach, *Latin and Penmanship;* William Dornin, James McGaul, John Sheppard, *Prefects of Discipline.*

Number of students, about 110.

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STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (Hoboken). Founded 1870. President, Henry Morton.

Faculty: Alfred M. Mayer, *Physics;* Robert H. Thurston, *Mechanical Engineering;* De Valson Wood, *Mathematics;* C. W. MacCord, *Mechanical Drawing;* Albert R. Leeds, *Chemistry;* Charles F. Krœh, *Languages;* Edward Wall, *Belles-Lettres.*

Number of students, 81.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (Princeton). Founded 1812.

Faculty: Charles Hodge, *Exegetical, Didactic, and Polemic Theology;* Alexander T. McGill, *Ecclesiastical, Homiletic, and Pastoral Theology;* William Henry Green, *Oriental and Old Testament Literature;* James C. Moffat, *Church History;* Caspar Wistar Hodge, *New Testament Literature and Biblical Greek;* Charles A. Aiken, *Christian Ethics and Apologetics, and Librarian.*

Number of students, 117.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH (New Brunswick). Founded ———.

Faculty: Samuel M. Woodbridge, *Ecclesiastical History and Government;* John De Witt, *Biblical Literature;* David D. Demarest, *Pastoral Theology;* Abraham B. Van Zandt, *Didactic and Polemic Theology.*

Number of students, 21.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALLENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE (Allentown). Founded 1867. President, W. R. Hofford; *also Professor of Mathematics and Sacred Literature.*

Board of instructors; S. G. Wagner, *Latin and Moral Science;* B. X. Braulik, *German;* Miss Sue C. Lantz, *Higher English Branches;* Miss Sarah Hughes, *Higher English Branches and Drawing;* Miss Mary C. Meyer, *English Branches;* Miss Ida C. Erdman, Miss M. Katie Rothrock, *Instrumental Music;* C. F. Herrmann, *Vocal Music.*

Number of students, 80.

ANDALUSIA COLLEGE (Andalusia). Founded 1860. Acting President, A. H. Fetterolf; *also Professor of Mathematics and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Charles Woodward, *Latin and Greek;* W. S. Roney, *Natural Sciences, Latin, and Greek;* J. H. Devictor, *Assistant in Supervision;* J. H. Moser, *Penmanship and Book-keeping;* Miss R. Pearce, *Music;* Miss Kate Detwiler, *Matron.*

Number of students, 41.

COTTAGE HILL COLLEGE for Young Ladies (York). Chartered 1868. President, J. Nelson Clark; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty: Mrs. Kate E. Clark, *Lady Principal, also Instrumental and Vocal Music;* William Knoche, *Instrumental Music;* James Yeats, *Latin, Greek, and Mathematics;* Miss Kate M. Vaughn, *French, Natural Science, and English Literature;* Miss Bellini O. Strawinski, *Painting and Drawing;* Hollingsworth Geipe, *Vocal Music.*

Number of students, 70.

CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY (Upland). Founded 1867. President, Henry G. Weston; *also Preaching and Pastoral Duties.*

Faculty: George D. B. Pepper, *Christian Theology;* Howard Osgood, *History and Hebrew, also Librarian;* Lemuel Moss, *Interpretation of New Testament.*

Number of students, 47.

DICKINSON COLLEGE (Carlisle). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1783. President, Robert R. Dashiell; *also Professor of Moral Science.*

Faculty and other college officers: Samuel D. Hillman, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* John K. Stayman, *Philosophy and English Literature;* James H. Graham, *Law;* Charles F. Himes, *Natural Science;* S. L. Bowman, *Biblical Languages and Literature;* Henry M. Harman, *Ancient Languages and Literature;* William Trickett, *Modern Languages.*

Number of students, 136.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE (Lancaster). Founded 1853. President, John W. Nevin; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science, Æsthetics, and Philosophy of History.*

Faculty, and other college officers: E. V. Gerhart, *Systematic and Practical Theology;* Thomas G. Apple, *Church History and Exegesis;* Frederick A. Gast, *Biblical Theology;* William M. Nevin, *English Literature and Belles-Lettres;* Theodore Appel, *Physics and Astronomy;* John S. Stahr, *Natural Science, Chemistry, and German;* Walter E. Krebs, *Mathematics and History;* Daniel M. Wolf, *Ancient Languages;* John L. Atlee, sen. (Emeritus), *Anatomy and Physiology;* Cyrus V.

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Mays, Samuel M. Otto, *Professors in the Academy;* Joseph C. Rooney, *Janitor.*

Number of students, 157.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE (West Haverford). Founded 1833. President, Samuel J. Gummere; *also Professor of Mathematics, Physics, and Astronomy.*

Faculty, and other college officers; Thomas Chase, *Philology and Literature;* John H. Dillingham, *Moral and Political Science;* Henry Hartshorne, *Physiology and Hygiene;* Pliny E. Chase, *Physical Science;* Edward D. Cope, *Zoölogy.*

Number of students, 45.

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE (Philadelphia). Founded 1825. J. Howard Rand, *Dean of Faculty.*

Faculty: Joseph Pancoast, *Anatomy;* Samuel D. Gross, *Surgery;* Eilerslie Wallace, *Obstetrics;* B. Howard Rand, *Chemistry;* John B. Biddle, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* J. Aitken Meigs, *Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence;* J. M. Da Costa, *Practice of Medicine;* William H. Pancoast, *Demonstrator of Anatomy;* T. H. Andrews, *Curator of Museum.*

Number of students, 114.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE (Easton). Founded 1832. President, William C. Cattell; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty: Traill Green, *Chemistry;* James Henry Coffin, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Francis Andrew March, *English Language and Comparative Philology;* John Leaman, *Physiology and Anatomy;* Lyman Coleman, *Latin and Biblical and Physical Geography;* Thomas C. Porter, *Botany and Zoölogy;* Augustus Alexis Bloombergh, *Modern Languages;* Robert Barber Youngman, *Greek;* Frederick Prime, jun., *Metallurgy and Mineralogy;* E. Hubbard Barlow, *Rhetoric, Elocution, and Physical Culture;* Rossiter W. Raymond, *Mining Geology;* Selden Jennings Coffin, *Applied Mathematics;* James W. Moore, *Mechanics and Experimental Philosophy;* Edward Stewart Moffat, *Mining;* Justus Mitchell Silliman, *Mining Engineering and Graphics;* Joseph G. Fox, *Civil and Topographical Engineering;* Charles McIntire, *Chemistry;* Robert Frazer, jun., *Civil Engineering;* Walter Quincy Scott, *Greek and Latin;* Joseph Johnston Hardy, *Mathematics;* David Bennett King, *Latin;* William Baxter Owen, *Greek;* John Meigs, *Latin and Greek;* Jefferson Snyder, *Modern Languages;* William Semple Sweeny, *Chemistry.*

Number of students, 243.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY (South Bethlehem). Founded 1866. President, Henry Coppée; *also Professor of History and English Literature.*

Faculty: Hiero B. Herr, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* William H. Chandler, *Chemistry;* Charles McMillan, *Civil and Mechanical Engineering;* Benjamin W. Frazier, *Mining and Metallurgy;* H. W. Harding, *Physics and Mechanics;* Richard P. Rothwell, *Demonstrator of Mining and Metallurgy.*

Instructors; William A. Lamberton, *Latin and Greek;* Frank Laurent Clerc, *Mathematics;* S. Ringer, *French and German;* Spencer V. Rice, *Graphics and Field Work;* Romyn Hitchcock, *Chemistry;* W. L. Church, *Mechanical Engineering;* W. M. Scudder, *Secretary to the President.*

Number of students, 117.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL (Meadville). Founded ——. President, Abiel A. Livermore, *also Professor of Theology, Ethics, and Old Testament Literature.*

Faculty and instructors: Frederic Huidekoper, *Ecclesiastical History of First Three Centuries;* George L. Cary, *New Testament Literature and Philosophy, also Curator of Natural History;* George J. Abbott, *Languages, History, and Constitution of United States;* George W. Hosmer, *Pastoral Care;* Amory D. Mayo, *Church Polity and Administration;* Charles H. Brigham, *Mediæval Ecclesiastical History and Biblical Archæology;* M. L. Bartlett, *Music;* William L. Anderson, *Greek;* M. Devoe. *English.*

Number of students (men and women), 25.

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE (Mercersburg). Founded 1865. President, E. E. Higbee; *also Professor of Æsthetics and Ethics.*

Faculty and other college officers: John B. Kieffer, *Latin, Greek, and Classic Literature;* Joseph H. Kerschner, *Mathematics;* Adolph F. Bechdolt, *Natural Sciences;* Jacob B. Kerschner, *German and Hebrew;* George N. Abbott, *Psychology and Logic.*

Number of students, 100

MORAVIAN COLLEGE (Bethlehem). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1867. President, Edmund de Schweinitz.

Number of students, 200.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE (Gettysburg). Founded ——. President, Milton Valentine; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science.*

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Faculty and instructors: *Luther Henry Croll, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Henry Louis Baugher, *Greek;* Adam Martin, *German;* Henry Eyster Jacobs, *Latin and History;* Samuel Philip Sadtler, *Chemistry and Natural Sciences;* John G. Norris, *Natural History;* Hart Gilbert, *Preparatory Department;* John A. Himes, John Brubaker, *Tutors.*

Number of students, 133.

PITTSBURGH FEMALE COLLEGE (Pittsburgh). Founded 1855. President, I. C. Pershing; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty: Mrs. C. L. Pershing, *Governess;* M. M. Johnson, *Ancient Languages and Natural Sciences;* Mrs. Sarah J. Jameson, *Preceptress;* Mrs. S. L. Adams, *Higher English Branches;* Miss Emma S. Sawyer, *Belles-Lettres;* Mrs. K. P. Johnson, *Preparatory Department;* Miss Lizzie K. Pershing, *General Assistant;* Miss Lydia A. Greene, *Primary Department;* Alphonse M. Danse, *French;* Carl Grebe *Italian and Spanish;* Mrs. Pauline Danse, *German;* Gustave Blessner, *Principal of Musical Department;* Mrs. E. Blessner, *Instrumental Music;* Miss Louise E. Wilson, *Assistant Teacher of Instrumental Music;* William G. Rupp, *Guitar;* Miss M. M. Campbell, *Vocal Music;* Mrs. B. F. Campbell, *Drawing and Painting;* Miss Mary Cummins, *Penmanship;* Robert Kidd, *Elocution;* Lucius Osgood, *Elocution;* Miss Rose Phillips, *Physical Culture;* Mrs. Anna G. Rossitter, *Waxwork;* Mrs. Eliza Havekotte, *Needlework;* Adrian J. Ebell, *Natural History and Physical Culture;* Miss Hannah Davis, *Matron.*

Number of students, 286.

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE (Beatty's). Founded 1846. President, Alphonse Heimler; *also Professor of Latin, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry.*

Faculty and other college officers: Luke Wimmer, *Exegesis;* Ignatius Truez, *Church History, Christian Doctrine, and Latin;* Andrew Hintenach, *Christian Doctrine, Geography, Latin, Greek, and German;* Innocent Wolf, *Moral Theology and Algebra;* John Sommer, *Logic, Metaphysics, Liturgy, Mathematics, Painting, and Drawing;* Hilary Pfraengle, *Dogmatic Theology, Christian Doctrine, Latin, and English;* Aloysius Gorman, *Rhetoric, English Grammar, Elocution, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, and Penmanship;* Aurelius MacMahon, *Christian Doctrine, Latin, Greek, English Grammar, and History;* Lawrence Shaier, *Latin, Greek, German, and History;* Ambrose Huebner, *Assistant;* Raymond Daniel, *Assistant;* Theodose Goth, *Assistant;* Leo Haid, *Assistant;* Benedict Menges, *Assistant;* Rhabanus Guttman, *Assistant;* Augustine Schneider, *Assistant;* Cornelius Eckel, *Assistant;* Wenzeslaus Kocarnik, *Assistant;* Edward Pierron, *Assistant;* Nicholas Brush, *Assistant;* Joseph M. Schwab, *Music.*

Number of students, 227.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE (Swarthmore). Founded 1868. President, Edward H. Magill; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Officers of government and instruction: Phebe W. Foulke, *Matron;* Maria L. Sanford, *History;* Eugene Paulin, *Latin and French;* Arthur Beardsley, *Applied Mathematics and Physics;* William H. Appleton, *Greek and German;* Thomas S. Foulke, *Superintendent;* Susan J. Cunningham, *Mathematics;* Susan W. Janney, *Penmanship and Botany;* Elizabeth G. Macy, *Elocution;* Mary L. Austin, *Latin and English Branches;* Esther J. Trimble, *English Literature, Rhetoric, and Elocution;* Samuel S. Green, *Physics and Chemistry;* Elizabeth S. Owen, *Mathematics;* Mary P. H. Rockwell, *Latin and English Branches;* Elizabeth Paulin, *French;* Frederick S. Curtis, *Chemistry;* Mary M. Coleman, *English Branches;* George W. Ingraham, *Latin and English Branches;* Kate Louise Rockwell, *Librarian;* Joseph Leidy, *Natural History;* Susanna P. Chambers, *Free-hand Drawing;* Lewis Lewis, *Gymnastics.*

Number of students, 260.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. (Allegheny City). Founded 1825. President, Joseph T. Cooper; *also Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology.*

Faculty: A. D. Clark, *Biblical Literature and Criticism;* David R. Kerr, *Church Government and History.*

Number of students, 48.

THIEL COLLEGE (Greenville). Founded 1870. Acting President, H. W. Roth; *also Professor of Latin and English.*

Faculty: W. F. Ulery, *Greek;* H. Gilbert, *German and French;* D. McKee, *Mathematics, also Principal of Academic Department;* T. B. Roth, *Assistant.*

Number of students, 70.

UNIVERSITY FEMALE INSTITUTE (Lewisburg). Founded 1847. President, Justin R. Loomis.

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Faculty and other officers: Harriet E. Spratt (Principal), *Moral and Mental Philosophy;* Mary Eusebia Brown, *Music;* Mary E. Hendershot, *Mathematics and Gymnastics;* E. Gertrude Hamilton, *Music;* Marcia M. Allen, *Latin and Natural Sciences;* Sarah A. Reed, *Preparatory Department;* Lizzie Hopkins, *English Branches;* Lucy McLeod Hamilton, *French and Painting;* Jennie Soars, *Instrumental Music;* Francis W. Tustin, *Natural Sciences;* Rebecca Sahler, *Matron.*

Number of students, 123.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA (Philadelphia). Founded 1755. President, Charles J. Stillé.

Faculty, and other college officers: George B. Wood (Emeritus), *Medicine;* Hugh L. Hodge (Emeritus), *Obstetrics;* Henry H. Smith (Emeritus), *Surgery;* George Allen, *Greek;* Joseph Carson, *Materia Medica;* Robert E. Rogers, *Chemistry;* Joseph Leidy, *Anatomy;* Francis A. Jackson, *Latin;* E. Otis Kendall, *Mathematics;* J. Peter Lesley, *Geology and Mining;* P. Pemberton Morris, *Law;* Francis G. Smith, *Medicine;* Richard A. F. Penrose, *Obstetrics;* Alfred Stillé, *Medicine;* Harrison Allen, *Zoölogy and Comparative Anatomy;* Horatio C. Wood, *Botany;* John J. Reese, *Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology;* Charles J. Stillé, *History and English Literature;* Oswald Seidensticker, *German;* John G. McElroy, *Greek and History;* J. I. Clark Hare, *Law;* Charles P. Krauth, *Intellectual and Moral Philosophy;* Samuel M. Cleveland, *Rhetoric and Oratory;* Samuel S. Haldeman, *Comparative Philology;* D. Hayes Agnew, *Surgery;* Robert E. Thompson, *Mathematics;* Persifor Frazer, *Chemistry;* F. A. Brégy, *French;* F. A. Genth, *Chemistry and Mineralogy;* Leonard George Franck, *Engineering;* Samuel B. Howell, *Mineralogy and Geology;* George R. Barker, *Physics;* E. Coppée Mitchell, *Real Estate, Conveyancing, and Equity;* Thomas W. Richards, *Drawing;* Lewis M. Haupt, *Mathematics and Engineering;* George A. Koenig, *Chemistry and Mineralogy;* Thomas M. Chatard, *Chemistry and Mineralogy;* Joseph McKinley, *Principal of Boys' Charity School;* Miss J. Bedlock, *Principal of Girls' Charity School;* Miss M. Wallace, *Assistant;* Miss M. Bedlock, *Assistant.*

Number of students (men and women), 848.

VILLANOVA COLLEGE (Delaware County). Founded 1842. President, Thomas Galberry.

Faculty: M. M. O'Farrell, *Mathematics;* Pacifico Neno, *Theology and Sacred Scripture;* E. C. Donnelly, *History;* T. C. Middleton, *Moral Philosophy and English Literature;* C. A. Marsden, *Elocution and Rhetoric;* F. J. McShane, *Mathematics and Latin;* Louis Biu, *French and Drawing;* M. Tempany, *Latin and Greek;* Charles P. Gauntt, *Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry;* P. Arnu, *German;* George Corrie, *Music;* J. T. O'Reilly, James Blake, T. F. O'Gara, *Disciplinarians;* Henry Fleming, E. A. O'Reilly, P. McGovern, J. Ryan, J. Marsden, *Assistant Professors.*

Number of students, 90.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE (Washington). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1802. President, George P. Hayes; *also Professor of Philosophy, Natural Theology, and Evidences of Christianity.*

Faculty and other college officers: Alonzo Linn, *Greek;* Samuel Jones, *Natural Philosophy and Chemistry;* George B. Vose, *Mathematics;* Henry Woods, *Latin;* J. S. Simonton, *Modern Languages;* T. Jacobson, *English Language and Literature;* Robert Kidd, *Elocution;* Joseph J. McCarrell, *Mathematics;* George M. Fleming, *Ancient Languages.*

Number of students, 118.

WAYNESBURG COLLEGE (Waynesburg). Founded 1850. President, A. B. Miller; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Science.*

Faculty and other college officers: W. G. Scott, *Mathematics;* J. M. Garrison, *Greek and Latin;* John M. Crow, *Greek and Latin;* H. D. Patton, *English Language and Literature;* John F. White, *Natural Science;* D. E. Woods, *Gymnastics;* J. W. Shoemaker, *Elocution;* Mrs. M. K. B. Miller, *Principal Female Department;* Mrs. Stella Clark, Miss E. Armstrong, *Assistant Teachers;* Miss Lucy V. Inghram, *Piano and Vocal Music;* Mrs. Mary Scott, *Organ;* Miss Emma J. Downey, *French.*

Number of students (men and women), 276.

WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, of the Presbyterian Church (Allegheny City). Founded 1825.

Faculty: David Elliott, (Emeritus), *Ecclesiastical and Pastoral Theology;* Melancthon W. Jacobus, *Biblical Literature and Exegetical Theology;* Samuel Jennings Wilson, *Biblical and Ecclesiastical History;* Archibald Alexander Hodge, *Didactic, Historical, and Polemic Theology;* William H. Hornblower, *Sacred Rhetoric, Church Government, and Pastoral*

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Theology; Luther Halsey, *Practical Theology;* Edward P. Crane, *Hebrew.*

Number of students, 86.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA (Pittsburg). Founded 1819. President, George Woods; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: Joseph F. Griggs, *Greek;* Milton B. Goff, *Mathematics;* Edward P. Crane, *Logic and Rhetoric;* Samuel P. Langley, *Astronomy and Physics, also Director of Observatory;* William Bakewell, *Equity, Jurisprudence, Constitutional Law, and Practice;* Hill Burgwin, *Real Estate, Practice, and Pleading;* W. T. Haines, *Criminal and Commercial Law;* Alphonse M. Danse, *French;* Levi Ludden, *Preparatory Department;* I. N. Forner, *Commercial Department and English;* Paul F. Rohrbacher *History;* Theodore M. Barber, *Latin;* C. R. Coffin, *Greek;* Charles C. Dickey, *Physics and Astronomy;* James W. Langley *Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy;* W. B. McCallum, *Military Science and Civil Engineering.*

Number of students, 179.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE (New Wilmington). Founded 1852. President, E. T. Jeffers.

Faculty: J. D. Shafer, *Greek;* James W. Stewart, *Latin;* W. A. Mehard, *Mathematics;* J. B. Cummings, *Natural Science;* Miss Mollie Stevenson, *Instructress.*

Number of students (men and women), 166.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA (Philadelphia). Founded 1850. Dean of Faculty, Emeline H. Cleveland; *also Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women.*

Faculty: Mary J. Scarlett, *Anatomy;* Rachel L. Bodley, *Chemistry and Toxicology;* Isaac Comly, *Principles and Practice of Medicine;* Benjamin B. Wilson, *Principles and Practice of Surgery;* Charles Hermon Thomas, *Materia Medica and General Therapeutics;* Henry Hartshorne, *Physiology, Hygiene, and Diseases of Children;* J. Gibbons Hunt, *Microscopy and Histology;* Frances E. White, *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

Number of students, 70.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE (Baltimore). Founded 1849. President, Nathan Covington Brooks; *also Professor of Greek and Latin.*

Faculty and officers: Louis Lauer, *German;* C. Gola, *Music;* Thomas L. Galleher, *Vocal Music;* A. J. Volck, *Drawing and Painting;* Miss Luella Kelly, *English, Belles-Lettres, and Physiology;* Miss Mary Boswell Chaney, *English, Mathematics, and History;* Mme. Angélique Sixte, *French;* Mrs. E. A. Polster, *Music;* Miss Jennie Dare Apperson, *Music.*

Number of students, 111.

LOYOLA COLLEGE (Baltimore). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1852. President, Stephen A. Kelly.

Faculty and other college officers: William F. Clarke, *Treasurer;* Peter L. Miller, *Chaplain;* John B. Guida, *Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics;* George I. Strong, *Natural Philosophy and Chemistry;* Charles F. Kelly, *Rhetoric and Poetry;* Edwin J. Sourin, *Prefect of the Church;* Clement S. Lancaster, *Humanities and Mathematics;* John W. Rover, *Humanities and Algebra;* Charles A. Leloup, *Humanities and French;* John J. Maguire, *Rudiments, English, and Arithmetic;* Charles C. Lancaster, *Rudiments and Arithmetic;* Thomas D. Beaven, *English and Arithmetic;* Peter Schleuter, *German;* Dominic O'Donnell, *Physician.*

Number of students, 158.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE (Emmitsburg). Founded 1808. President John McCaffrey, *also Professor of Rhetoric.*

Faculty and other college officers: John McCloskey, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* Henry S. McMurdie, *Dogmatic Theology and Metaphysics;* John A. Watterson, *Moral Theology and Church History;* Charles H. Jourdan, *Mathematics, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy;* Ernest Lagarde, *English Literature and Modern Languages;* Joseph Black, *Latin and Greek;* Henry Dielman, *German and Music;* James D. Hickey, *Drawing and Writing;* James E. McIntire, *Latin and Greek;* William J. Hill, *Librarian;* Armand Lalaune, *Languages and Mathematics.*

Number of students, 171.

ROCK HILL COLLEGE (Ellicott City). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1857. President, Brother Bettelin.

Number of students, 166.

ST. CHARLES COLLEGE (Ellicott City). Founded 1731. President, S. Ferté.

Faculty and other college officers: P. P. Denis, J. B. Menu, H. F. Griffin, H. M. Chapuis, G. E. Viger, S. Guilbaud, J. B. Vuibert, F. L. M. Dumont, M. Vignon, C. Schrantz.

Number of students, 185.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY (Washington). Founded 1822. President, James C. Welling; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and Lecturer on History.*

Faculty and other college officers: William Ruggles, *Political Economy, and* (Emeritus) *Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy;* Adoniram J. Huntington, *Greek and Latin;* Samuel M. Shute, *English Language and Literature, Anglo-Saxon, and German;* Edward T. Fristoe, *Chemistry, Physics, Natural History, and Mathematics;* Henri Masson, *French;* Roger W. Cull, *Greek and Latin;* James H. Bremmerman, *Mathematics;* Otis T. Mason, *Principal Preparatory Department.*

Law faculty: J. C. Welling, *Lecturer on English Literature;* Samuel Tyler, John C. Kennedy, *Instructors;* John Ordronaux, *Medical Jurisprudence;* William B. Lawrence, *International Law.*

Medical faculty: Thomas Miller (Emeritus), *Anatomy and Physiology;* George C. Schæffor (Emeritus), *Chemistry;* William P. Johnston (Emeritus), *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* George M. Dove (Emeritus), *Theory and Practice of Medicine;* A. Y. P. Garnett (Emeritus), *Clinical Medicine;* John C. Riley (Dean of Faculty), *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* J. Ford Thompson, *Surgery;* W. W. Johnston, *Theory and Practice of Medicine;* A. F. A. King, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* Edward T. Fristoe, *Chemistry and Toxicology;* William B. Drinkard, *Anatomy;* William Lee, *Physiology;* Z. T. Savers, *Demonstrator of Anatomy, and Curator of Museum.*

Number of students, 266.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE (Georgetown). Founded 1792. President, John Early.

Faculty and officers: Patrick F. Healy, *Vice-President and Prefect of Studies;* Anthony J. Ciampi, *Christian Doctrine;* William Loague, *First Prefect of Discipline;* John S. Sumner, *Librarian and Chaplain;* Joseph Duverney, *Moral Theology;* John B. Guida, *Rational Philosophy;* James Curley, *Botany, also Director of Observatory;* George I. Strong, *Physics and Mathematics;* Daniel J. Kelly, *Chemistry and Mathematics;* Edmund J. Young, *Rhetoric;* Charles F. Kelly, *Poetry and French;* Clement L. Lancaster, *Grammar;* Patrick J. Gallagher, *Grammar;* Jerome Daugherty, *Grammar;* Richard R. McMahon, William F. Byrns, John T. Hedrick, *Assistant Professors;* Frederick L. Apel, *German;* George F. Benkert, *Music;* Charles Hein, *Drawing.*

Medical department: Noble Young, *Medicine, Pathology, and Medical Ethics;* Flodoardo Howard, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* Johnson Eliot, *Surgery and Surgical Anatomy;* James E. Morgan, *Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Medical Jurisprudence;* Lewis Mackall, *Physiology;* John G. F. Holston, *Anatomy;* Benjamin S. Hedrick, *Chemistry and Toxicology;* Warwick Evans, *Demonstrator;* Howard H. Barker, *Prosecutor;* Daniel P. Hickling, *Pharmacy.*

Law department: Charles P. James, *Law of Real and Personal Property;* Samuel F. Miller, *Equity and Constitutional Law;* J. Hubley Ashton, *Pleading, Practice, and Evidence;* Charles W. Hoffman, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Number of students, 280.

GONZAGA COLLEGE (Washington). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1848. President, James Clark.

Faculty and other college officers: Daniel Lynch, *Prefect;* Edward Boone, *Latin, Greek, and French;* Charles W. Hoffman, *Latin, Greek, and Mathematics;* Edward S. Reily, *Latin, Greek, and Algebra;* Charles W. O'Leary, *Latin, Arithmetic, and Book-keeping;* Edward Donnelly, *Tutor;* John Mahoney, *Tutor;* P. Croghan, *Physician.*

Number of students, 143.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY (Washington). Founded 1867. President, Oliver O. Howard.

Professors: William F. Bascom, *Greek and Latin;* Eliphalet Whittlesey, *Rhetoric, English Literature, Evidences of Christianity;* John M. Langston, *Law;* Albert G. Riddle, *Law;* Robert Reyburn, *Surgery;* Joseph Taber Johnson, *Obstetrics;* Gideon S. Palmer, *Physiology and Hygiene;* Charles B. Purvis, *Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence;* Phineas H. Strong, *Medicine;* Alexander T. Augusta, *Anatomy;* John B. Reeve, *Biblical Theology;* Amzi L. Barber, *Natural Philosophy;* Melville C. Wilkinson, *Military Inspector and Commander of Cadets;* Cyrus S. Richards, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* Danforth B. Nichols, *Librarian, Curator of Cabinet, Biblical Geography, and Antiquities;* Lorenzo Westcott, *Mathematics and Biblical Introduction;* William C. Tilden, *Chemistry;* J. Eames Rankin, *Homiletics and Pastoral Theology;* John G. Butler, *Sacred History;* John M. Brown, *Ecclesiastical History;* George W. Mitchell, *Tutor;* M. E. Goldberge,

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Hebrew; Josiah Holbrook, *Principal Normal Department;* Miss Maria R. Mann, *First Assistant;* Miss A. C. Bowen, *Second Assistant, in charge of the Normal School.*

Number of students, 248.

VIRGINIA.

COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY (Williamsburg). Founded 1693. President, Benjamin S. Ewell; *also Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Mixed Mathematics.*

Faculty: George T. Wilmer, *Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Belles-Lettres;* Thomas P. McCandlish, *Latin, French, and Roman and French History;* L. B. Wharton, *Greek, German, and Grecian and German History;* T. T. L. Snead, *Mathematics;* Richard A. Wise, *Chemistry, Geology, and Physiology;* Wilmer Turner, *Master of the Grammar and "Matty" School.*

Number of students, 74.

EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE (Emory). Founded 1838. President, Ephraim E. Wiley; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: Edmund Longley, *English Literature and Modern Languages, also Librarian;* James A. Davis, *Natural and Experimental Science, also Curator of Museum;* John L. Buchanan, *Ancient Languages and Literature;* Charles E. Vawter, *Mathematics and Hebrew;* Joseph H. Ranson, *Mathematics;* Daniel H. Atkins, *Ancient Languages.*

Number of students, 180.

HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE (Prince Edward County). Founded 1776. President, J. M. P. Atkinson; *also Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy.*

Faculty: L. L. Holladay, *Physical Science, also Curator, and Clerk of the Faculty;* Walter Blair, *Latin and German, also Librarian;* Delaware Kemper, *Mathematics and Civil Engineering;* Addison Hoge, *Greek and French.*

Number of students, 91.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN VIRGINIA (near Alexandria, P. O; address as above, "Fairfax County, Va."). Founded 1823. President, John Johns; *also Professor of Pastoral Theology.*

Faculty: William Sparrow, *Systematic Divinity and Evidences of Christianity;* Joseph Packard, *Biblical Learning, also Librarian;* Cornelius Walker, *Ecclesiastical History and Canon Law;* J. J. McElhinney, *Apologetics, Church Polity, and Greek Exegesis.*

Number of students, 48.

RANDOLPH MACON COLLEGE (Ashland). Founded 1831. President, James A. Duncan.

Number of students, 220.

RICHMOND COLLEGE (Richmond). Founded 1835. Chairman of the faculty, B. Puryear; *also Professor of Natural Sciences.*

Faculty and other college officers: Edmund Harrison, *Latin and French;* H. H. Harris, *Greek and German;* Edward B. Smith, *Mathematics;* J. L. M. Curry, *English and Moral Philosophy;* L. Gwathmey, *Assistant Instructor;* W. A. Maury, *Law;* G. Morris Nicol, *Commercial Department;* Z. B. Herndon, *Physiology and Hygiene.*

Number of students, 195.

ROANOKE COLLEGE (Salem, Roanoke County). Founded 1853. President, D. F. Bittle; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: S. Carson Wells, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* William B. Yonce, *Ancient Languages and Literature;* John B. Davis, *Natural Science;* J. J. Moorman, *Physiology and Hygiene;* Julius D. Dreher, *Ancient Languages, and English Languages and Literature;* John T. Crabtree, *Languages;* Marcellus M. Hargrove, *Special Departments;* L. R. Holland, *Normal Department.*

Number of students, 160.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE (Lexington). Founded 1839. Superintendent, Francis H. Smith; *also Professor of Mathematics and Moral Philosophy.*

Academic staff: J. T. L. Preston, *Latin and English Literature;* Thomas H. Williamson, *Practical Engineering, Architecture, and Drawing;* William Gilham, *Professor of Agriculture;* Robert L. Madison, *Animal and Vegetable Physiology applied to Agriculture;* Scott Ship (Commandant of Cadets), *Tactics, and Military History and Strategy;* William B. Blair, *Natural Philosophy;* John M. Brooke, *Astronomy, Geodesy, Geography, and Meteorology;* Marshall McDonald, *Geology, Mineralogy, and Metallurgy;* M. B. Hardin, *Chemistry;* Thomas M. Semmes, *Modern Languages;* John W. Lyell, *Mathematics.*

Assistant professors: W. E. Cutshaw, *Civil and Military Engineering;* J. H. Morrison,

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Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology; Richard Brooke, *French and Tactics;* R. P. W. Morris, *Mathematics and Tactics;* A. Sullivan, *Latin and Tactics;* Alexander Hamilton, *Latin and Tactics;* J. R. Anderson; *Latin, Geography, and Tactics;* J. B. Marvin, *Chemistry and Geography.*

Number of students, 275.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY (Lexington). Founded 1782. President, G. W. Custis Lee.

Faculty and other college officers: Carter J. Harris, *Latin;* James J. White, *Greek;* Edward S. Joynes, *Modern Languages;* J. L. Kirkpatrick, *Moral Philosophy;* William Preston Johnston, *History and Political Economy;* Alexander L. Nelson, *Mathematics;* William Allan, *Applied Mathematics;* Richard S. McCulloch, *Natural Philosophy;* John L. Campbell, *Chemistry;* N. A. Pratt, *Applied Chemistry;* John W. Brockenbrough, *Common and Statute Law;* J. Randolph Tucker, *Equity and Public Law;* M. W. Humphreys, *Ancient Languages;* Charles A. Graves, *English and Modern Languages;* B. Harrison Waddell, *Mathematics;* William M. Dunlap, *Applied Mathematics;* William Edmonds, *Latin;* William D. Vinson, *Greek;* Ernest B. Kruttschnitt, *History;* William Dold, *Librarian and Clerk;* Walter Bowie, *Proctor.*

Number of students, 263.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA (Charlottesville). Founded 1825. Chairman of the faculty, Charles S. Venable; *also Professor of Mathematics.*

Faculty and other college officers: James L. Cabell, *Physiology and Surgery;* M. Schele de Vere, *Modern Languages;* William H. McGuffey, *Moral Philosophy;* John B. Minor, *Law;* Francis H. Smith, *Natural Philosophy;* John Staige Davis, *Anatomy and Materia Medica;* Basil L. Gildersleeve, *Greek;* George Frederick Holmes, *History, Literature, and Political Economy;* Stephen O. Southall, *Law;* William E. Peters, *Latin;* James F. Harrison, *Medicine and Obstetrics;* John W. Mallet, *Chemistry and Pharmacy;* Leopold J. Bœck, *Applied Mathematics and Civil Engineering;* John R. Page, *Natural History and Agriculture;* Frank P. Dunington, *Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry;* William B. Towles, *Demonstrator of Anatomy;* William Mynn Thornton, *Mathematics;* Albert Folke, *Applied Mathematics and Drawing;* W. C. Grossman, *Modern Languages;* J. Podbielski, *Modern Languages;* William Wertenbaker, *Librarian and Secretary;* Green Peyton, *Proctor;* Mason Gordon, *Commissioner of Accounts;* T. D. Witherspoon, *Chaplain.*

Number of students, 342.

WEST VIRGINIA.

BETHANY COLLEGE (Bethany). Founded 1841. President, W. R. Pendleton; *also Professor of Sacred History and Philosophy and Belles-Lettres.*

Faculty and other college officers: Charles Louis Loos, *Languages, also Secretary of Faculty;* H. Wilson Harding, *Mathematics, Astronomy, and Engineering, also Librarian;* A. Emerson Dolbear, *Natural Sciences, also Curator of Museum;* E. D. Barclay, *Mathematics and Ancient Languages;* Robert Kidd, *Elocution.*

Number of students, 133.

WHEELING FEMALE COLLEGE (Wheeling). Founded 1850. President, William H. Morton; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: J. A. McEwen, *Natural Sciences;* Miss F. J. Duty, *Belles-Lettres;* Miss Mary M. Hallowell, *Classics and Higher Mathematics;* Miss Julia Humphreville, *Mathematics;* Miss Dora P. Hervey, *History and Botany;* Miss Issie A. Clark, *English Branches;* Miss Emeline Armstrong, *English Branches;* Miss Ida H. Roseman, *Preparatory Department;* Miss Margaretta Doddridge, *French;* F. C. H. Lambe, *German;* Robert Kidd, *Elocution;* Miss M. Doddridge, *Principal Music and Art Department;* Miss Theresa Doddridge, *Instrumental Music;* Miss Laura T. McKenzie, *Instrumental Music;* Mrs. M. W. Walker, *Vocal Music, Guitar, and Harp;* Mrs. Lucy Wilkinson, *Drawing and Painting;* Miss Nettie Ogden, *Drawing and Fancy Needlework.*

Number of students, 200.

GEORGIA.

GEORGIA FEMALE COLLEGE (Madison). Founded 1849. President, George Y. Browne.

Faculty: Mrs. George Y. Browne, *Presiding Teacher;* Mrs. W. S. McHenry, *Vocal and Instrumental Music;* Mlle. Julie Haas, *French, German, and Music;* Miss Kate H. Browne, *Drawing and Painting.*

Number of students, 84.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF GEORGIA (Augusta). Founded 1830. Dean of faculty, L. A. Dugas; *also Professor of Surgery.*

Faculty: I. P. Garvin (Emeritus), *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Lewis D. Ford, *In-*

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stitutes and Practice of Medicine; Joseph A. Eve, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Infants;* George W. Rains, *Medical Chemistry and Pharmacy;* Henry F. Campbell, *Operative Surgery and Surgical Anatomy;* Edward Geddings, *Physiology and Pathology;* DeSaussure Ford, *Anatomy;* William H. Doughty, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Robert C. Eve, *Anatomical Demonstrator and Prosector;* S. C. Eve, *Clinical Assistant at Dispensary.*

Number of students, 97.

KENTUCKY.

Berea College (Berea). Founded ——. President, E. H. Fairchild; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and instructors: John G. Fee, *Evidences of Christianity and Biblical Literature;* Rev. J. A. R. Rogers, *Greek;* Henry F. Clark, *Latin;* Albert A. Wright, *Chemistry and Natural Science;* Henry R. Chittenden, *Principal Preparatory Department;* Mrs. Juliet C. Clark, *Principal Ladies' Department;* Mrs. Charlotte M. White, *Assistant Principal;* Miss Kate Gilbert, *Grammar;* Miss C. Elizabeth Hulsart, Miss Ellen J. Hall, *Teachers;* Miss Anna M. Clark, *Instrumental Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 247.

Bethel College (Russellville). Founded 1849. President, Noah K. Davis; *also Professor of Moral Science.*

Faculty: Charles A. Furrman, *Mathematics;* John L. Dagg, *Natural Science;* Thomas W. Tobey, *Latin and Greek;* Leslie Waggener, *English Language and Literature;* Samuel Baker, *History;* W. W. Gardner, *Systematic and Pastoral Theology.*

Number of students, 85.

Kentucky Wesleyan University (Millersburg). Founded 1866. President, B. Arbogast; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty: J. Darby, *Natural Sciences;* A. G. Murphey, *Greek;* Charles H. Theiss, *Mathematics;* T. W. Jordan, *Latin.*

Number of students, 102.

University of Louisville (Louisville). Medical Department. Founded 1836. Dean of faculty, J. M. Bodine; *also Professor of Anatomy.*

Faculty: G. W. Bayless, *Principles and Practice of Surgery;* L. P. Yandell, jun., *Materia Medica and Clinical Medicine;* E. R. Palmer, *Physiology and Histology;* T. S. Bell, *Science and Practice of Medicine and Public Hygiene;* John E Crowe, *Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children;* James W. Holland, *Medical Chemistry and Toxicology;* David W. Yandell, *Clinical Surgery;* R. O. Cowling, *Surgery and Demonstrator of Anatomy;* F. C. Wilson, Melvin Rhorer, W. O. Roberts, J. H, Leslie, *Assistant Demonstrators;* H. A. Cottell. *Prosector and Curator.*

Faculty of law department (founded 1846): Henry Pirtle, *Constitutional Law, Equity, and Commercial Law;* Bland Ballard, *Practice of Law and International Law;* Thomas E. Bramlette, *History and Science of Law, Real Property, Contracts, Criminal Law.*

Number of students, 250.

TENNESSEE.

Cumberland University (Lebanon). Founded 1842. President, B. W. McDonnold; *also Professor of Mental Science.*

Faculty: Alexander Erskine, *Obstetrics and Diseases of Women;* A. H. Buchanan, *Mathematics;* Benjamin W. Avent, *Surgery;* Hon. Nathan Green, *Law;* Robert W. Mitchell, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Richard Beard, *Systematic Theology;* Richard B. Maury, *Medicine;* R. L. Caruthers, *Law;* Dudley D. Saunders, *Anatomy;* James M. Safford, *Physical Science;* J. Joseph Williams, *Physiology and Pathological Anatomy;* William D. McLaughlin, *Latin and Greek;* Alfred H. Voorhies, *Aural and Ophthalmic Surgery;* D. S. Bodenhamer, *Commercial College and Classical Preparatory;* Felix McFarland, *Chemistry and Toxicology;* Gustavus B. Thornton, *Demonstrator of Anatomy;* H. T. Norman, *English Course;* Robert Thummel, *Prosector;* Thomas Toney, *Book-keeping;* R. H. Anthony, *Telegraphy.*

Number of students, 268.

East Tennessee University and Agricultural and Mechanical College (Knoxville). Founded 1869. President, Thomas W. Humes; *also Professor of Mental Science.*

Faculty: John Kerr Payne, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Frederick D. Allen, *Latin and Greek;* Richard L. Kirkpatrick, *English;* Hunter Nicholson, *Agriculture and Horticulture;* Frank H. Bradley, *Mineralogy and Geology;* Wilbur O. Atwater, *General and Agricultural Chemistry;* Isaac B. Barker, *French and German;* Thomas T. Thornburg, *Military Science and Tactics;* Charles S.

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Newman, *Principal Preparatory Department;* Albert Ruth and L. Van-Fossen, *Instructors;* G. R. Knabe, *Singing;* F. G. Hacker, *Drawing.*

Number of students, 228.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH (Sewanee). Founded 1868. Chancellor, W. M. Green.

Faculty: J. Gorgas, *Engineering and Physics;* Caskie Harrison, *Greek;* Hugh Craig, *Latin;* F. A. Shoup, *Mathematics, also Hebrew, Greek, and Exegesis;* Robert Dabney, *Metaphysics and English Literature;* John B. Elliott, *Chemistry;* W. P. DuBose, *Ethics and Evidences of Christianity, and Pastoral Theology, also Chaplain,* F. Schaller, *Modern Languages;* Thomas Williamson, *Head Master of Grammar School;* W. F. Grabau, *Music;* Robert DuBose, *Assistant.*

Number of students, 223.

MISSISSIPPI.

CHICKASAW FEMALE COLLEGE (Pontotoc). Founded 1854. President, P. F. Witherspoon.

Faculty: Emma S. Witherspoon, Sarah N. Miller, Mira J. White, Mary C. Morrison, Mary A Clopton, L. J. Pearson.

Number of students, 94.

TONGALOO UNIVERSITY (Tongaloo). Founded 1869. President, J. K. Nutting; *also Preceptor in Theology and the Pastoral Charge.*

Faculty: A. J. Steele, *Normal Department, Teaching;* Miss Mary Smith, Miss Celestia Bailey, *Assistants;* J. K. Deering, *Intermediate Department;* Miss Laura Tucker, *Assistant;* Miss H. C. Bullard, *Primary Department;* Mrs. A. J. Steele, *Music, also Latin;* S. C. Osborne, *Agriculture and Mechanics, also Business Manager.*

Number of students, over 200.

TEXAS.

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY (Independence). Wounded 1845. President, William Carey Crane; *also Professor of Ethics and Belles-Lettres.*

Faculty: R. E. B. Baylor, *Political Economy and Constitutional Law;* Charles Judson Crane, *Mathematics and Natural Science;* Charles F. Jensen, *German;* H. C. F. Schmidt, *Civil Engineering;* Harris T. Green, *English;* H. A. McArdle, *Drawing.*

Number of students, 135.

MICHIGAN.

ADRIAN COLLEGE (Adrian). Founded 1859. Acting President, A. H. Lowrie; *also Professor of History and English Literature.*

Faculty and other college officers: G. B. McElroy, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* I. W. Cassell, *Latin and Greek;* J. M. Thomson, *Music;* Mrs. Martha B. Lowrie, *French;* D. S. Stephens, *Logic and Rhetoric;* W. L. Penfield, *German, Latin, and Greek;* I. W. McKeever, *Natural Science;* Miss M. Ada Shriver, *Painting and Drawing;* Miss Ida T. Wilkes, *Vocal Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 155.

ALBION COLLEGE (Albion). Founded 1843. President, George B. Jocelyn; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty: W. H. Perrine, *History, Belles-Lettres and Art;* J. H. Hopkins, *Latin;* M. W. Darling, *Greek;* J. H. Fassett, *Mathematics;* William M. Osband, *Natural Sciences;* Mrs. Lucy A. Osband, *Preceptress and Professor of Modern Languages;* Miss Juliet Bradbury, *Instrumental Music;* Miss Kate A. M. Belknap, *Vocal Music.*

Number of students (men 116, women 110), 216.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE (Hillsdale). Founded 1855. President, Daniel M. Graham; *also Professor of Mental Philosophy and Biblical Literature.*

Faculty: Ransom Dunn, *Systematic and Pastoral Theology;* Spencer J. Fowler, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* George McMillan, *Greek and Latin;* F. Wayland Dunn, *Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres;* Daniel M. Fisk, *Chemistry and Natural History;* John S. Copp, *Ecclesiastical History and Homiletics;* H. Laura Rowe, *Principal of the Ladies' Department;* Miss Mary A. Stratton, *Assistant Principal;* Mrs. Alma H. Fisk, *French and German;* Alexander C. Rideout, *Principal of Commercial Department, Commercial Law;* Warren A. Drake, *Commercial Arithmetic and Penmanship;* George B. Gardner, *Painting and Drawing;* Melville W. Chase, *Instrumental and Vocal Music;* Mrs. Olive C. Chase, *Cultivation of the Voice.*

Number of students (men and women), 606.

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE (Kalamazoo). Founded 1855. President, Kendall Brooks; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

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Faculty and other college officers: Samuel Brooks, *Latin and Physical Science, also Librarian;* Austin George, *English Literature;* Lewis Stuart, *Greek;* E. J. W. McEwen, *German and French;* Miss Kate Brearley, *Lady Principal;* Mrs. L. H. Trowbridge, *Music;* Miss Ellen Price, *Painting and Drawing;* Miss Mary Brearley, *Preparatory Department;* T. Z. R. Jones, *Assistant Librarian;* J. R. Grenell, *Janitor.*

Number of students (men and women), 192.

Olivet College (Olivet). Founded ——. Acting President, John H. Hewitt, *also Professor of Latin, and Instructor in English Literature.*

Faculty: Oramel Hosford, *Astronomy and Natural Philosophy, also Teaching;* Joseph L. Daniels, *Greek and German;* Alexander B. Brown, *Music;* Charles P. Chase, *Mathematics;* J. T. Scovell, *Chemistry and Natural Science;* George H. Ashley, *Latin and History;* Miss Henrietta P. Dennis, *Principal of Ladies' Department and Instructor in French;* Miss Annie M. Benedict, *Mathematics;* Miss Harriet M. Drake, *Latin and English;* Miss Caroline E. Skinner, *Piano;* Charles O. Brown, *Penmanship and Book-keeping.*

Number of students (men and women), 307.

State Agricultural College of Michigan (Lansing). Founded ——. President, T. C. Abbot, *also Professor of Mental Philosophy and Logic.*

Faculty: Manly Miles, *Practical Agriculture, also Farm Superintendent;* R. C. Kedzie, *Chemistry;* George T. Fairchild, *English Literature, also Librarian;* Albert J. Cook, *Zoölogy and Entomolgy;* William J. Beal, *Botany and Horticulture;* William K. Kedzie, *Chemistry;* Edwin H. Hume, *Foreman of the Farm;* —— White, *Assistant;* James Sharkey, *Gardener;* Peter Felker, *Foreman of the Gardens.*

Number of students, 131.

University of Michigan (Ann Arbor). Founded 1841. President, James B. Angell.

Faculty and officers: George P. Williams, *Physics;* Abram Sager, *Obstetrics;* Silas H. Douglass, *Chemistry;* Alonzo B. Palmer, *Pathology and Practice of Medicine;* Corydon L. Ford, *Anatomy and Physiology;* Henry S. Frieze, *Latin;* James V. Campbell, *Law;* Charles I. Walker, *Law;* Thomas M. Cooley, *Law;* James C. Watson, *Astronomy;* Edward Olney, *Mathematics;* Andrew Ten Brook, *Librarian;* Charles K. Adams, *History;* Charles A. Kent, *Law;* Benjamin F. Cocker, *Moral and Mental Philosophy;* Albert B. Prescott, *Chemistry and Pharmacy;* Martin L. D'Ooge, *Greek;* Henry S. Cheever, *Therapeutics, Materia Medica, and Physiology;* George S. Morris, *Modern Languages and Literature;* Charles E. Greene, *Civil Engineering;* George E. Frothingham, *Anatomy, Ophthalmology, and Aural Surgery;* George B. Merriman, *Physics;* Edward L. Walter, *Latin;* Albert H. Pattengill, *Greek;* Donald Maclean, *Surgery;* Joseph B. Davis, *Civil Engineering;* Preston B. Rose, *Chemistry;* Mark W. Harrington, *Geology, Zoölogy and Botany;* P. R. B. De Pont, *French;* Wooster W. Beman, *Mathematics;* Robert Harbison, *Modern Languages and Literature;* Francis A. Blackburn, *Latin;* Marcus Baker, *Mathematics;* Charles S. Denison, *Engineering and Drawing;* Isaac N. Demmon, *Mathematics;* Harry B. Hutchins, *History and Rhetoric;* Alfred Hennequin, *French.*

Number of students, 1,163.

OHIO.

Antioch College (Yellow Springs). President, Edward Orton, *also Professor of Geology and Zoölogy.*

Faculty: George W. Hosmer, *History, Ethics, and Intellectual Phylosophy;* John B. Weston, *Greek;* Samuel C. Derby, *Latin;* Charles H. Chandler, *Physics and Mathematics;* G. S. Hall, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* J. Y. Bergen, jun., *Analytical Chemistry;* Mrs. J. H. Harris, *Matron;* Mrs. Achsah E. Weston, Miss Laura A. Peacock, Miss L. A. Scott, *Assistants in Preparatory School.*

Number of students (men and women),

Baldwin University (Berea). Founded 1846. President, W. D. Godman; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: William C. Peirce, *Chemistry and Natural History;* Aaron Schuyler, *Applied Mathematics and Logic;* John W. White, *Greek;* Albert D. Knapp, *Latin;* Elizabeth Hall, *French Language and English Literature;* Ellen H. Warner, *Pure Mathematics;* Martin V. B. Clark, *Pharmacy, Materia Medica, and Applied Chemistry;* Martha Baldwin Flannery, *Painting;* Mrs. M. B. Knapp, *Languages;* Frank M. Davis, *Instrumental Music;* H. J. Kroenke, *Principal of Commercial Department.*

Number of students (men and women), 326.

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CAPITAL UNIVERSITY (Columbus). (Report of 1872.) Founded, —— President, William F. Lehmann; *also Professor of German and Theology.*

Faculty and other college officers: T. G. Wormley, *Chemistry, Theology, and Natural History;* Emanuel Schmid, *Latin and Greek;* M. Loy, *Mental and Moral Science;* John H. Spielman, *History;* John M. Meissner, *Tutor;* George W. Lose, *Tutor;* Ch. Oehlschlager, *Tutor.*

Number of students, 66.

CINCINNATI WESLEYAN COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Founded 1842. President, Lucius H. Bugbee; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: Charles C. Bragdon, *Latin and Greek;* Jules Luquiens, *Modern Languages;* Catherine J. Chamberlayne, *Lady Principal;* Luella Clark, *Ethics and Criticism;* Lucy Herron Parker, *Natural Science;* Frances A. Fish, *Mathematics;* Anna E. Fish, *English Literature;* Eliza J. Allen, *History and Mythology;* Charlotte S. Colby, *Mathematics and Penmanship;* Anna H. Martin, *Preparatory and Academic Department;* Mary W. Richardson, *Art;* Joseph E. Locke, *Science;* Carl Barus, *Principal of Department of Music, Vocal Music;* Arthur Mees, *Instrumental Music;* Augusta Hermann, *Instrumental Music;* Wilhelmine Möellmann, *Instrumental Music.*

Number of students, 200.

DENISON UNIVERSITY (Granville). Founded 1831. President, Samson Talbot; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Biblical Theology.*

Faculty and other officers: Fletcher O. Marsh, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* John Stevens, *Latin;* William A. Stevens, *Greek;* Almon U. Thresher, *Rhetoric and English Literature, also Librarian;* Lewis E. Hicks, *Natural Sciences;* Henry A. Rogers, *Principal Preparatory Department;* Franklin A. Slater, *Mathematics;* Henry F. Burton, *Classical Tutor.*

Number of students, 190.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE (Cincinnati). Founded 1826; chartered 1845.

Faculty: John King, *Obstetrics and Diseases of Women;* F. J. Locke, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* John M. Scudder, *Pathology and Practice of Medicine;* A. J. Howe, *Surgery;* Edwin Freeman, *Anatomy;* Z. Freeman, *Clinical Medicine and Surgery;* J. F. Judge, *Chemistry and Physiology;* Thomas C. Hannah, *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

Number of students. '81.

GERMAN WALLACE COLLEGE (Berea). Founded 1863, from German Department of Baldwin University. President, W. Nast.

Faculty: F. Schuler, *Vice-President;* A. Löhenstein, *Biblical Literature;* Karl Riemenschneider, *Ancient Languages;* Philipp Wacker, *Modern Languages and Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 102.

GLENDALE FEMALE COLLEGE (Glendale). Founded 1855. President, Ludlow D. Potter.

Faculty: Miss Ellen Wiley (Lady Principal), *Rhetoric, English Literature, &c.;* John Gosman, *Ancient Languages, Natural Science, Astronomy;* Miss Asenath Cox, *Mathematics, Latin, Physiology, &c.;* Miss Eliza D. Bonnell, *Latin, English Grammar, Mathematics;* Miss Sarah F. Furman, *Latin, History;* Miss Lucelia Wakefield, *Mathematics, Latin, &c.;* Miss Eugenia Birdsall, *Drawing and Painting;* Mad'lle Louise Valois, *French and German;* Miss Anna Klauczek, *Instrumental Music;* Miss Julia L. Spring, *Vocal Music and Guitar;* Miss H. Louise Taylor, *Instrumental Music, Organ.*

Number of students, 106.

GRANVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE (Granville). Founded 1833. Principals, George M. Webster, *also Professor of Metaphyiscs, Ethics, Evidences, Anglo-Saxon, Greek;* Mrs. Elizabeth J. Webster.

Faculty: Calvin C. Merriott, *Latin, Mathematics, Botany, Logic;* Miss Mary A. Linnell, *Latin, Mathematics, Science, History;* Miss M. Elizabeth Abbot, *English and German, Rhetoric, Mathematics;* Miss C. Louise Johnson, *Painting, Crayoning, Drawing, French;* Mrs. Emma McCune, *Penmanship;* Mrs. Mary Abbott Thresher, *Organ, Piano, Vocal Culture;* Mrs. W. F. Kumler, *Piano, Vocal Culture;* Mrs. Mary T. Bryan, *Primary Department.*

Number of students (men and women), 109.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE (Tiffin). Founded 1850. President, George W. Williard; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Logic, History, and Evidences of Christianity.*

Faculty and other college officers: J. H. Good, *Dogmatic and Practical Theology;* Herman Rust, *Exegetical and Historical Theology;* R. Good, *Natural Sciences;* O. A. S. Hursh, *Latin and Greek;* C. Hornung, *Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy;* P. Greding, *German and French;* A. S. Zerbe, *Latin and*

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Greek; J. V. Lerch, *Penmanship and Drawing.*

Number of students (men and women), 144.

HILLSBOROUGH FEMALE COLLEGE (Hillsborough). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1855. President, David Copeland; *also Professor of Ancient Languages, and Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty and other college officers: Sarah W. Copeland, *Governess;* Olive S. Prentice, *Mathematics, Belles-Lettres, and French;* George Heidelberg, *Music;* Clara Blinn, *Painting and Drawing;* Frances McReynolds, *English Branches;* Laura J. Santee, *Assistant;* Alice Heidelberg, *Music;* Jane Rapp, *Waxwork.*

Number of students (women), 94.

HIRAM COLLEGE (Hiram). Founded 1849. President, Burke A. Hinsdale; *also Professor of Philosophy, History, and Biblical Literature.*

Faculty: Grove E. Barber, *Greek and Latin;* Wilson S. Atkinson, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Edmund B. Wakefield, *Natural Sciences;* Osmer C. Hill, *Principal Commercial and Chirographic Department;* A. J. Squire, *Chemistry and Physiology;* Mrs. Marietta Cuscaden, *Principal Ladies' Department;* Mrs. Mary C. Hinsdale, *German;* Mrs. J. C. Ellis, *Instrumental Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 302.

KENYON COLLEGE (Gambier). Founded 1824. President, Eli T. Tappan; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: John Trimble, *Greek;* Edward C. Benson, *Latin, also Librarian;* Theodore Sterling, *Natural Philosophy and Chemistry;* George A. Strong, *English Literature, History, and Rhetoric;* Gregory T. Bedell, *Theology;* Morris A. Tyng, *Biblical Literature and Hebrew;* William B. Bodine, *Chaplain;* Andrew L. Ralston, *Tutor;* John G. Black, *Grammar School.*

Number of students, 72.

MARIETTA COLLEGE (Marietta). Founded 1835. President, Israel W. Andrews; *also Professor of Intellectual and Political Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: John Kendrick, *Greek;* Ebenezer B. Andrews, *Geology;* George R. Roseeter, *Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy;* John L. Mills, *Latin;* David E. Beach, *Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric;* William B. Graves, *Natural Sciences;* George R. Gear, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* John L. Davis, *Tutor;* Cyrus A. Bentley, *Vocal Music;* William Holden, *Librarian and Curator of Cabinet.*

Number of students, 190.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY (Oxford). Founded 1809. President, Andrew D. Hepburn; *also Professor of Philosophy and Literature.*

Faculty and other college officers: Robert H. Bishop, *Latin;* Robert W. McFarland, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Henry S. Osborn, *Natural Science;* James D. Coleman, *Greek;* H. B. McClure, *Preparatory Department.*

Number of students, 110.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE (Alliance). Founded 1846. Chartered 1858. President, O. N. Hartshorn; *also Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy.*

Faculty: I. O. Chapman (Vice-President), *Mathematics and Civil Engineering;* George W. Clarke, *Latin and Greek;* E. N. Hartshorn, *Didactics, Commercial Science, and Actual Business;* James A. Brush, *Chemistry and Logic, and Librarian;* Gustave A. Scherf, *German and French;* T. Armstrong, *Penmanship;* William Armstrong, *Instrumental Music and Voice Culture;* R. E. Hudson, *Vocal Music;* D. S. Evans, *Fine Arts;* Miss Flora Tanneyhill, *Painting and Drawing;* Rev. Homer J. Clark, *English Literature;* H. D. Gould, *English Branches;* Adrian J. Ebell, *Botany, Zoölogy, and Physical Culture;* William Hunter, *Sacred Literature;* R. Johnson, *Business and Commercial Ethics;* J. W. F. White, *Commercial Law;* Mrs. I. O. Chapman, *Preceptress Ladies' Department;* B. U. Jacob, *Curator of Museum.*

OBERLIN COLLEGE (Oberlin). Founded 1834. President, James H. Fairchild; *also Professor of Theology and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty: Charles G. Finney, *Pastoral Theology;* John Morgan, *New Testament Literature and Biblical Theology;* James Dascomb, *Chemistry, Botany, and Physiology, also Librarian;* John M. Ellis, *Mental Philosophy and Rhetoric;* Charles H. Churchill, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Judson Smith, *Church and General History;* Giles W. Shurtleff, *Latin;* Roselle T. Cross, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* Hiram Mead, *Sacred Rhetoric;* William H. Ryder, *Greek;* John B. Perry, *Geology and Natural History, and Lecturer on Religion and Science;* Fenelon B. Rice, *Music;* Elijah P. Barrows, *Hebrew and Old Testament Literature;* Henry Cowles, *Prophecy;* A. Hastings Ross, *Church Polity;* Almon W. Burr, *Latin;* James R. Severance, *Elocu-*

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tion; Charles N. Jones, *Mathematics;* Moritz Ernst Eversz, *German;* Theodore E. Burton, *Greek;* Samuel E. Eastman, *Latin;* Thomas A. Hall, *Arithmetic;* Lyman B. Hall, *Grammar;* Edward E. Kelsey, *Piano;* Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston, *Principal of Ladies' Department;* Miss Helen E. Martin, *Assistant Principal;* Mrs. Helen M. Rice, *Vocal Music;* Miss L. Celestia Wattles, *Piano;* Miss Anna M. Wyett, *Drawing and Painting.*

Number of students (men and women), 1,171.

OHIO FEMALE COLLEGE (College Hill). Founded 1851. Alfred E. Sloan, President; *also Professor of Elocution.*

Faculty: Lepha N. Clarke (Lady-Principal), *Mental and Moral Philosophy;* Herbert J. Cook, *Classics, Physics, and Mathematics;* W. W. Colmery, *Logic, Evidences of Christianity, and kindred Studies;* Eliza H. Austin, *English Literature, Rhetoric, and Composition;* Dora F. Crossette, *Latin, Mathematics, Astronomy, and American Literature;* Mary J. Bannister, *Chemistry, Geology, Botany, and Physiology;* M. Jennie Davidson, *Penmanship, History, Geography, and Grammar;* Ferdinand Schuler, *Music;* Helen M. Fletcher, *Vocal Music;* Emily Cutler, *Drawing and Painting;* Bertha E. Metz, *French, German, Italian, and Gymnastics;* Charles P. Wilson, *Superintendent;* Mrs. C. P. Wilson, *Matron;* Belle Patton, *Assistant Matron.*

Number of students, 107.

OHIO UNIVERSITY (Athens). Founded ——. Acting President, W. H. Scott; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science.*

Board of instructors: W. H. G. Adney, *Mineralogy, Chemistry, and Geology;* J. L. Hatfield, *Latin;* D. M. Blair, *Mathematics;* John M. Davis, *Tutor in Greek and Latin.*

Number of students (men and women), 110.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY (Delaware). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1843. President, Frederick Merrick.

Faculty and other college officers: Lorenzo D. M'Cabe, *Philosophy;* William G. Williams, *Greek;* Francis S. Hoyt, *Biblical Theology and Literature;* William F. Whitlock, *Latin;* John P. Lacroix, *Modern Languages and History;* Hiram M. Perkins, *Mathematics, Astronomy, and Mechanical Philosophy;* William O. Semans, *Chemistry and Natural History;* Almon S. B. Newton, *Languages;* Lucius V. Tuttle, *Mathematics.*

Number of students, 415.

OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY (Westerville). Founded 1847. President, H. A. Thompson; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: John Haywood, *Mathematics;* Thomas McFadden, *Natural Sciences;* John E. Guitner, *Greek;* Henry Garst, *Latin;* Mrs. Lizzie K. Miller, *Principal Ladies' Department;* C. A. Bowersox, *Vocal Music;* B. Naumbourg, *Instrumental Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 205.

OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE (Oxford). Founded 1854. President, Robert D. Morris.

Faculty and other college officers: Mrs. Elizabeth N. Morris, Miss Jane C. Logue, Miss Gertrude E. Wall, Miss Agnes Wallace, Miss Edell Ellis, Miss Emma Beeler; A. Beaugureau, *French, Drawing, and Painting;* Karl Merz, *Vocal and Instrumental Music.*

Number of students, 110.

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE (Cincinnati). Founded 1842. President, Leopold Bushart.

Faculty: F. P. Nussbaum, *Prefect of Studies;* M. Lawlor, *Treasurer;* J. A. Fastre, *Philosophy;* F. H. Stuntebeck, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* J. Straetmans, *Natural Sciences;* J. P. Hogan, *Rhetoric;* P. J. McDermott, *Poetry;* J. J. O'Meara, *Humanities;* J. B. Boever, *First Academic;* P. A. Krier, H. A. Munks, *Second Academic;* H. C. A. Bronsgeest, A. G. Van Der Eerden, *Third Academic;* T. H. Miles, *Grammar;* T. B. Chambers, *Grammar;* J. G. H. Kernion, *Preparatory Department;* H. Brusselbach, *Music.*

Number of students, 317.

URBANA UNIVERSITY (Urbana). Chartered 1850. President, Frank Sewall; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: Thomas Freeman Moses, *Natural Science;* Hjalmar Hjorth Royesen, *Greek and Latin;* Richard de Charms, *Master of Grammar School.*

Number of students, 30.

WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE (Hudson). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1826. President, Carroll Cutler.

Faculty and other college officers: Truman Hastings, *Municipal Law;* Nathan P. Seymour, *Greek and Latin;* Edward W. Morley, *Natural History and Chemistry;* Allen C. Barrows, *Latin and English Literature;* Winthrop D. Sheldon, *Principal of Preparatory School;* William R. Perkins, *Tutor;* Charles F. Harrington, *Tutor;* Thomas D. Seymour, *Greek*

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and Modern Languages; Charles J. Smith, *Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy.*

Number of students, 109.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY (Xenia). Founded 1863. President, Daniel A. Payne; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science and Systematic Theology.*

Faculty: William B. Adams, *Greek and Natural Sciences;* B. K. Sampson, *Latin and Mathematics;* B. F. Lee, *Theology and Church History;* Emma L. Parker, *Principal Female Department;* M. E. McBride, *Normal Department;* R. F. Howard, *Law;* John Little, *Law.*

Number of students (men and women), 159.

WILLOUGHBY COLLEGE (Willoughby). Founded 1855. President, L. T. Kirk.

Faculty: W. W. Gist, *Greek and Latin;* Ophelia Forward, *Preceptress;* L. A. Witter, *Common Branches;* W. L. Todd, *Music;* A. B. Pratt, *Commercial Department;* M. A. Hastings, *Painting and Drawing.*

Number of students (men and women), 150.

WITTENBERG COLLEGE (Springfield). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1845. President, Samuel Sprecher; *also Professor of Christian Theology and Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty and other college officers: H. R. Geiger, *Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy;* Isaac Sprecher, *Ancient Languages;* B. F. Prince, *Greek, and Principal of the Preparatory Department;* S. A. Ort, *Mathematics;* H. G. Rogers, *Tutor;* A. Essick, *Principal of Grammar School.*

Number of students, 183.

WOOSTER UNIVERSITY (Wooster). Founded 1866. President, Willis Lord; *also Professor of Biblical Instruction.*

Faculty: O. N. Stoddard, *Natural Sciences;* W. H. Jeffers, *Greek;* Samuel J. Kirkwood, *Mathematics;* Leander Firestone, *Anatomy and Physiology;* D. S. Gregory, *Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Rhetoric, and English Language and Literature;* J. A. I. Lowes, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* H. E. Lippert, *Modern Languages;* H. L. Henderson, *Latin and Natural Sciences;* D. S. Gregory, *Librarian.*

Medical department (located at Cleveland, O.). Faculty: Gustav C. E. Weber (Dean), *Clinical Surgery;* Leander Firestone, *Obstetrics and Diseases of Women;* W. J. Scott, *Principles and Practice of Medicine;* James Dascomb, *Chemistry and Toxicology;* A. Metz, *Ophthalmology;* H. J. Herrick, *Surgery;* Conway W. Noble, *Medical Jurisprudence;* D. B. Smith, *Physiology;* A. C. Miller, *Genito-urinary System;* John B. Rice, *Dermatology;* H. W. Kitchen, *Anatomy;* Thomas G. Cleveland, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Joel Pomerene, *Diseases of Children;* S. N. Robinson, *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

Number of students, 245.

XENIA COLLEGE (Xenia). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1850. President, William Smith; *also Professor of Mental, Moral, and Natural Science.*

Faculty and officers: Frederick Merrick, *Ancient Languages and Mathematics;* Julia H. Heath, *Belles-Lettres;* Mary McLean Smith, *History;* Mary V. Callender, *Preparatory Department;* Julia E. Dailey, *Drawing and Painting;* Henry R. Knauer, *Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 176.

INDIANA.

BROOKVILLE COLLEGE (Brookville). (Report of 1872.) President, J. P. D. John.

Faculty and instructors: Thomas Harrison; D. D. Blakeman, Julia E. Newkirk, Martha L. Keely, O. P. John, C, A. Wood.

Number of students (men and women), ——.

EARLHAM COLLEGE (Richmond). Founded 1860. President, Joseph Moore; *also Professor of Moral Philosophy and Geology.*

Officers of instruction and government; William A. Moore, *Mathematics;* Calvin W. Pearson, *Modern Languages and History;* Alpheus McTaggart, *Greek and Latin;* Benjamin Trueblood, *English Literature;* Morris P. Wright, *Chemistry and Botany;* Anna Valentine, *Algebra, Latin, and English Grammar;* Anna Miles, *Geography and Arithmetic.*

Number of students (men and women), 222.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE (Franklin). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1843. President, H. Lincoln Wayland; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other officers: W. T. Stott, *Natural Sciences;* F. W. Brown, *Languages;* J. E. Walter, *Mathematics;* M. A. Fisher, *Principal of Female Department;* B. Wallace, *Anatomy;* P. W. Payne, *Physiology;* Bel R.

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Stott, *Ornamental Department;* M. Allen, *Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 209.

HANOVER COLLEGE (Hanover). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1833. President, George C. Heckman; *also Professor of Biblical Instruction and Ethics.*

Faculty and officers; S. H. Thompson, *Mathematics, Mechanical Philosophy, and Astronomy;* Joshua B. Garritt, *Greek;* Edward J. Hamilton, *Logic and Mental Philosophy;* E. Thompson Nelson, *Natural Sciences;* H. H. Young, *Assistant.*

Number of students, 157.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY (Bloomington). Founded 1828. President, Cyrus Nutt; *also Professor of Moral, Mental, and Political Philosophy.*

Professors: Theophilus A. Wylie, *Natural Philosophy;* Richard Owen, *Natural Science and Chemistry;* Daniel Kirkwood, *Mathematics;* Elisha Ballantine, *Greek;* George W. Hoss, *English Literature, and Theory and Practice of Teaching;* Edward T. Cox, *Geology;* James Thompson, *Military Science and Civil Engineering;* Amzi Atwater, *Latin;* John L. Gay, *English Literature;* Hermann B. Boisen, *Modern Languages;* Tilghman H. Mallow, Walter R. Houghton, *Tutors.*

Law department: Samuel E. Perkins, B. E. Rhoads.

Medical department: G. W. Mears, *Obstetrics;* H. W. Wiley, *Chemistry;* J. A. Comingor, *Surgery;* R. N. Todd, *Principles and Practice of Medicine;* T. B. Harvey, *Diseases of Women and Children;* L. D. Waterman, *Anatomy and Clinical Surgery;* W. B. Fletcher, *Physiology;* Thad. M. Stevens, *Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, and Analytical Chemistry;* Dougan Clark, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* C. E. Wright, *Diseases of Eye and Ear;* S. C. Tomlinson, *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

Number of students, 358.

NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY (Indianapolis). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1855. President, O. A. Burgess.

Faculty and other college officers: W. M. Thrasher, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Harvey W. Wiley, *Latin;* Samuel R. Hoshour, *Moral Science and Greek;* Alfred Fairhurst, *Natural Sciences and History;* Catharine Merrill, *Belles-Lettres, Æsthetics, and English Literature;* Byron R. Elliott, *Real Estate and Criminal Law;* Horatio C. Newcourt, *Equity Jurisprudence;* Charles P. Jacobs, *Natural and Municipal Law;* C. E. Hollenbeck, *Book-keeping and Commercial Law;* H. J. Schonacker, *Harmony and Composition;* A. G. Alcott, *Elocution;* Mrs. E. J. Price, *Principal of Academic Department;* Gerard Many, *Modern Languages;* D. L. Thomas, *Latin;* E. T. Lane, *Latin;* J. W. Lowber, *Greek;* J. Q. Thomas, *Mathematics;* J. A. Roberts, *English Literature;* Retta D. Brown, *Penmanship.*

Number of students (men and women), 345.

SMITHSON COLLEGE (Logansport). Founded 1871. President, Paul R. Kendall; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty: Mrs. Caroline S. Kendall, *Lady Principal, and Professor of Modern Languages and Literature;* Howard R. Burrington, *Ancient Languages and Literature;* I. Thornton Osmond, *Natural Sciences;* Taylor B. Fletcher, *Mathematics;* E. A. Hall, *Commercial Department;* D. Scott Evans, *Painting and the Arts.*

Number of students (men and women), 196.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME (Notre Dame). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1842. President, W. Corby.

Faculty and other college officers: A. Lemonnier, *Director of Studies;* A. Granger, *Prefect of Religion;* N. H. Gillespie, *English Literature;* Joseph C. Currier, *Natural Sciences;* M. B. Brown, *Philosophy and Dogmatic Theology;* T. L. Vagnier, *Natural Philosophy and Chemistry;* P. Lauth, *German;* L. Neyrou, *Anatomy and Physiology;* John Lauth, *German;* Jacob Lauth, *Latin;* E. Lilly, *Music;* J. A. O'Connell, *Greek and Latin;* T. E. Howard, *English Literature and Astronomy;* J. A. Lyons, *Latin;* W. J. Ivers, *Mathematics;* L. G. Tong, *Book-keeping and Commercial Law;* M. T. Corby, *Vocal Music;* M. A. J. Baasen, *Greek, Latin, and German;* P. Foote, *Law;* C. A. B. Von Weller, *Drawing and Painting;* James A. O'Reilly, *Greek;* A. W. Arrington, *Latin;* D. A. Clark, *Mathematics.*

Number of students, 421.

WABASH COLLEGE (Crawfordsville). Founded 1834. President, Joseph F. Tuttle; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Edmund O. Hovey, *Chemistry and Geology;*

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Caleb Mills, *Greek;* Samuel S. Thomson, *Latin;* John L. Campbell, *Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy;* William C. White, *Rhetoric, German, and French;* Henry B. Carrington, *Military Science;* Daniel A Bassett, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* Matthew M. Whiteford, *Associate Principal Preparatory Department;* George C. Butler, Henry R. Thomson, *Tutors.*

Number of students, 268

ILLINOIS.

Abingdon College (Abingdon). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1853. President, James W. Butler; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: A. Judson Thomson, *Ancient Languages;* Albert Linn, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Judge Derham, *Natural and Physical Sciences;* Aaron Prince Aten, *Belles-Lettres and Elocution;* Elizabeth Lynn, *Drawing and Painting;* May Harris, *Music;* A. J. Thomson, *Penmanship and Phonography;* A. Lovitt, *Elocution.*

Number of students (men and women), 236.

Almira College (Greenville). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1857. President, John B. White; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Elizabeth S. Demary, *English and Mathematics;* Artie Brumbach, *Latin, Drawing, and Painting;* Juliette White, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* Martha T. Learned, *Latin and Mathematics;* Adèle Gross, *French and German;* Annie L. Richardson, *Music;* Kate Chittenden, *Music.*

Number of students (women), 115.

Augustana College (Paxton), (Geneseo). Founded 1860. President, T. N. Hasselquist.

Faculty and other college officers: H. Heck; A. R. Cervin; C. O. Granere.

Number of students, 61.

Blackburn University (Carlinville). (Report of 1872.) Founded ——. President, John W. Bailey: *also Professor of Theology.*

Faculty and other college officers: Robert B. Minton, *Mathematics;* John B. L. Soule, *Ancient Languages;* J. D. Conley, *Chemistry and Natural History;* C. A. Wood, *Modern Languages;* Kate Holden, *Assistant.*

Number of students (men and women), ——.

Eureka College (Eureka). Founded 1852. President, A. M. Weston; *also Professor of Greek and of Sacred Literature.*

Faculty: A. S. Fisher, *Mathematics;* J. M. Allen, *Mental and Moral Philosophy, and English Literature;* B. J. Radford, *Latin, also Librarian;* O. P. Hay, *Natural Sciences and Modern Languages, also Curator of Museum;* E. H. Plowe, *Vocal and Instrumental Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 344.

Ferry Hall Young Ladies' College (of Lake Forest University), (Lake Forest). Founded 1869. President, Edward P. Weston; *also Professor of Metaphysics and Literature.*

Board of instruction: William E. Pattee, *Natural Sciences;* Miss Caroline E. Pendleton, *Morals and Mathematics;* Mme. E. Guantieri, *French and Music;* Miss Anna Stoecklein, *Modern Languages;* Miss Martha L. Hathaway, *Latin and English;* Mrs. I. H. Benson, *English Branches;* Emil Liebling, *Organ, and Piano;* Miss Martha E. Weston, *Pianoforte;* Elias Bogue, *Vocal Music;* Mrs. Annie Skillman, *Piano-forte;* Miss Jennie Dayton, *Drawing and Painting;* Miss Mary E. Benedict, *Preparatory Department;* James Gill, *Vocal Training;* A. Deuchar, *Etiquette and Calisthenics.*

Number of students, 100.

Illinois College (Jacksonville). (Report of 1872). Founded 1830. President, J. M. Sturtevant; *also Professor of Mental Science and Science of Government.*

Faculty and other college officers: Samuel Adams, *Chemistry and Natural Philosophy;* Mason Grosvenor, *Moral Philosophy and Evidences of Christianity;* W. W. Harsha, *Elocution;* Rufus C. Crampton, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Edward A. Tauner, *Latin;* Henry E. Storrs, *Natural Science;* George W. Bailey, *Greek;* S. F. Sandall, *French, German, and English Literature;* Alfred H. Sturtevant, *Mathematics;* Edward A. Tauner, *Librarian.*

Number of students, 55. 324.

Illinois Female College (Jacksonville). Founded 1847. President, W. H. DeMotte; *also Professor of Moral, Political, and Natural Sciences.*

Board of instructors: Emeline L. Allyn, *Higher English;* Helen M. McGowan, *Latin* Cora Valentine, *Mathematics;* Sara E. Stout, *Primary Department;* A. E. Wimmerstedt, *Music;* Anna A. Graves, *Music;* Mrs. Ella

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O. Browne, *Music, Painting, and Drawing;* Mlle. Mühlemann, *French, German, and Music;* G. W. Browne, *Book-keeping and Penmanship;* J. P. Willard, *Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene.*

Number of students, 175.

ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY (Urbana). Founded 1868. Acting Regent, S. W. Shattuck.

Faculty and other college officers: William M. Baker, *English Language and Literature;* A. P. S. Stuart, *Chemistry;* Stillman W. Robinson, *Mechanical Science and Engineering;* Thomas J. Burrill, *Botany and Horticulture;* S. W. Shattuck, *Mathematics;* Edward Snyder, *Military Tactics, Book-keeping, and German;* D. C. Taft, J. F. Carey, J. B. Webb, M. Miles, W. C. Flagg.

Instructors and assistants: C. W. Silver, C. W. Rolfe, G. R. Shawhan, C. N. Ricker, E. G. Walker, J. P. Campbell, P. Gennadius; Miss L. E. Patchen, *Music and Drawing.*

Number of students (men and women), ——.

ILLINOIS SOLDIERS' COLLEGE (Fulton). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1867. President, Leander H. Potter; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty and other college officers: Charles W. Feeks, *Mathematics, Military and Commercial Science;* George W. Woodward, *Ancient and Modern Languages;* Olin F. Mattison, *Natural Science;* Moses Soule, *Language;* John O. Garmon, *Penmanship.*

Number of students, 132.

KNOX COLLEGE (Galesburg). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1838. President, John P. Gulliver; *also Professor of Philosophy and Æsthetics.*

Faculty and other college officers: Henry E. Hitchcock, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Albert Hurd, *Chemistry and Natural Science;* George Churchill, *Principal of Academy;* Milton L. Comstock, *Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy;* Llewellyn Pratt, *Latin;* Henry M. Tyler, *Greek and German;* John W. Burgess, *Logic, Rhetoric, English Literature, and Political Science;* John H. Eastman, *Greek and Latin;* Susan H. Ward, *Principal of Ladies' Seminary;* Ruth K. Colby, *Drawing and Painting;* Hetta L. H. Ward, *Assistant;* Mary Ives Seymour, *French, Music, and Light Gymnastics;* Mary F. Disbrow, *Music;* Florence A. Tenney, *Drawing and Painting.*

Number of students (men and women), 266.

LOMBARD UNIVERSITY (Galesburg). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1852. President, James P. Weston; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: William Livingstone, *Natural Science;* John V. N. Standish, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Isaac A. Parker, *Greek and Latin;* C. S. Kendall, *French and German;* Elmore Chase, *Principal of the Preparatory Department.*

Number of students (men and women), 155.

MCKENDREE COLLEGE (Lebanon). Founded 1828. President, Robert Allyn; *also Professor of Mental, Moral, and Social Science, and Fiscal and Financial Agent.*

Faculty and other college officers: Oliver V. Jones, *Mathematics and Astronomy, also Librarian;* Samuel H. Deneen, *Latin;* William F. Swahlen, *Greek and German;* Evan E. Edwards, *Physics, Natural History, and English Literature;* Henry H. Horner, *Civil and Common Law;* Robert Kidd, *Elocution.*

Number of students (men and women), 266.

MONMOUTH COLLEGE (Monmouth). Founded 1856. President, David A. Wallace; *also Professor of Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: A. M. Black, *Greek and Hebrew;* J. R. Doig, *Latin;* Alexander Young, *Evidences of Christianity;* J. C. Hutchison, *Natural Science;* J. H. Wilson, *Mathematics;* Thomas H. Rogers, *Mathematics;* Agnes Strang, *French and German;* John A. Gordon, *English Language;* S. H. Price, *Music;* J. M. Martin, *Penmanship and Book-keeping;* Miss Arminia Watt, *Drawing, Painting, &c.;* John A. Gordon, *Librarian.*

Number of students (men and women), 372.

NORTH-WESTERN COLLEGE (Naperville). Founded 1860. President, A. A. Smith; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: F. W. Heidner, *German;* H. C. Smith, *Latin;* H. H. Rassweiler, *Mathematics and Natural Science;* A. Huelster, *Greek;* C. F. Rassweiler, *French;* Miss Nancy J. Cunningham, *Preceptress, and Teacher of Drawing;* J. G. Cross, *Penmanship;* J. L. Rockey, *Accounts;* H. H. Cody, *Commercial Law;* H. C. Smith, *Vocal Music;* Miss Minnie P.

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Cody, *Instrumental Music;* Miss Mary E. Cropsey, *Painting.*

Number of students (men and women), 296.

NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY (Evanston). Founded 1855. President, Charles H. Fowler; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty: Daniel Bonbright, *Latin;* Oliver Marcy, *Natural History and Physics;* Louis Kistler, *Greek;* David Hilton Wheeler, *English Literature and History;* Julius F. Kellogg, *Mathematics;* Robert L. Cumnock, *Elocution;* Henry M. Bannister, *Curator of Museum;* Henry S. Carhart, *Civil Engineering;* Charles W. Pearson, *German.*

Garrett Biblical Institute: Henry Bannister, *Exegetical Theology;* Miner Raymond, *Systematic Theology;* Francis D. Hemenway, *Hebrew and Biblical Literature.*

Chicago Medical College: N. S. Davis, *Dean of Faculty, and Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine, and Clinical Medicine;* W. H. Byford and E. O. F. Roler, *Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children;* Edmund Andrews, *Surgery;* H. A. Johnson, *Diseases of Respiratory and Circulatory Organs;* H. P. Merriman, *Organic Chemistry and Toxicology;* Ralph N. Isham, *Surgical Anatomy and Operations;* J. H. Hollister, *Pathology and Pathological Anatomy;* J. S. Jewell, *Psychological Medicine and Nervous Diseases;* Thomas Bevan, *Hygiene;* B. J. Patterson, *Medical Jurisprudence;* Daniel T. Nelson, *Physiology and Histology;* William E. Quine, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* E. M. Haines, *Inorganic Chemistry;* Samuel Jones, *Ophthalmology and Otology;* Julien S. Sherman, *Surgery;* Thomas S. Bond, *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

Evanston College for Ladies: Frances E. Willard, *President and Instructor in Theory and History of Fine Arts;* Kate A. Jackson, *French;* Minerva B. Norton, *History;* Oscar A. Mayo, *Instrumental Music;* Anna Lewis, *Vocal Music;* H. Maria Pettengill, *Oil Painting;* Mary L. McClure, *Drawing;* Mary J. Safford, *Physiology and Hygiene;* Harriet E. Reed, *Financial Secretary;* S. Norton and Mrs. M. B. Norton, *Superintendents of Home Department.*

Preparatory school: George W. Winslow, *Latin;* Robert Baird, *Greek;* Edwin R. Shrader, *Mathematics and Physics;* Marietta L. Palmer, *English;* Edward L. Parks, *Greek;* Wilbur O. Peet, *Mathematics;* Chauncey Gaines, *Latin;* M. H. Holmes, *Free-hand Drawing.*

Number of students (men 480, women 132), 612.

QUINCY COLLEGE (Quincy). Report of 1872). Founded 1854. President, George W. Gray; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Mathematics.*

Faculty and other college officers: D. E. Wheeler, *Mathematics;* E. W. Gray, *Latin and Greek;* D. L. Musselman, *Penmanship and Principal Commercial Department;* H. J. Randall, *Natural Science;* C. J. Leutrell, *Vocal and Instrumental Music;* Madame Prétel, *French;* Emma A. Maertz, *German;* Harriet E. Glen, *Painting and Drawing;* Ella Cassidy, *Principal of Model School.*

Number of students (men and women), 258.

SHURTLEFF COLLEGE (Upper Alton). Founded 1832. President, A. A. Kendrick.

Faculty and other officers: Orlando L. Castle, *Oratory, Rhetoric, and Belles-Lettres;* Oscar Howes, *Latin and Greek;* Justus Bulkley, *Church History and Polity;* Charles Fairman, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, also Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy;* N. M. Wood, *Systematic Theology and History of Doctrine;* James M. Stifler, *Biblical Literature and Interpretation;* E. M. Joslyn, *Medicine and Physiology;* George B. Dodge, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* L. C. Donaldson, *Assistant;* Mary Julia Jewett, *Assistant;* Washington Leverett, *Librarian.*

Number of students (men and women), 194.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE (Chicago). Founded 1870. President, Rev. A. Damen.

Faculty and officers: J. S. Verdin, *Vice-President and Prefect of Studies;* J. G. Venneman, *Greek, Latin, and German, also Librarian;* J. J. Stephens, *Greek, Latin, English, and Algebra;* A. Lambert, *Greek, Latin, English, and French;* P. Chamberlaine, *English, Arithmetic and Book-keeping;* O. J. Reilly, *Preparatory Class;* A. Lambert and J. J. Stephens, *Prefects of Discipline*

Number of students, 146.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO (Chicago). (Report of 1872). Founded 1859. President, John C. Burroughs; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty and other College officers: James R. Boise, *Greek;* William Mathews, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* Alonzo J. Howe, *Mathematics;* J. William Stearns, *Latin;* Truman Henry Safford, *Astronomy;* Henry

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Booth, *Law;* I. W. Foster, *Physics;* C. Gilbert Wheeler, *Chemistry;* John C. Freeman, *Greek and Latin;* C. E. Richard Muller, *German;* William A. Metcalf, *Mathematics;* E. M. Booth, *Elocution;* H. H. Holmes, *Drawing.*

Number of students, 329.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY (Bloomington). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1852. President, Oliver S. Munsell; *also Professor of Ethics and Metaphysics.*

Faculty and other College officers: H. C. DeMotte, *Mathematics;* J. R. Jaques, *Greek and German;* B. S. Potter, *Agriculture and Natural Science;* S. S. Hamill, *Elocution and English Literature;* G. R. Crow, *Latin.*

Number of students, 212.

WESTFIELD COLLEGE (Westfield). Report of 1872.) Founded 1861. President, Samuel B. Allen; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty and officers: David Shuck, *Mathematics;* William O. Tobey, *Ancient Languages and Literature;* Rachel H. W. Tobey, *Principal of Ladies' Department;* William R. Shuey, *Book-keeping and Penmanship;* Mary E. Bright, *Music;* O. W. Peutzer, *Drawing and Painting;* William H. Armantrout, *Librarian.*

Number of students (men and women), 169.

WHEATON COLLEGE (Wheaton). (Report of 1872.) Founded ——. President, Jonathan Blanchard; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: John Calvin Webster, *Rhetoric, Logic, and Belles-Lettres;* Joseph Avery Bent, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* Oscar Fletcher Lumry, *Ancient Languages;* Freeborn Garretson Baker, *Music;* Alfred Hadley Hiatt, *Physiology and Hygiene;* Elliot Whipple, *Natural Science and Latin;* Jacob Franklin Ellis, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* Laura Root Johnson, *Principal of Female Department;* Walker Milner, *Principal of Commercial Department;* Charles Albert Blanchard, *Penmanship and Gymnastics;* Herman Augustus Fischer, *German;* Sarah Attersley Baker, *Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 222.

IOWA.

CORNELL COLLEGE (Mt. Vernon). Founded 1857. President, Rev. William F. King; *also Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.*

Faculty: Alonzo Collin, *Natural Sciences;* H. J. Cooke, *Preceptress, German, and History;* Hugh Boyd, *Greek and Latin;* Isaac T. Webster, *Civil Engineering and Military Science;* Sylvester N. Williams, *Mathematics;* Hamline H. Freer, *Librarian, and Principal Preparatory and Normal Departments;* Amanda F. Plasket, *Perspective, Drawing, and Painting;* Mary A. Neff, *Languages and Mathematics;* Genia M. Wilde, *Assistant Teacher;* Felix Flescher, *Instrumental Music;* I. H. Bunn, *Vocal Music;* Samuel H. Goodyear, *Book-keeping and Penmanship.*

Number of students (men and women), 350.

IOWA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE (Ames). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1858. President, A. S. Welch; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: George W. Jones, *Mathematics;* James Mathews, *Agriculture;* William A. Anthony, *Physics and Mechanics;* Albert E. Foote, *Chemistry;* James L. Geddes, *Military Tactics and Engineering;* Charles E. Bessey, *Botany and Horticulture;* L. P. Roberts, *Superintendent of Farm;* Mary Lovelace, *Preceptress;* Augusta Mathews, *Music.*

Number of students, 218.

IOWA COLLEGE (Grinnell). Founded 1847. President, George F. Magoun; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty: Samuel J. Buck, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* John Avery, *Greek, also Modern Languages;* Henry Carmichael, *Chemistry and Natural Science;* Arthur S. Hardy, *Civil Engineering, Applied Mathematics, and Military Drill;* Richard W. Swan, *Latin, also Associate Principal of Academy;* Jesse Macy, *Principal of Academy;* Mrs. Susan M. G. Sloan, *Lady Principal;* Edward M. Booth, *Elocution;* James L. Hill, *Tutor;* Charles W. Guernsey, *Tutor;* Miss Helen S. Whitcomb, *Lady Assistant;* David G. Edmundson, *Tutor;* Thomas Holyoke, *Physiology and Laws of Health;* John F. Dillon, *Constitutional and Municipal Law;* Chester C. Cole, *Elements of Law;* R. W. Swan, *Librarian.*

Number of students, 331.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY (Iowa City). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1860. President, George Thacher; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

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Professors: Nathan R. Leonard, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* Gustavus Hinrichs, *Physical Science;* Charles A. Eggert, *Modern Languages and Literature;* William G. Hammond, *Law;* George G. Wright, *Constitutional and Criminal Law;* Chester C. Cole, *Commercial Law;* Amos N. Currier, *Latin;* Charles A. White, *Natural Science;* Stephen N. Fellows, *Didactics;* John F. Dillon, *Medical Jurisprudence;* William F. Peck, *Surgery;* P. J. Farnsworth, *Materia Medica;* W. S. Robertson, *Medicine;* W. D. Middleton, *Physiology and Microscopic Anatomy;* J. C. Shrader, *Obstetrics;* Leonard F. Parker, *Greek;* Ellen A. Rich, *Mathematics;* Celia A. M. Currier, *Latin;* William C. Preston, *Physical Science;* Sarah F. Loughridge, *Normal Department;* George L Keller, *English Language and Literature;* Frank E. Niher, *Physical Science;* Otto Schmidt, *German;* O. C. Isbell, *Music;* John North, *Anatomy;* R. W. Pryce, *Surgery;* E. H. Hazen, *Ophthalmology and Otology;* Mark Ranney, *Insanity;* P. T. Smith, *Dental Surgery.*

Number of students (men and women), 447.

Iowa Tabor College (Tabor). Founded 1854. President, William M. Brooks; *also Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.*

Faculty: James E. Todd, *Natural Sciences;* Johnson Wright, *Latin and Greek;* A. S. McPherson, *Preparatory Department;* Emma F. Gaston, *Ladies' Department;* E. B. Geer, *Music.*

MISSOURI.

McGee College (College Mound). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1834. President, Rev. J. B. Mitchell; *also Professor of Ethics, Belles-Lettres, and Metaphysics.*

Faculty and instructors: J. S. Howard, *Natural Science and Sacred Literature;* Ben Eli Guthrie, *Greek and Latin;* W. J. Patton, *Pure and Applied Mathematics;* R. S. Matthews, *Principal of Preparatory School;* S. A. Mitchell, *Principal of Primary School;* Laura A. Howell, *Instrumental Music and Painting;* D. C. Bearer, *Vocal Music;* Ulysse Vuille, *French, German, and Hebrew;* J. W. Hudson, *Principal of Commercial School;* Kate Bearer, *Guitar;* M. Susan Ruby, *Matron.*

Number of students (men and women), 280.

St. Louis University (St. Louis). Founded 1829. President, S. J. Zealand.

Faculty and officers: P. J. Leysen, *Vice-President and Prefect of Studies;* W. H. Hill, *Mental and Moral Philosophy;* G. Leib, *Mathematics and Physics;* F. J. Boudreaux, *Chemistry;* J. N. Poland, *Rhetoric and Elocution;* D. McErlane, *Poetry;* J. P. Frieden, *Humanities, also Librarian;* M. J. Harts, *Humanities;* I. Panken, *Humanities;* J. Van Krevel, *Humanities, also Preparatory Class;* Louis R. Bergeron, *Rudiments;* J. M. Hayes, *Commercial Course;* E. D. Kelly, *Rhetoric and Book-keeping;* D. Swagers, *Grammar;* M. Cornely, *Grammar, also German;* H. A. Schaapman, *French;* W. D. Ellsworth, *Penmanship;* C. M. Charropin, F. L. Weinman, E. D. Kelly, J. Van Krevel, D. McErlane, *Prefects of Discipline;* C. J. Richter, H. Vogt, P. M. Enzinger, *Music;* T. L. Papin, *Physican.*

Number of students, 402.

St. Vincent's College (Cape Girardeau). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1843. President, Anthony Verrina.

Faculty and officers: T. M. O'Donoghue, *Rhetoric, History, and Moral Philosophy;* Secundus Lavizeri, *Theology;* William A. Ryan, *English Grammar and Composition;* John A. Moloney, *Latin and Geography;* L. J. Pieper, *Greek and Mathematics;* John J. Lalley, *Rhetoric and History;* T. J. O'Leary, *Commercial Science;* James O'Brien, *Latin and English Literature;* M. Broquiere, *French Literature;* Owen McDonald, *Mathematics;* Thomas Conness, *Chemistry;* Hermann Wolff, *German;* Nicholas Redmond, *Penmanship;* R. Chilian, *Music;* Gustave A. Henning, *Physician.*

Number of students, 177.

University of the State of Missouri (Columbia). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1843. President, Daniel Read; *also Professor of Mental, Moral, and Political Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Joseph G. Norwood, *Natural Science and Natural Philosophy;* Joseph Ficklin, *Mathematics, Mechanical Philosophy, and Astronomy;* Oren Root, *English Language and Literature, French, and German;* E. L. Ripley, *Principal of Normal College;* John Packer, *Ancient Languages and Literature;* George C. Swallow, *Agriculture;* R. B. Wade, *Military Science and Tactics;* D. W. B. Kurtz, *Assistant in Normal College;* C. A. Ripley, *Assistant;* Mary B. Read, *Assistant;* Charles V. Riley, *Lecturer on Entomology.*

Number of students (men and women), 295.

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY (*including Mary Institute*) (St. Louis). Founded 1857. Acting President, W. G. Eliot; *also Professor of Political Economy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Abram Litton, *Chemistry and Physics;* Truman M. Post, *Ancient and Modern History;* George Engelmann, *Botany and Natural History*, Calvin S. Pennell, *Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and Principal of Mary Institute;* Sylvester Waterhouse, *Greek;* George B. Stone, *Rhetoric;* Henry Hitchcock, *Real Property Law;* Samuel Treat, *Constitutional and Admiralty Law and Practice;* Albert Todd, *Conveyancing;* Alexander Martin, *International, Constitutional, Admiralty, and Maritime Law;* Samuel Reber, *History and Science of Law, Equity, and Succession;* John M. Krum, *Roman Law;* George A. Madill, *Real Property Law;* Calvin M. Woodward, *Mathematics and Applied Mechanics;* George E. Jackson, *Latin;* Marshall S. Snow, *Belles-Lettres;* Leopold Noa, *Modern Languages;* Henry Pomeroy, *Astronomy and Mathematics;* George M. Stewart, *Mercantile Law and Contracts;* William Eimbeck, *Practical Astronomy;* William B. Potter, *Mining and Metallurgy;* Roderick E. Rombauer, *Law of Ports, Insurance, Domestic Relations, and Evidence;* John W. Noble, *Pleadings and Practice;* F. Wm. Raeder, *Architecture;* Denham Arnold, *Physics;* Charles A. Smith, *Civil and Mechanical Engineering;* Frederic M. Crunden, *Elocution;* J. W. Pattison, *Drawing;* Hiram L. Peet, *Academic Department;* John H. Jenks, *German;* Isaac N. Cundall, *Academic Department;* Thompson L. Bond, *Mathematics;* Horace A. Brown, *Academic Department;* Charles H. Stone, *Academic Department;* Hugo Haanel, *English Branches and German;* Waldemar Malmene, *Vocal Music;* Mrs. Anna C. Hillman, *Preparatory Department;* Miss Inez E. Borden, *Preparatory Department;* Miss Amanda Ford, *Principal of Primary School;* Miss Elizabeth W. Leigh, *Assistant in Primary School.*

Teachers in Mary Institute: Calvin S. Pennell, *Principal;* Miss Mary S. Watkins, *Latin and Natural Science;* Miss Henrietta Sawyer, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* Miss Margaret T. Wallace, *Principal of Primary Department;* Miss Anna Flintham, *Primary Department;* Miss Florence K. Holden, *Penmanship;* Miss Sarah E. Cole, *Natural Sciences and Mathematics;* Miss Mary E. Mack, *Natural Philosophy:* Mrs. Rebecca M. Dean, *History, Physical Geography, &c.;* Miss Rosella C. Jones, *English Branches;* Miss Mary E. Glidden, *Reading and Composition;* Miss Hattie E. Osgood, *History and French;* Mrs. Elizabeth P. Pattison, *History, &c.;* Mme. Louise Grandjean, *French;* Miss Henrietta Maria Noa, *German and Gymnastics:* Miss Kate J. Brainard, *Music;* Miss Sophie Desloge, *Drawing.*

Number of students (all departments of the university), 990.

KANSAS.

HIGHLAND UNIVERSITY (Highland). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1858. President, J. A. McAfee; *also Professor of Greek and Moral Science.*

Faculty and other college officers: W. T. Gage, *Latin and Mathematics;* A. S. McConnell, *Mental Science, Elocution, and Rhetoric;* M. Emma Shipp, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* Mrs. W. T. Gage, *English Branches;* Emma F. Poage, *Music;* R. W. McAfee, *Natural Philosophy;* John Wilson, *Penmanship.*

Number of students, 127.

KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE (Manhattan). President, Joseph Denison; *also Professor of History, Political Economy, and Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty: B. F. Mudge, *Natural Sciences;* J. H. Lee, *Latin and English Literature;* J. Everts Platt, *Mathematics and Vocal Music;* H. J. Detmers, *Veterinary Science and Animal Husbandry;* Fred. E. Miller, *Practical Agriculture, and Superintendent of the Farm;* E. Gale, *Horticulture, and Superintendent of the Nursery;* Lizzie J. Williams, *Drawing and Tutor;* Hattie V. Werden, *Instrumental Music;* Jennie Detmers, *Chemistry and German;* Ambrose Todd, *Mechanics.*

Number of students (men and women), 202.

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE (Atchison). Founded 1859; chartered 1868. President, Giles Christoph; *also Professor of Evidences of Christianity.*

Faculty and other college officers: Pirmin Koumly, *Latin, also Prefect of Discipline;* Urlean Bayer, *Music and German;* Peter Kassens, *Mathematics and Book-keeping, also Prefect of Studies;* Boniface F. Verheyen, *English, Natural Philosophy, and Phonography;* Eugene Bode, *Latin, History, and Geography;* W. H. K. Larish, *Assistant.*

Number of students, 82.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS (Lawrence). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1864. President,

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John Fraser; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other college officers: David H. Robinson, *Ancient Languages and Literature;* Frank H. Snow, *Natural Sciences;* Frederic W. Bardwell, *Mathematics and Engineering:* E. P. Leonard, *Modern Languages and Painting;* D. O. Kellogg, *English Language and Literature;* Albert Newman, *Anatomy and Physiology;* W. H. Saunders, *Chemistry;* J. E. Bartlett, *Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 227.

WISCONSIN.

Beloit College (Beloit). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1847. President, Aaron L. Chapin; *also Professor of History and Civil Policy.*

Faculty and other college officers: Joseph Emerson, *Greek;* Jackson J. Bushnell, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* William Porter, *Latin;* James J. Blaisdell, *Intellectual and Moral Philosophy;* Lyman S. Rowland, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* James H. Eaton, *Chemistry and Natural Science;* John P. Fisk, *Principal of Preparatory Department;* Peter Hendrickson, *Modern Languages.*

Number of students, 197.

Lawrence University (Appleton). Founded 1847. President, George M. Steele; *also Professor of Ethics and Civil Polity.*

Faculty and other college officers: Hiram A. Jones, *Ancient Languages and Literature, also Librarian;* James C. Foye, *Chemistry and Physics;* Wilbur F. Yocum, *Mathematics and Astronomy;* James H. Worman, *Modern History and Languages;* Oliver P. DeLand, *Principal Commercial School;* Margaret J. Evans, *Latin and German;* Louise M. Hodgkins, *French and Botany;* Annie C. White, *Preparatory Department;* Selina A. Clarke, *Drawing and Painting;* Sarah S. Fitch, *Music.*

Number of students (men and women), 389.

Milwaukee Female College (Milwaukee). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1848. President, Mary Mortimer, with Helen M. Phillips, *Department of Moral and Mental Science and Evidences of Christianity.*

Faculty and other college officers: Helen F. Brace, *Geography and History;* Caroline E. Johnson, *Mathematics and Natural Science;* Frances H. Love, *Languages, Belles-Lettres, and Composition;* Florence White, *Languages, Belles-Lettres, Composition, and Gymnastics;* E. W. Lynde, *Assistant;* S. Ella Nichols, *Primary School;* Alden G. Faville, *Vocal Music;* Caroline Mortimer, *Piano;* J. E. Mitchell, *Piano;* Ellen Z. Field, *Drawing and Painting;* William Bayer, *French and German.*

Number of students, 165.

Racine College (Racine). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1852. President, James De Koven.

Faculty and other college officers: Edward B. Spaulding, *Head Master;* Homer Wheeler, *Mathematics;* Alexander Falk, *History and German;* J. J. Elmendorf, *Philosophy and Belles-Lettres;* Dan. Marvin, *Greek:* George W. Dean, *Latin and Greek;* R. G. Hinsdale, *Chemistry and Geology;* Thomas D. Pitts, *English Literature;* M. S. Vanlear Heard, *Latin and Greek;* G. B. Morgan, *Tutor;* M La Bombarie, *French;* S. F. Avery, *Assistant;* Amelia Piper, *Assistant;* Kate Piper, *Assistant;* G. J. Rowe, *Choir Master;* Henry E. Cornwell, *Curator.*

Number of students, 178.

Ripon College (Ripon). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1863. President, William E. Merriman; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Science.*

Faculty and officers: Edward H. Merrell, *Greek;* Theodore Wilder, *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy;* William M. Bristoll, *Latin;* Joseph M. Geery, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* Lyman B. Sperry, *Chemistry and Natural Science;* John C. Fillmore, *Music;* C. T. Tracy, *Botany;* Luthera H. Adams, *Greek and Mathematics;* Martha E. French, *English Branches;* Frances E. Wilder, *French;* O. M. Nettleton, *Vocal Culture.*

Number of students (men and women), 328.

University of Wisconsin (Madison). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1848. President, J. H. Twombly; *also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

Faculty and other officers: John W. Sterling, *Natural Philosophy and Astronomy;* John B. Parkinson, *Mathematics;* Stephen H. Carpenter, *Logic, Rhetoric, and English Literature;* William F. Allen, *Latin and History;* Alexander Kerr, *Greek;* John B. Feuling, *Modern Languages and Comparative Philology;* W. W. Daniells, *Agriculture and Analytical Chemistry;* John E. Davies, *Natural History and Chemistry;* Roland D. Irving, *Geology, Mining, and Metallurgy;* William J. L. Nicodemus, *Military Science and Civil Engineering;* R. B. An-

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derson, *Languages;* L. S. Dixon, *Law;* Orsamus Cole, *Law;* William Penn Lyon, *Law;* H. S. Orton, *Law;* J. H. Carpenter, *Law;* William F. Vilas, *Law;* D. B. Frankenburger, *Instructor;* A. C. Parkinson, *Instructor;* Robert M. Bashford, *Instructor;* Stephen Leahey, *Instructor;* D. E. Carson, *Preceptress;* Josephine Magoon, *Assistant Preceptress;* Elizabeth S. Spencer, *Instructor;* Louisa Brewster, *Drawing and Painting.*

Number of students (men and women), 485.

MINNESOTA.

CARLETON COLLEGE (Northfield). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1866. President, James W. Strong.

Faculty and other college officers: Horace Goodhue, *Greek and Mathematics;* William W. Payne, *Natural Sciences;* Sarah E. Dow, *Principal of Ladies' Department;* C. M. McClure, *Music.*

Number of students, 88.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY (OR COLLEGE) (St. Joseph). Founded 1867. President, Alexius Edelbrock; *also Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology and Ecclesiastical History.*

Faculty and other officers: Bernard Locnikar, *Vice-President and Professor of Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, and Latin;* Wolfgang Northman, *History, English, and German;* Ulric Northman, *Christian Doctrine, Music, English Grammar, and History;* James Kearney, *Geography, Mathematics, Rhetoric, and Elocution;* James Mooney, *French, Latin, and Arithmetic;* Bartholomew Rajgelj, *Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Latin, and German, also Chief Disciplinarian;* Meinard Leuthard, *Book-keeping;* Placidus Watry, *Arithmetic, also Prefect of Discipline;* Francis Merschman, *Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, and Book-keeping;* Pankratius Machren, *Natural Philosophy and Greek;* Paul Rettenmayer, *Hebrew and Latin;* Aloysius Hermanutz, *German, Rhetoric, Elocution;* William Brennan, *Arithmetic;* Alexander Christie, *English Grammar, Spelling, and Reading;* Francis J. Preybil, *Penmanship and Christian Doctrine;* Max Wurst, *Latin and German-English;* N. Steil, *Drawing and Architecture.*

Number of students, 110.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA (St. Anthony). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1868. President, William W. Folwell.

Professors: G. Campbell, *Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and German;* Edward H. Twining, *Chemistry and French;* Versal J. Walker, *Latin;* Jabez Brooks, *Greek;* Aris B. Donaldson, *Rhetoric and English Literature;* Richard W. Johnson, *Military Science;* Edwin J. Thompson, *Mathematics;* Arthur Beardsley, *Civil Engineering and Industrial Mechanics.*

Number of students (men and women), 301.

CALIFORNIA.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE (San Francisco). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1858. President, J. Bayma, *also Professor of Higher Mathematics.*

Faculty and other college officers: E. M. Nattini, *Prefect;* J. Tadini, *Mental Philosophy and Spanish;* J. M. Neri, *Physics, Chemistry, Practical Telegraphing, and Assaying;* P. Raffo, *Mathematics;* A. Maraschi, *Treasurer;* F. J. Sullivan, *Classics, English Composition, and Arithmetic;* A. Affranchino, *Classics and English Grammar;* F. I. Prelato, *Chaplain and Disciplinarian;* T. Demasini, *French;* J. Sasia, *Classics;* Charles B. Mahon, *Classics, English Rhetoric, Arithmetic, and Penmanship;* J. P. Donoghoe, *Mathematics, Commercial Science, and English Grammar;* J. D. Sullivan, *Book-keeping, English Grammar, and Arithmetic.*

Number of students, 559.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA (Oakland). Founded 1855. President, Daniel C. Gilman.

Faculty: John Le Conte, *Physics and Industrial Mechanics;* Martin Kellogg, *Latin and Greek;* Joseph Le Conte, *Geology and Natural History;* William T. Welcker, *Mathematics;* Paul Pioda, *Modern Languages;* Ezra S. Carr, *Agriculture, Agricultural Chemistry, Horticulture;* William Swinton, *English Language, Rhetoric, History;* Willard B. Rising, *Chemistry and Metallurgy;* Frank Soule, *Civil Engineering and Astronomy;* Stephen J. Field, *Law;* George Davidson, *Geodesy and Hydrography;* Samuel Jones, *Mathematics;* George W. Bunnell, *Ancient Languages;* Robert E. Ogilby, *Drawing;* Julius Grossmann, *German;* Manuel M. Corella, *Spanish;* James M. Phillips, *Hebrew and Syriac.*

Number of students, 185.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SAN FRANCISCO (San Francisco). Founded 1863.

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President, W. Alexander, *also Professor of Rhetoric, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and Logic.*

Faculty: Thomas Kirkland, *Ancient Languages, and Master of Senior Academic Department;* Thomas A. Robinson, *Mathematics;* Thomas Price, *Chemistry and Physics;* C. N. Ellinwood, *Physiology;* E. Bentley, *Comparative Anatomy;* H. Gibbons, jun., *Botany and Geology;* J. B. Robertson, *Master of Junior Academic Department;* Charles F. Morel, *French and Spanish;* E. A. Hosemann, *German;* Charles Prosch, *Drawing;* M. K. Lauden, *Superintendent, History of Commerce, and Business Correspondence;* W. E. Chamberlain, jun., *Business Department, Commercial Science, and Business Customs;* T. Benton Julian, *Theoretical Business Department, Book-keeping;* Thomas A. Robinson, *Accounts;* P. A. Espina, *Penmanship;* C. C. Erich, *Telegraphy;* R Espinasse, *Navigation and Nautical Astronomy;* W. Alexander, *Political Economy;* A. J. Bowie (Emeritus), *Surgery;* J. F. Morse (Emeritus), *Medicine;* Henry Gibbons, *Medicine and Clinical Medicine;* L. C. Lane, *Surgery, Anatomy, and Clinical Surgery;* Edwin Bentley, *Descriptive and Microscopic Anatomy and Pathology;* Clinton Cushing, *Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children;* L. C. Lane, *Ophthalmology and Otology;* Thomas Price, *Chemistry and Toxicology;* Henry Gibbons, *Materia Medica and Therapeutics;* Rev. W. A. Scott, *Mental and Moral Science and Theology;* Rev. George Burrowes, *Hebrew and Old Testament Literature;* Rev. D. W. Poor, *Biblical and Ecclesiastical History and Church Government;* Rev. W. Alexander, *Biblical Greek and New Testament Literature.*

Number of students, ——.

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC (Santa Clara). Founded 1854. President, A. S. Gibbons; *also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science.*

Faculty: O. S. Frambes, *Mathematics;* J. N. Martin, *Ancient Languages;* George M. Schuck, *Vocal and Instrumental Music;* A. J. Hanson, *Ancient Languages;* Mrs. S. E. Frambes, *Preceptress;* Miss K. F. Lefler, *Preparatory Department;* Mrs. Louise M. Curtis, *Ornamental Branches.*

Number of students (men and women), 136.

OREGON.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY (Salem). (Report of 1872.) Founded 1853. President, Thomas M. Gatch; *also Professor of Ancient Languages.*

Faculty and other college officers: Leonard J. Powell, *Mathematics;* Lowell L. Rogers, *Natural Science;* Edmund J. Waller, *Languages;* Mary M. Adams, *Modern Languages;* Ellen J. Chamberlin, *Preparatory Department;* G. Berry, *Music;* E. R. Fiske, *Pathology;* H. Carpenter, *Surgery;* D. Payton, *Physiology and Microscopy;* E. Y. Chase, *Anatomy;* S. C. Simpson, *Medical Jurisprudence.*

Number of students (men and women), 270.

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In compliance with numerous requests, a school preparatory to the Adams Academy will be opened under the supervision of the master.

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DR. W. R. DIMMOCK,

QUINCY, MASS.

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OLD AND NEW.

VOL. VIII.—AUGUST, 1873.—NO. 2.

IT is now forty years, more or less, since some of the leading Liberals in England united in the determination to establish a new university on a plan wholly different from that of either university then existing in Great Britain or in Ireland. The plan was fairly enough described the other day in parliament by somebody who said that it was a university which taught nothing. It is precisely so; but it should be added, that it differs from other universities also, in this,—that it does not pretend to teach any thing: it only examines the results of institutions which do teach. It appoints a board of examiners, who, at certain fixed periods every year, examine all comers, and grant to them such degrees, as, on the standard of this university, they are entitled to. This standard has always been very high, and is, as I am disposed to think, now higher than ever. It is intimated, indeed, in conversation, that the degree of the London University implies a training more thorough than the corresponding degree of either Cambridge or Oxford.

You may see at the present moment, in the London newspapers, an announcement that the University of London is ready to choose examiners for the next year. The names of the present incumbents, including some names of great distinction, are given, and their salaries; which are quite sufficient to make compensation for a considerable time given to the service. It is added, in the published announcement, that an election is to be made; that all the present incumbents are candidates for re-election: so that this announcement may be taken as *pro forma*. But it gives a good indication of the importance attached to the service.

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On the 14th of May the university held its annual ceremony of Presentation. The occasion corresponds precisely to the Commencement of an American college. The details of the arrangement are as far removed from those of an American Commencement as they can be. In America, the young men make the addresses: in London, they are silent, and the chancellor addresses them. In America, they march up in a crowd, receive a heavy load of diplomas, and divide them at their pleasure: in London, each candidate advances separately, and receives his own diploma personally from the chancellor.

I had the good fortune to be present at the ceremonial, and to hear the addresses of Earl Granville and of Mr. Robert Lowe of the senate of the university. Two hundred and one persons received diplomas; and the names of seven women were read, who had passed examinations entitling them to the diplomas, had any been given to their sex. All these persons were from a great number of institutions in all parts of England. The first six — who had presented themselves for matriculation nearly a year ago, and had received some distinction, as an "exhibition" or a medal — will illustrate the range of schools which are entitled to take diplomas from the university. These young men were from University College School, London; Normal College, Swansea; Kings College, London; Amersham Hall Mission School, Blackheath; Liverpool Institute; and the Bristol Grammar School.

There were in all twenty-three undergraduates who received these distinctions in this honorable and public way. I observed that they represent seventeen different schools, and in two cases are spoken of as trained by private study. Among these were some who had passed the first examination for bachelor of arts.

Eighty persons then took that degree; eleven, the degree of bachelor of science; fourteen, that of bachelor of laws; twenty-five, that of bachelor of medicine; four, that of bachelor of surgery; ten, that of master of arts; one, that of master of surgery; two, that of doctor of science; two, that of doctor of laws; and nine, that of doctor of medicine. Observe that all of these degrees are granted only after strict examination. Three persons passed their first "scriptural examination." Dr. Carpenter, who is the registrar, read a report of every examination held through the year. Two hundred and one candidates, in all, had passed in these examinations. Of these we saw the prizemen only, from among the undergraduates; and we saw the names at least of the seventy-eight graduates, as above.

Indeed, we saw most of them personally. The ceremonial is inter-

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esting. The hall is an amphitheatre with seats for, perhaps, five hundred people, and a spacious gallery above. It was well filled. The senate of the university sat in a line on the dais on the straight side. In front of them was a large semicircular space; and the first semicircle of seats was occupied by gentlemen in gowns and caps, showing the various costumes of different universities, who were, in general, the heads of the colleges to which the young men belonged, and were to present them. On the right of the senate were the prizemen and other successful candidates. The rest of the hall was filled with gentlemen and ladies. Earl Granville, the present foreign minister of England, is chancellor, and presided. He was robed in the full costume of an Oxford doctor of laws,—a black silk gown with heavy gold bands. Among the senate were Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Lowe, the chancellor of the exchequer.

The registrar read one by one the names of the young men; and each one advanced, in his turn, alone. He met on the floor, in front of the senate, the teacher or other person who was to present him; who took him by the hand, and led him up the step to Earl Granville. The candidate bowed to Earl Granville, who gave him his degree or his medal, and then, in every instance, shook hands with him also. The new master or bachelor then bowed again, and retired. The ceremonial is very pleasant, and gives just the right impression that a personal distinction has been fairly won. Meanwhile there are students enough in the audience to give applause on each occasion; and in cases of marked success, or of especial favorites, this applause was loud and long.

After this ceremony, which occupied more than an hour, Earl Granville made an interesting address on the position of the university, and the success of the plan which I have been trying to describe. He said that people had been swift to say it was not succeeding, because the number of graduates did not increase largely. But he called attention to the figures, which show, that, in the first five years of its existence, the university graduated about seventy persons annually from eighty or ninety applying; while in the last five years, though it has not graduated more than eighty persons annually, it has been from nearly a hundred and eighty applicants every year. It is evident, therefore, that the severity of its examinations has steadily increased, and yet that more and more persons see the value of its degree; which is the great point in the estimation of all persons interested in its success.

He touched, all too lightly, on a question which has divided them, as to requiring Greek as a requisite for their B.A. and M.A. degree.

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The convocation, which is their law house, had decided in favor of retaining Greek; but the senate, which is the executive, had decided in exactly the other way. Earl Granville was as non-committal as a diplomatist always is on the real question involved. He begged us to understand, that, as to the great question as to the value of Greek, the senate had decided nothing: they had only decided that so little Greek as had previously been demanded — an amount so small, that it could be got up by mere cramming — was of little more value than none; and that they had dispensed with this, without deciding, or pretending to decide, the main question. I doubt if this explanation of a change, which is, after all, material, is satisfactory to the convocation.

Earl Granville alluded with just pride to the success of the university, and the reputation obtained by its examination. He brought down a well-deserved round of applause by observing, that, of the three successful candidates in the first scriptural examination, one is a Roman Catholic, one is a member of the Established Church, and one a Nonconformist (Unitarian). The speech was in no sort formal: it contained one or two amusing anecdotes, and was well received. He then introduced Mr. Lowe, the chancellor of the exchequer, who is of the senate, and has always interested himself in the university. He made a strong statement of his wish that the women might be examined, if they chose, in all branches. It seems that the examinations of women are now confined to certain branches supposed to be more strictly feminine. I think teachers are those who undergo them, with a wish to obtain the grade of the university or its verdict as to their ability. Mr. Lowe made a very good point in comparing these examinations with those of universities whose own professors are the judges of the success of their own institutions.

I observe, that, apart from schools which had prepared undergraduates, there are twenty-six different colleges whose pupils receive degrees of B.A. and B.Sc. Then most of the hospitals offer candidates for the medical degrees.

E. E. H.

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MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

RINGHURST THEATRICALS. — THEATRICALS IN GENERAL. — MRS. CAVANDER. — A HAPPY COUPLE. — THE PERFORMANCE FINISHED.—ANOTHER YOUNG LADY ON THE SCENE. — A FAREWELL TO AUSTIN. — I RETURN TO OLD CARTER'S. — PREPARATION FOR HOLYSHADE. — MY PROGRESS.

THE theatricals at Ringhurst (for which Mr. Verney was unable to stay; being summoned to town professionally) were merely a good specimen of what I have since known private theatricals to be everywhere, without exception, — bustle and hurry; every one wanting assistance from every one else, and wondering at everybody's selfishness. Laces, that have been strong up to within a minute of being wanted, suddenly snap. Gum, from which at any other moment there would have been no escape, now playing the unfortunate cavalier false in the matter of mustaches. The handsome young gentleman who has to "make himself up" for a lover fails signally in an attempt to give himself a beautiful complexion with carmine and bismuth, and comes down looking uncommonly like a clown. The agitation of the hand which is to make a delicate line of black causes a smudge on the cheek, as if you had commenced a cartoon there with charcoal. The experienced amateur — who has selected the part of a hoary-headed veteran, whose gray hairs are, during the piece, well-nigh brought down with sorrow to the grave, and who has a vast amount of stirring sentiment and manly pathos to deliver himself of in consequence — suddenly, and at the last moment, appears on the scene with his entire head apparently fresh from a plunge into the flour-tub, with just so much of it wiped away as will enable him to see with occasional blinking; which spasmodic movement of the eyes, however, might be taken for a sign of suppressed emotion. The audience, at first, recognize in this extraordinary character neither the experienced amateur, nor the venerable papa of the misguided youth (a young gentleman addicted to card-sharping), but laugh heartily under the impression that it is the comic man disguised, for some reason or other, as the baker, and salute him accordingly.

Dresses supposed to be "all right," and therefore allowed to pass muster without being tried on, are suddenly discovered to be all wrong. The impossibility of playing the Young Pretender in the costume of Francis the First has, somehow or other, to be got over.

Ingenuity comes to the rescue. Pins are in great request, and oaths plentiful, with apologies. Nobody's drink is secure from anybody who is thirsty. All are thirsty. Everybody wishes everybody else out of the way. Books have been mislaid; and the prompter, who has craftily secreted his, is now waylaid, and has it wrested from him by some unfortunate amateur, who, in piteous tones, cries, "Do let me have it. I'll give it you back directly; *but I have to go on first.*"

Every one doubts his own appear-

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ance, and is full of congratulations for every one else, with a view to being congratulated in turn. All excitement.

Then the voices won't pitch themselves properly; everybody being more or less inaudible, with the solitary exception of the prompter, whose every word can be heard, causing irrepressible titters among those of the audience most remote from the stage. Mr. Boanerges, whom, ordinarily, you have to request not to speak quite so loud, comes on to say ten lines of dialogue; and, for all one can hear of him from the front, he might as well be performing the part of a dumb slave in a ballet of action, only that he has about as much action as the old-fashioned flat wooden doll, with hardly chiselled features and a black beard, whose arms and legs are moved by one string.

The best memories fail. The overzealous prompter gives the word twenty times when the unfortunate actor has only paused for dramatic effect; or he has lost the place in the prompt-book, or is giving directions about the lights, just at a critical moment, when the whole *dramatis personæ* have come to a dead lock. These things will happen even in the very best regulated private theatricals; and so, I suppose, those at Ringhurst were no exception to the rule. I thought them perfection.

Alice looked lovely as a marquise; and Cavander attended her in the green-room, on the pretence of holding her book, and hearing her her part, up to the last minute.

There was a lady looked into this green-room, and, fearing lest she might be on forbidden ground, withdrew; but, as if acting upon a second thought, looked in again to say —

"James — I beg your pardon, Miss Alice: how charming you look! — I only want to speak to James a moment."

"Oh! come in, Mrs. Cavander," said Miss Alice graciously.

Mrs. Cavander had arrived that evening. I did not remember having heard any mention of her before this. At first it occurred to me that it might be Mr. Cavander's mother; but her appearance at once dispelled this notion. Cavander himself seemed to be a little annoyed. I could not recognize, at that time, that Mrs. Cavander resembled the stage-coach, which was very useful in its day, but has been superseded by steam. When James Cavander, years ago, was on the lookout for a lift along the road of life, this heavy vehicle had picked him up, and had helped him on his way.

She was a fluffy woman with dumpy nails. A bolster tied round tightly with a string would have had as much pretension to figure as Mrs. Cavander. Her portrait taken when she was a girl represents as comely and buxom a lass as any yeoman's daughter need be.

She worshipped her husband; and the object of her idolatry thought her a fool for her superstition. If she talked of his faults to her confidential friends, it was only to palliate them, and excuse him. If she came to her intimates with a tale of her being hardly treated or neglected, she would tell the fact as a fable, whereof the moral was, that James was not to blame, and that she was treated according to her deserts. At first her friends pitied her, but, before long, lost patience with her. She complained, and would hear of no remedy. She had expended all the spirit she had ever possessed, when she had insisted upon marrying in obedience to the

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dictates of her own heart. So she had her money, and went her way. Her father washed his hands of the affair. She was entitled to a certain sum at her own disposal; but not one penny more would the old man give her. She invested her property in James Cavander; and Mr. Griffiths, a well-to-do country solicitor, did not approve the speculation. Betsy, however, was obstinate. Fluffy people, when obstinate, are hopeless. You can't break pillows. Glass offers formidable resistance, and retaliates cruelly. A pillow yields with the feeblest opposition. You do not hurt yourself or it by offering violence. After a contention in which your pummellings are active, and the pillow pummelled is passive, both remain as before; the pummeller having the worst of it.

So Betsy Griffiths insisted placidly on being Mrs. Cavander, and ran away with him; or rather *to* him, for he did not go out of his way to fetch her. What was the use, if she was determined? Evidently none; only a waste of time and money.

Mrs. Cavander was now as obstinate as ever; not that she was not pliable as fresh putty in her husband's hand, for whom she would have done any thing: but this was the effect of her obstinacy, and her obstinacy was the effect of her infatuation. She persisted in loving him obstinately, with a dumb animal kind of attachment, which is not reasonable affection.

Mrs. Van Clym was a friend of hers. My aunt congratulated herself on having brought Mrs. Cavander over to her own particular way of thinking in religious matters. This Mrs. Clym called "conversion." She was wrong about Mrs. Cavander, who would agree with any friend, on any religious question, as long as she herself could obtain a listener and a temporary confidant for her own sorrows. At Ringhurst she was mildly charmed with Alice's talk about Gothic churches, altars, vestments, and her sort of enthusiastical mysticism. Alice, in her turn, thought her a convert to High Churchism, and began to see an additional reason for her husband becoming a believer.

Mrs. Cavander, with a Wesleyan, would have been, negatively, a Wesleyan; with a Catholic, a Catholic; with an Irvingite, an Irvingite: in fact, all things to all women, only let them, in turn, listen to her tale of woe.

"Bah!" said Mrs. Clym, after some experience of her, "she has as much real religion as a pudding."

The truth was, Mrs. Cavander had no vacancy in her little mind for such matters. The object of her worship was James Cavander. The cause of her sorrow was James Cavander. She was devil's advocate against him; and then she refused to admit her own testimony, and finally canonized him.

"I do hope, Miss Alice," said Mrs. Cavander in the course of conversation this evening, "that you will keep your promise of coming up and staying with us."

James Cavander smiled.

"Then," he said, "we shall be able to continue our arguments. You must come and stay with my wife as a missionary."

Alice would be delighted, she replied; only Mrs. Cavander must obtain mamma's consent, for which this amiable wife promised to ask at once. Then, on her husband's arm, and satisfied with having done her duty, and, at all events, pleased *him*, Mrs. Cavander returned to the drawing-room, where the audience were impatiently awaiting the rise of the curtain.

The performance of the juniors went

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off with great satisfaction to themselves; and we were allowed to come to supper in our costumes. Fatima was considerably taller than her Bluebeard; but this difference exhibited in the strongest colors the mysterious moral ascendency which Baron Abomelique had gained over his unhappy spouse: and I waved my wooden cimiter over the kneeling Fatima's devoted head (who begged me to content myself with cutting off her locks) with a bloodthirsty air. There was something soothing to my wounded feelings (for, since Cavander had appeared, I had had scarcely a word from Alice) in having her at my mercy, even in a play, for a few minutes. If Garrick in a rage was six feet high, I, in this scene, was conscious of at least seven years and eighteen inches having been added to my life and my stature.

As for Alice, she was the centre of attraction. After the performance, every one crowded about her, and compliments were showered on her from all sides.

Cavander simply congratulated her, and left her to be worshipped.

He knew that the morrow was for *him*. Our party staying in the house had been swelled by our theatrical friends (who were to leave on the day after the performance) and by the Cavanders (who were to stop on for some little time). The Cavanders were Mr. James, his wife, and sister. The last was a brown-haired, mild-faced girl, many years younger than her brother, whom she only faintly resembled in her eyes. She had not been long away from school (so Austin told me); and, but for her brother's success in the city, Miss Cavander would have had to turn her education to some account, perhaps as a governess. Indeed, I have since heard, that for various reasons, which I should not have understood then, but do now (as also will those who peruse this record of our family), Mrs. Van Clym had at one time entertained the idea of engaging James Cavander's sister as governess for my cousins. Cavander himself had heard of the offer, and had not forgotten it. It was, of course, declined, with such expressions of good-will and esteem as ordinary civility, and the relative positions of the parties, required.

Miss Cavander played the piano with great skill, but without much feeling. There was just that difference between her style and Alice's. Alice played partly from ear, partly from notes, never for show, always from liking. Miss Cavander performed as if she were invariably playing something that no one else could attempt, which, faultless in execution, should create about as much sympathy in the hearers as a schoolboy's Greek declamation on a speech-day. Her finger-tips turned upwards; and her nails always seemed as if they had just come from under the scissors. She dressed neatly, and appeared homely, which, interpreted by society, means more or less stupid; though Miss Cavander was only apathetic until she thought her own interests involved, and then, somehow or another, she managed to have her own way without getting off her chair, or allowing her ordinary occupations to be for one instant interrupted. To sum her up once and for all, Miss Cavander was an influence, — all the more powerful because unsuspected. Once admitted into a family, she seemed to mingle with the atmosphere, and impalpably to pervade the entire household. And this description will be found to hold good when Miss Cavander shall be encountered once more, later on in this story. As

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she had nowhere else to go, she lived at her brother's, where she was a check upon Mrs. Cavander, and of considerable assistance, for domestic purposes, to Mr. James.

The time at last came for separation. Austin was not returning to Old Carter's. I was going there for one quarter more. Holyshade was then my destination; and Austin, whose health was delicate, was to be accompanied by a private tutor to the south of France.

We cried bitterly at parting, and promised to write frequently.

Carter's had changed: Mr. Venn had gone; some of the elder boys had left; and so had some of the younger ones.

This roll-call after an absence is repeated throughout life; and, when the next long vacation is over, whose place at the desk will be vacant? Through whose names shall the black line be passed? What expectant junior shall occupy the position that was so lately ours? There were plenty of empty places now at Old Carter's; and I looked forward with pleasure to the end of my time at this ill-managed school, where I had learnt little, except the stories of most of the Waverley Novels from my dear Austin Comberwood.

My attention was now given to what I was told I should have to do at Holyshade. The two Biffords had preceded me by more than a year; but they were far more advanced than I when they left. Carter's, however, did not profess to prepare for Holyshade especially: so, as it subsequently turned out, what I had managed to pick up was of very little use to me when I came to take my place in one of the upper forms of the great public school.

My father had made all the necessary arrangements; and I was to board at the Rev. Mr. Keddy's. Thenceforth my father considered me a man. He gave me a watch, and allowed me, as by right, to dine at late dinner with him and his friends.

Now commenced my education in earnest. In my father's idea to be a Holyshadian was to be privileged. It was, to his thinking, who knew as little about Holyshade as he did of Oxford or Cambridge, a sort of degree conferred upon a boy, giving him a certain kind of status in society, which could be generally described as "making a man of him." It was a sort of esquireship leading to knighthood.

The bachelor parties were frequent; but my father spent two nights a week regularly at the Cavanders. Cavander and he were inseparable; but, though I saw more of this gentleman, I did not dislike him less, nor, as I have reason to believe, did he me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I ADOPT A FASHION. — ASSISTING IN MAKING A MAN. — SELF-IMPORTANCE. — THE VERNEY GIRLS. — TO ST. WINIFRID'S. — A VISIT OF CEREMONY. — MR. SWINGLE AND THE CRUMPETS. — THE ACCIDENT WARD. — I COME ACROSS SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES IN A STRANGE WAY. — I SEE ONE FOR THE LAST TIME.

I NOW began to disdain jackets. I knew that many years must elapse before my plumage would develop into a tail. Being possessed of liberty to roam London at will, and money to spend at pleasure, I used often to saunter up Oxford Street, and admire the garments in a ready-made clothes-shop, where I had seen a pea-jacket, on which I had set my heart. It

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appeared to me to be a compromise. It was not a tail, nor was it a short jacket: so, in the process of making a man of myself, I bought this garment for seven and sixpence, and walked home in triumph with it under my arm. I was a trifle nervous of meeting any member of my family. The next day I waited until my father had gone into the city, to put it on; and, in order that I might run no chance of his seeing me in the course of the day, I cunningly inquired of him at what hour he considered his return probable. To this he answered, that Mr. Cavander was going to dine with him at home earlier than usual; in fact, at half-past five o'clock, as they were going to see some *new* play, to which, if I chose, I might accompany them: only, if so, I must be back and ready dressed at the same time as the dinner. With this offer I at once closed, and made up my mind to forestall their arrival by half an hour, so as to get out of my new jacket, and into my ordinary one, before they should come in to dress for dinner. My time for return I therefore fixed for half-past four. I turned up my collars to represent stick-ups, and tied my sailor's knot in a large bow; and feeling that, somehow or other, I was trying to make a man of myself, — experiencing at the same time a half-conviction that I was probably making an ass of myself, — I determined to brave the world's opinion as far as the top of Oxford Street and back: and so — with no particular object in view, except that of seeing how I liked, and how other people might like, my new clothes — I sallied forth.

I crossed the park, and came out at the Bayswater end of Oxford Street.

At this moment I saw two young ladies most elegantly dressed.

A Colvin is, as I have before hinted, a sort of lightning-conductor, where the glances of fair women are concerned. "It was," as the song says, "ever thus from childhood's years." The two young demoiselles who had attracted my attention turned out to be Miss Carlotta Lucille and Julie Lucrezia, who scarcely recognized me in my nondescript costume. I blushed considerably on meeting them, and devoutly wished myself back in my own proper dress; that is, at first, as they seemed to speak to me with some slight coldness and reserve, — as though, perhaps, they considered me in the light of a boy detective in disguise, for the purpose of taking juvenile delinquents. I do not know whether detectives are thus educated from childhood; but I should say not. Yet, if the office be an important one to the safety of the community, surely a training college for detectives might be capable of valuable development. Julie informed me that they were just returning from a visit to their aunt, my nurse Davis, at the hospital, which, if I felt inclined to call, I should find not very far off; and thereupon they gave me full and particular directions. They were glad enough to be quit of me. At least, Carlotta Lucille, who was magnificent, certainly was, as she did not care to be seen walking about with such an absurd bundle of clothes as I must have seemed. Carlotta was still with Madame Glissande, and, as a matter of business (for madame taught all the best people in town), was attired in the height of fashion.

I determined to go and show myself to Nurse Davis, who, I felt sure, would be as proud of me as I was of myself. Besides, I should be able to tell her about my having to go to

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Holyshade at the end of the holidays. So I said good-by to Carlotta and Julie. I should have liked Julie to have come with me; but, as that could not be, I strutted off alone to St. Winifrid's Central Hospital, which I found without much difficulty.

There were a number of steps up to the front-entrance; and it seemed to me like going into a show. I remember experiencing a feeling approaching awe on first visiting the Polytechnic Institution, where I know I for a long time considered the lecturers as representing the highest scientific attainments of the English nation. I, perhaps, had my doubts as to the exact chair in this learned body which should be occupied by the professor of dissolving views, whose voice sounded awfully from nowhere particular in the surrounding gloom. But, from the first moment of my witnessing a startling experiment with a glass jar, some hydrogen, and some oxygen, out of which (I mean the experiment, not the jar) the professor issued cool, calm, and triumphant, I placed the chemical lecturer on the highest pedestal, and mentally elected him to the mastership of the Polytechnic.

I fancy that what brought the Polytechnic to my mind at St. Winifrid's Hospital was a kind of beadle, in a chocolate-colored overcoat, with a gold band round his hat, who was on duty behind a glass window at the entrance.

"What do you want?" he asked, opening a small pane, and looking out suddenly, probably under the impression that I was an accident of some sort, rashly taking care of myself until I could obtain surgical aid.

"Does Mrs. Davis live here?" I inquired mildly.

"Mrs. Davis?" he repeated dubiously, either on account of the name being strange to him, or because there were so many missuses at St. Winifrid's as to make the selection of one particular missus a considerable effort of memory, or because my pea-jacket and stick-up collars did not inspire a man in his position with much confidence as to my ulterior objects in asking for a respectable matron on that establishment. Whatever might have been the reason of his hesitation, he considered for a few seconds, and then asked cautiously, —

"What do you want her for?"

"I want to see her," I replied innocently, resenting such unwarrantable curiosity on his part.

He touched a bell, and then whispered into what seemed to me to be a thing like an elephant's trunk sticking out of the wall.

The elephant's trunk snorted something by way of reply; whereupon the beadle turning to me, said, —

"What name?"

"My name?" I asked.

"Yes," answered the beadle sternly, frowning as though he had all along suspected me of some attempt at introducing myself into the hospital under an *alias*.

"Master Colvin," I replied.

"Master what?" he asked, still frowning. He was evidently of opinion, that, in my next answer, I should manage to contradict myself, and so expose some deeply-laid plan for robbing the donation-box, which his sagacity had been in time to prevent.

"Colvin," I repeated; and I am sure he was disappointed.

The beadle told this as a secret to the elephant's trunk; and, in return, the elephant's trunk conveyed the information that Mrs. Davis would be "with me directly. Would I step in and sit down?"

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I had scarcely time to avail myself of this polite invitation, and to ingratiate myself with the gradually thawing official, before Nurse Davis, in a gray dress, with the neatest possible cap, wristbands, and collar, entered by a side-door, took both my hands, and gave me a kiss.

The kiss — which made my cheeks tingle for a second, partly because I did not like to be treated as a child before the chocolate-colored beadle, who, the moment previous to my nurse's appearance, had been on the point of handing me the paper in order that I might read the political questions of the day; and partly because I had been, for some time, unaccustomed to this mode of salutation — completed the beadle's thawing, and warmed him so much, that he unbuttoned his coat so as to let the human sympathy in his breast have freer play; put his hands into his trousers' pockets, and allowed his features to relax into an approving smile, expressive of his approbation of the proceedings so far, generally.

"He's my boy, Mr. Swingle; he is," said nurse, proudly stroking my hair. "I've always called Master Cecil my boy: haven't I, dear?"

I nodded; and she continued, — just to show my importance in the world, and her own position with regard to the aristocracy, — "how is your good father, Sir John?"

The beadle raised his eyebrows, and became deeply interested.

"He is very well," I answered.

"Not married yet?" she asked.

"Married!" I exclaimed almost indignantly; though I really did not know why. "No, of course not!"

"Of course not," she returned. "It would not be fair. If you should ever have a stepmother as was not inclined to be as kind as she ought to be, you'll know where to come to, won't you?"

"Yes, nurse," I answered, understanding her to mean that I was to seek her for consolation. The beadle seemed to wish to be comprehended in this invitation, but said nothing.

"Now you will come and see my room; and, if you're not above taking tea with your old nurse" —

I stopped her at once by laying hold of her arm. Mr. Swingle ventured to make a suggestion.

"If a crumpet would be any assistance," said Mr. Swingle, "I've a couple here, and can send Jim out for a cake, Mrs. Davis."

"If you can spare 'em," said Nurse Davis, "and it won't be robbing you."

Mr. Swingle assured her, that in his attitude towards muffins, crumpets, and such like articles of tea-cake confectionery, he was a perfect Gallio, inasmuch as "he cared for none of these things;" and that therefore he was in no way to be credited with the merit of a bounty in presenting them to Mrs. Davis's tea-table, where they would be thoroughly appreciated, and, he sincerely trusted, perfectly digested. Not that he expressed himself in this form. He simply said, —

"You're welcome, Mrs. Davis. I don't hold with such things myself, except occasionally, as being a trifle puffy. They agrees with some," he added. "But what I say is, Wholesome is as wholesome does."

Whereupon we took the crumpets; and Jim, an errand-boy, having answered the summons, Nurse Davis gave him a shilling, for which he was to bring back a pound-cake flavored with citron, to which nurse remembered me to have been, in bygone days, peculiarly partial.

"I'll just see to the tea-things, for I didn't expect a visitor, and come

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back, Master Cecil. You won't mind staying here with Mr. Swingle, will you?"

"No, I'll stay," I answered; whereat I fancied Swingle quite brightened up. Had I left him to accompany nurse, I am convinced that man would have become a misanthrope: he would have ceased to believe in gratitude, and would have lost all confidence in the sincerity of youth, and the purity of its motive.

"Plenty of life here," said Mr. Swingle, putting a chair for me, so that I could kneel on it, and, placing my elbows on the window-ledge, could look out on to the busy thoroughfare. "Plenty going on all day,—'busses, cabs, carts, carriages, all sorts. Wonderful few run over, considerin'."

"Run over by carts?" I asked.

"Yes," he returned,—"by carts, or some vehicles. 'Orrid careless most on 'em is. Casuals come in circles, so to speak. At one time there's a run on broken legs, then on arms, then heads. It's a head's turn now."

He stood behind, looking over me, and propounding his theory quite cheerfully. It was the widest part of the street opposite the hospital; and in the middle of the road, like an eyot in a river, was a small paved piece, in the centre of which was a lamp-post surrounded by four ordinary posts at the four corners, bearing altogether some resemblance to the arrangement of skittles, the lamp being the king. It was an island of refuge for old ladies, a breathing-space for the adventurous, a place of observation for the cautious, and a sort of Roman camp for a policeman.

Across the road, on the farthest side from my window, stood at the edge of the curb a flauntingly-dressed woman. She had but just arrived; and her extraordinary actions were attracting the attention of the bystanders. She was evidently addressing them, and waving her parasol to the crowd, already increasing rapidly.

Suddenly running towards her came a respectably-dressed man, who, on approaching, began to remonstrate with her, and tried to induce her to enter a cab which he had hailed. She refused, and, scarcely able to walk steadily, made a dart forward into the road, right in front of the cab, with a view, as it seemed, to gaining the paved refuge. At that same instant a horse, whose reins had been dropped by the driver on his jumping down from his cart, suddenly took fright, and dashed towards the very spot for which the unfortunate woman was already making. A shriek of horror arose, audible in our room, as the wretched creature, in her struggle to free herself from the man who had frantically seized her arm in order to drag her away, fell sideways in a heap, right under the cart, the wheels of which passed rapidly over her head and legs, as the horse, maddened by the yelling and shouting, galloped headlong towards Oxford Street; and the man, who had in vain tried to avert the catastrophe, fell forward, unhurt, on the pavement of refuge.

In another minute the insensible form of the woman, crushed and mangled, was borne into the accident ward of the Winifrid Hospital. A crowd hung about the steps, and were disposed to resent any attempt at excluding them from the building, as an infringement of their rights as citizens, and as unfair to those who had found her, and had helped to carry her in.

Nurse Davis passed anxiously down the plain, unfurnished passage, carry-

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ing a bottle and glass. I followed nervously, and entered the casualty ward. Two young surgeons were examining the wounds; and I heard the dull, heavy sound as of a person groaning in sleep.

"No hope?" inquired a man's voice that struck me as familiar.

"None," was the surgeon's reply. "She may live half an hour; she may live half a day. It is improbable that consciousness will return. You know her?"

"Yes," the familiar voice replied in a hard tone. "I regret to say, Yes." After a pause it said, "I should like to send a message."

Nurse Davis indicated the writing-table.

I was standing by it, unable to obtain more than a glimpse of the dying woman, and feeling very sick and nervous. Towards this table the man with the familiar voice turned quickly.

It was Mr. Venn.

We stared at one another. It all at once occurred to me that I had seen him with this woman twice before. *Now*, in encountering him, I recognized her. It was she who had stopped me at school; it was she who, with Venn, had met Cavander in Kensington Gardens. I was not, therefore, so surprised as I otherwise should have been, at his first question to me, which was, —

"Do you know where Mr. Cavander lives?"

"Yes."

He thought for a second; then he said, "Is he likely to be at your father's?"

All that I had intended as to my return home flashed across me.

"Yes," I answered: "he will be there to dinner at five. He dresses there."

"They may be back before that," observed Mr. Venn, hastily writing a few lines, and enclosing them in an envelope. "Take this at once, and return."

Mr. Swingle saw me into a cab, and carefully gave the necessary instructions.

Neither my father nor Mr. Cavander had as yet arrived. They were expected every minute. In the midst of all this hurry and excitement, I remembered my jacket, and changed it for my ordinary attire. Understanding that Mr. Venn expected me to return, I left the note on the hall table, and was driven back in the cab to the hospital.

On reaching it, I found my father's brougham already at the door; and in the casualty room stood my father, with Mr. Venn and Mr. Cavander, besides the surgeon and Nurse Davis, whose arm was supporting the heavily breathing, helpless figure on the mattress.

Once — it was the only time I could look at her —I saw her head roll slowly from side to side as if in mute agony; I saw her glassy eyes open on to the hopelessness of life for the last time. Then from her heaving breast came forth a deep sigh, heavily laden with the weariness of sin and misery, — a sigh, pray God! of the poor soul's contrition, — a sigh of eternal gratitude from the penitent, laid at last to rest in the arms of divine compassion.

Dead.

I heard Mr. Cavander saying, that, having known the poor woman in better circumstances, he would be answerable for any expenses that might be incurred. This was to Mr. Venn. My father sat apart for a while, pale and motionless, with his eyes fixed on the covered corpse. He did not seem to notice my presence. Nurse Davis

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placed a glass of wine before him; but he only inclined his head slightly.

An official book was in Mr. Swingle's room on a desk, in which the name of the deceased, and whatever particulars were requisite, had to be entered. The man whose duty it was to make such entries put one of these necessary interrogatories to Mr. Venn, who appeared lost in thought. Mr. Cavander touched his elbow to recall him to himself. Mr. Venn, as if he had not understood the inquiry as addressed to him, looked up; and the question was repeated.

He answered, with a strange sort of nervous hesitation, —

"I beg your pardon. The event has shocked me considerably. She was a connection of mine by marriage. I had not seen her for years. She was latterly occupying apartments in the same house with myself." Here he gave his address.

"Her name?"

"Her name?" repeated Mr. Venn, as if putting the question to himself.

The window of the glass screen of the porter's room was open; and before it my father paused for a second, as Mr. Swingle opened one of the front folding-doors leading on to the steps.

The man's pen hovered above the page as he looked up, over his shoulder, at Mr. Venn, awaiting his answer.

My father turned his head quickly towards Mr. Venn. Their eyes met, and were withdrawn instantly. Mr. Swingle pulled open the door; and, as my father was passing out, Mr. Venn, in a firmer tone than he had hitherto used, answered, —

"Her name was Sarah Wingrove."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOLYSHADE AND THE HOLYSHADIANS.

THE incident mentioned in the previous chapter closes, as it were, the first book of this present chronicle of the Colvin Family. To retrace my pathway through My Time, and to note carefully what I have done with it, has been a task forced upon me by circumstances with which, in due course, my readers will be made acquainted.

We are now arrived at the second part of my narrative, which commences at Holyshade College, the most celebrated of our public schools.

To be a Holyshadian is to be impressed with the guinea stamp of currency for life. Enrolment among the glorious band of Holyshadian youth has in it, not to speak it irreverently, something resembling what is termed "the character" of Orders.

Once a Holyshadian, always a Holyshadian. Boy and man, the Holyshadian is supposed to bear the indelible mark of the grace conferred.

For to be a Holyshadian *does* confer some special grace; the grace in question, as far as I am able to ascertain any thing certain on this matter, being that of an easy, gentlemanly deportment. This grace, then, if my presumption is correct, is of the exterior, visible to the world. It remains, as a rule, even to the most interiorly graceless Holyshadians. The disreputable Holyshadian is, in comparison with other disreputables, as Milton's Lucifer, Son of the Morning Star, to the other fallen angels. A swindler who has had the advantage of a Holyshadian education has in his favor far greater chances than all other

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swindlers. A Montmorenci may cheat you out of five pounds where a Muggins couldn't do you out of a brass farthing.

The pride of Holyshade, as a public school, is to produce gentlemen, — scholars if you will, Christians if you can; but, in any case, gentlemen. Yet the veritable aboriginal Holyshadian is, *ex officio*, a scholar. He is on the foundation, which means that his education is bestowed on him by way of charity. And, in order that the aboriginal may never forget this, he is clothed differently from those who are not on the foundation; wearing a coarse sort of college-gown winter and summer, and being fed and boarded according to certain ancient rules. These birds of like plumage flock together, and do not consort with the noble strutting peacocks, called Oppidans, save occasionally, and then on sufferance.

These veritable Holyshadians have for their nest the grand old rookery called the College. The Oppidans have built without the precincts of its walls, but within the bounds of its domain. The number of the Collegers is limited. The Oppidans are to them as seven to one. It seems as though the Collegers, like the Indians of South America, had gradually yielded to the advance of the white-skins; the white-skins representing the aristocracy.

A barbarous and uncivilized set were at one time, and that not so very long ago, the aboriginal "Tugs," as these poor Collegers were called, in allusion to the sheep whereon they were traditionally fed, and which they were supposed, being half famished, rather to "tug" at and tear, like hounds, worrying, than to eat soberly and quietly by the aid of those two decorous weapons of well-fed civilization, the knife and fork. The epicure who invented the knife and fork must have been well able to wait for his dinner.

Yet, theoretically, this Tug tribe holds the post of honor. Their chief is *the* captain of Holyshade, the chief of the Oppidans having but a brevet rank; being, like a volunteer, only captain by courtesy.

The Collegers are, by right, royal scholars, just as the actors at Drury Lane are her or his Majesty's servants. In consequence there were privileges. One of the inestimable privileges enjoyed by the aforesaid comedians was, I have been informed, the right to a dinner at the royal palace daily; and Messrs. Clown and Pantaloon, if only *bonâ fide* members of the Drury Lane Company, would be only in the due exercise of their prerogative, were they to walk down to St. James's Palace, call for the chief butler, and order chops for two to be ready hot and hot with mashed 'taters and bottled stout at half-past four in the afternoon, so that they might be in good order for performing in the evening's pantomime. Such privileges as these have fallen into desuetude. Actors are no longer the monarch's trenchermen: they have suffered loss with many another institution. And Holyshade in its old age, like the faded mistress, once queen by a royal caprice, can boast only of favors which in time past she was wont so regally to confer. There still are some privileges, but of late years they have been sadly but tenderly shorn of their glory; and the gates of even their particular paradise, St. Henry's College, Cambridge, — once for the entrance of only the Holyshadian elect, —are now thrown open to all the world. True, there are yet some reservations for poor Holyshadians, as there are for a few nobly connected, at the aristocratic college of All Souls, which, by

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recent enactment, due to a liberal policy, has well-nigh passed into the hands of All Bodies.

Of all such matters of schools, of colleges of All Saints, and universities of All Sinners, my father knew nothing. All he had to do was to send *me* to some place, or places, where they would "make a man of me;" which, in his view, was, as I have said, a sort of degree.

Had he mixed with his equals in rank, who would have been ready enough to welcome him, I should probably have benefited by his enlarged experience. But he preferred his own pleasure in his own way, his own sociable gatherings of city friends, and his own circle of family relationship. Left to himself, Sir John Colvin of an old title might have played an important part in society; but he was no more his own master than is the vessel obeying the turn of the helm. Whose object it was to sail him round and round this wretched pond, letting him think that he was making progress on the sea of life, will be gradually evident, as it is to me now, in the course of this history. My father worked for my future, and for the best, as *he* viewed that future. He had been brought up in a money-making school, to consider a good percentage the one thing necessary. From this bondage he had emancipated himself so far as to have started me with very different ideas. From one extreme, he went to the other. Business had been every thing to *him:* it was to be nothing to *me.* Yet, in his inexperience of all walks of life which were not within the city labyrinth, he imagined his son taking the highest position to which a commoner could rise, by such mere sharpness and quickness as might serve for answering a conundrum, or for uttering the flippant sort of jest, that, at that time, passed for true wit among the *habitués* of Capel Court. Laborious study, or application to one particular line, never entered into his vague scheme for my preferment. He knew nothing of the existence of scholarships, fellowships, the attainment of high degrees, and other similar incentives to the study of the various branches of learning; and, consequently, he was unable to question with my instructors, or to go over the ground with myself. He showed himself not in the least interested in my schooling; and so I came to look upon schooltime only as a pleasant enough interval between the vacations; my one aim and object being to devote these intervals to the cultivation of as much enjoyment as my supply of pocket-money would permit.

The cuckoo places its egg in another bird's nest; being ignorant of the art of hatching. By a cuckoo-like instinct, my father placed me in nest after nest belonging to other birds, in the hope, perhaps, that I should turn out an eagle. Alas! hatched and fledged, he found me still of his own brood.

My new nest was not in the college rookery at Holyshade, but among the fine Oppidan birds.

Not having been specially trained for Holyshade, as I have before said, I had to begin at the beginning. The beginning was the Fourth Form Lower Remove.

After what I may call my Comberwood Christmas Holidays, I went to Holyshade. I did not anticipate meeting any friends there, except the Biffords, who had been with me at Old Carter's. I was an utter stranger to the boys of the place, and found myself isolated.

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It was a raw, dull day, and wretchedly cold, when my father took me to Holyshade, and introduced me to my tutor, in whose house I was to board.

The Rev. Matthias Keddy was a lanky, disjointed-looking person, with a clerical white neckerchief, so untidily twisted as to give its wearer the appearance of having been suddenly cut down in a stupid attempt at hanging himself, — an idea which his way of holding his head very much on one side, and his nervous, confused manner generally, tended strongly to confirm. On seeing me for the first time, he grinned, always with his head askew, as if focussing me in a favorable angle, laughed, rubbed his right hand through his toused-looking hair, by way of preparation, before offering it for my acceptance.

"Well," he said squeakily, "how-de-do? Hope we shall be good friends."

I hoped so too; but neither of us seemed particularly sanguine as to the future. His voice bore the sort of family resemblance to that of Punch that might be expected to come from Punch's nephew on the Judy side.

My father surveyed us both benignly. He had nothing to say as to classics or mathematics, as to school-hours, training, or, in short, as to any subject connected with my educational course. He had brought me down there himself, and, I imagine, felt himself somehow out of place, beginning, perhaps, to wish he had confided me to a clerk, a butler, or an uncle, or to any one who would have relieved him of this responsibility. After politely declining Mr. Keddy's proffered hospitality of sherry and biscuits, my father was about to take leave of me, when Mr. Keddy, who had been staring at the tip of his own boot, as he rested his foot on the fender, suddenly squeaked out, —

"Would you like to see your boy's room, Sir John?"

"Thank you!" said my father, with an air of great satisfaction.

My poor father! He had been troubled about many things just at this time, whereof I was then, of course, profoundly ignorant; and he was too glad to be quit of me for a time to be at all critical as to the lodging provided for me. I think, too, he was as much puzzled by this first view of Holyshade as I was, and, on the whole, was confusedly impressed by the atmosphere of the place.

An elderly maid-servant conducted us to a passage on the first floor. On both sides were ranged the boys' rooms, looking like a corridor in a miniature model prison.

The third apartment, on the left, was to be mine.

It was neatly furnished with a small table, a turn-up bedstead, a cabinet, containing, in the upper part, two or three bookshelves, in the middle an escritoire, while its lower part was divided into three drawers. In a corner stood a common washstand. The room looked, with its bright fire lighted in joyful celebration of my arrival, snug and cheerful enough; and I was so highly delighted and taken with the notion of having a room at school all to myself, that I was really only half sorry when I saw my father drive off in his fly in order to catch the express for town. He was going to spend the evening with the Cavanders.

I felt a choking in my throat, and a difficulty in bidding him farewell, which I was fearful of his noticing, lest he should set down this ebullition of emotion to cowardice, and should depart hopeless of my ever

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being made a man of, and despairing even of the efficacy of Holyshadian treatment. Uncle Van has since told me that he talked of me and of Holyshade, for several days after, whenever an opportunity occurred; from which I have inferred that the choking sensation at the moment of bidding adieu was not solely confined to *my* throat. My father loved me in his own peculiar way; and as all the Colvins will insist in doing every thing in their own peculiar way, so neither of us, at this time at all events, was any exception to the rule. By his example I was brought up to understand that any show of affection was childish, and had better be restrained in its very commencement. Such a check is as dangerous to some constitutions as is a sharp frost in May to the promising fruit-trees.

Only some of the lower boys had returned. This information I received from my tutor's butler, a jolly, round and red-faced man, with a square-looking nose, named Berridge, who always seemed to me to smell more or less of oil, and was perpetually in his shirt-sleeves cleaning glasses. After him came George, a livery-servant, a good-natured lout, who looked as though he had been torn from the plough, and shoved into a swallow-tailed, dirty-yellow livery-coat, with flat metal buttons, in which costume he bore a striking resemblance to a very big bird.

These two carried my boxes up stairs, and assisted to cheer me not a little. I took possession of my cupboard-like apartment with a new feeling of proprietorship. It was all mine, every inch of it. Here I could do what I liked, — just exactly what I liked. As a commencement, I made myself free of the place by the simple but expressive ceremony of poking the fire. The fiery coals answered to the poker, like a fiery steed to the spur. The fireplace and I warmed to one another; and Mr. Berridge's face reflected the glow, and beamed on me encouragingly.

"You'll want," said Mr. Berridge thoughtfully, while I was laying out my wardrobe, "some candles and a lamp for your room."

Of course, I should. I had not brought them. I had overlooked this, as well as various other necessary articles of furniture.

"That's no matter," said Mr. Berridge kindly: "you can get 'em all here easy enough. You'd better have 'em of me. All the young gentlemen does."

Certainly any thing that every other Holyshadian did must, I concluded, be right.

"A candle-lamp is what you want," continued Mr. Berridge decisively, "with a nice glass shade."

I thanked him for his consideration. I had seen a candle-lamp in Old Carter's study.

"You won't want it just yet," said Berridge. "I'll bring it you in a *h*our's time about."

That would do. In fact, at that moment any thing that would have suited Berridge, even a cut-glass chandelier, would have suited me.

"I'll put a candle in for you," he said; "and you'd better have a packet o' Palmers besides."

By all means. This was my first venture in lamps and candles. I felt as if I were about to give a party.

"Then that's all at present," said Berridge, looking round cheerfully. "You don't want nothing else, I think, just now. Sarah, that's the maid, will bring you your kettle and tea-things, — roll and butter. When

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the other young gentlemen come back, you'll mess with some one."

He gave one look at my small hamper, wherein our cook at home had stowed away a tongue, a cake, and a pot of strawberry-jam.

There was such pleasure in anticipation of a meal all by myself *in my own room,* — an idea I could not sufficiently enjoy, — that, at first, I really had no wish to go out of doors.

Mr. Berridge returned in about half an hour, bringing with him the lamp, candles, and a box of matches. It was a very bright affair, of slightly gingerbready material, I'm afraid, with a ground-glass shade.

To one unaccustomed to its use, it was comparatively dangerous; as if, in attempting to put a candle in, you didn't screw the top on, which struggled and resisted, on its own account, with quite remarkable power, the candle flew out as if discharged from a catapult, and either broke something, or smashed itself against the wall or ceiling, greasing the carpet in its fall. It was, therefore, some time before I mastered this fire-work. It was a deceptive thing too, as the candle always appeared the same length; and, when you were in the middle of a most exciting story, there was a sudden click, a sharp, vicious sputter, and the next instant you were in darkness.

However, as a commencement towards housekeeping, it served its purpose; or, rather, it served my tutor's excellent butler's — Mr. Berridge's — purpose, who being a chandler by trade, and having a lamp-and-candle shop "down town," was naturally disinterested in recommending this admirable invention to my notice. I paid Mr. Berridge five shillings and threepence for it, and he condescendingly gave me a receipt.

Berridge's only chance of profit was, I subsequently found, with the new boys. When the old ones returned, and we became acquainted, one of the first questions was, "Got one of that old humbug Berridge's lamps?"

Berridge must have taken a secret and peculiar pleasure in these transactions, as, in spite of their having done considerable harm to any future dealings, he never omitted a chance of passing off one of these lamps on a new boy, apparently in preference to doing a steady and regular business with us throughout the year. The masters and town's people, however, dealt with him largely, I believe; and this, therefore, was only, so to speak, a little "fancy retail trade."

I suppose it was my loneliness at first at Holyshade — and I was the more solitary on account of no longer having such a companion as Austin Comberwood had been to me — that developed in me a taste for diary-keeping. I was then in my fourteenth year; and, until I had friends to talk to among the Holyshadians, my great amusement was to keep accounts of time, doings, and expenditures; to write to Austin; occasionally, too, receiving and answering a letter from Miss Alice; and making up for Austin's absence by applying myself to the study of the best novels within my reach.

I soon got accustomed to all the miseries of the Lower Fourth Form, — the candle-light dressing; the raw mornings; the shivering little wretches in the old oak-panelled schoolroom, dimly lighted by guttering tallow candles stuck in iron sockets; the master as irritable as he was drowsy; in short, the whole sickly farce of half an hour's duration, at the end of which the great clock struck its wel-

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come note, and we tumultuously rushed forth to throng the pastrycooks' shops for coffee, hot buttered buns, hot rolls, or rusks and butter.

I have no doubt now, but that the coffee was gritty, thick, and, with the unwholesome, greasy buns, not worth the matutinal outlay of fourpence. But, of all refreshments whereof I have partaken at all times and in all places, I do not remember — with the single exception of the hot soup, and the *demi-poulet-rôti*, at Calais, after the sea-voyage — any thing so acceptable, or which so thoroughly served its customer's purpose, as those same buns and coffee at Bob's, Poole's, or Stepper's, in the old Holyshade Lower Fourth days.

When, afterwards, I had attained a higher form, we took our coffee later, and patronized, chiefly, Stepper's, which was frequented by the fastest and biggest Holyshadians, on account of such luxuries as hot sausages, grilled chicken, and ham and eggs, being served up in the back-parlor by the fair hands of the two sisters, Louey and Dolly Stepper; the latter being what we used to consider a "doosid fine girl," and a great attraction to the more adventurous among those who wore the manly tail, and the single white tie.

Apropos of costume, stick-up collars were never worn. I remember one innovator who came out with them. He braved public opinion for a day; attempted to lead the fashion; but, finding tradition and custom too much for him, he gave in, and followed it with the rest.

Our dress was black jacket and black tie in a sailor's knot for small boys, and black coat and white tie, without collars, for the big ones. All wore hats. A Holyshadian Fourth Form boy's hat would have made Christy rejoice, the necessity for a new hat would have been so evident to that eminent tradesman. It was to my hat I owed my sudden leap from the *status* of a nobody into that of a popular celebrity. How this chanced, I will forthwith proceed to relate.

CHAPTER XX.

SHOWING HOW SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM. — THE EPISODE OF MY HAT.

HOLYSHADIAN initiation begins with hat smashing.

When I appeared in the cloisters for the first time, well-nigh friendless among all the boys (for as yet I had only made a few acquaintances at my tutor's), waiting the egress of the masters from their solemn conclave in chambers, I was surrounded by some not much bigger than myself. They gradually swarmed. Never before had I seen so many boys all at once, and of so many sizes too. Such a humming and buzzing about me, as though I had been a drone trespassing at the entrance of a hive! They came upon me one by one, two by two, threes, fours, — as birds do from all quarters to a large crumb, — and then began pecking.

"What's your name?" asked a boy.

"Colvin," I answered peaceably.

"Calvin!" shouted a bigger idiot, wilfully mistaking my pronunciation.

"Halloo!" cried a third. "Here's Luther!"

At this witticism there was a burst of laughter, in which I feebly attempted to join, just to show I was equal to taking a joke, even at my own expense.

"*What's* your name?" inquired

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another earnestly, as if really asking for information.

"Colvin."

"Then take that, Colvin," he returned illogically, smashing my hat over my eyes.

"How are you, Colvin?" shouted twenty different voices at once; and, while struggling to set my hat straight, I dropped my book, and was hustled from one to another, being passed on with a kick, a hit, a pinch, or a cuff, as occurred to the particular fancy and humor of the boy to whose lot I happened, for the moment, to fall.

"Where's your hat, Curly?"

I did not know. Scarcely had I placed it on my head, and begun to take breath, than, at a blow from some skilful hand, it disappeared into the school-yard.

"Bully, bully!" was then the cry.

I perfectly agreed with the sentiment. I considered that I *had* been grossly bullied; but I could not understand why those who were shouting so loudly "Bully!" should be *the* very ones to run viciously at my unfortunate hat, and treat it like a football.

In another second I saw it skyed up into the air, when — its line of descent being suddenly inclined at an acute angle by a playful breeze, which could not any longer keep out of the sport where a hat was concerned — it comfortably fell, and settled itself, in rakish fashion, over the crown which adorned the head of the Royal Founder's statue, that stands, with a ball and sceptre (it had better have been a bat) in its hands, on a pedestal in the centre of the college quadrangle.

This incident was greeted with such an uproarious shout as brought the masters out of chambers sooner than had been expected. Aware of this result, a malicious boy in the crowd, pretending great sympathy for my exposed situation, offered to give me a back over the railings which surrounded the figure. This I accepted, and had scarcely got myself safely landed inside the barrier, when a fresh sort of hubbub arose; and I saw the boys shuffling off in gangs towards different doors in the cloisters, while most of the masters, all in academical costume, — an entire novelty to me, — were standing in a corner, apparently puzzled to account for the recent extraordinary disturbance, which had not yet completely subsided.

One of these was an old gentleman, something over the middle height, with white hair brushed away behind the ears, and bulging out at the back from under his college-cap. His face was of a somewhat monkeyish type, for his forehead receded sharply, and his upper jaw was heavy and protruding; his features being as hardly cut as those of the quaint little figures carved out of wood by a Swiss peasant. He used golden-rimmed eyeglasses suspended round his neck by a broad black ribbon. He wore a frill which feathered out in front, suggesting the idea of his shirt having come home hot from the wash, and boiled over. His collar and cuffs were of velvet. He invariably stood and walked, leaning to one side, out of the perpendicular, as if he had been modelled on the plan of the Tower of Pisa.

This was Dr. Courtley, head master of Holyshade.

"Bleth my thoul!" lisped Dr. Courtley, holding up his glasses, and almost closing his eyes in his efforts to see distinctly. "Bleth my thoul! Whath that?"

He pronounced his "a" very long and very broadly, giving it the sound it has in "hay."

"A boy, I think," said a squat,

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sleek master, with a mouth like a slit in an orange. I subsequently learnt that this was Mr. Quilter, the most severe of all the tutors, the development of whose smile varied in proportion to the magnitude of the task which he might be setting as a punishment. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but strictly just, and never accused of favoritism.

"It is," chirped a third, — a dapper little man, in such tightly-strapped trousers that walking seemed almost impossible. When he had uttered his opinion, he sniffed, put his head on one side like a feloniously inclined magpie; and having smiled at his neighbor, and been smiled upon in return, he appeared satisfied. His name, I found out in time, was Mr. Perk. He was familiarly known among the boys as Johnny Perk.

A stout, ruddy-faced, clean-shaven master, with a very low vest, and a college-cap right at the back of his head, — purposely put there on account of his great display of forehead, — stepped from the group, and shouted bruskly, —

"Here, hi! you sir! Come here, sir!"

"Please sir, I can't, sir," I replied from my prison.

I was very unhappy.

"Can't!" exclaimed the brusk master. "You got *in* there. Eh?"

"Please, sir, I came in for my hat."

"Come out with your hat, then," retorted the master impatiently.

"I can't get it, sir," I urged plaintively. "Please, sir, the statue's got it on his head."

All eyes were now turned upwards. In another second they were all grinning.

"Bleth my thoul!" said Dr. Courtley. "I knew the proper place for a hat wath over a *crown;* but — he, he! — hith Maathethty in a lower-boy'th hat, — an inthtanth of *thub tegmine fagi*, eh?" He looked round at his companions, as, in uttering the quotation, he made the penultimate syllable short, and the "g" hard, for the sake of an academic pun. His assistants were, of course, immensely tickled. Three or four groups of boys, still hanging about their schoolroom-doors, waiting the arrival of their respective masters, passed round the joke about "faggy" and *fagi;* and Dr. Courtley was gratified by youthful appreciation.

In the mean time, the doctor's servant, Phidler, of gouty tendencies, and a scorbutic countenance, was shuffling toward me with a ladder.

"You get up!" he said gruffly, when he had fixed it firmly resting on the railings, and reaching up to King Henry's head.

I obeyed, and fetched down my hat. I heard a slight cheer, which, as in a court of justice, was immediately repressed.

"Come here, sir!" called out the portly master with the intelligent forehead. As I was approaching, I heard him saying to his dapper companion, "Like Pat Jennings, 'regained the felt, and felt what he regained:'" whereat the Mr. Perk smiled, and moved off, being followed into a distant room by a troop of boys.

I had some idea that I should be expelled, or at least flogged there and then.

"What part of the thchool are you in?" asked Dr. Courtley.

"Lower Fourth, sir."

"Take off your hat," he said; for in my nervousness, and forgetful of the presence in which I stood, I had quietly replaced it on my head.

"Who threw your hat there?" he went on.

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"I don't know, sir," I answered, adding, by way of satisfactory explanation, "I've only just come here this half, sir."

"What'th your name?"

"Colvin, sir," I answered, almost expecting him to make a jest of it, and perhaps some further rough treatment from the three masters who were still with their superior. To them he turned, saying in a tone of genuine annoyance, —

"It'th iniquitouth, — really motht iniquitouth! It'th an old barbarouth cuthtôm I thould like to thee abolithed. You will, if you pleathe, ekthpreth my opinion thtrongly, — motht thtrongly — on what I conthider to be thith motht ungentlemanly conduct, — motht ungentlemanly! And I thall ekthpect whoever had a hand in thith to give themthelvth up, and come to me in Upper Thchool before twelve o'clock."

The masters bowed, and walked away to their several departments. Dr. Courtley then beckoned to a big boy, who, with a slip of paper in his hand, was going from one door to another.

"Præpothtor!"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy so addressed, advancing hat in hand.

"Thow thith boy, Mathter Colvin, where the Lower Divithion Fourth Form ith athembled, and then go round to all the divithions, and thay that I ekthpect every boy who wath contherned in thith motht ungentlemanly and motht unjuthtifiable protheeding, to come to me in Upper Thchool by twelve o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"You can go," said Dr. Courtley, dismissing me. And away I went at the heels of the præpostor, along the cloister, through a dark archway, and up a broad flight of stairs.

"Do you know who knocked your tile over the rails?" asked the boy, stopping when we were out of Dr. Courtley's sight and hearing.

"No."

"What's your name?"

"Colvin." I began to wish I could vary the answer.

"Where do you board?"

"Keddy's."

"Oh, Punch's! Old Keddy's called Punch," he explained.

"Oh!" I said, pleased to find that such liberties could be taken with a master's name.

"My name's Pinter," he continued, — "Pinter major. I'm in Upper Remove. My minor's just come. In your form."

"Your minor?" I repeated humbly; for I hadn't an idea what he meant, and really thought it was some allusion to the mining-districts, or, perhaps, to some young lady, whose name, being Wilhelmina, had been abbreviated to Mina; of which I remembered an instance in the case of the sister of one of Old Carter's boys. It puzzled me, however, to think how Miss Mina Pinter, if there were such a person, could be in my form at Holyshade. I was too frightened to ask him any questions.

"Yes," he replied, not appreciating my difficulty. "You'll be next to him, most likely." "Him" meant his minor, and certainly of the masculine gender.

He now opened a large door, and removed his hat. I followed his example. An indistinct hum of voices fell on my ear, with a strong one occasionally predominating. We were in Upper School, in the first division of which, cut off from the next section by heavy red curtains, sat the Lower Fourth Form boys, engaged in construing to a tall master.

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The præpostor pointed out a seat to me; but, before I took my place, the master asked, —

"What's your name?"

"Colvin, sir," said I, very hot and uncomfortable. Whereat there was a titter.

Then the Pinter major (Pinter minor *was* next me, and was his younger brother: I soon discovered that by boldly asking him *his* name) delivered Dr. Courtley's message, which was frankly announced by the master to the boys.

At this there was no titter. On the contrary. Only a quarter of an hour more school-time remained (the eleven o'clock school commenced at ten minutes past, and lasted till a quarter to twelve, and sometimes till twelve); and nearly ten minutes of this was occupied by an official inquiry into what might now be termed, "Colvin's case."

So many had had a hand in, or a foot at, my hat, that, on Holyshadian principles of honor, every one feeling himself affected by the charge offered himself on this occasion.

This happened in all the Upper School forms, from the Middle Division Fifth downwards, until the story of my hat began to assume the form of the familiar alphabet which recounts the history of "A was an apple-pie." B had bumped at it, C had cut it, D had danced on it, E had egged others on, H had helped them, I had injured it, J had jumped on it, K had kicked it; and so on.

Thus by twelve o'clock, at least sixty or seventy boys were waiting, with me, to hear what the head master had to say to them.

They were summoned to the farthest part of the schoolroom, where Dr. Courtley, standing in a sort of reading-desk, received them.

He was very strong on the "barbarity and brutality of thith protheeding, and athtonithed that any Englith gentlemen could have been guilty of thutth a blaggaird, — yeth, he would thay thutth a blaggaird acthun. He withed it to be clearly underthtood that Mathter Colvin had named nobody," — no great merit on my part, by the way, as I was unacquainted with a single name, except Pinter's and the Biffords', whom I had not yet seen, — "and therefore," continued Dr. Courtley, with severe emphasis and with considerable dignity, "I trutht there will be no mean or bathe attempt at retaliathun; but I intend to mark my thenthe of thith ungentlemanly conduct by an impothithun. You will write out and tranthlate" —

What it was to be I lost, as Pinter major, who was attending officially, as the præpostor, charged with the delivery of the doctor's message, whispered to me that I should at once ask Old Smugg (good Heavens, even Dr. Courtley had a nickname!) to remit the punishment. He urged me so strenuously, that, plucking up a prodigious amount of courage, I stepped forward, and addressed the head master in a husky and tremulous voice.

"If you please, sir" —

"Hey! What'th that?" said Dr. Courtley, putting up his glasses in utter astonishment. He could not at first ascertain exactly whence the voice proceeded. Having satisfied himself on this point, and focussed me by squinting down his nose, he asked, as if impatient at the interruption, "Well, what ith it?"

"Go it!" whispered Pinter major, prompting me behind.

I felt that all eyes were on me, and I did more than warm with my subject: I glowed with it into quite a perspiration. And, adopting Pinter

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major's whispered advice, I determined to "go it," or, as it were, die on the floor of the house.

Looking up at the head master, I made this remarkable request: —

"If you please, sir, will you let them off?"

Dr. Courtley considered. I was trembling with agitation.

"Well," he said slowly, "it'th a noble thing to athk. It'th the part of a gentleman and a Chrithtian. I conthent."

As if by inspiration, a hearty cheer was given.

The doctor held up his hand. "But mind," he went on, "never let me hear of thith again! If I do, depend upon it, ath it'th a dithgrathe to the thchool, it thall be motht theverely punithed. Now you can go."

No sooner had he disappeared, which he did by a side-door as rapidly as possible, than the delighted boys insisted upon "hoisting" me, — a peculiar Holyshadian fashion of celebrating the triumph of any one of their boating heroes, and closely resembling the old ceremony of chairing a member, or an Irish crowd's method of elevating on their shoulders a popular counsel after the successful issue of a State trial.

I had begun that day at Holyshade without a friend: before the night, I was hand and glove with the whole school.

But I made no friend here like Austin Comberwood, from whom I heard about the middle of the half, informing me that he was leaving England for his health's sake, and was to be accompanied as far as Nice by Mr. Venn, who was to act as his private tutor for some months to come. Austin added, that he thought Mr. Venn had obtained some appointment abroad, and intended to live on the Continent. I was more interested in reading that Alice was, just now, the guest of the Cavanders, than in any news about Mr. Venn.

[To be continued.]

SKILLED LABOR, AND THE DISTASTE OF AMERICAN BOYS FOR TRADES.

FROM A WORKING-MAN'S STANDPOINT.

TIRESOME as may be the discussion of so-called "labor questions" to the majority of magazine-readers, the great magnitude of the movements in which the producing classes of Europe and America — laborers, farmers, and mechanics — are now engaged, in the endeavor to improve their condition, must attract the interest of all thoughtful men, regardless of any opinion as to the justice or policy of strikes or trades-unions. Of the many phases of this labor-question, one of the most important relates to the matter of skilled workmen. I propose to discuss briefly two facts in connection with it, — the complaint of the growing scarcity of men competent to perform what they undertake, and the evident repugnance manifested by New-England boys to engage in mechanical pursuits.

If one visits an industrial exhibition, and observes the great variety of mechanical productions there displayed, where every human want seems to be met, and even anticipated; where pieces of complicated machinery, with a system of wheels and cogs and pulleys almost bewildering, all work

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harmoniously to the accomplishment of their purpose; and where the external adornment and finish seem as perfect as the internal movement, — he will be apt to think there is certainly no deterioration in skilled labor. And yet is the charge without foundation? May the solution of the question not lie in the fact, that, while the results of combined labor are daily growing more striking, the individual workman is less capable?

The gradual introduction of machinery, with the consequent subdivision of labor, has broken up the old apprenticeship system; and the long training of hand and brain which a seven-years' service with a few simple tools gave a boy — developing his perceptive faculties, and sending him out into the world quick-witted, self-reliant, and experienced, with the capacity to make himself familiar in a short time with any new mode of working — is lost. A few weeks or a few months now suffice to learn the mysteries of running a lathe, a cutter, or a planer, of pegging a shoe, or of setting a page of type. Upon the slightest disarrangement of his tools, the workman stands idle while another, devoted to that specialty, is sent for to repair the damage. That acuteness to perceive what is needed, and promptness to execute, which a varied experience gives, is wanting in a large number of the mechanics of the present time.

The rapid increase of wealth, especially in the large cities, with the resulting luxury of living, is continually calling into being new branches of industry, until a point is reached where the artisan is almost lost in the artist. For obvious reasons, these higher grades of mechanical skill receive the best pay; and there is a constant movement upward of the best workmen, leaving what may be called the root-trades mainly in the hands of men inferior in ability and experience. It so happens that these root-trades are those with which we come most frequently into contact: hence one reason for the cry of poor workmen. If your bookshelf, reverend sir, breaks down under the weight of Dr. Charity's sermons, while that of your father bore for half a century the much greater weight of those of Dr. Dogma, be pleased to remember that the grade of workman that finished your father's house is now engaged in making parlor organs for your daughters. The piano-forte business, which has reached such dimensions within twenty years, has made heavy draughts on the best cabinet-makers; the village blacksmith is now an engineer; and the plasterer works in stucco.

The frequent change of styles and fashions has also tended to encourage a superficial workmanship. If a thing is expected to last for a short time only, why expend much labor or pains on it? If your house is to be torn down, and rebuilt, when you have accumulated a little more money, mastic will answer the purpose as well as stone; and a painted board fence may very well do duty for an additional story. A chief inducement urged by the agents of one of the popular sewing-machines is — that it will do its work well? — not at all; but that the work *can be easily taken to pieces.* In some things we have succeeded in combining lightness and strength, grace and usefulness; but often mere polish and show have usurped the place of the old-time solidity and use.

A great many unskilled workmen have been introduced into the trades through the agency of strikes. To illustrate: An employer refuses to accede to the demands of his men for an increase of pay, and the men strike.

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The employer's aim is to tide over a few weeks, by some means, until his men are forced to return. To do this, he will put to work any one who has the least idea of the labor required, and will feel in honor bound to employ him after the strike is over. On the other hand, the strikers will open wide the doors of their unions, and receive every one who would interfere with the success of their movement. Thus master and men combine to lower the standard of workmanship. Both suffer from it, to say nothing of their customers; for the unskilful men will probably be the foremost in urging a new strike, as they will be the first to succumb if the contest prove an obstinate one.

Thus this complaint of poor workmanship may be a reasonable one. How far a technical and industrial education for boys may supply the place of the apprenticeship system, is a question yet to be solved. Before a seaman receives a certificate qualifying him to command a ship, he is obliged to pass a number of years in active sea-service, no matter what his theoretical qualifications may be; and we have just seen of how little avail a military training has been in Indian warfare, and how instinctively all thoughts turn to *experienced* Indian fighters. It is to be hoped that the subject will receive careful attention before any attempt is made to overthrow our present school system by the introduction of tools, which may prove mere playthings.

But, before we talk about educating mechanics, we must catch them; and this brings me to the second portion of my subject, — the repugnance of New England boys to engage in mechanical pursuits.

In vain does the press exhort and scold, and public orators waste their breath: the fact remains, that the comparative number of native-born boys who seek to enter the workshop is very small. While the country is overrun with commercial travellers, and the business-colleges crowded with students; while swarms of young lawyers and doctors are let loose every year from the colleges; while horse-railroad corporations are besieged by applicants, and every city has numerous agencies supported at the expense of the seekers for situations, — why is it that there are so few applications for opportunities to learn a trade? And, more than this, why do so many American mechanics seek every opportunity to desert their calling?

It seems to me there can be but one answer: An engagement in mechanical pursuits does not present the same opportunity to reach those positions in life aimed at by American boys that other callings do.

We are not discussing the question of what should be the true end and aim of life, — whether a man should spend his days in striving for political office, or in heaping up money, or in attempts to "solve the Infinite." That is a matter for the West-End-parlor people to talk about. We are not proposing a theory, but seeking the cause of a fact. Taking American boys as they are, what are the prizes in life for which they are striving?

From the earliest colonial times, the American citizen has had a strong desire to "serve his country." There are cases on record of people declining to accept office, — generally some local affair, where there is small honor, and less profit; but who ever heard of a man refusing to accept a seat in the United States Senate, unless he had some higher position in view? All the talk of the so-called "upper classes" in America declining to take a part in politics is simply fudge. Many men

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may not be much interested in ward politics; but when you talk about ambassadorships — well, they are willing to sacrifice their private interests for the good of the country. And many a man, after an honorable and successful business-career, has given up comfort and peace of mind to be a nobody in Congress. From the time of old Mint-master John Hull — who wrote in his diary, under date of "1657, 9th of 1st, I was chosen by the town of Boston, though myself unmeet, to be one of the seven men to look after the town's affairs. The Lord make me sensible of the new debt I am hereby obliged in, and give me answerable grace!" — down to the youngster who read the election returns in the ward club-room last November, the holding of public office has been dear to the American heart.

Now, engagement in mechanical pursuits does not lead to political preferment. Perhaps some one may cry out, "Why, wasn't President Lincoln a rail-splitter, and President Johnson a tailor, and President Grant a tanner, and Vice-President Wilson a cobbler, and Gen. Banks a factory-boy?" and so on. Yes; and so were they all babies; and one fact had as much to do with their political elevation as the other. Their success in their earlier callings was so meagre, that they one and all got out of them as fast as possible: their hearts were not in the matter. President Lincoln might have split all the rails in Illinois, and Gen. Grant have tanned all the hides there, without either of them having arisen to the responsible position of fence-viewer or leather-inspector. It is doubtful if all the noise about Mr. Lincoln's rail-splitting brought him fifty votes; and this absurdity reached its climax when we were asked to vote for Mr. Seymour because he had been a "bleacher." It is to be hoped that we have had an end of those silly and mischievous biographies of "Mill Boys" and "Bobbin Boys" and "Ferry Boys," &c., which, if they have any influence on real boys, only lead to a contempt of steady industry. It is not meant to be said that mechanics are never appointed to office, but that the proportion is a small one compared to their numbers. For evidence of this, let any reader consult the roll of any of our city or state governments. Two or three years ago, Boston was agitated with the question of having a high-toned non-partisan representative city government. After much consultation, a list for mayor and aldermen was selected by citizens in convention; and in Boston, the city of Franklin and Revere, where the evidences of mechanical skill and industry so much abound, no place was found for a mechanic, until, upon the matter being commented on by a city newspaper, some one of the candidates was induced to resign, that the oversight might be partially remedied. This for illustration.

Another object to be aimed at in the mind of the young New-Englander is the acquirement of wealth; and the whole tone of society tends to foster this ambition. The mode of its acquirement is a secondary matter. We have invented new, soft-sounding names to take the place of the old harsh ones of extortion, embezzlement, forgery, stealing; and a donation of money to the Church of St. Mammon will wonderfully enlarge the needle's eye. Now, the acquirement of a competence in mechanical pursuits is generally a long, tedious process, even to the master workman, to say nothing of the increasing difficulty of a journeyman's getting into

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business at all. If any one wishes a plain, every-day proof of the comparatively small number of mechanics who acquire elegant surroundings let him take half a dozen of our best Boston streets and avenues, — say Commonwealth and Columbus Avenues, Beacon, Marlborough, and Arlington Streets, and Chester and Union Squares, — and ascertain who reside on them. He will find that the greatest number of the dwellers on these broad and pleasant avenues are men engaged in buying and selling, or in professional life. There are many who heartily agree with wise Dr. Holmes, that a residence in a sunny city street, with its dry sidewalks and other comforts, is far preferable to a cottage by the most romantic swamp in the country; and one of the greatest grievances that the city journeyman has to complain of, is that he has been driven from the cheerful city, and forced to take up his abode in the low lands of the suburbs, through which the lines of railroad generally run. What wonder is it, then, that young men look with an evil eye upon the mechanical trades?

Another drawback to the choice of a mechanical life by a young New-Englander is the idea that he would not thereby occupy such a desirable social position as if engaged in trade or in a profession. This is delicate ground, where statistics are at fault; but I think it will be generally admitted that there is a vague feeling abroad, that a young mechanic is not quite so desirable a companion for one's daughters as a young clerk. Perhaps some reader may say that no sensible man or woman would entertain such an idea. But then, how few of us are sensible men and women! Are we told, that, of the vast numbers who enter trade, only a few succeed? This may be so. Every young man thinks he will be the one to succeed. The prizes are before him: the blanks have fallen out of sight. Can this state of things, allowing it to be true, be remedied? I shall not enter upon this subject. The preceding statements are put forth as hints for thought. No evil can be remedied until it is brought to light, and made apparent. The following extract from "The Richmond Whig" presents a Southern view of the matter, and will bear reading in the North: —

"A new era has dawned upon us, — an age of utilitarianism, where the energy, industry, and enterprise of man must be taxed to their uttermost to keep pace with the demands of the time. No longer can our young men content themselves with a collegiate course that is to prepare them alone for the enjoyment of refined society. Baronial estates no longer exist for their support; nor are brains alone to be esteemed the only requisites for success. The professions are overcrowded; and farming, as of old, when the eye of the master was worth more than the labor of his hand, is no longer profitable or practicable for all. The muscles must now be called into play: they must perform their full part in life's busy drama. It may be that the fastidious will be shocked at the bare mention of what they may esteem vulgar trade. This is wrong, — all wrong. It is but a prejudice, after all, natural, it may be, with some, but nevertheless foolish; since it but too frequently leads to poverty, ofttimes to misery and disgrace.

"Why should not a skilled mechanic be entitled not alone to respect and esteem, but to admission into the most refined society, if he possess all other requisites for its enjoyment; in other words, if he be an educated gentleman? Let us consider this matter seriously for a moment; for it is one well worthy the attention of every parent. A skilful mechanic is an independent man; for let him go where he will, if he is honest and industrious, his craft will bring him support. He need seek favors of none. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents, ambitious that their sons should 'rise in the world,' as they say, are more willing that they should study for a profession, with the chances of moderate success heavily against them, or even the risk of spending their manhood in idleness, rather than learn a trade

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which will bring them manly strength, health, and independence.

"The time has come when the workingmen of the country are to be felt as a power in the land. See to it, parents, that the false pride which always goes before a fall, and which has been the ruin of so many, is discarded, and your children educated to become scientific, skilled mechanics, — a credit to their families, and ornaments to society. Remember that pride and poverty are poor companions."

G. W. P.

LOW TIDES.

WARRINGTON'S, — two tiers of broad, shady piazzas, with a caravansary attached, in which people ate, slept, and danced. That it looked like a stranded Mississippi steamboat will not be denied; but, as may have been remarked, "appearances are deceitful." That it was the shadiest, coolest, most attractive place on the shore, everybody will agree when I have told the story of last summer at Warrington's.

A sandy beach stretched its broad curve in front. It was a beach *par excellence;* and there are just proportions in beaches, as well as in other features of natural scenery. This was precisely long enough for a walk, in which you could round your periods, glance at your illustrations, draw your agreeable conclusions, or leave them to a more agreeable indefiniteness, and then, sweeping round with a wide curve at the end of the beach, open upon a new scene and a new topic.

Confusion seize people who develop subjects! and may they never come by sea or shore in sight of the blue flag of Warrington's! "To be off," like the author of the "Noctes," "on every wind that blows," is the only rule for midsummer talk.

As we turn to retrace our steps, there is the record we have been unconsciously making of ourselves in the sand.

If this beach were dropped down now into some laboratory of Nature, a future geologist, studying the newest sandstone, might say meditatively, "Footprints, — a neatly-cut outline emphasized at the heel, the high instep leaving no print on the sand. Beside it, marks of large, loose boots, one footprint deeper than the other, with the light trail and sharp dents of some instrument probably used in walking. Inference," he adds glibly: "a pretty woman and a lame old fellow."

The obituary notices of science are not expected to be flattering. The pterodactyl, for any thing we know to the contrary, may be justly indignant at his portraits in the illustrated books of geology. Mrs. W. is certainly a pretty woman; at least she was a pretty child twenty years ago, when she sat on my knee, and John and the three children had not appeared above the horizon: and I — well, I suppose I am a lame old fellow. The sharp wound was healed long ago; and, as for age, it is the very Indian-summer of life.

But to return to our beaches. Far be it from me to exalt this bit of sand in any except the eminently human way of abusing every other. Is it not easier to press down than to lift up, and more in accordance with gravitation? Your short beach, that brings you up with a quick turn, rasps

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the temper with a vexing sense of limitation; and a long beach — good Heavens! It is not a thing to be set down upon, excepting with a stout horse under you; for if there is a place where you can feel as nowhere else the littleness of man, especially as a locomotive animal, it is there. And, ten to one, your long beach is bordered by a stretch of dreary sand-hills and marsh. It is a demoralized form of beach, — a vast, depressing, meaningless nothing. Quicksands and other disreputable things may be expected there. Forty years ago, in such a place, my horse sank to his saddle-girths, and only a quick spring and lively work saved him from dropping in altogether, and pricking through somewhere in China for the use of the Celestials. And this not on any disreputable Southern shore, where sand is as unstable as political principles, but on a respectable beach, that sent Rantoul to the General Court.

Such, then, was the beach that stretched its handsome curve in front of Warrington's. You have the scene. Time: an August afternoon, the tide running out. A light sea-breeze was lifting Pea-blossom's curls and her mother's flounces, setting all the feminine flummeries flying, and making everybody ill at ease, indisposed to lounge, and with that divine ferment in the blood that comes of superfluous life and health. Cobweb, Red-bud, and a dozen other little sylphs, in gay attire, romped and teased, thrust hands and feet through the railing with that insane desire for self-immolation which seems to animate such innocents, and "stumped" each other to all the impish tricks which the height of the balconies made dangerous. The boys, those Ishmaelites (may H. H. forgive us!) whose hands in vacation are against every man's peace, and who believe every one's hand against theirs, had taken a wider range; and the blessed relief of their absence was only disturbed by parental solicitude as to how they might come or be brought back.

A group of smooth-faced freshmen were looking gloomily at the retreating tide. "Let's go off, Chick: couldn't we get a boat over those flats?" said Jack to a young fellow baptismally named Henry, but, as this was judged too mature a title by his schoolmates, familiarly known as Chick.

"No," said the chicken desperately: "we can't. We should stick right there in sight of all these people, and have to wait for the tide. Slow, isn't it?"

The Rev. Mr. Miller, a dyspeptic young man, who had been feeding on thinspun theories of the evolution of self-consciousness, till he had become attenuated, like his doctrines, looked hungrily up from his book as if the sea-breeze had given him a keen appetite for stronger food. Dr. Dobbs, a stout, solid D.D., without a fault in his digestion, or a flaw in his creed, — which a gradual accretion of honors and dignities made him careful not to examine too closely, — compact, sturdy, at peace with Warrington's and with himself, walked briskly about, wondering that a place which was, in the nature of things, bound to entertain him, should have left him high and dry on the barren sands of a low tide.

A group of smokers puffed tranquilly on, discussing specie payment, and admonishing the sylphs; and from within the window a sharp, querulous voice was piping to my cheery friend, Mrs. W., the boarding-house gossip, which is such a dreariness to people not providentially constructed for it.

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"That second plate of turkey — I am sure it was veal." "Oh, no!" said Mrs. W. with reckless confidence. "Such things never happen, at least rarely." But the dreary piping went on. I knew this sort of thing was for Mrs. W., a grand, generous person, that dull torture which courtesy compels so many well-bred women to endure at summer resorts.

There were certainly two satisfied and happy people on the piazza, — my nephew Syd, just reposing upon his graduating honors, and the pretty Griselda to whom he was talking. It was high tide with them, — the full tide that follows other suns and moons than those we know of. Let them enjoy it; for, like other tides, it ebbs.

Hilda and Bessie looked into the torture-chamber at their mother, and then at me, with appealing glances, which said plainly enough, "What can we do for her?" It was evidently dead low water. Something must be done. I laid down a naturalist's magazine, in which I had been reading a lively reproduction of the famous battle on the Stanislow, folded my eye-glasses, and gathered myself, as Goethe says, "out of my scattered life." "Come, girls, ask your mother if you can go off with me to the rocks to hunt for animals. Anybody can go, big or little, with rubber-boots, old clothes, baskets, wide-mouthed bottles, and half an hour to make ready." This invitation drew in at once all the young ennuyés, and most of the old ones. Mrs. W. was the first to appear with a face of mingled fun and gratitude, that a door of polite escape had providentially opened.

We were a gay party as we crossed the beach with a rabble of little ones in the rear; and, if I felt like the Pied Piper, it was only till a squad of nursery-maids — that convenient domestic police — set upon the children to see that no evil befell.

Before we climbed the rocks, I mustered my forces. "What shall we expect to find?" said Dr. Dobbs. "Jollification," answered Chick, with that diffidence peculiar to freshmen. "Be quiet, boys! Tell us, if you please, how to search for these things," said Mr. Miller.

"Look into every rock-pool, lift up the brown seaweed, and when you see any thing noticeable, with or without motion" ("Go for it!" said the Ishmaelites, who, from no one knew where, had gathered about us to see what was going on), "drop it into your jar," said I, serenely deaf to the interruption, "with a bit of green seaweed for company; and, when we come together again, we will compare results."

It was a rocky point stretching out into the sea, neither steep nor dangerous, but with easy slopes to the water, and covered with bowlders great and small, with almost as many rock-pools between. These were overlaid with a thick growth of brown seaweed, making, when it is wet, and hangs dripping over a round rock, about as unsatisfactory footing as one can often find. Locomotion over this sort of foundation is to be accomplished quite as much with the hands as with the feet; and, the seaweed lying deceptively over the surface of the pools, you are as likely to be in the water as out. In this sort of amphibious scramble, our saurian ancestors would have acquitted themselves, probably, with more grace than we.

Bessie and Hilda followed me. We stooped over the first inviting rock-pool, shading it with our hats, and looked in. "Pretty enough," said Bessie; "but there is nothing here."

"Pebbles and shells," said Hilda;

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"and the shells move slowly about on the green seaweed, excepting one that hitches along in a queer, jerking way." And Hilda, taking him out, exclaimed, "Not a cockle!" "No, a hermit-crab. The first owner has been eaten, perhaps, by a purpura, which has cut this small round hole in the shell." We soon found more hermits; the girls declaring they were very like small lobsters, just the head and claws showing at the entrance of the shell. "Unfinished lobsters," said Bessie, "with a soft tail, which they curl into the twisted part of the shell, only exposing the part that is covered with armor."

"Strange," said Hilda, "that any creature should complete himself by stealing from another!"

"Strange, but not unknown among the higher animals," said Dr. Dobbs, coming up, and watching with interest a fussy little hermit choosing a new house. After trying first one shell, and then another, he went back, a sadder and wiser creature, to his old one.

Carrying our bottled treasures to another rock-pool, we found Mr. Miller patiently trying to disengage a sea-urchin. It had quite the look of a brown chestnut-burr, and, fully aware of the intentions of its younger brother in Darwin, was stubbornly declining the invitation to leave its native element.

"Try another, Mr. Miller. If you should succeed in detaching this one, the tentacles by which he clings to the rock might be torn. There is a little knack about this thing. A sudden jerk, and you will have them at once; but, when their obstinacy is up, expect trouble. Apply the same formula to limpets and — children." A little colony of sea-urchins of all sizes, from a sixteenth of an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, were found under the edge of the rocks, in a dark corner; and some of these, too large for our largest bottles, we dropped into the baskets, covering them with wet fucus.

Meantime the Ishmaelites had found a great bowlder, oddly and beautifully ornamented with star-fishes. Sprawling over the wet surface, hanging from the lower edge, gay in pink and yellow and brown, they had that always beautiful form about which Byron makes some pleasing remarks; though, among the things which "have called themselves a star," he omits to mention these.

Declining the enormous specimens which the Ishmaelites mischievously urged upon us, we selected some of the most reasonably proportioned to carry home; my eager collectors noticing at once that there was a difference among them, the small cribrella being smoother, more brightly and variously colored, and with a slightly different style of behavior in managing his rays, as if he were dragging two of them behind him.

"Hi!" called Syd with a sharp, warning tone, as he and Griselda were leaning over the top of a rock, watching Hilda and Bessie, as they turned up the brown seaweed with bare white arms. "Look out, girls!" and the white arms came out of the water, and the startled faces were raised just as a large lobster, whose green and brown were hardly distinguishable from the seaweed, scuttled slowly out from under it, like a man-of-war preparing for attack. He fought Syd's cane fiercely, but was at last landed in a small rock-pool for exhibition. Cobweb and Red-bud looked on with wide eyes of wonder. "Is that a lobster? I thought they were red," said Cobweb. "Yes, dear," said Syd sweetly:

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"the lobsters you have seen were red; but red lobsters are not the dangerous species. They never bite, but are bitten. Now, girls," he continued, "if you don't want to meet a fellow like that in a dark hole under the seaweed, explore your pools first with a stout stick. See! he has already lost a claw in a fight; and another is growing in its place, — a convenient way these creatures have of repairing damages."

As the sun was going down, and we went slowly home wet, and not very clean, but superlatively cheerful, we voted ourselves the Amphibious Club, or — as "art is long, and time fleeting" — Amphibs. Mrs. Warrington, who could never deny her young people any thing, at Hilda's entreaty, made over to us the west room which was unfurnished, and used only in emergencies. Here we extemporized a table, brought crockery basins (tin was voted unsuitable); and into these we turned our swimming, squirming, wriggling treasures. Just as the work was done, the sun dipped beneath the western water, and the sunset gun sounded with a dull thud from the distant fort.

The west room became the centre of attraction at Warrington's, where some part of the family could generally be found watching the curious ways of our new friends. It was decided that crockery was ugly; and glass jars were sent us from town. The sea-urchins and star-fishes so resembled each other, that the sylphs listened with undoubting faith when Syd explained how to make a sea-urchin out of a star-fish, — "Just bend the rays back till they meet in the middle, take a few stitches to keep them in place, and you have your sea-urchin all complete." "Now, Syd," said Mrs. W. indignantly, "you shall not abuse the trust of these children."

"But, my dear Mrs. W., it is based on the eternal homologies." — "On the eternal disposition of young men to tease little girls." — "They will turn the tables upon us soon enough; but I repent. Come, Cobweb, and see them eat; for eating is at least an eternal necessity." The children were soon appeased, watching the bits of fish, which Syd dropped upon the tentacles, carried slowly up by them to the wonderful mouth.

Turning over rocks one day, Jack found our two brittle stars, curious from their resemblance to the star-fishes, but not so attractive as their pretty relatives. The long, slender arms of one, and mottled look of the other, suggested snakes and spiders; and a pettish way of breaking off their arms on small provocation made it difficult to get them safely into the jars. But, as Bessie suggested that the star-fishes might like to have a family party some time, we put in the less attractive members.

Since the girls' encounter with the lobster, the Ishmaelites had been anxious to make up for their soft-heartedness in letting the old pirate go, by catching some of the younger members of his family; and at last succeeded in finding a little fellow two inches long, which was triumphantly dropped into a jar, where he made himself so diverting, that his frequent raids upon his fellow-boarders were winked at. One morning, Jack and Chick, always on the *qui vive* for incidents, proclaimed that something was the matter with the lobster. We found him changing his shell, — as strange a performance, though not so weird and awesome, as the breaking-out of a butterfly from its chrysalis. How he slips off his tight gloves,

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opens the joints of his armor, leaves it about as good as new, and comes out perfect and entire, is curious enough. The Ishmaelites were so much interested in his performances, and especially in his fighting propensities, that lobsters and hermit-crabs were in great demand at once. They had hermits of three sorts, and of all sizes, including some superb fellows which Larry the fisherman, who had a soft place in his heart for the Ishmaelites, had brought from a distant sandspit. These were living in large natica-shells, and with their granulated orange claws, and look of ferocity, were the pride of the boys, who rejoiced especially in their noisy movements as they rattled the natica-shells about the glasses.

"But, uncle, we must find an anemone," said Bessie. Now, some of the Amphibs had heard lectures about them; but only Syd and I had seen the real thing. "What is it like?"

"Closed, it is like a cushion of hard jelly, with the shape of an inverted tea-cup; open, it is like a flower set on a stalk, sometimes long and graceful, sometimes short and thick. It is like a dahlia or chrysanthemum." "Exquisite creature!" said Arabella. "And eats raw beef," I added. "Ugh!" said my fastidious friend. "A beef-eating flower!" "Sensitive, and shrinks at the slightest touch; (Arabella was all interest again), and, if you cut off a piece of its body, will mend itself, and be as perfect as ever. Is hard to remove, but moves itself from place to place." "Yes," said a sturdy young Ishmaelite. "It will move when it wants to; but it won't be moved by anybody. Let's get some! I like that sort."

"You will not find them so easily as other things; but lift up the long seaweed, look under every shelving rock, into every cleft and nook and cranny, at dead-low water, and you will find them."

A long hunt. It would have been wearisome, but that we were always finding new things; and the tramp over a wild and beautiful shore has its own fascinations. We came at last upon an ugly little colony of brown anemones. Arabella was disappointed; but a shout of rapture from Bessie brought us all round a deep rock-pool, in which was a radiant bed of them. The exquisitely soft tints, — white and pearl, orange, red, and vermilion, — and the feathery delicacy of the fringing tentacles against the dark green seaweed, might well have excited a less eager group. Hilda was in speechless admiration.

"But how to get them?" said the practical Dr. Dobbs.

"It is a work of time and patience to take them off nicely. Insert your nail gently under the edge, and work slowly round till it is free." Sleeves were rolled up; and some of the longest arms went in up to the shoulder. Dr. Dobbs cheerfully inverted himself, — let his brain run down to his finger-tips, — and worked patiently till he brought up one but little torn. We covered it with wet fucus, and tried again, carrying home at last a collection, which, though they were only a mass of unpleasantness in the basket, everybody had faith to believe would blossom out into beauty in glasses. And they did. How radiantly bright, how graceful and lovely, there is no use in telling, if you never saw one. They were to be the glory of the jars forevermore. Somebody sent us afterward a red one of a different species, packed in wet seaweed from Mt. Desert. It was at first greatly admired, — "So brilliantly colored, so

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striking!" But its day of triumph was short. Arabella suggested that it was "coarse;" Hilda added "unrefined;" Chick supplied "loud;" and Jack completed its doom with "flashy." Rhodactinia died of mortification and homesickness; and Actinia marginata reigned in her stead.

It is not to be supposed that our jars were an entire success; but is it to be expected that we shall entertain other people with our disasters? The Amphibs emptied a great many failures quietly into the sea. We were tender of each other's feelings, and looked a different way when a sad procession went forth bearing a vase of unsavory odors. An artist, who had a wretched trick of plain speaking, exclaimed one day, as he looked at Hilda's glass, "By Jupiter! It is just the coloring of Page's Venus. I never understood that picture before. She is rising from a spoiled"— "What?" said Hilda, turning quickly with a vexed look on her delicate face. "Who is Page?"—"A great colorist, my dear, — great colorist."

Shall we tell how we over-stocked the glasses, and every thing smothered? how we put in too much seaweed, and the water turned green? how we forgot to draw the curtains, and every thing cooked? or what an underhand way the creatures had of dying, — skulking behind rocks, — so that the water was poisoned before we suspected danger? Shall we publish these troubles? Never. An Amphib, like the son of Alknomook, "scorns to complain." But we will tell how we learned to clean thoroughly every rock on which the bits of green seaweed grew before we put them into the jars; how careful a watch we kept at last, calling a muster-roll in the morning over our glasses, and stirring up a miniature storm, splashing or dripping, or blowing air through a bellows, — any thing to make a little wholesome excitement.

The sylphs brought Iceland moss, bleached by long tossing about, and put it in the glasses when it should have been in the blanc mange. Results: unsatisfactory. Then the older Amphibs tried the same thing in a healthy state,— the iridescent chrondus with its steely blue sheen on a brown base of color. This did better; though white, unwholesome spots would sometimes appear. The red coralline, which spreads in a pink coating over the rocks, and then rises in stiff, coral-like tufts, did good service, and was extremely pretty when it was gemmed in the sunshine with diamond beads of oxygen.

The ulva, with its cabbage-like fronds, was, after all, the most useful plant; and not behind this the enteromorpha, with its green, hollow, ribbon-like fronds making a forest of green in which the small creatures disported. Sandskippers — with which the under-surfaces of the rocks swarm—darted in and out; and ghostly shrimps, with transparent bodies and weird projecting eyes. These shrimps were the treasure-trove of Cobweb and Pea-blossom, who, forbidden the rocks, had taken to the marshes, and dragged the little creeks with their butterfly nets, bringing us plenty of minnows and shrimps.

All through August the aqueous fever raged; but we had no other. Typhoid appeared at the Bellevue and the Cliff House, but nothing at Warrington's, excepting insanity among the Amphibs. Dr. Jaque said there was little danger of typhoid-fevers, as we should not probably have two diseases at the same time; an inflammation in one place often relieving another: so we proceeded as before,

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on the physiological principle of keeping our heads hot, hanging over one rock-pool, and our feet cool, resting in another.

The pretty flummeries in the Saratoga trunks appeared only at high water; so that full dress was naturally expressed as "high water toilet," or "full tidal display."

Arabella came home, one day, with a creature, which she declared was made for her special delight. She had seen a bit of pink-and-white jelly upon a green frond of ulva, and, on the general principle of taking every thing, dropped it into her bottle, where it slowly stretched itself to an inch of delicate prettiness, raised the pink-tinted branchiæ along its sides, and with a graceful movement began to explore its surroundings. It was our first æolis. Cobweb and Redbud were in joyful delight at its odd accomplishment of walking on the under surface of the water, like a fly on the ceiling. Bits of brown and white jelly were now especially sought, and pink tips looked for under every bit of seaweed. It was not long before we had a doris, duller in coloring, and with an arborescent tuft on his back, instead of the pink fringes. "A lower order of creature, altogether," Arabella said, and my young people agreed; for, "if prettiness could not give rank, what could?" said the sweet-faced aristocrats.

The beauty of these nudibranch mollusks, like that of a famous queen, covered a multitude of sins. It was proved beyond a doubt that they took, now and then, a bite from the tentacles of the anemones; but their sins were winked at. They were allowed to live; for is not beauty, according to Emerson, "its own excuse for being"?

Children, with a wisdom and taste they sadly outgrow, are always fond of collecting shells. As Cobweb bends now over her lapful of treasures, it is sad to think how black care will sit some day on her golden curls, and how, in what is called social life and the petty complications of housekeeping, she will forget these pure and perfect joys. We will not think of it. Perhaps, like one we knew long ago, she will learn how to lighten cares she cannot escape, — one who, when nurses dropped at their post, and servants were faithless, and she stood alone in one of the sharp crises of domestic affairs, could slip away for a moment to look at a new hydroid in her aquarium, slowly reaching out its tentacles to the infinite Care-taker, and be sure that the Providence watching all life in far-off pools on the lonely shore she loved was also watching and keeping her.

A fine shell, with exquisite curves and delicate tinting, is the most perfect thing in nature. We set it confidently against Mr. Higginson's bird's-egg; though this climate does not certainly produce the specimens on which a man might stake his reputation.

But one of our native shells is a far more interesting object in the possession of its original owner — the work of his life, his home, his ornament, his crown — than the same thing tossed up empty on the beach, and belonging to nobody. My little foragers were often bringing live shells to show me the curious ways of the small housekeepers. They preferred the crepidulas empty; for then they could see the boat with a seat for some bit of a merman rower: whereas, when the boat was turned upside down, and the owner beneath, he was the dullest of creatures, and seldom moved. The

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smooth-shelled littorinas, creeping about on the rock-weed, were always attractive from their bright colors. The purpura was, as many another deserved to be, convicted a burglar and murderer, making holes in his neighbor's houses, and eating the owners. From muddy creeks the children came with soiled stockings and black-mottled nassas, — "little elephants," they said, "with Indian towers on their backs;" and one might always find in Pea-blossom's jar the striped tents of the limpets, streamers of green seaweed waving from their tops.

But the sylphs soon found rarer treasures. One bright morning, Cobweb, Red-bud, and Pea-blossom came running to my chair on the piazza with faces of solemn import.

"Uncle Cyrus, you said there were no flowers in the sea."

"No: I said I had not seen any."

"Just the same," said the small court, sitting at once on my knee and my delinquencies, and judging my veracity and information in a breath. "But there are. We've seen 'em."

"Were you not forbidden going to the rocks?"

"We didn't: we went to the steamboat landing." Shade of Herod! Visions of drowned sylphs, with dank curls and closed eyes, rose before me.

"We saw them far down in the water, pink and white, like stars."

"No, not like stars, Cobweb. They were just like the innocence that grows in the field, — only pink because they grow in the water, you know. Now, Uncle Cyrus, do get us some."

Such appeals it was not for an old fellow like me to withstand. I got the boat, paddled round, and lifted the clump of hydroid polyps out of the water, and into the glass jar, amid the blissful sighs of the children.

"So small! so perfect! so flower-like! held with so proud a grace on the little stems! so altogether lovely!" were the admiring exclamations of the Amphibs.

The children's discovery turned the tide of investigation toward the smallest and daintiest denizens of the sea. Crabs and anemones, lobsters and sea-urchins, were considered common. Microscopes were brought out; and every one was anxious to go at once for the hydroid polyps. And, by hydroid polyps, the Amphibs meant the only kind they knew, — these pretty tubularians. With an old man's horror of becoming tediously instructive, I had introduced my aqueous friends by their family name; as Miss Brown, not saying it was Ann Brown till we had found Jane, and wished to distinguish her from Ann.

It was not difficult to find the polyps; for their resorts were as familiar to me as those of the trillium and gentian. I had kept a jar for my private delectation all summer, in which I had been watching that development of hydroids into jelly-fishes which is one of the "fairy-tales of science" (perhaps one of those referred to by the unhappy young man in "Locksley Hall"). We found them near low-water mark, from two to four inches high, in tufts like Houstonia or violets, and as easy to disengage as a bit of sphagnum in a damp wood. Mr. Miller, whose keen, clear mind was alive to any marvel of structure, as well as to any beauty of form, was curious about the other hydroids, and found at once a modest campanularian. It has no brilliancy of color to recommend it; and one would say at first sight, "Just a little brown plant." When I pointed out the yellow thread-like tracery of the sertularians on the fucus, and the tasselled fringes which

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had been flaunting in our very faces, and hanging over the rock-pools all summer, the Amphibs marvelled at their own blindness. Some of us thought these last — in which the polyps were not always on exhibition, like the tubularians, but had an entertaining way of appearing and disappearing in the myriad little homes of their living city — were equally attractive.

Is there anywhere an image of peace so absolute as this life under the sea? Work-worn people, who have fought your fight for better or worse from September to July; seen your treasures changed in a night to dust which offends your eyes and nostrils; who have tried to do good to those who did not want any good, to teach those who would not learn, to sow seed which hardly seemed to reach the ground before the wind of our eternal hurry and excitement carried it off; who have cried peace within the church-walls where the echoes mocked you with the perpetual warring of sects within sects, — come out to the open shore, lie down by some clear pool in the shadow of a great rock, let your wide-brimmed hat (which you can buy for ninepence) shut you in from the world, and there, in the limpid water, you will find peace itself, or at least its sweet, delusive semblance. Barnacles, slowly and with measured motion, open and shut their brown hands, asking and receiving; anemones tranquilly spread their gently-waving tentacles; littorinas creep over the ulva; and the tubularians lift their flower-like heads in a peace unknown to blossoms of the upper world.

As the cool September days came, and the flocks, gathering from green pastures, recalled their shepherds, Dr. Dobbs left us, and Mr. Miller followed. His people, believing in the gospel of Nature, it may be supposed, lingered longer to study it. But all the Amphibs who returned home agreed to meet again at Warrington's on one of those notable days when the sun and moon, pulling together, have piled up the waters far away somewhere out at sea, and swept the shore dryer and cleaner than at any other season. A true Amphib holds high jubilee at the equinoxes. On the day appointed, we mustered in force. The sylphs and Ishmaelites were allowed to accompany us; "for," as one of our bachelors consolingly remarked, "if any of them were drowned, we should be sure to know it." Coming from our beds before the sun was up, provided with hard-tack, and armed and equipped for plunder, we went down to the shore — no, down to the bottom of the sea. Rock-pools you can hardly peep into all summer are now far up on the shore, and every rare and delicate creature that haunts the ocean exhibits its treasures at these two yearly festivals with an open hand. Alas that there are so few to see them! To walk on the bottom of the sea, and peer into places where no one, perhaps, ever looked before, has a wonderful fascination. If the treasures you find do not seem to you rarer and finer than any ever found before, I can only pity you, and thank fortune it was not so with the Amphibs. We found — what did we not find? Who shall tell what may be seen at a low September tide? Schiller's diver is the only one outside of the Amphib club who knows any thing about it. But another September tide is coming, if the sun and moon get on comfortably together, and carry out their present intentions. Warrington's (bless it from the under-pinning to the flagstaff!) still overhangs the beach of

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beaches. Glass jars are already to be seen in the west room. We have persuaded a young disciple of Agassiz to come and preside over our bottles and blunders for the summer. And now Penikese may look out for its laurels. A young Amphib may some day blossom out into a scientist; but an old Amphib (must we confess, alas! that there is a chill in our Indian summer?) — an old Amphib never. The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke a great many pleasant things. But if any man or woman feels within the stirrings of the true Amphib, let him come to Warrington's.

N.B. — This is not an advertisement.

A HOPELESS ATTACHMENT.

BY THEODORE M. OSBORNE.

Mr. Adolphus Arden was making himself very comfortable at the western parlor-window of his father's house on the Back Bay. The sunset was very fine; although Mr. Arden, who was in the habit of "doing" his sunsets in the summer at the mountains or seaside, had not observed it. The window overlooked a clear vista of level ground, whose roughness and obtrusive newness were concealed by the snow, now flushed with the level light, and showing in its broken shadows all lovely shades of purple and mysterious opaline tints. Farther out was the glittering land of ice in the basin, where a few skaters were swinging slowly about in graceful curves, indistinct, except as now and then a skate flashed out, uplifted in the long stroke. Beyond, lay the hill in shadow; the trees on its summit darkly outlined against the clear amber sky; and a house, which caught the sun on its windows, glowing as if it were some rosy illumination. Over all stretched a long cloud, whose gleaming borders shifted through many bright changes, — from gray through gold and orange and rose-color and burning crimson, — till its gray ashes were scattered on the wind which started up from the fading west.

Meanwhile, Mr. Arden, having laid down his novel as the light failed, was indulging in the manly pastime of tormenting the family cat, who had settled herself in the easy-chair, in the delusive prospect of sleepy bliss. He was just in the act of taking off an electric spark from the indignant creature's nose, when Miss Edith Arden came in, and, perceiving the situation, looked reproachfully at her brother, and said, "I've a good mind not to give you your invitation."

Adolphus, who despised curiosity, remained silent nearly a minute before asking, in an indifferent tone, "What invitation?"

"I've just had a note from Bessie; and she has sent me some tickets to the theatricals they are going to have at Shortwood. There'll be lots of nice girls on the stage. I don't know, on the whole, as it will be safe to take you there."

At the preposterous idea of his being in danger from any feminine charms whatever, Adolphus smiled indulgently. It was too dark for effective smiling; but it was good practice, and he prided himself on being a

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smiler of great talent. To be sure, some of his friends saw a large sameness in the habit, and often showed great dulness as to the effect which he wished to convey; when — as it would be rather a delicate matter to explain, "that smile conveyed a withering scorn," or "that meant kind toleration" — he would compose his features with the reflection that artistic perception of expression cannot be expected of all. It sometimes occurred to him that his mustache might interfere with the finer expressions about his mouth; but he could not make up his mind to abolish it, — a sacrifice which was indeed quite unnecessary, as it did not quite reach over his upper lip; and its ends, to the length of nearly half an inch, were tightly twisted away from his face.

Edith's little challenge had the desired effect of a gracious acceptance on the part of Adolphus, who — bearing up under a daily burden of three hours' attendance at his uncle's law-office, and a farther confinement at home in company with several leather-bound volumes, a newspaper, and a pipe — did not always feel able to conduct his sister to such amusements.

Edith, having lighted the gas-stand on a table near the window, stood looking at her brother, seeming quite pleased at the prospect of his company. Presently she said, "Bessie writes that Alice Mayton, who takes the first-lady's part, is quite irresistible."

Adolphus did not think this worth the trouble of another smile, but drew up his chair in silence, and plunged into his novel.

"What a nice thing it would be," thought Edith, "if he would fall in love with some girl who would help him to get settled in life!"

Such are the noble views of the divine passion that mothers and sisters place before their dear son and brother! They want to have him anchored to his place in the order of things, by a sort of social encumbrance in the shape of a wife. And, as for the fortunate fair one, what higher lot could she desire than to devote herself to settling a young man in life? What though he be a little restless and selfish? — so much the more honor!

There had been much excitement in the Shortwood Dramatic Club, preparatory to the public exhibition with which they were about to close their season. All through the winter, meeting at each other's houses, they had been content with parting off the back of a parlor for a stage, and with such properties as an ingenious disposition of the furniture would afford. The indulgent audiences had their imaginations so well in training, that they were not a whit surprised at seeing the dramatic sportsman go to the back-parlor door, and fire into the kitchen (to the audible discomposure of the cook) at a flock of dramatic pigeons. There was a stir of real enthusiasm when the bandit, coming in from the closet, groped his way across the parlor-carpet over imaginary bowlders; and when a youth (visible to a third of the audience) let forth a terrific gush of mock thunder from a piece of zinc, and flashed a kerosene-lamp, there were some who actually trembled — as well they might.

But now, having vanquished such histrionic difficulties, they were fain to charm a larger audience, and at the same time enjoy the pleasure of acting with real scenery, and more varied costume. Accordingly they engaged a hall containing a real stage with footlights, and so many complete changes of scenery, that the number

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of combinations possible was immense.

Having gone so far, the next difficulty was the choice of a play. The meetings of the committee on plays were almost smothered in little yellow play-books; and several deadly feuds sprang from the matter among the members of the club. At last it was agreed to settle all difficulties by choosing the actors, and having the play written to suit them by the literary member.

The committee on actors going into executive session came out, as is usual in such cases, with the appointment of all the obtrusive members who were determined to act, and quietly laid on the shelf all but one of the really good actors, whose dispositions could bear the disappointment. The exception was in favor of Miss Alice Mayton, who was acknowledged to be the only one for her part. There are always dozens of young ladies who can appreciate and act a servant's part, to one who can personate a heroine. It is so much easier to act something quite outside one's self!

Then the literary member gathered together his material in the shape of a pile of the yellow-covered books before mentioned; and, going to work under the persistent advice of the actors and the company's scenic artist, he soon produced a play combining a number of points, that, as was remarked by the club critic, was truly amazing. There was some dispute in regard to a name, the general voice being in favor of a monosyllable; while the author was unable to condense any idea of the contents of the play into so small a space. But at last the critic, by a happy impulse at which he was himself the next moment astonished, suggested the title "Why?" Considering the reasonableness of the incidents, it was, perhaps, one of the happiest names on record. Then it made such an appeal to the attention of the audience! it was the very embodiment of romantic mystery. It was unanimously accepted.

Among the original features of the play may be mentioned a cruel uncle, one poor but honorable young lover, one rich middle-aged ditto, three servant-girls (the smallest number by which applicants for places could be appeased), and two country louts, who alone would have given sufficient cause for the enigmatic title of the play in not being inmates of the asylum for idiotic and feeble-minded youth. In view of these and other merits, it is no wonder that the title of the play was reiterated at the very next issue of "The Shortwood Weekly Longbow," in the question, "Why is not the author a contributor to our periodical literature?" Then began rehearsals, at first somewhat confused by the free expression of individual criticism, then proceeding more smoothly and sweetly as the actors and actresses — by that law inevitable to private theatricals, and which disregards all previous connections — began to pair off, and to sit by twos in corners, when off the stage.

At length the day for dress-rehearsal arrived; and with it came a most unaccountable cold to Miss Mayton, who found herself quite unable to speak aloud at breakfast. When Tom Mayton heard her voice, he looked up from his coffee, and remarked that "here was a go."

"Don't you think I can make myself heard?" murmured Alice piteously.

"Well, your voice might do for a hush of agony; but I wouldn't try to come any rapture with those tones," said he. "Did I tell you that Frank

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Vernon is coming over this morning to help about the scenery? He has had lots of experience in the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, and is just the man we want."

After breakfast, Miss Alice sat down and thought over all the girls in the club for a substitute; but there was not one who would suit. Besides, she had made some slight changes in the part, much to its improvement; and no one but herself understood them. While she was pondering over these difficulties, the bell rang; and immediately after Mr. Frank Vernon entered, expecting to find Tom. He had no sooner opened the door than Tom's sister, whom he had met rather formally once or twice, impulsive (as a good actress should be), rushed up to him, laid a hand on each shoulder, and cried in an agonized whisper, "Mr. Vernon, what *shall* we do about my voice?"

Now, there are situations more composing to the mind of a young gentleman than looking into a pair of brown eyes (or, for that matter, eyes of any color) while their fair owner holds him to the purpose with a firm little grip on either shoulder: so that it is not at all surprising that Mr. Vernon hesitated so long in his answer that she blushed, and drew away her hands, whispering, "Oh, dear! You must excuse me. I am so anxious about that part of Leonora!"

Having appeased conventionality by retiring to a *tête-à-tête*, she set forth her difficulties; and Mr. Vernon, after listening sympathetically, said that he had an idea. He had sometimes taken a lady's part at the Pudding; and, if Miss Mayton would teach him the part, he would undertake to carry it through. At this unexpected prospect of relief, Miss Mayton made a little feminine movement of gratitude toward him, such as is, philosophically considered, the probable relic of a former barbarous habit of throwing the arms about a benefactor's neck. She whispered her heartfelt thanks, pulled out her playbook, and began to show him her points. She spent the whole forenoon in drilling him. Tom came in, whistled for an instant, and, learning the state of the case, retired. Dinner-time found them deep in the question of costume. It was finally decided that he should bring costumes used by him before, and be dressed by an artist friend, who, he said, would remedy any little defects of complexion. Miss Mayton was to provide the jewels, and give him the finishing-touches, and was to whisper through the dress-rehearsal, and say nothing about the change until the last moment, when it would be too late for objection. He was to come to the Maytons' to be dressed, and be driven to the hall: then the thing could be explained; and none of the audience would know any thing about it. Vernon could manage his voice so as to make it an excellent imitation of a contralto; and nothing remained but to commit his part. With this understanding he left in the afternoon.

It seemed, to Tom, rather singular that his sister had no doubts of Vernon's ability to fill the part. But artists always know each other; and the event proved her to be right. Every thing went on smoothly. Vernon studied his part all the next day, and was so absorbed in it, that, when he was called up in Greek, he began reciting, "My dearest love," to the immense amusement of the class. But he got it at last; and, when he rehearsed it to Miss Mayton, she said she was glad that she was sick. He was driven to the hall, and,

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though the change caused some surprise, everybody was too busy with his own interests to make any objection; and the play was soon ready to begin.

When people come together with the firm intention of being pleased, it must be a most wretched performance that does not please them. There was an expectant smile on the face of this particular audience, which was very encouraging to the performers, peeping out through chinks in the curtain and scenery. Group after group were shown to their places by the most unexceptionable of ushers, wafting incense about their victims from fat little hot-house bouquets (furnished by the club). Vernon, already dressed for his part, was sitting by a very convenient hole in the panelling, by the curtain, making comments on the audience; which would have surprised some of them if they had seen the figure that uttered them. Presently he asked, "Who is that fellow with a lady on his arm, and an engaging smile on his face?" And somebody said that it was Mr. Adolphus Arden with his sister.

Mr. Arden proceeded slowly to his place, adorning his features with a well-bred smile of languid surprise designed to be a sort of apology for wasting his time on any thing amateur. Edith was detained an instant by her friend Bessie, who said, "Tell Adolphus to watch Miss Mayton's acting." And her brother, waiting by her seat, cast his eyes calmly about the hall; so that several ladies were quite impressed, and whispered, "What a gentlemanly looking fellow!"

It was not long before the bell tinkled; and a hush of expectation passed over the audience. The curtain rose upon a kitchen-scene, where the three servant-girls were at work together. Each had determined to be first on the stage; and the author had to bring them on in force. They talked freely in the manner of the professional servant, and so naturally, that nothing short of the reality could have been more humdrum. However, it was enough to look at three such blooming maids, with their fresh gowns and charming little French boots; and how could anybody find fault with the scene, when there was a real cooking-stove with a real fire in it, and a wash-tub, into which one of the three gracefully plunged her snowy arms? And each of them, when she went out for a moment by the back-entrance, swung to the right-about in a way that would have transfixed her respectable parents with astonishment, if done at home, and brought down the house.

With frequent interruptions for the sake of bringing in the louts and some heavy aunts and other minor characters, one of the maids managed to tell the others what she knew about her young mistress's love-affair. The young lady (an heiress, by the way) was closely kept by her crabbed uncle, who wanted her to marry a man who owed him money; while her affections were forever fixed on one Harold Stuart, who, in the variety of his accomplishments, and in the display of a grinding melancholy, left nothing for the heart to desire. A plan of elopement had been fixed upon, at which the servants were to connive. At this announcement one of them put on an expression of deadly treachery, perceptible to everybody in the hall — except her two companions. The others presently going out, she came to the front, and, in an awful soliloquy, declared her love for Harold, and her intention to betray the lovers to their doom. As she stood

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shaking her dainty fist, the drop fell amid considerable applause, even Mr. Arden kindly patting his gloves together.

The next scene revealed the uncle — with a dropsical figure, strongly suggestive of pillow — sitting at his breakfast, growling; while the maids, still in full force, skirmished in and out. After breaking the inevitable plate, and sending the dishes away, he proceeds to work himself into a passion about his niece, and reveals in a loud soliloquy the reasons for his intended disposal of her. Just as the audience are getting tired of the realism of the old gentleman, Leonora glides in with a love of a morning-dress, and says coldly, "You sent for me."

As she spoke the first words, there was a rustle of surprise among those who knew the players. Who was there in the club with such a rich contralto voice? That girl with the Greek face, and waving, golden hair, with long eyebrows and heavenly blue eyes — who was there capable of being transformed by any stage art into such a creature as that? They gazed with increasing surprise; and those who knew nothing of the change were no less held by her acting. It is strange how one good actor can cast a veil of reality over the barest plot, and even light up the other performers with a glimmer of his own excellence. Leonora had not been on five minutes before the audience began to feel for her deeply, and to detest the old gentleman as if he were their own guardian. When she had a scene with her uncle's choice, everybody rejoiced in his defeat and abject retreat; when her only lady-friend came in and condoled with her, there were not a few who wept at the story of her wrongs; and, the treacherous servant appearing at the rear with a horrible smile, it became almost insupportable.

Then Harold, having mysteriously gained access to the room, appeared; and when she fled to his arms, and laid her head on his shoulder with a splendid *abandon*, even Mr. Arden shouted, "Brava!" While they mature their plans, a lout comes in to build a fire, and slips out again. Then uncle and aunts and servants pour in; and an agonizing scene follows, in which Harold is threatened with terrible penalties if he persists in his attentions. He departs in scornful silence, while all stand back from the majestic melancholy of his face.

Then there was a tavern-scene introducing a stranger with a deeply mysterious face and manner, and also the rejected lover, who boasts of his revenge, and is promptly put under the pump by a farmer, who proves to be Harold.

Then came the garden-scene, which was quite a triumph of scenic art. A villa stood at the rear; and there was a fountain playing in a lovely expanse of green carpet. The trees, all trimmed to a beautiful symmetry, were silent as in the hush of the night-wind; and the fair, round moon appeared in the background, though it did not seem to have much to do with lighting the place.

After a sonorous serenade, Harold appeared before the house, which, though it had seemed quite majestic by itself, suddenly dwindled by the comparison. Then a diminutive window opened; and Leonora, putting out her head (like a very pretty jack-in-the-box), said despairingly, "No, it can never be!" Harold persuading her that it could be, she presently appeared at the back-entrance. Then, as they clasp each other at the thought of freedom, a party, led by the treach-

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erous servant, come on at the middle, and search in the dark for the fugitives; the uncle falling down, and making himself generally ridiculous. Somebody brings a lantern, and discovers the pair, who have been flitting about in search of some way of escape. A tableau is formed. The uncle is inexorable; and a secret dagger has already been drawn, when the mysterious stranger appears, and announces himself as the long-lost father of Leonora, shipwrecked on a desert island. He stops the proceedings, and, discovering that Harold's father had once lent him five dollars in a time of need, declares that Leonora shall be his, and bestows her on him with much feeling, when they re-embrace clingingly. Then the rejected suitor suddenly finds, that, after all, he prefers his old love, the intimate friend, who happens to be present; and they embrace. Then the uncle declares that he is a weak old man, who tried to do for the best, and is instantly forgiven. The faithless servant-girl, coming forward with tears of repentance, is rewarded, to the agreeable surprise of the audience, with the hand of the old gentleman. The other two maids took the hands of their respective louts; the aunts and cousins grouped behind; the father raised his hands in blessing; and the curtain fell amid wild applause.

The audience was quite carried away by Leonora's acting, and persisted in calling her out at the close. As for Mr. Arden, he had long since forgotten to smile, and kept his eyes fixed on the heroine all the time that she was on the stage. Once he fancied that she looked at him and smiled; and when he cried "Brava" he was sure of it. When she clung to Harold, he felt a singular relief in thinking that it was all acting. As she came before the curtain, and bowed, he rose and clapped, regardless of his gloves; and, taking out the little cluster of rosebuds from his button-hole, he tossed it to her. She stooped, and raised them to her lips with a bow and a smile that was unmistakable in its direction.

A moment afterward she had disappeared, and all was over. Mr. Arden and his sister hurried out to find their carriage, and heard only murmurs of delight and praise from every side. Riding homewards, Edith asked her brother what he thought of Alice Mayton.

"It's my opinion that she's a staver," said Adolphus solemnly.

"I don't like her showing so much attention to your rosebuds."

Adolphus said nothing, but thought that there was no reason why a girl should not express her appreciation of what she saw in his face.

When they got home, he went up to his room and lit a cigar. He sat by the window, looking out across the river to the hills beyond, lying quiet and cold in the moonlight. He gazed up at the cloudy sky, and watched the dusky, spectral shapes, as he had not watched them since he was a little boy. Years of selfish habits had dulled his sensibilities; but now he felt a strange flood of romantic feeling, which made him half ashamed. He could not banish the thought of the face and form which had impressed him so that night; and they were somehow woven in with every lovely shape that took form and faded under the magic light.

He was too used to thinking about himself not to know that he was already desperately in love with the Leonora of the play. He was not a bad fellow at heart; and it was more the result of a narrow convention-

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ality than of his own character, that he had grown to be so selfish. He looked back on his life; and a feeling came over him that he had been strangely blind to the smallness of its ambitions and its pleasures; and he thought, that, if he had such an object as the possession of Leonora, he would throw off his mask of carelessness, and try to be worthy of her.

When he awoke the next morning, he did not feel quite so romantic; but his interest in the last evening's performance was not at all abated. At breakfast he asked several questions about the Mayton family, — their social standing and pecuniary prospects; and he went down to the office, and ground over his law-books in a way that attracted his uncle's attention, and made him think that there might be something in the fellow, after all. He was determined to see his enchantress again, and felt that worlds could not long keep him away from her; and when Edith, a day or two afterward, handed him an invitation to a party at which Miss Mayton was expected to be present, he felt that the Fates were conspiring to bring him to his love.

He dressed for the party with unusual care; and, standing before his glass, he tried a thrilling smile of adoration. But something seemed to have opened his eyes; and he turned away, for once, disgusted with himself, and determined to smile no more that evening.

The Fates did seem to conspire to prevent his learning of his mistake before the crisis came. It was almost incredible that nobody should have spoken of the change of actresses; but nobody did: and, after greeting the hostess, he looked eagerly about for Leonora.

While he stood peering about in a way that would have given keen enjoyment to his old self to see, his sister came up, and said she would introduce him to Miss Mayton. He thought she had an odd look, as if she were playing some joke on him; but he took little notice of it, for Edith was not a joker, and followed her quickly across the room to a group of people who were discussing the theatricals. He heard his sister pronounce the words of presentation, and saw a dark-haired young lady bowing to himself. He felt that there was some strange mistake; but his presence of mind did not forsake him, and he dashed wildly into small-talk. Fortunately it does not require a great exercise of intellect to begin a party conversation; and he talked airy nothings while he pondered confusedly on the meaning of the affair. He knew that it could not have been his companion who acted that part; and at length summoned courage to ask, in an indifferent tone, who it was that had personated Leonora. She laughed, and said she would show him. Passing through some of the rooms, they found a lady and gentleman looking at pictures in the library.

"Mr. Vernon," said she, "Mr. Arden wants to see the heroine of 'Why.'"

Frank looked up brightly, and held out his hand in recognition of the introduction. Adolphus had the readiness to take it; and, as he looked at him, the whole thing came over him like a nightmare. Imagine the feelings of a lover who finds that the adored one can never be his, and add to that discovery the sudden and astounding revelation that she never existed at all; and some feeble idea may be gained of the chaotic state of Adolphus's mind. His head swam; something rose into his throat; and

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the earth seemed to yawn beneath him, as is its vulgar and unfeeling habit on occasions of great trial to men. His ideas were too much confused at the time to recognize these symptoms; but, as they are always present in cases of disappointed love, he must have felt them. He managed to stammer out a few congratulations on Frank's acting, and then passed on with Miss Mayton still on his arm. His heart, thus rudely deprived of its idol, instinctively sought another to fill its place; and he looked at his companion, though with an odd fear that perhaps she might turn out to be a man too, to see if she could occupy the vacant shrine.

Now, Miss Mayton had level black brows, and a lovely oval face, and the dearest little *retroussé* nose in the world, — a nose that in its piquancy was worth all the straight noses since Eve's. But the classic features of Leonora had left an impression on the heart of Adolphus which nothing short of them could satisfy. He talked with conscious stupidity for a little time; then his companion was taken off his hands, and he sought his sister.

"Isn't it absurd!" said she.

"What?"

"Why, our being so completely taken in about Mr. Vernon."

"I'm afraid it is."

"They say that he is as good as engaged to Miss Mayton."

This information seemed to him to be the very last straw. Leonora seemed to become, if possible, less of a reality than before. He called the carriage; and they were soon on their way home.

His position was ridiculous enough, to be sure: but the absurd and the pathetic are sometimes so interwoven, that it is hard to distinguish them; and his blighted affection certainly had many of the elements that make disappointed love pathetic. He had fallen in love with an ideal, which he supposed to have been realized by Leonora; and he found not merely that his passion could never be returned, and was quite in vain, but that the being whom he had idealized was a pure fiction. There is a story of a microscopist who fell in love with the nymph who lived in a drop of water. His love was certainly not more utterly hopeless than that of Adolphus. He had not even the slender satisfaction of including himself in the numbers of those whom some mysterious dispensation has caused to love at cross-purposes, and of saying "Such is life;" for this was something quite exceptional. He had told nobody of his infatuation, and so was saved from any mortification that might have arisen from that source; but he felt quite as uncomfortable as possible when he realized how nearly he had betrayed himself. He looked out of his window again at the moonlight with a smile of quiet despair, then checked himself with a "Pshaw," pulled down the curtain, and went to bed.

In the morning he thought it all over, and could not help seeing the humorous side of the affair. The case was so bad, that he had not even the lover's last refuge of harrowing the cold bosom of his mistress. It was evidently useless to immolate himself on the altar of his affections to revenge himself on a fiction of his own brain. Having fallen in love with nobody, he was to love and be loved by nobody all his life, — a highly artistic and appropriate ending to his little romance. But after all, when a thing is absolutely hopeless, there is

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an end of it; and there is nothing to do but to throw up and take a fresh deal. Hope often keeps grief alive; and, if there were not so few situations quite hopeless, there would be more who could avail themselves of this philosophy. We cannot always even be romantically miserable when we want to; and so Adolphus found.

Coming down to breakfast out of humor, as he declared, with himself and the universe, he found Edith, who tried to enliven him with bits of gossip about the people whom they had met.

"They say that Mr. Vernon, the other night, looked just like his sister Fanny," said she.

"Has he got a sister?" cried Adolphus. "Is she in town?"

"Yes, and no. But she will be in a few days."

"Is she engaged?"

"No."

"Then it's my opinion that I shall marry her," said Adolphus; and he started for the office, leaving Edith in great astonishment. But she said, not long after, that she really believed he would, and she was sure she hoped Fanny would make something out of him.

The courtship must have had some original features. One can't help wondering what he told her when she came to those questions in the Lovers' Catechism, "Have you ever loved any one before me?" and "How came you to fall in love with me?" — those questions which have been the cause of so much tender fiction. Perhaps he answered with an enigmatic smile.

REPUBLICS IN THE OLD WORLD.

BY NATHAN APPLETON.

THE American citizen who chooses Europe as his temporary place of abode cannot fail to be struck with the fact that he is not, generally speaking, popular with the natives of the different countries there. The persons whom he meets appear, on the surface, to be glad enough to welcome him, are happy to enter with him into any business relations by which they expect to get a profitable return, and will be officiously over-polite in many of the trivial occurrences of daily life; but only let him go beyond all this, let him really try to penetrate the crust, and identify himself with the society below, he will find, that, unless he toadies to its tastes and customs in a way repulsive to his own instincts, the reception is far from agreeable. The longer he remains there, and the more he makes the trial, the more thoroughly will he be convinced of this. Although, at first thought, this seems somewhat strange and unaccountable, a little reflection will show that it is not so.

Americans in Europe are generally persons, if not of wealth, at least in comfortable circumstances; and so, quite naturally, the Europeans with whom they are mostly thrown in contact are those in a similar condition, — those belonging to the upper classes, the aristocrats. They meet representatives of those, who, privileged by caste, wealth, and education, have for centuries in Europe held the power of government and of the press; yes, and still hold it. It is the fear of losing this, it may almost be called hereditary power, which makes them suspi-

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cious of Americans. They know well enough, that if the principles of life and government which have made the United States a success — the principles of the mobility of labor, education, and freedom — should be transplanted into Europe, and put in operation there, their own position would be different indeed. They see, that, if the masses of their countrymen can really find out what America is and means, they cannot be prevented from coming forward to compete with them for the first places; and it is just this competition they do not want, and will do all in their power to put off. It is not to be wondered at that their present easy-going monopoly suits them better, and that the fear of losing it is ever before them like a spectre. And so every citizen of the United States who goes abroad as an independent but unaccredited representative of our institutions, and a living proof of the result; who dashes along from London to Naples, from St. Petersburg to Madrid, with eyes and ears wide open, comparing notes, and ready to express his opinions frankly to any one he meets, —is looked upon by them with distrust. As he talks of the great future of his own land, of how it is open to all of any race, class, or creed, to come there and seek their fortunes, take part in the government, and probably be exempt from all involuntary military service, he is regarded as the disseminator of doctrines which they do not want to have preached.

Americans have, while in Europe, but little opportunity of being brought into direct contact with those of the lower classes there; but, notwithstanding this, their presence is felt by them, and their value appreciated. News from those who have gone to the "States" (that land of promise), their prosperity in their new home, their desire for others to come and share it, is eagerly discussed in the crowded by-streets of the city, at the peasant's fireside, and in the ranks of the army; and how great the temptation is to follow the lead, and how many yield to it, cannot be more forcibly shown than by the plain statistics of the number of emigrants who yearly are landed on our shores. At certain seasons of the year, there are scarcely vessels enough to transport them, in spite of, nay, perhaps partly on account of, the stringent measures taken in some countries to prevent this drain of the inhabitants.

But, to counteract this strong American influence in Europe, there is a powerful weapon, and, of a truth, it is skilfully wielded; and that weapon is ridicule. The attempt is made to show up in every way the poor Yankees as a laughing-stock, as can be judged from the press, literature, and theatres of the Old World. Their greed for money-making, their eccentricities in dress and customs, their ignorance of foreign languages, their supposed fondness for bowie-knives and revolvers, and many other peculiarities which the American has never especially noticed at home, are put before the public, and exaggerated often with great cleverness. Now and then, from political reasons or diplomatic complications, a nation in Europe will affect a tremendous apparent friendship for the United States, expecting from this to derive great advantage for itself; and, while this *quasi* alliance lasts, Americans and their institutions will be lauded to the skies. But these cases are exceptional, and, when they occur, can be easily seen through, and treated accordingly. No veteran statesman should be deceived by them.

It is evident that this playing with the question, this half shutting the

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eyes against facts, this tacit admission on the part of Europeans that they are incapable of fairly facing the situation, and solving the problem of what to do, will not avail them much longer. The tendency of the times is steadily in favor of republican institutions; and, albeit with many a retrograde movement, the forward march bravely continues. It is not the purpose here to offer Europeans any advice on the subject, but simply to make some suggestions to those Americans who honestly believe in self-government, who do not consider education and freedom dangerous for the masses, and who think, in all sincerity, that the hope of generations yet unborn is hanging upon the success or failure of our great experiment. For now it is safe to say that the American Republic is everywhere regarded as one of the most powerful and prosperous nations in the world. It has passed its time of probation; and its well-earned position is universally acknowledged. It can pause and philosophically think out why this is so, and advantageously make comparisons between its own condition and that of other great nations.

At the present time[1] there are three important republics in Europe — Switzerland, France, and Spain — in actual working existence; while several other countries are surely inclining towards that form of government. Is this well? and should it be encouraged, or suppressed? It is a trite saying that the success of the American Republic is owing to the fact of the great extent of the country, giving all elbow-room to work without crowding each other, thereby preventing vexatious social questions from rising to the surface; and also because there has never been any other real form of government there, leaving its traces behind, which must, but cannot be, obliterated for the new order of things; and following this, that, the case being entirely different in Europe, republics are, and will be for a long while, impossible, and are not to be thought of. But this will not satisfy the deep-thinking student of history, and philanthropist whose sympathies are with the masses, as being persons for whom good government is much more important than for those of the upper classes, who are better able to look out for themselves. He is persuaded that there must be something of good in the institutions themselves; and he does not see why this good cannot, with modifications, be transferred back across the Atlantic, and ingrafted upon the old stock there.

Again: he hears it constantly urged that nothing shows the folly and impracticability of attempting to establish republics in the Old World more convincingly than the disturbances and revolutions which generally attend their rise and fall. But he must not forget that the life of empires and monarchies does not always flow along on golden sands. There are many bloody *émeutes* in their history which are, it is true, more easily put down, and their publicity prevented; but they do occur all the same. Great changes in the fundamental principles of a nation's government cannot be brought about without waves on the surface, and displacement of the strong currents below. There is the pressure, perhaps not enough estimated, which the rulers of the surrounding countries bring to bear against the one in the transition state. There is the weighty opposition of those who have held the reins of government in the country itself for the past, and who will offer every resistance sooner than lose it. There is the ignorance

[1] March, 1873.

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of just what to do most wisely, that the new-comers experience in changing all the machinery to the new order; the distrust of employés, the fear of the army, and the excitement of the populace. Other side-issues, mainly depending upon the old, old struggle between capital and labor, which no mortal has yet been able satisfactorily to grapple with, are sure to make a dangerous appearance in such times. That scenes of violence, nay, even the horrors of a Commune, occur then, is by no means astonishing, but need not discourage the believer in progress.

"The frenzy of nations is the statesmanship of fate," said Bulwer; and true enough this saying is: and it can be added, that the education of individuals is the safeguard of communities; and certainly the demand for education should be surer in republics than in any other form of government. Let the people know that they are to have a voice in choosing those who make their laws, and govern them; let them see that this is a *privilege* and a *responsibility*; point out to them that it is their *duty* to become worthy citizens, — and they may reasonably be expected in time to fit themselves for this, and do what is required of them. Show them the prizes which education puts in their reach, — the prizes of comfortable living, and the respect of those about them, to say nothing of having their names enrolled in the book of fame; and they will try to win them, and in so doing become more valuable to their own country and the world than if they are perpetually treated as children, given to understand that blind obedience to their superiors is their only aim in life, and that they ought to be thankful for the little that is given them, and ask no questions about it.

Our people, who are holding the American Republic as it were in trust, — a glorious trust given to our jealous keeping, — should consider seriously the importance of watching the flame of republicanism now so well lighted in Europe. The spark has been there for centuries, never entirely going out, sometimes bursting into a temporary blaze, always alive. Then let it be zealously cared for; for, if once fairly extinguished, it may take ages to rekindle it. May we not, then, as we see new republics come into existence, if to last only for a time, be pardoned in giving them a cheer of sympathy and encouragement? They want it; they have a right to expect it; it is of the greatest value to them, both in its effect upon their own people, and the silent influence it exerts upon surrounding nations. They fairly encounter opposition from aristocratic governments; but to see the young republic of the United States lukewarm at their efforts is indeed doubly discouraging.

Let, then, the true-hearted American, as he travels in Europe, not be too much delighted at the over-refinements of life he sees there among the privileged classes, or be carried away by the attentions of courts and camps, or pay too much heed to what the exponents of these institutions will tell him, and sigh to have the same surroundings in his own land; for he must know that this apparent state of happiness and order is brought about by sacrificing the interests of the many to those of the few. If he believes that his own country is *not* a mistake, that the principles which are its foundation-stones are the best that have yet been put in practice anywhere in the world's long history, let him manfully and unostentatiously show this by his action and his language, wherever he goes.

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ON DUTY.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

"WHY, Cornelius, are you working still?" asked a fresh, cordial voice.

"Come in, Eleanor!" answered a young man from the recess of the window, — "come in and talk with the old mother a while. I have only a few more strokes to make to finish up this plate, and I must use the daylight while it lasts; and then I want to go to walk with you. *My* sun does not set so soon as yours, thanks to the gap in the roofs of those opposite houses! and my day's work is not yet done."

Cornelius was busy over the engraving of some fine lithographic plates; and his table was placed in the platform of an attic-window, where he could secure the daylight from sunrise to sunset.

He and his old grandmother lived in these attic-rooms, at the top of a closely-packed house in a narrow street of the thickly-inhabited part of the city.

Eleanor and Cornelius were to have been married this summer: indeed, they might have been married long ago; but Eleanor was one of those who are slow to think they have any right to take their own happiness in their hand. Ever since her sister-in-law's death, she had kept house for her brother in his rooms below, in this very building. Whenever there had been any talk of her marriage, her brother Andrew had brought forward his claims. How could she forsake them all when he was forced to be off at his day's work the whole day, from morning till night, and little Nell not old enough to be left, and Jack with a white-swelling on his knee, and the rest of the children to be got off every day to their schools! And Eleanor thought that she and Cornelius could wait, especially as they could see each other every day, and she could still have an eye upon the old grandmother when Cornelius had to leave her; and perhaps it was selfish of her to think of forsaking the children. Andrew would never marry again (he had buried his heart with Mary when she died); but by and by the children would be older, and could take care of him, and then she and Cornelius would marry.

And it had come about that the two helpless ones of her brother's family were able to take care of each other. Little Nell could amuse and entertain Jack in the long, wearisome days; and Jack liked the occupation of taking care of her; and the oldest girl had begun to go out with her Aunt Eleanor every day as seamstress; and the rest could fit themselves off for school.

But it was this very spring that the guns at Charleston had fired upon Fort Sumter: and it was not quite the time to think of marriage; for Cornelius in a few weeks was to go off with his regiment.

"If I were only his wife now," Eleanor would think, "how much easier it would be to care for Cornelius! I might have a right to go on to New York at the same time with the regiment. I might visit him in camp; and then, — oh! then if he were sick or wounded, I could go to him; but anyhow I might do that."

Here, again, Andrew's influence came in. He was in trouble; he had been sick, and had lost work; and his oldest boy had gone off, without warning,

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and under age, to join the army; and Andrew wanted money for him and for himself; and Eleanor's earnings were needed, as they often had been before, for her brother and for his family. It would never do for Eleanor to be married now. She must wait till Cornelius came back: she could take care of the old grandmother all the same, as she had promised to do during Cornelius's absence.

For nobody ever doubted what Eleanor *could* do for herself or anybody else. She had the splendid capacity that perfect physical health can give. She ate well, and slept well, and got up early; was never tired; and was always fresh through the day.

Many people spoke of this capacity as a happy natural gift that she had, that accounted for her accomplishing what she did. "Oh! Eleanor is always good-natured, because she sleeps so well, and has such a good appetite." There were not many that noticed that this capacity they called her nature resulted from her religion.

The children adored her. Some of them were growing old enough to see that the most generous way of showing their adoration was not in making fresh demands upon her, but in helping her from work. It was the invalid boy, perhaps, who came first to this appreciation. Aunt Eleanor's rubbing and Aunt Eleanor's stories were the happy gleams in his day's life; yet her own self-sacrifice had taught him to declare that he could get along very well with little Nell's nursing, and that to read a book stuck up in the rack before him was almost as good as to have a story told when he was in pain.

But the greater part of the world made constant, fresh demands upon Eleanor's goodness from the fact that she gave so easily. The dressmaker who employed her every day sent always to her any choice extra work, as she was sure Eleanor would not fail to help her out of a strait. The charitable committee of ladies, who took an oversight over that crowded part of the town, always came to her to sit with a sick child, or remonstrate with a drunken father. "You are so near," they would say to her; "and then you know exactly what to say."

When she came home at night, there was always somebody waiting on the stairs that wanted to talk with her; there was a wedding or a funeral to be prepared for; somebody just come home, or going away, to be seen to. At table she must spread little Nell's bread, because nobody could put on just the right quantity of butter but she; and only Eleanor could pour out Andrew's cup of tea.

Eleanor is standing on the threshold of the door all the time I am making this description of her. But, if you had seen her, not a word of it would have been necessary. There was a beauty of health in her face, and of heart in her expression, that painted to you exactly what she was; that showed at a glance that she was loving, helpful, and strong. As she came in, she spread a bit of sunshine across to the corner where Cornelius was at work, and that warmed up the "old mother," cowering up by the fire.

"Cornelius is going to the war," said the old woman, looking up to Eleanor from her knitting. The grandmother lived in a misty region between the past and the present. She heard the talk of soldiers and fighting; and it brought back the stories of her youth, — her mother's stories of the days of the Revolution.

"My mother was one of those who went out on the Common with her

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spinning-wheel. They spun the wool for cloth for the regimentals. What became of the spinning-wheel, I don't know. Cornelius has promised to look it up. But I have got some stockings for him; and I can keep on knitting and knitting if I can't do any thing else. They do say somebody saw Red-coats over the hill at Newburyport; but I believe it was nothing but Granny Marchant's cloak."

Eleanor sat down to listen to the old woman's talk. But presently Cornelius was through with his work; and Jeanie, Eleanor's niece, came up to take her place in talking; and she went out with Cornelius for a long walk, up through the narrow, crowded streets, into a green place, where they could sit down under the trees, and see a bit of the sky, and hear the drip of the fountain. This was the treat they gave themselves now and then, when they felt they had earned a right to leisure.

"Did you notice that carriage, Cornelius, as we came into the Common?" said Eleanor. "I can't tell you the name of the lady that sat in it; but I am intimately acquainted with her silk dress, and helped her try it on the other day, and I do believe I have enjoyed the making it more than ever she will care for wearing it. I like the touch of the silk and its exquisite color. I liked to see it upon her to-day, it suited her so well, and seemed to be a part of her own beauty."

"You have not a bit of envy, Eleanor," said Cornelius.

"I am afraid sometimes I am too vain or proud to be envious," laughed Eleanor. "When I see these handsome silks that I shall never be rich enough to wear, I think I am happier to be working upon them than to put them on once or twice, and then lay them aside. May be I should not like them. I like what I have and earn and own, — if only I could hold it." Eleanor had begun to talk in her own cheerful way; but she found herself breaking down.

"I believe I have been always too confident in myself," she went on. "I used to feel I could easily make my own happiness, and could make other people happy; but, Cornelius, what can we do with a parting, a separation!"

Cornelius did not speak for a little while.

"Do you remember," he said at last, "the story we read aloud last winter, — "the Fair Maid of Perth"? I have been thinking lately of the Highlander Eachin, and how, chieftain of noble blood as he was, he turned a coward at the last."

"Well," said Eleanor a little impatiently, "what about him?"

"I have been wondering," said Cornelius, "what right I have to think myself a soldier. Instead of teaching myself any thing manly all my life, I have been bending over mere lithographing work. What am I supposed to know about courage or heroism? Look at these thin hands! are they fit for any thing like a grasp or bloody grappling? What should you say, if I, your hero, came to such an end as Eachin's, and turned back in the fight?"

Eleanor looked at him anxiously. "Cornelius, you have been dreaming lately. I have let you be alone too much, with only the grandmother's mutterings to listen to. Cornelius, all along it has been so my joy and pleasure to strengthen you, that I forgot it was my duty; and so, wrongly, I have taken up what seemed to be my duty instead. Now you are going away, I begin to see it is not

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always sacrifice that must come first, but love."

Cornelius looked away; and a bitter smile staid upon his face.

Eleanor grew more disturbed. She put her hand upon his shoulder, and turned her face up to his.

"You are not thinking of staying behind, Cornelius, — of not going with the army!"

"And what would you think of it?" said Cornelius, still refusing to look at her. "Are you so heroic you would send me, rather than have me stay?"

"Don't try me, Cornelius," said Eleanor. "You know we think alike in this. You would not wish to offer me so poor a gift as a life you would not give your country."

"But if my life is too poor to give my country," said Cornelius. "I think, Eleanor, it is you have given me all the heroism I have."

"I, Cornelius! I never urged your becoming a soldier. I never needed to urge."

"No, no!" said Cornelius quickly, and taking both her hands. "As you say, we always thought alike of these things. And for one I can be thankful for the war; that it has taught us all what patriotism is; what the words, 'my country' mean. Only for some, I fear, the lesson comes too late. We have been working for our greed, or for our own separate homes, not all together for all. So, when the trumpet-sound comes for the fight, perhaps we shall shrink; self and home will stand before us dearer than our self-sacrifice; and perhaps we shall fail."

"No," said Eleanor starting up, "I know we shall not fail; and then I know *you* cannot. You have not fought in vain against poverty and want, loneliness and sorrow. I think there is no combat fiercer than that you have already been victor in. And this very self-distrust that tortures you I know will bring the self-forgetfulness that gives confidence in battle."

CHAPTER II.

The weeks go fast. The parting was soon over; and the summer of anxiety had followed. Cornelius's old grandmother had died not long after he had left her; and Eleanor had given her all the care of a daughter. With the autumn came more sickness, and Eleanor was busy; for a fever had come into the house, and she was called upon as nurse, first for one, and then another. At last the sickness came into their own family. One and then another was attacked; and so, after she was overworked and exhausted with all her nursing, Eleanor's own turn came.

The blow was accompanied by another.

There came the news that Cornelius had been killed. "Shot on picket-duty," was the first short message.

Eleanor repeated it to herself as she tossed in the half delirium of fever: "'On picket-duty, — on *duty*.' Yes, that was right; that was the way he would have died. No failure, then! It is the life-sacrifice for his country." So she kept saying.

She had been having frequent letters from Cornelius. He had told of his camp-life, of his companions, of the weariness of waiting, of the excitement, of marching, and of attack; but always with hope. There were many who were desponding around him, and anxious; but he would not listen to them: and he wrote always of something that was to come, — of surety of success in the end.

But now there was a great silence,

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no letter, no message of good-by, no hope of meeting; only the few words, "Shot on picket-duty."

She passed into a state of continuous delirium, and lingered many weeks between life and death. She had cared for so many, that there were plenty of friends to watch with her and to nurse her; and night and day there was constant tenderness about her, and anxious looks of those who feared she would not come back to life again.

But she did. Slowly consciousness came and a little strength. She was weakened and worn; but the life was coming back. By and by some friends told her what little had been known of Cornelius's fate. There had been a severe conflict evidently, and close shots had been heard; and a party had gone to his relief, but too late. The enemy had retreated; and only the body of Cornelius had been left, marked with severe wounds. He had been buried where he fell.

For many days Eleanor lay prostrate with weakness and a consciousness only of desertion, of silence and loss. Her own life seemed cut off; for all its hopes had gone. What was there to take hold of? She tried, gradually, to call up the old duties, to plan beginning upon them again. There were still Andrew and the children to be cared for, and a busy life waiting outside of her sick-room door. She had been conscious of a face new to her that appeared often now in her chamber, — some one who gave directions, and seemed to feel competent to rule.

One day when she was alone with Andrew, she asked who it was that had been in her room so much. She had never remembered seeing the face before her illness. Andrew at first was embarrassed, but presently explained, that he had married again; that it seemed sudden, but he had been thinking about it for some time, on account of the children; that, of course, he had not any right to claim Eleanor's care for them all her life; and that Marion Harlow had been his wife the last three weeks. She had come to the house to stay with a sister during Eleanor's illness; and she had seemed to take to the children, and to turn her hand so readily to work, that he had come to think he could not do without her. "She has been wanting me to tell you about it for some days," said Andrew; "but you seemed to be living so as in a daze, that I did not feel to want to wake you out of it. But Marion was thinking you had better be roused up some time. She is just the kind of woman after your own heart. She takes to work; and she keeps us all going, I can tell you."

And, with Marion's help, Eleanor did get to walk about. Her sister-in-law was a woman of little sentiment, — a "driver" indeed in work. She showed Eleanor how she had been cleaning up the rooms; how she had washed out all the closets, and had burned and destroyed all the old rubbish; how she had set Jack to work, now he was getting too strong to be lying about lazily; and how she had sent little Nell to school.

"It is all right," said Eleanor to herself as she went to bed drearily; "but the little place I used to take seems to be filled up now. My old life is all washed up, and cleared away with the rest of the things. Once I used to regret these very cares that kept me from Cornelius; but what is there left now for me?"

The next day she took an omnibus, and then walked slowly to the place where she used to sit and talk with Cor-

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nelius. It was late autumn; but there was green grass still; and the water of the fountain was prattling gayly.

"What is there left for me?" she said to herself as she sat alone, and watched some stranger children putting their boats out to sail upon the little pond of the Common. She thought of the last talk there with Cornelius, and his question of his own courage. It had been put to the test, and he had not failed.

But herself, but her own life, — why had not Andrew married before? Why could she not have been married to Cornelius earlier? they might have had years of happiness. She might have followed him to the South. At least she might have looked upon his face for a farewell, once more, after death. Instead, she had just been working for others, and had flung away her own happiness. She started up as she said this to herself; for suddenly she recalled the words of reproach that Cornelius had used for those who worked only for money or for their own homes: and she wrung her hands, bitter at her own selfishness. With a sudden inspiration she hastened up to the steps of the State House. She happened to know the surgeon-general. She made her way to his room; and so much of her old vigor and resolution returned to her that she was able to make that impression she had always been wont to give, — of valuable serviceableness; and she did not leave till she had been engaged as army nurse, and her duty and place appointed to her.

At home there was some exclaiming against her own resolution. But her sister-in-law was one of those who preferred to be sole in rule; and she helped Eleanor heartily in all her preparations for departure.

CHAPTER III.

HEALTH and strength came back to Eleanor with her new occupation, and cheerfulness too. Her previous life served her as training for her new work; and she rose quickly in the ranks of hospital nurses,— one of the most esteemed, of the most reliable, of all the valued band. And the months passed away, and summer came again, and winter again; and there were still the wounded to care for, and the sick and the hospitals were still full; and Eleanor's work never failed her, nor did she fail to the work.

At length she was appointed to service upon one of the hospital ships that was to bring home some of the exchanged prisoners from Andersonville, with some other wounded men. When Eleanor, with her sister nurses, came to see the band, the sight was almost too pitiful to bear. Weak, emaciated figures were lifted upon the ship, and laid upon the beds, and seemed to be placed there only to die. Words of consolation or of cheer seemed but bitter mockery. It was hard to find strength even for any act of sympathy. The suffering was all too terrible and real to hope to share it even with the tenderest love.

Eleanor went directly to the duty appointed her. She succeeded in restoring a poor young fellow from fainting, whose uncared-for wounds had broken out afresh in moving. He looked gratefully to her after the relief she gave; and she returned to him again after she had been her rounds of helping others. He asked her to lift him up, that he might look about; and he tried to speak. "I want you to help *him* now."

"You are looking for somebody?" Eleanor asked.

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"Yes, you would know him, because his face is so scarred," answered her patient. "I think they will have put a bandage over it. I hope they will. You must find him to put a bandage over his face."

He was so uneasy, that Eleanor tried to soothe him. "There are enough nurses here to look after everybody," she said. "You may be sure he will be taken care of. But I will find him for you, if you can describe him to me."

"You see, he ought to be saved," the young man went on, "because he has saved all our lives. We never could have lived out our days in prison, if it had not been for him. He was always so cheerful. There was only one chair in prison; and we had to take turns about sitting in it. But Cornelius had a way of taking us in his arms, — any one of us who was weak and failing. And he held me — oh, so carefully! — all through a typhoid fever, telling us stories all the time, — stories that he invented himself. Sometimes they made us laugh; or else they were about home: and we could never tire of hearing them. It was like listening to a long dream that we did not like to wake from, — like this dream that I am in. Tell me, is it a dream? and must I wake again?" And he plucked Eleanor's sleeve, and looked in her face earnestly, as if fearing she might disappear before his sight.

He had been talking with feverish quickness. Eleanor listened eagerly.

"You said it was Cornelius"—

"Yes: I tell you, you must find him, and make him live. And do you put his head upon a pillow soft like mine; for I tell you we have no right to lie here on soft beds, if he is not cared for."

"But tell me what Cornelius is this?" asked Eleanor again.

"He is the bravest man I ever knew; for he faced death for all of us. He supported us all, — saved us all from death and madness. It is Cornelius Desmond I am speaking of."

"No," said Eleanor, trying to utter herself plainly and distinctly, as though she herself were in a dream. "No; for he is dead. He was killed on duty as picket-guard." She repeated the words that night and day, night and day, she had said over to herself.

Her companion had sunk back again upon his pillow as if exhausted with his effort; but he went on talking. "Oh no! it was not so. He was on picket-duty, and attacked and wounded by the Confederates, — across the face, as I tell you. But he had knocked down one of them in the same way. And, when they were surprised, they escaped, and drew away the body of Cornelius; and when they found it was not, as they supposed, the body of their comrade that had been left behind, — in our uniform, mark you; for they had disguised themselves, — well, they vented their rage on Cornelius. He lived; but he was carried to prison. And I tell you he must be found."

Eleanor had not staid to listen to more. She hurried away along the row of mattresses and patients, not heeding a word that was said to her, looking earnestly at each as she passed. At last she came to one whose face was covered with a bandage. The form was still and quiet; and his long, thin hands lay folded over each other. The nurse by his side looked up into Eleanor's face.

"He is not dead, I think," she said.

"No," said Eleanor: "he must not die." She spoke in a low tone; but at her words the patient gave a sudden motion. Eleanor laid her hands upon his.

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"I think he must be kept very quiet," said the nurse.

"It is Cornelius," said Eleanor, not trying to explain more; "and he will be quiet. He knows me; for he must have been expecting me. Of course he would expect me. Let me take care of him. I will be very quiet and still; for I see I must. Go back to the poor boy I came from, and tell him that Cornelius is safe."

She pointed back to the place from which she had come, and sat herself by Cornelius. She must not say a word to him, she must not rouse him. As she had said, Cornelius, all this long time, had been looking forward to such a meeting. She must let it pass over him with gentleness, as something he had all along expected. She must let it come upon him with a calm healing, like the cool wet cloths she could put upon his poor, wounded face. But she herself was in a high fever and tumult of excitement, and needed all those great engines of self-control that had helped to keep her in cheerfulness in these long days of separation. The boon that was given her was so great and unexpected! — to see him once more, scarred and wounded; but she could look upon him once again. A privilege indeed, even if she had found him again only to see him die!

CHAPTER IV.

But Cornelius did not die. Eleanor got him home safely. He was hers, her own. There was life again for both of them, — for both together. What a rich, happy life in those same rooms in the old attic, Eleanor working now for Cornelius! — a rich life; though so many would consider them both so poor, since Eleanor must still work all day long to earn their livelihood.

Cornelius sat one day in the attic window. The sunlight streamed in as it used just before setting behind the roofs of the houses. Eleanor picked a bit of mignonette, and handed him, from a box that stood outside the window, upon the eaves.

"Do you know, Cornelius," she said, "that they call us in the house, 'the happy couple'? And they say that there never was anybody so cheerful as you are as I lead you up and down stairs."

"I think it surprises them," said Cornelius, smiling, "that a blind man such as I am can be cheerful at all. And they don't know yet that I saw a bit of sunshine to-day. I truly did, Eleanor; and I think, I do think, there is improvement. But if it should not be so; if this new hope of sight must darken, — why, then, Eleanor, I must need to be the more cheerful; for then I must be your sunshine. Otherwise it would be a double failure,— if I should fail in cheering you, and you should waste your life in nursing me. And remember, that day we sat by the fountain, it was you who said we could not fail!"

"And I remember too," said Eleanor, with a sound of joy in her voice, "who it was that doubted of his own heroism, but has not found it to fail, even when tried on duty."

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AN AUGUST SUNRISE.

As waits with worshipping awe a Parsee, facing
The eastern skies,
Till his god come; so stand I, mute and gazing,
To watch him rise.

Ah! see upon the dim horizon's margent
A pearly glow,
Where, fused with night, a kindling faint and argent
Soars from below.

It quickens, widens, and ascending ever,
Sends javelins on;
And plants on ebon mount and dusky river
Its gonfalon.

A shining scimetar is drawn in heaven:
On it the word
In mystic characters of fire engraven:
"Allah the Lord!"

On some far beach long rosy surges, breaking,
Bear sails of gold,
Which dip and fly, their airy streamers shaking,
Fold after fold.

Not Golgos' nor Idalium's buried beaker,
Irised by time,
Displays such hues as tint with magic liquor
Yon cup sublime.

The foam of falls, the light in eyes when dying,
The sheen of shells,
Aurora's footprint shall surpass, defying
All lustre else.

With burnished rods of gold, day's heralds clearing,
And making room,
Proclaim to earth and heaven his swift appearing,
Whose loss is doom.

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They hang their banderoles on azure highlands
And cloudy knolls;
While a dim music thrills the attentive silence,
As on it rolls.

The small birds hear it, and in slumbrous dreaming
Begin to sing,
Till Nature feels the pulsing glory streaming
Through every thing.

The vassal earth stirs; and the gentle breezes,
Which are its breath,
Lift from its heart the stupor that releases
From night-long death.

Kneel ye in homage; swing your censers, flowers!
In welcoming,
To him who is your sovereign and ours;
For, lo! the King!

T. G. A.

COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

BY M. H. HINCKLEY.

At no time is our brook more interesting than of a morning in the early summer, when all those little dwellers along its banks are so busy and fresh-voiced. The brook itself is a quiet little stream, formed by several tumbling, gurgling trout-brooks, that have their sources from springs at the foot of the Blue Hills. These chattering threads of water unite in the meadow below the hills. Something in this quiet, sunny place almost hushes that "music of the liquid lip;" and on the stream flows, only whispering to itself until it comes to a rocky pathway. Here, as it jumps from rock to rock, or rushes around and under the maple-roots that reach out to find a hold somewhere among these bowlders, the little trout-brooks find their voices again. But, as they hurry out to the meadows beyond, again they catch its drowsy spirit, and flow on quietly under the bridges thrown across the roadway, past the willows, swamp-oaks, maples, button-bushes, and alders, where the feathery lint of the twining clematis still clings among the dark green leaves, under the willow-tree blown across the stream, and out of whose side the young fresh growth shoots up, still asserting the old tree's vitality. Along the edge of the brook here and in the meadow, the golden cowslips grow in abundance. The effect of these flowers among the grass, when it has assumed that tender green hue of late spring, is singularly beautiful; and, as alternate cloud and sunshine chase each other across this gold-embossed field, it seems to throb in answer to the varying light and shade. But the brook steals silently by all

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this loveliness, down past the tangle of azalea, wild-grape, and osier, through the sturdy cat-o-nine-tails that crowd out into the stream; and finally, after all this shy, pleasant wandering from its dark underground sources among the hills, loses itself in the river below. Just before reaching this point, as if unwilling to meet this fate, the brook frets, whirls, and murmurs: but the descending pathway hurries it on; and soon the river sweeps it away, and merges it in itself.

Back in one of the meadows through which the brook flows, now almost hidden from sight by the bushes, tall flags, and meadow-grasses, is a favorite spot for the red-winged black-birds to build their nests. These birds come when shy Spring has scarcely made her presence known in their old haunts. The brook is then so swollen, that it overflows the fields far back, leaving on the grass, when the water recedes, a scalloped edge of old brown rushes, grasses, and seeds, with here and there a bleared, frozen-and-thawed cranberry that has drifted down from the meadow above. When this water-soaked meadow shows that pale, greenish hue, moved by that knowledge birds possess, come the snipe, so suddenly and mysteriously, that their appearance is spoken of as a fall of snipe. Up out of the grass starts the bird; his striped, brownish back so harmonizing with the surroundings of dead grasses and brown meadow-mould, that to detect the bird on the ground is next to impossible. His flight is smart and quick, but uneven at first. "Skeep," he says; and, flying farther up the meadow, again drops in the grass. Their stay here is short; and then they move on to their nesting-places, leaving us in the same sudden manner as they came. In the dusk of the spring evenings, they are sometimes heard, crossing, flying over, not high up, and occasionally giving this "skeep." So great is their power of flight, that they can travel long distances without stopping to rest: and it is no hap-hazard move they make; for only when the meadows offer them their peculiar food do they appear. At this season, also, comes borne to the ear from far up in the clear blue sky the shrill cries of a pair of hawks, as they soar up-stream to the pine-woods above. Now loud and clear comes the cry; and again, as the breeze bears it away, we catch it but faintly, like an echo answering back. On they soar, in over-lapping circles, gaining, by but one or two firm strokes of their wings, sufficient impetus to carry them an entire circle; and as they veer around, swaying the body slightly sideways, their under-parts flash and glisten where the sunlight strikes them; the dark bars under the wings showing so clearly even at that far height. As they near the pine-wood, their cries are mingled with the cawing of crows, who fly out, and dash spitefully at the two strangers, driving them still farther on, until they are lost in the hazy distance.

The red-winged blackbirds tell of a hawk's presence by a peculiar note, followed by a clear, plaintive whistle; and will often fly after the bird for a long distance, giving this alarm. They do not seem to dare to dash bravely at him, like the king-bird, but merely follow, as if jeering him, until he is well out of their neighborhood. It is the male birds who fill this office of guardian.

Although these blackbirds live together, to some extent, jealousies are often seen; confined, however, to the

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male portion of the family. When they return from following a hawk, it seems to be a rule with them to have a brush with the cowards and lazy ones who staid at home; and you will see them dashing through the bushes, their epaulets of orange and crimson flashing as they angrily chase one another. There is a marked difference between the plumage of the male and female, her dress seeming of a rusty black color, as if the dust of travel still clung to her; while her mate wears a glossy black suit, with brilliant spots of orange and crimson on the wings. Many of the notes of the red-winged blackbirds sound like the rush and gurgle of running water. When the female is sitting, the male bird frequently stations himself in a tall tree near by, where, at intervals, he utters these peculiar inimitable notes; but, let danger approach the nest, he is ready to protect home and its belongings to the best of his ability. The female, when frightened from her nest, flies off with a chattering sound; and both birds keep about the spot almost regardless of their own safety. In this meadow they build in the tussocks of tall, coarse grass growing at the brook's edge, binding together, most ingeniously, enough of these to hold the nest securely, and at the same time very effectually concealing it. The nests are built of coarse grass, with a wadding of material that looks like decaying rushes, and lined inside with fine round grasses. The eggs are of a faded green, oddly marked with lines and figures in black and dark brown.

Here across the brook are placed a few worn planks, which tilt and jostle at every step as you cross, sometimes dislodging a shy miller hidden between them. The soft, sleepy thing drops into the stream below, where, as quick as it strikes the water, it flutters, spreads its wings, and tries to fly; but the little currents and eddies bear it on in circles and whirls, until just as it reaches the alder-bush, whose gnarled roots grow out into the stream. As the current carries the fluttering insect past, suddenly you see the gleam of a trout, a quick splash, and the miller is gone, leaving only a few bubbles floating off with the widening circles.

Near this foot-bridge a wall runs down to the brook, separating this pasture from that adjoining. Leading from an old barn on the hillside to this place is one of those queer crooked paths that some quiet old cow first laid out by stooping on this side and that to snatch up a tempting mouthful of grass as she led the way to drink.

One sunny morning in summer, down this pathway, still sparkling with the dewy moisture, came stealthily moving the long, lithe form of a mink. Her fur looked worn and rusty when the sunlight struck her as she skulked between the tussocks of grass. Occasionally she halted to look about her, alert for any thing eye could see, or ear could hear; but hearing nothing but the sweet notes of a song-sparrow, and complaining cry of a cat-bird among the alders, she again moved on. As she reached the muddy edge of the brook, she trod more daintily; then, winding among the pickerel-weeds, swam down-stream, hardly disturbing the water, only making a long, wedge-shaped wake as she stole into the shadowy edge of the brook. Suddenly she disappeared under water; but soon came up, struggling with something that swayed and pulled her about, disturbing the quiet of the stream, and sending a muddiness down

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with the current. But she bore the almost unmanageable wriggling eel (for this it was) to the stone wall, and, drawing herself and burden up out of the water on the large stone, readjusted her hold, and seized the creature back of the head. Then bracing herself to suck the blood, the thrashing, struggling eel grew gradually weaker and weaker, until it looked perfectly limp and lifeless. Then she jumped from the wall, dragging this eel, longer than herself, up through the grass, taking a different and more concealed way than the one by which she came, and soon disappeared altogether. In the thick banked wall of this barn on the hillside, she had her young; and, after they grew large enough to require something more substantial than Nature's first provision, the mother used to bring them fish of different kinds, — eels, ducks, and like prey. So sly and stealthy did she keep herself, that she was not seen until the young were half grown, and looked like little fawn-colored weasels; when she betrayed herself by bringing this food which impeded her movements. By travelling the same way so many times, she grew bold.

These minks are very destructive to fish; and, when the brook is low, they can often be tracked for a long distance by the dead eels, pickerel, shiners, and sometimes trout, left lying along the bank; the mink only sucking the blood, and leaving the fish unmutilated. One autumn some small shiners, meant for bait in pickerel-fishing through the ice, were kept in an old tub set in a spring near the brook; and in one night all these fish were killed by a mink, who left them laid in a row on the ground. They looked precisely as if some person had so arranged them. But through the back of each fish, near the head, were four tooth-marks that told who had been there; this being frequently the only mark the mink makes on his victim.

But this summer morning, instead of a mink coming down to the muddy edge, we hear "Peet-weet;" and here, in a scaling, quivering flight, comes a fresh-water peep with its snowy white breast, brownish speckled back, and long delicate legs, so capable of pretty, graceful runs and moves. But the bird never seems used to its legs, or else the body is not well balanced; for, as soon as she alights, she begins tilting forward and back, until you find yourself becoming as unsettled as she, if you watch the bird for any length of time. It seems as if life must become a burden to the poor thing, compelled as she is to tilt and waver about; but, in all this unsteadiness, there is nothing but grace.

An Irishman, after watching one of these peeps, very aptly called it a "steelyard bird;" for he said, every time it took a worm, he saw him weigh it.

The peep wades along the little shallows, where the small fry collect to be out of the way of the larger fish; and, after she has seized one of the darting mites, a song-sparrow comes flitting down for a morning bath, but, objecting to the peep's presence, darts at her, until the pretty, sensitive thing scales away in that beautiful quivering flight, saying again, "Peet-weet!"

The song-sparrow then dips her head, flirts and splashes the water over herself, making a great fuss for so small a body. After pluming and smoothing her feathers, away she flits.

The fresh-water peep usually builds among the stubble of old fields, often near a dead mullein-stalk or corn-

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stump; but this peep that has just flown away has her nest in a strawberry bed on the hillside. It is nothing but a few leaves and straws drawn together in a slight hollow in the ground; and surrounded by the ripe, glowing fruit (some of which almost rests in the nest) are her four eggs, drab-colored, flecked with spots of dark brown. One might think here was food for the birds right at hand. But no: there will never be one strawberry the less for the presence of this peep family: some crawling worm or insect is what they seek. As soon as these eggs are hatched, the young will keep hidden among the strawberry-plants for some little time. A young peep is a most singular, fairy-like thing. The body seems like a downy nothing in your hand; the head is most delicately formed; and their legs look about the size of common steel knitting-needles. The color of the down is a light delicate gray.

But the poor mother seems almost beside herself until you put her little one down again, and leave the place. She will flutter about your feet, almost as if begging you not to injure it; and, long before you can find the phantom-like birds, she will try all those pretty deceits to mislead you that birds know so cleverly how to manage. These peeps, in their desire to protect their young, seem to lose all sense of self-preservation, at other times so strong, and will frequently flutter in a dog's face to draw his attention from their little family. It is only during the season of nesting and rearing their young that they are found at the brook. After this they leave for the salt water, where they are found until they migrate South.

To this old barn of which I have spoken, has come for many years in the early spring, long before the peep dares trust its delicate legs to our cold east winds, a pee-wee. Some bright sunny morning you hear a sharp chirp, and then somebody calling, first pleasantly, "Phœbe!" and then impatiently, "Phœbe!" emphasizing the first, and trilling the last, syllable of her name. He flits under the barn where the cellar is open; looks about; comes out and pertly seats himself on the fence, where he looks the color of the old lichen-covered rail on which he sits. Still he calls to "Phœbe;" but it is evident Phœbe was not ready to start when he left, and perhaps, vexed that he would not wait for her, will not hurry to come to him. He leaves the fence, and flits to the old spout on the barn; looks in and about this; then flutters against the barn-window to snap up some drowsy fly, who, coaxed out from his hiding-place by the warm spring sun, is buzzing and bumping his head up and down the stained, cobwebbed pane inside. But, after a while, Phœbe comes; and then the old cellar is examined and re-examined until a satisfactory place for the nest is found. Granite posts support the barn; and on a piece of timber placed between each post and the long joists above is a spot they often choose. The nest is built of a mass of mud in which are bits of greenish moss and a few straws and fine roots: this structure is then lined inside with hairs, and often some of the hemp-like material the oriole uses. The eggs are white. The nest is quite deep, so that, when the bird is sitting, you only see her long tail, and bright mouse-colored head, slightly raised as if to ask what you can want here. The male bird spends most of his time, then, among the trees by the brook, still repeating Phœbe's name as he darts out in graceful whirls, and turns to catch som ehovering insect, which, if large,

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he beats against a branch, and then holding it under one foot, disposes of it by piecemeals. Occasionally he flits under the barn to carry some tempting fly to this patient sitter, who, consciously or unconsciously, — who can tell? — awaits the coming of her four wee helpless little ones, whose only thanks for being are almost incessant demands for something to eat.

These pee-wees come so early, and choosing, as they frequently do, nesting-places which show so much confidence in our kindly treatment, become, with most every one so favored, special objects of regard and interest. Many years ago, the pee-wees — possibly the ancestors of these very birds who now come to the old barn — used to build over the windows of the old-fashioned house across the road. The legend then was, that these birds would only come to those homes where the master of the house was a good man; and in this instance the fancy held good. At that time, almost every sunny day the year round, might be seen a gray-headed old man sitting at one of the windows that faced the south, silently watching the shadows as they moved around the sundial fastened to the window-sill outside. Each spring that came brought the pee-wee's nest overhead, with its good omen; and, although there seemed such a renewal of life and youth to the fresh landscape before him, returning spring only led the old man gently back a few steps nearer to the helplessness of childhood. So passed this dreamy old age in almost daily contemplation of this shadowy flight of time; the hours, days, months, and years of his life, like the shadows on the dial, all going by in the same silent, positive way. But there came a spring when the pee-wees missed that snowy head at the window, and perhaps, feeling a loss of something familiar, gave truth to the legend by seeking a new nesting-place. Still the old house nestles under the hill; but the pee-wees have never returned to it. But, regardless of all the changes Time has brought, the brook here remains unchanged, following the same old nooks and turns as it steals along to the river.

MILTON, MASS.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

BY HORATIO N. POWERS.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, who fills to-day so eminent a place in the world of practical art and its literature, descended from the De Hamertons of Hamerton, Wigglesworth, and Hellifield Peel, — one of the very oldest families of Yorkshire, whose male line is unbroken from the twelfth century. John Hamerton — his near relative, and the present representative of the family — lives now in Hellifield Peel, an old battlemented tower in the most beautiful part of Craven. This peel, or tower, was built by Lawrence Hamerton early in the fifteenth century; and the fact that it is still a comfortable habitation, after standing some four hundred and fifty years, is proof of the honest work put into it in the beginning. The house at Hamerton, which is much older, yet exists; but the great house of the family at Wigglesworth — a grand old Gothic structure with pointed Gothic arches — was in great part destroyed by fire in 1849. The painful sight

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was witnessed by Philip, the artist, who, though then in his boyhood, was old enough to feel deeply the calamity.

Sir Richard Hamerton, who died in the year 1480, married first a daughter of Sir John Assheton of Assheton-under-Ligne, who was a Knight of Bath at the coronation of King Henry IV. Sir Richard's second wife was a daughter of Thomas Lord Clifford and Westmoreland, and sister of John the bloody Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton field. His son, Sir Stephen Hamerton, was made a knight banneret by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, in 1482. He rode with the Earl of Northumberland to meet King Henry VII. in his progress to York. The grandson of this knight, another Sir Stephen Hamerton, was one of the leaders of the great northern insurrection against Henry VIII., called the "Pilgrimage of Grace." He and his friends equipped an army of forty thousand men with cavalry and artillery, and met the royal forces on the banks of the River Don. It happened, just at this juncture, that a flood arose, which postponed the battle, and gave time for re-enforcements to strengthen the royal troops; after which dissensions occurred amongst the rebel leaders, who finally dispersed. Sir Stephen was taken prisoner a short distance from his house at Hellifield, and sent off to the Tower of London, the inevitable receptacle of all disloyal spirits. In due time he was tried in Westminster Hall, attainted of high treason, and executed at Tyburn; all his estates being confiscated, according to custom, to the crown. Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven, a curious book, gives a list of all his manors, which is sufficient evidence of his large possessions. It is one of the pathetic events of those stormy times that his only son died of a broken heart, and was buried in York Minster the very day Sir Stephen was beheaded. In the time of Queen Elizabeth his nephew succeeded in recovering the tower and manor of Hellifield; but, of course, the remainder of the vast estates was never restored to the family.

On the female side, the Hamertons are descended from the royal families of Bourbon and Plantagenet, and from the principal families of the old peerage. It may be added, that among the nearer ancestors of the Hamertons was Col. Chisenhall of Chisenhall, who was conspicuous as one of the gallant defenders of Lathom House under that intrepid woman, Charlotte de la Trémouille, Countess of Derby.

The father of the subject of my sketch, being a younger son of a younger son, entered the profession of the law, where, with good talents and industry, he achieved honorable reputation and success. He married the daughter of a cotton manufacturer living not far from Manchester; and thus his son became closely connected with some of the principal industrial families of Lancashire.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton was born Sept. 10, 1834. His mother, a lady of fine temperament and rare virtues, died when he was only a fortnight old. Ordinarily the loss of a mother at an early age acts injuriously on the character of the child; but in this case, so far as tender nursing, care, and the most conscientious and affectionate tutelage were concerned, the maternal place was supplied by his father's sisters, who were persons of high breeding and intelligence, and towards whom Mr. Hamerton, to this day, cherishes the most profound and

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reverent gratitude and love. They did all that was possible to make his childhood happy, and to direct it aright; and it is a pleasure to record the pure and lasting influence which they exerted over him. When ten years old his father died; and the oldest of his paternal aunts was appointed his legal guardian. She was a person of elegant culture and very superior gifts and character,—the complete ideal of an English gentlewoman, — and she took the greatest pains with the education of her nephew. He appears to have been docile enough in the hands of his masters, applying himself earnestly to what was set before him, but manifesting an invincible repugnance to Latin and Greek. What he learned of these languages in his early days he seemed easily to forget; indeed, it was a peculiarity of his to acquire rapidly and retain what he loved, but to lose rapidly what he hated. His strong repugnance to the ancient languages, notwithstanding his fair acquaintance with them, has continued, to a great extent, through life; though, in later years, he has taken them up as a part of general literature. His poetic temperament showed itself at an early age; and, while a child at school at Doncaster, he read all Scott's poetry with the greatest delight. So, too, while a pupil in Barnley, still a mere lad, he used to steal away to read an old black-letter copy of Chaucer, which he found there in the library. What his early youth most lacked was a regular discipline in harmony with his genius. But here he was more fortunate than some fine spirits, who have been repressed and embarrassed by either poverty or unsympathetic and cruel masters, or both. Mr. Hamerton was always exceedingly fond of science and art, and the modern languages; and in his boyhood began to practise English composition with great enthusiasm. At Barnley he took a prize for conposition; many of the competitors being his seniors. This success was a healthful stimulus to his youthful ambition. After his connection with this school was dissolved, he was received by its head master, Dr. Butler, as a private pupil, and pursued his studies very much after his own liking. In fact, the good doctor had so much affection for him, that he did not hold him down closely to the classics; and so, when the time approached for sending him to Oxford, he was behindhand in these studies. In this emergency an old Oxford tutor (who happened to be a relative of his), famous for drilling backward young men for the university, took him in charge with a vengeance. For a whole year he trained his pupil in Latin and Greek, all other studies being suspended; giving one half of each day to one language, and one half to the other. The fact that Hamerton consented to such discipline speaks well for his tractability and temper. He evidently appreciated the importance of work as a step to success. There is reason to suspect, however, that he went through the drudgery with a pretty strong mental protest, and some disgust; for his artistic tendency was beginning to assert itself by a good many positive indications. By the time that this year of drill was ended, he became so passionately interested in landscape-painting as to decide upon pursuing it as a profession. So instead of Oxford, with its academic shades, its lectures, society, studies, and pastimes, he chose the seclusion of a studio in London, where, under the instructions of Mr. Pettill, — a prominent artist whose acquaintance

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he had made in the Lake District, — he went vigorously to work. The time spent here was industriously employed, and with such advantage, that, afterwards, Mr. Hamerton regretted that he had not continued longer with his excellent teacher. Going back to Lancashire, he lived in an old mansion — a "house of seven gables" — belonging to one of his uncles, and surrounded by the most picturesque scenery. The place had many charms for him, and he was deeply attached to it; and this kept him working there alone, but in a kind of solitude which he greatly enjoyed. A beautiful stream behind the house made the valley musical; and here along its course the young artist used to take his easel, and study and paint amid the most delightful inspirations. Years passed, — pleasant and profitable years, — in which he struggled on towards artistic and literary expression; for he had a passion for literature as well as for painting, and verse was a natural outlet to a temperament like his. It was here that the poem entitled "The Isles of Loch Awe" was written, a work on heraldry finished, and a good deal of anonymous matter produced for the public prints. He was yet in his teens; but his industry and systematic application had the method and muscle of vigorous manhood. His poem was published in 1855, when he was twenty-one years old, and is sparkling with bright talent. Mr. Hamerton is a real poet as well as a painter, and, by devoting himself to the Muses, could achieve a distinguished fame in this field of art.

This year (1855), Mr. Hamerton went to Paris to study French and art. He became intimate there with Mr. Leslie the painter, — whose name is well known in this country, — whose kindness and ability very favorably impressed him. He acknowledges thankfully the good offices and influence of this artist; though they did not agree by any means in their views of landscape; Leslie's favorite master being Constable, who was little to Hamerton's taste. He had also very pleasant and close relations with William Wyld, who lived in Paris, and in whose studio he worked a good deal; in fact, he regarded himself as Mr. Wyld's pupil. From this distinguished English landscapist, to whom it may be mentioned he dedicated his "Painter's Camp and Thoughts about Art," Hamerton derived much benefit; but from this master, too, he widely differed. His passion was for a kind of scenery and *motive* that Mr. Wyld was not partial to. Wyld liked rich, sumptuous, Italian subjects, — Genoa or Venice in her pride. Hamerton's passion was for rock and heather, and lonely lakes. Wyld's paradise was the Corniche or Como; Hamerton's paradise was Loch Awe.

For two or three years, our artist pursued his studies assiduously in Paris, and then entered upon the romantic but fruitful expeditions described in his "Painter's Camp." This book has been extensively read in England and in this country; and is much admired for its fresh spirit, its vivid descriptions of nature, and the gracefulness of its narrative. It is very rare that a work so thoroughly good is produced at an age when this was written. But what is more remarkable is his instructive volume of essays, entitled "Thoughts about Art," which was published at the same time. To get the latter work well afloat on the sea of literature, there was attached to it, as sails to waft it out, "The Painter's Camp in the Highlands," which has the

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more popular character of the two; the books being originally issued as a single venture. They were both very successful, and have taken their place in the first rank of productions of their class; though in the later editions they are printed as separate works.

Hamerton's life in the Highlands, while intensely studious and laborious, — it was undertaken not as a pastime, but with the most profoundly serious aim and motive, — has a breezy freshness and novelty which render it exceedingly fascinating. In the movable camp which he invented, and which he could transport from place to place without difficulty, to suit his taste or convenience, he could paint in all sorts of weather, — when even the hardiest mountaineer dared not venture out, and when the sheep perished in the snow and cold. His camp and its equipments comprised every contrivance essential for actual work and comfort; having separate quarters for his servant and for cooking, with ample accommodations for painting, writing, and sleeping. By this method of life much valuable time was economized that otherwise, in that wild region, would have been consumed in travelling back and forth, from subjects which he wished to paint, to a lodging-place; to say nothing about the seclusion, independence, and pleasure of such an arrangement. In fact, without his camp, to study certain aspects of nature would have been impossible. The literary habit, which constantly grew upon him, was usefully indulged here; and some of his most vigorous descriptive pieces and essays were produced in alternation with painting, when tired of the palette. He has Shelley's passion for the water, with a sterling good sense about practical affairs which Shelley did not have; and so, on the Lochs of Scotland, — which he navigated so much, and which were so unsafe in stormy weather, — he used tubular boats constructed under his own direction.

In his twenty-fifth year, Mr. Hamerton married a French lady, with whom he became acquainted during his residence in Paris. She was the daughter of M. Frédéric Gindriez, who had been prefect of the Doubs, but had resigned his post when Louis Napoleon's government began to undermine the republic, and had sent orders which a republican officer could not consistently execute. M. Gindriez was also a member of the National Assembly, where he represented the Department of Saône et Loire. This accounts for Hamerton's final settlement at Autun, the chief town of that interesting region which he has so beautifully described and illustrated in the "Unknown River." Mrs. Hamerton is a lady of charming manners and many accomplishments. She won the heart of one of her husband's aunts, who had a very intense British prejudice against every thing French, by tenderly and skilfully nursing her during a sickness which the physicians could not relieve; completely captivating her affections, and curing her malady. Mrs. Hamerton speaks English with elegant precision and fluency, indeed, she is very familiar with literature; has written a novel called "Jeanne Laraguay," published by Chapman and Hall; and contributes to the English periodicals. Mr. Hamerton's wife enters into his studies and pursuits with a keen, full sympathy, and, in the mean time, performs the duties of a good housewife with scrupulous and exemplary fidelity. A family of interesting and promising children make their home bright.

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After the appearance of "The Painter's Camp," published in 1862, the pen of Mr. Hamerton was in great request by the English periodicals; and his contributions began to appear, first regularly in "The Fine Arts Quarterly Review," then in "The Saturday Review," "The Fortnightly," "Cornhill" and "Macmillan's" magazines, and "The Pall Mall Gazette." Articles by him have also appeared in "Atlantic," "Putnam's," and "Old and New," on this side. For three years he was the regular art-critic on "The Saturday Review;" but, disliking travelling by rail so heartily, — he had to go from Autun to London to see the pictures in the Academy, — he resigned his position.

On the 1st of January, 1870, he founded "The Portfolio," an artistic publication which has firmly established itself in the favor of the public. "The Portfolio" has made the subject of etching a prominent one, and has done a great deal to encourage and advance the practice of this beautiful art by giving commissions to the best etchers of the day.

Mr. Hamerton has lived for the last nine years in the vicinity of Autun. The ancient town and its environs are the delight of antiquarians, as the soil is full of precious marbles, bronzes, statues, and mosaics. Here, by the picturesque Arroux, fragments of Roman wall, rugged and venerable, stand yet, with rich branches, heavy with foliage, hanging over, and drooping towards the stream. Towers rise here and there; and one arch of the grand, old mediæval cathedral remains. The etcher could not have a more attractive field than this dilapidated town.

After leaving Loch Awe in 1861, and before settling in this pleasant region, Mr. Hamerton lived a while in Sens, where he painted more than during any other equal period of his life. Several of these pictures were exhibited in the Royal Academy, where he has been frequently represented. That his life has been wonderfully industrious his works amply testify. By a happy division of labor he carries on painting, etching, and writing, without the exhaustion that would result from constant application to a single pursuit. From the year 1862 to 1873, we have from his pen "The Painter's Camp," "Thoughts about Art," "Wenderholme" (a novel in three volumes), "Etching and Etchers," "Contemporary French Painters," "Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism," "The Unknown River," "The Etcher's Hand-Book," and his latest work, "The Intellectual Life." He has given, lately, particular attention to etching, of which he is passionately fond, and in this art has invented a new process, which he regards as a complete success. Formerly etching was done by protecting the copper with a black ground, which was removed with the etching-needle, so that the lines showed as copper on a black ground. By his process the *line shows black* on a perfectly white ground, whilst the artist is at work. Etchers have been seeking for this for generations; and it is confessedly a real triumph to have achieved the method, which he calls the *positive* process. This he employs now altogether, and never intends to go back to the old method.

The habit of his life is regular; and each day he devotes three hours to painting or etching, three to writing, and two to the study of the best literature. He has wisely given up all literary work at night. Occasionally, for recreation, he takes a run to Paris or London or Switzerland; but these visits are turned to good account.

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His republican sympathies are strong; and he has watched the political events of France and Europe with profound interest, and a strong faith in the growth of liberal principles and institutions.

Though Hamerton's pictures have a remarkable excellence, and some of them have been much praised by eminent landscapists, he does not regard his paintings generally as of a popular character, and perfectly understands the reason why they cannot be. In the first place, he likes subjects that are devoid of human association, — remote, too, from the observation of most people, — singular, or even unique phases of myriad nature, whose features concentrate meanings with which the common mind is not familiar. In the next place, these subjects are not only exceedingly difficult to paint, but, from the transient nature of the effects, do not possibly afford adequate opportunities for tranquil and regular study: so memory has to be depended on more than such a conscientious artist as he is could desire. Among his larger oil-paintings which are much admired are "Kilchurn Castle," owned by Henry Milne, Esq., of Crompton Hall, and "Sens from the Vineyards," and "The River Yonne," the property of Robert Handsley, Esq. While his sincere devotion to literature has no doubt interfered with his progress as an artist, it is clear enough that his attention to practical art has vastly increased his power and usefulness as a writer. Such are the inevitable compensations in the world of mind.

In person, Mr. Hamerton is well formed and athletic, with a noble head, regular features, a very fine eye, and a superb beard, which is worn full. Like George Macdonald, he has the American type of face, rather than the English.

It is not my purpose to discuss his literary performances; and yet this brief sketch would lack an essential feature, without an assertion of their great utility, as well as their graphic force and beauty. You are not merely stimulated by his thought, but are helped in the field of art, just where you need assistance. His style has the prime excellence of pleasing while it instructs. Instead of astonishing and bewildering you with a maze of splendid words, or a cloud of such pictures as Ruskin sometimes puts before you, he gives you the clear-cut conception which throbs with vitality. You feel that you are in the leadership of a guide who knows his ground, and exactly what he is about. As he is now only in his thirty-ninth year, we have good reason to expect more work from him, both in literature and art.

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SCROPE; OR, THE LOST LIBRARY.

BY FREDERIC B. PERKINS.

PART V.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE see-ance to which Adrian was to escort Civille was appointed for early Saturday evening, and the visit to The Germ was to follow it; so Adrian waited on his cousin accordingly, in good season. As they left the door, Civille asked Adrian who Mr. Bird was.

"A reporter, I believe," said Adrian, — "why?"

"He called this morning," was the young lady's answer; "— rather an odd thing, I thought."

"Odd? How?"

"Well — I never saw him except the other evening when Mr. Scrope brought him, and once more at the *Solidarité*."

"But if he has been properly introduced, he may call again and try to establish an acquaintance, may he not?"

"Yes ——— I guess the thing that puzzled me was, his taking such an interest in all of us. I didn't think of it until he had gone, but he had got me to talk about almost everybody I know; father, Mr. Button, Ann, her mother — even their hired girls; Mr. Scrope, yourself, the *Solidarité*, Mrs. Babbles, Miss Griggs" —

"Griggs!" — repeated Adrian, a little startled —. "What Griggs?"

"Amelia Griggs the medium. Why?"

"Oh," said Adrian, with an evasion which was upon a perfectly true pretext, — "it's a rather odd name. You know there's an old saying, 'as merry as grigs.' A medium, is she?" He remembered the allusion to spiritual endowments in the letter Mr. Button had given him.

"Yes. She's miserably poor, but she is an excellent test medium. We shall see her to-night."

"But now, cousin Civille, what did you tell Mr. Bird? About me, first of all, of course?"

An innocent young woman has just the same sweet helpless beautiful gravity that is so inexpressibly touching in a little child; not an affectation, but only a perfect seriousness and earnestness of direct purpose. The transparent purity of intention makes up a million-fold for the funny ignorance and — not foolishness, but — inexperience, that is exhibited. Adrian was not remarkably aged, neither was he wise enough to do any harm; but he had lived more "amongst folks" as they say in the country, and the solemn satisfaction with which his cousin now went on to tell the unwise things she had done caused in him a curious mixture of emotions and reflections, which however with a reserve partly natural and partly acquired he did not utter in words.

"Oh," observed Civille, her sweet heartfelt low-pitched full-toned voice giving a wonderful additional intensity of attractiveness even to the baby-like simplicity of her confession, "Oh, you know I go by intuitions. Mr. Bird is good. I wanted him to know all about my friends. I gave you a very nice character indeed, cousin Adrian. I told him how unselfish you are, and how you don't care about money, and how you are not calculated to succeed in this world,

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unless you should find some missionary work that would call out all your energies."

"All that, Civille?" said Adrian, laughing,—"it's more good than I know of myself, at any rate." And he thought in his own mind, "A nice recommendation for a business man! But Bird will see what it amounts to, of course!"

"Many thanks for the favorable diagnosis," he resumed aloud,—"now tell me all you said of the rest."

So she did; she had, so to speak, opened her mental photograph-album to her visitor, and confided to him her whole private collection of portraits. What she had told was not very much; the innocent observation and judgments of a very intuitively acting mind, exalted, moreover, in degree and intensity of action by the very nature of the state of physical ailment or feebleness or susceptibility which was for the time at least fastened upon her; but without much real knowledge of good, and with none of evil. Adrian, somewhat astonished as he was at their unreserve, was startled by the truthfulness of some of the points, while he was sure that some others were quite mistakes. However, he made very little comment, but when she ended asked what she had said about herself?

"Myself?—nothing."

"And yet," said Adrian, "was it not you that he wanted to know about?"

"Perhaps it was—he called on me."

"Well,—don't encourage him and then pretend to be astonished at his taking encouragement."

"That would be flirting," decreed Civille with much majesty. "I am sure you would not say so to me in earnest."

Adrian hastened to disclaim. But still, he took the liberty of intimating to his cousin that she was quite attractive enough to make Mr. Bird, or anybody else, in love with her. This idea the young lady put aside with a great deal of decision, and when Adrian would have persisted, she told him plainly that she didn't want to hear any more such nonsense. So he held his peace; but he was none the less and very naturally, of opinion that Bird's interest in her was the sole, as it was a sufficient, reason of his visit. Adrian was right, too. And he added in his own thoughts another comment, no less just: that she was a person of much too ethereal make to be a suitable companion for the police reporter, good fellow and man of sense though he was.

Civille, after an interval of silence, spoke first, as if she had in the meanwhile been pursuing a train of thought by herself—like the River Arethusa coming up again after going underground:

"I shall never marry."

The solemn tone of absolute conviction would have been funny enough if Civille had been a hag of a hundred. Being a singularly attractive young woman, it was very much more so, and Adrian, who was quick enough to see the ludicrous side of things, had to pull very hard to pull a long face. He wished, moreover, to quote signior Benedick; "When I said I would die a bachelor I did not know I should live to be married." But he held in with all his might, and succeeded in coming down to a tone of grave and cousinly counsel.

"My dear cousin," said he; "every young woman who is worth marrying at all, has exactly that conviction some time or other, just as, they say, any one who can become an orator has

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the awfullest frights lest he cannot. It may be true of yourself; but you are so good and so nice and I like you so much that I promise you when you do fall in love I won't bring up your promise against you."

"Don't talk so, cousin Adrian! 'Fall in love!' If you could understand how disagreeable the phrase is. I can see how a woman might sacrifice herself to make another person happy. But to risk a whole life — and other lives too — on the chance of an emotion! I don't think I am in much danger of it!"

"I don't think so either," said Adrian. "But an intuition may be both emotional and correct. And a self-sacrifice such as you speak of might be as much of a blunder as gambling on emotions. The truth is, there is no blinder emotion than self-sacrifice. It is as sightless as anger."

An immense deal of comfort is taken by young persons of about as few years and as little experience as this couple, in comparing their profound maxims and reflections. The conversation of the present occasion was thus felt. It continued until they reached the place of the see-ance, with no result in particular for Civille, who only spoke whatever came into her innocent fearless mind, and whose ignorance of things and people in general was only exceeded by her ignorance of herself. Adrian, on his part, was a little older and wiser — but he was talking with a purpose. For the first time in his life he was talking and watching in order to form a deliberate judgment on the nature and condition of a human soul.

But he could not feel that he discovered much, and as he put questions or suggested distinctions or listened to replies, he kept thinking over and over again of that vast spring of living water in the wild Florida woods, where the visitor looking over the edge of the boat is frightened, because the water is so absolutely transparent that he sees no water. "Is her soul so shallow? Is her soul so deep? Is it only utterly transparent?" he kept asking and asking, — and his interest in her as a fellow-being in peril, as a relative who might be endangering the reputation and happiness of a large circle of friends, began to take the special additional interest — to him excessively attractive, — of a living and new problem in practical psychology. Was she really such a solitary-hearted thing? It might be. The suspicions pointed at Civille had not made the least lodgement in the honest young fellow's clear mind; and this being so, he now began to feel that they were to be interpreted as the reaction of low souls against another too high for them; that perhaps she was really too good to live happily amongst human beings. He instinctively reverenced women; he had not seen so very much of Civille, it is true; but all that he had seen was most lovely; and he was almost ready even now to conclude that in good faith she ought always to live single, because nobody would ever be fit to possess her.

While they talked, and he considered, they had — on foot or by street-car — reached that dreary block of houses on the south side of Bleecker Street between Thompson and Sullivan some distance west of Broadway, called Depau Row. This block, in times gone by, was a centre of magnificence, having a paved archway piercing the building between each two tenements by way of *porte cochère;* separate wings in the rear for offices and servants' rooms; immense big parlors and chambers with heavy old fashioned plaster cornices and great

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floriated dabs of the same in the middle of the ceilings around the gas chandeliers, as if piercing the ceiling had made a very bad plaster of Paris sore with granulations; faded fresco work in abundance; and the like remainders of departed glory. The great merchants of past ages — for the grandeur of these houses belongs to a remote New York City antiquity of at least twenty-five and perhaps thirty years ago! — whose households once enlivened these abodes, are dead, or are inhabiting far more gorgeous abodes on Murray Hill or Fifth Avenue; for the city builds itself northward, and its rich people evacuate place after place, leaving each locality deserted, as the inhabitant of the nautilus does the successive chambers of his shell. Thus the great Depau Row houses are rented to boarding-house-keepers or to tenants of single rooms. The lofty comfortless caverns are depressing and horrid; it is like living in a deserted city of giants; one is tempted to suppose that rich men a quarter of a century ago were all twelve feet high. The dismayed tenant tries in vain to secrete himself in a corner of the room like Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus; he feels as if some mighty ghost would stride forth upon him in the night and eat him; and he soon flees away to seek a smaller and snugger abode, terrified into the non-payment of even the insignificant rent which is all that such ill-adapted premises will bring.

Such mystical and ghostly associations however, it is obvious, make such quarters fittest of all for the necromantic marvel-shop of the Medium. It stands to reason that to this spectral person, a real ghost would be a real godsend — that is, supposing the Medium not to be frightened.

There are different kinds of mediums as there are of spirit communications. But they are almost all alike in one thing — they sell their revelations for fifty cents apiece. There is the Healing Medium, whose office is to discern diseases and to cure them; the different kinds of Test Mediums whose message from the spirit land may always be stated thus: "I show you a puzzle. If you can't say how it was done, then it follows that it was by a spirit. Price fifty cents." There is the Psychometrist, who reveals character from inspecting a toe-nail or a lock of hair. There is the Spirit Artist, who paints or draws or photographs spirit-portraits. There is the Inspirational Medium or Trance Speaker; the Consulting Business Medium, and so on.

The meeting of this evening at Mrs. Babbles' room, was however not of any of these sorts, although mediums of more than one of these established varieties were present. It was of still another kind, comparing with the others somewhat as a theological seminary or medical school compares with the settled clergyman's or the established physician's operations. It was a sort of school of the prophets, or College de Propaganda Fide; and the technical spiritist name for it is, "a developing circle." Like all activities, the spiritist phenomena depend for fulness and readiness of manifestation a good deal upon practice and habit. Moreover, Spiritism, as thus far practised, has a good deal of the vampire in it. This is because it has worked on and through the nervous system, which of all the human systems draws most directly from life-sources. Whatever acts by excitement of the nerves, sucks close from the very spring-heads of life. This is the reason why so many spiritists dry up so and grow skinny. Let the nerve-

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excitement cease, and they will become as fat as Christians.

New mediums must be found, of course, from time to time, to preserve the apostolical succession and to spread the true doctrine. An approved mode for this purpose is, to set up a "developing circle," presided over by persons of experience, and in a series of sessions to try all comers, and as good subjects shall appear, to train them in the manifestations and work them gradually into the regular professional order.

Civille, even in perfect health, was naturally as sensitive as a healthy human being could possibly be, from mere purity of temperament, and fineness of fibre and organization. Unhealthy conditions of life — want of exercise, of sunlight, of fresh air, for instance — had recently caused her to drift beyond the line of healthy susceptibility, both in mind and in body, and the quick wits of her spiritist friends had with considerable delight recognized in her the qualities for a medium of rare and perhaps unequalled powers. Experienced as they were in managing their affairs, they had said nothing directly to her of any ulterior purpose, but had with much shrewdness confined themselves to discussions and explanations of the subject generally and of such phenomena as she had herself undergone or witnessed; the proper method being, so to arrange that the novice shall seem to acquire by her own seeking and her own finding, the mysterious powers or knowledges which are to fascinate her into a professor. Acquirements thus made are most treasured; convictions thus reached are as nearly impregnable as human convictions can be.

Adrian and Civille, passing under one of the archways, stopped at a door midway in one side of it, that looked very dark and mysterious in the deep shadow of the place. Opening this door, they entered a roomy and deserted-looking hall, ascended a broad staircase along one of the walls, and after one or two turns in corridors, knocked at the door of a rear room and were admitted. The room was one of the great empty gloomy chambers proper to the place and the occasion. Its floor was matted instead of carpeted, though it was winter. The furniture, which would have been sufficiently abundant and comfortable for a small room, seemed like a few forlorn sticks of things neglected in a vast lumber-garret. Only one light was burning; not a gas-light either, but one of those very ingenious patent solar somethings that burn petroleum or an extract of it, that always smell bad, and smell the worse as you turn them down. This one was burning very dim indeed, and consequently "smelt like fury," as Adrian couldn't help saying to himself. He was desperately tempted to ask Civille if it was a spirit that he smelt. Indeed, in this investigation of his, one of his worst terrors was, the constant recurrence of things that were ridiculous, and that kept distressing him with stifled laughs and jokes. But he watched his thoughts as closely as Christian in passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; for one jeering question or observation would have hopelessly destroyed his whole enterprise. Of course the funnier it was, the harder it was to be grave, and the graver he was, the funnier things became; and the poor fellow passed through some awful struggles accordingly.

Several men and women were sitting in silence round a table at the further side of the dim room. The woman who had admitted them, recog-

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nized Civille, greeted her in a quiet half-whisper, and looked at Adrian.

"My cousin, Mr. Chester," explained Civille, also in a low tone; "he is much interested in our inquiries. Adrian, this is Mrs. Babbles."

Adrian fell readily into the solemn manner and almost soundless utterance which he recognized as the conventional fashion of the place. How could he without impoliteness do otherwise? So he briefly expressed his assent, and his expectations of enlightenment.

"Come and be seated," said Mrs. Babbles. She led them towards the table, and made room for Civille between two men and for Adrian a little way off between two women. Was this a precaution against any possible conspiracy? It is the invariable rule to divide companies in this way at these meetings, at any rate.

The company, eight or ten in number, were sitting round the table, each with the right hand lying on the table, the left being superimposed on the right hand of the next neighbor.

The session occupied about an hour. Most of this time was occupied in gravely and earnestly sitting perfectly still very hard in the dark. Once or twice the people sang some verses, of an indeterminate hortatory kind, about loving and so on, to such old tunes as Balerma and Golden Hill. From time to time, Mrs. Babbles, who seemed to be the ruler of the feast, would ask in a low tone,

"Is any spirit present?" "Does any spirit wish to communicate with us?"

Adrian could not sing, as he did not know the words used; but he could hear Civille's clear sweet full voice amidst the nasal head tones that all the rest of them used. Ever and anon, in the dimness, one or another of the patient sitters drew a long breath, or changed posture. The noises of the street came only muffled and dulled, to the remote room, in such a way as almost to show off and heighten the silence. Adrian, not expecting any thing in particular, and not very credulous, was however imaginative and impressible. The darkness and silence, the mysterious expectancy of the rest, seemed to intensify his senses. More than once, at Mrs. Babbles' questions, he fancied he heard some faint knocks or snaps in the table before him, or in the floor beneath; but he held his peace; no one else seemed to hear them; he judged that it was his own excited fancy.

All at once Adrian was aware that there was a commotion within the breast of his left-hand neighbor, a woman. She gave three or four deep and vigorous sighs, almost groans. Then she withdrew her hand for a moment from under Adrian's, and smote her breast therewith repeatedly. Then she turned to Adrian and spoke with awful solemnity, but in the low voice which was the rule:

"I have a communication for you."

"It will give me great pleasure to receive it," murmured the favored youth, with equal gravity.

"I am impressed," continued the fair speaker, "that you are in near relations with the lady who came with you."

"That's very extraordinary," answered Adrian, throwing into his voice a tone of as much astonishment as he could assume — "very extraordinary, indeed. We are cousins — not very near though, and we like each other very much."

This was a sufficiently presumptuous claim, no doubt, in its assertion as to Civille's sentiments; but the

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artful young man had on the moment conceived the wicked idea of furnishing the medium a hint for more revelations, just to see how it would work.

"Yes," resumed the medium, with a self-satisfied manner, "all communications from the spirit-land through me have always been perfectly reliable. I have great power of discerning truth. You would try in vain to conceal it from me. I am impressed that you are to be very happy with your chosen companion."

"That is a very pleasant message,' observed Adrian, gravely, but amused at the success of his little trick. He did not notify the seeress that his chosen companion was Miss Ann Button.

As no further messages or manifestations could be coaxed from the spirit-land, the chief priestess after a time suggested that as the conditions were in that respect apparently unfavorable, the exercises of the occasion should be varied.

"Many lovely things" observed Mrs. Babbles, with seriousness, "have already come to us through inspiration in the trance state. It has been strongly impressed upon me, to-day, that such revelations are now about us, and are awaiting a suitable medium. Perhaps our dear friend Miss Van Braam, will consent to permit any communications which may be offered through her? Professor Pawson Clawson said Miss Van Braam was a seer already. I am sure she will not refuse to help forward the great cause?"

Civille, slowly, and, Adrian thought reluctantly, arose from her place at the table, and took an arm-chair which Mrs. Babbles placed for her, and a little more light was now turned on. One of the two men between whom Civille had been sitting, a big fellow with a red face and straight hair, got up, somewhat as if it were a matter of course, placed a chair before Civille, and seating himself in it, would have taken her hands. She however looked to Mrs. Babbles and then toward Adrian, saying,

"I prefer my cousin, Mrs. Babbles."

The big man rose up readily enough. Adrian had experienced a pretty sharp shock of anger at the idea of this rather greasy-looking person touching Civille, and he was extremely pleased to find that she felt the same prejudice. It did not occur to him that he himself took a liberty in touching her. Few people reason in that way. The definition of right and wrong which the Bushman chief gave to his catechising spiritual father the missionary — net result of many anxious lessons — is more or less the rule for most of us — "It is wrong for another man to take away my wives; it is right for me to take away his."

Adrian sat down, and under the instructions of the experienced Mrs. Babbles, first made a few magnetic passes from Civille's forehead, down her arms; and then took her hands in his, crossing arms however, so that right held right and left left. The grasp which he was shown is peculiar; thumb is laid against thumb, and the fingers of each hand clasped over the other, lying across its back, so that the palms are firmly pressed together, as magnetic surfaces.

"What am I to do?" asked Adrian; "do I make no motions?"

"No; sit still, and be perfectly calm," said Mrs. Babbles; "let your thoughts be concentrated upon the subject, and your will be firm and steady that she shall pass under your control, and sleep. Look steadily at the point between her eyebrows. And let

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your thoughts be kind and well wishing; and be open to all good influences from any spirits that may be near you; in a peaceful harmony with the universe around."

Adrian did so. It was easy enough to wish well to the spiritual and lovely girl who reclined before him. As if any human being could wish her otherwise than well! he said to himself.

So he collected his consciousness, and substituted for the ordinary swift successions of his thoughts, one single quiet, but steady and concentrated volition. "Sleep, Civille!" he continuously willed.

The others sat around in silence, or with a few scarcely audible words, now and then. Adrian, although he projected — so to speak — much of his conscious life in the effort of will which he directed toward his lovely cousin, yet had abundance of consciousness left to consider the situation in which for the first time in his life, he found himself: close to a singularly attractive young woman, in actual contact with her person, and aware that she was deliberately surrendering herself to him, to receive his commands, to do his will, to obey him. For a few moments, the large soft pathetic deep gray eyes looked straight into the strong clear blue ones. Then, while Adrian looked, very slowly, very steadily, under his gaze the translucent white lids floated downward over iris and eye, and were sealed shut. Civille smiled faintly, and with a little sigh and a nestling movement laid her head upon the back of the chair; she whispered, "I'm *so* sleepy!" and was silent: and then her breathing became regular, like a pulse, and with the smile still on her lips, she was asleep.

Is this magnetizing? Adrian asked himself — it is more like being magnetized! — for a feeling utterly new to him — such as he had never dreamed could exist in any one, or for any thing, — a warm living breath, as it seemed, but it was a deep throb of emotion too, swept over him or around him, as if from some infinite depth; or it was as if he felt that in those moments his own life budded and bloomed as a flower before his eyes, into its perfect opening. "What excess of sweetness," the feeling was — for it could not reach words, nor be contained in them — "What excess of sweetness, to be permitted so near to one so lovely!" Nor was that all; for even while he felt this ineffable influx, as it seemed to him, from some unheard-of spiritual Eden, from a yet farther distance, from a depth infinitely within that other depth, a still profounder throb, a still more moving emotion, a still lovelier consciousness opened and bloomed and arose upon or around or within him — "We are one!" was this thought. And for the time being, it was assuredly so. The magnetic union is even mystically perfect. It required a nature as intuitional as Adrian's, however, to feel it so instantly and so fully.

But it was not his office to experience emotions or delight himself in dreams of his own; and with a resolute effort he directed his mind as wholly as he could to the beautiful passive girl before him, and away from his own consciousnesses. Perhaps ten minutes passed in this silence, the soft pulses of the joined hands throbbing against each other until Adrian fancied that streams of vital force intermingled and exchanged through the magic ring of their arms almost as perceptibly as running water.

"Ask her if she is asleep," said Mrs. Babbles, softly.

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"Are you asleep, Civille?"

There was an effort to speak; but the delicate lips framed no distinct word. In a few moments more however, repeating the question, enforced with a special volition and command to reply, an articulate "Yes" was given, and the sensitive was fully *en rapport* with the magnetizer; surprisingly fully, considering the short time and extent of their magnetic relation. A number of questions were suggested by the company, put by Adrian, and answered with more or less coherence by Civille. They were sufficiently commonplace; — Were there any spirits about? What sphere had she got into? What is old Mr. Brown doing now, at No. 666 Eleventh Avenue? Can you go to Europe? to the North Pole? What are the prospects of the Cause? Adrian couldn't help thinking that his charming victim — for the feeling that she was helpless, a victim, kept coming up in his mind, — showed excellent good sense in her replies; for they were little, except "I can't see; it is all cloudy; there is somebody, that I don't recognize; it is cold;" and so on; for, he said to himself, I should have said just about the same! But the company were still more edified; for, Mrs. Babbles said, it was beyond all expectation that in so short a time any one should become so strongly clairvoyant; and the subject, she observed, would obviously very soon become an independent clairvoyant investigator.

"Independent how?" asked Adrian.

"Can go into the trance state by herself, whenever she wishes," was the reply. "You are so good a magnetizer, and your magnetism is so congenial, that you will carry her forward very rapidly."

Now while these vague or merely curious questions were being put, some others all at once occurred to Adrian, which he proceeded to put for himself, and to which he received answers unexpectedly definite. It was reasonable to suppose, Adrian however reflected, that these questions, being put with a vivid actual interest of the asker's own, may have carried a great deal more power with them for that reason, and thus may have evoked a corresponding exertion of mind in the clairvoyant. Still, the replies, though remarkably pat and terse in wording, were articulated in a slow difficult way, as if the speaker were impeded or weighed down or held back.

"A business offer has been made to me," asked Adrian. "Shall I accept it?"

"No."

"I am interested about another business matter, involving much money abroad. Will it succeed?"

"No money will come."

Then the thought occurred to Adrian — if he could veil his questions so as to be safe before these strangers, to ask his prophetess about matters of far other importance than even the great Mr. Button's publication business, or the vast Scrope Estate in England.

"There is still another matter in which I am interested, along with a person who is concerned with both those other affairs. That person I dreamed about, Wednesday night."

"*Can't catch you!*"

At this reply, which was not so much an answer to any thing at the moment in Adrian's conscious thoughts, as it was a solution to the excessively disagreeable problem of his dream about being chased by Miss Button, Adrian was much startled. But he asked again, with a distinct sense of running a risk:

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"Some one has been stealing. Who is it?"

"*The other one.*"

Adrian could make nothing out of this; the very clerk who had denounced her, it might mean — or the very detective who was shadowing her. But in spite of him these four answers delivered in the slow calm way, and with the delaying articulation of the magnetic sleep, impressed him exceedingly. He could not help a conviction that they might, whether or not they actually did, convey knowledge from some source or by some channel other than the ordinary ones. But he judged it not best to venture any further; and so he let go of his cousin's hands, and after leaving her alone for a few moments, summoned her out of her sleep by the usual mode of reversed passes. After congratulations from the company, Adrian and Civille took leave, as they had still to visit the Philosopher of the Germ, and devote another hour to investigating the New Universe. Does a truly philosophic mind require more than an hour to investigate a universe?

They reached the abode of the great and philosophic being whom they were to meet, without difficulty, Civille, to Adrian's pleasure, and somewhat to his surprise, saying in reply to an inquiry, that she was not only not fatigued, but refreshed rather, by her excursion into dreamland. And she inquired in turn if he were not tired in consequence of sending her thither. No, not at all.

CHAPTER XVII.

GREAT and exceptional souls naturally gather into great and exceptional communities. Where vast numbers of human beings are crowded, heaped, rammed together as the enormous forces of human passions and pursuits drive and compress them in great cities, there are stirring the immense powers that great administative minds love to wield, there are living the inquiring and waiting souls that great teachers yearn to instruct, there are heaped and heaping treasures such as the ambitious merchant longs to amass, which the ambitious thief or gambler or stock-speculator longs to get away from somebody else. Napoleon, Cuvier, Laffitte, Cartouche, each could not but come to Paris. Rothschild, Carlyle, Miller, Zadkiel, could not but reside in London. And Astor and Stewart, or Jacob Little and James Fisk, Horace Greeley or Bill Tweed, Doctor Brandreth or Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Barnum or Mr. Tarbox Button, or that great and profound genius S. P. Quinby Anketell, A.M., the Elucidator of the New Universe, could not but live in New York. The vaster the ambition, the loftier or more strange the doctrine, in like proportion is it more indispensable that it come to the great city. If your teachings can be received by only one soul in a thousand, then in a whole state of a million of population you could have but a thousand followers, and you can neither find them nor assemble them. But in a city of a million, they can all meet you any evening. Mr. Anketell was therefore most of all impelled to come to New York; for his views were — if there is any truth in arithmetic — one hundred times as vast as any just referred to. For the Anketellicalists were at the time of Adrian's visit not over about ten in number. New York is reckoned — suburbs and all — at a million souls. Hence, it is obvious, Mr. Anketell could find but one mind in a hundred thousand, instead of one in a thousand, that was

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able to receive his doctrine; he was accordingly exactly a hundred-fold the more pressed and driven into New York. Could reasoning be more conclusive?

Mr. Anketell's residence was a respectable-looking house on a cross street, not very far from Madison Square, and between Madison and Fourth Avenues. It was what is called an "English basement" house, having a door only one step above the sidewalk instead of at the top of a long flight of steps, and having within this door a small sitting-room at the front, while the hall led past it back to the stairs, and past them to a larger room filling the rear half of the ground floor. This was occupied at present as a dining-room and sitting-room both; for the exigencies of the cause to which Mr. Anketell was devoting his life had at the moment somewhat crowded the establishment. To tell the truth, besides the philosopher's own family, he was at present presiding over the whole band of his declared followers, assembled within his household.

"S. P. Quinby Anketell," read Adrian as they reached the door — "S. P. Q. A. — Senatus Populus Que Americanus. Not a bad set of initials for the leader of such a movement as this." — And between the ringing of the bell and the opening of the door he told Civille of a sign he remembered to have seen at a silversmith's in Fulton Street. Its four initials, the mighty ancient quaternion of S. P. Q. R. had attracted him; but on approaching, instead of the sonorous "Senatus Populus Que Romanus," he found the practical business announcement "Silver Plate Quickly Repaired." "It was like the dust of Alexander stopping a beer-barrel," he said. But after his fashion, he irreverently figured to himself another meaning for Mr. Anketell's initials, but which he did not think proper to repeat to his companion, nor, — he hoped — must she necessarily be referred to in the same. This was, "Silly People Quickly Attracted."

While he moralized, they were shown into the waiting-room, and asked to sit for a few minutes. Adrian improved the occasion to ask Civille about the position of Mr. Anketell's doctrines as related to those of Spiritism.

"Anketellicalism," answered the young lady, with the exceeding funny gravity of a young lady's metaphysical utterances, "neither asserts nor denies. It includes and reconciles all other beliefs. Its roots are so much deeper than any, that from it they can all be traced, and by it can all be explained and combined."

"Then it goes yet deeper," commented Adrian, "than the famous preacher's statement that 'every great truth is composed of two incompatible extremes'?"

"I never heard that thought," said Civille. "But it is Mr. Anketell's. All truth is his."

"Well," said Adrian, "yes. All truth is every man's. In that wealth, monopoly is not to be feared; we may all amass our utmost. So that even Napoleon's saying of 'The tools to him that can use them,' loses its bad meaning if truths are the tools. Then one can believe in the spirit doctrines and in Mr. Anketell's too?"

"Why, of course," said the young lady; "but they are truths — facts — not doctrines. But let him tell you himself," she added, for steps approached, and a tall man entered from the rear room.

"My dearest child," he said, in a solemn clear voice, "welcome. The

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spirit of the place lacked you." And taking her hand, he pressed it; and held it, as Adrian observed, longer than was absolutely necessary.

Civille introduced Adrian, as her cousin, and a sincere inquirer after new truth.

"Most rejoiced to receive you," said Mr. Anketell, in the same solemn clear voice. "But, my child," — he turned to Civille, "there is no new truth. All truth is eternal; without beginning or end."

"But," suggested Adrian, "until our existence becomes unconditional, we must use conditioned words, must we not? Is it not practically correct, therefore, to have a word 'new'? It means, as to truths, not truths just manufactured, but truths just found; — New to me, if I never found them before?"

While Adrian spoke, he and Mr. Anketell looked straight into each other's eyes. The great Reformer was a tall and rather slender person, decently enough clad in black, fair, with light blue watchful eyes, a bloodless face, a sharp high projecting forehead, thin features, intelligent enough, marked with thought, and with a look of preternatural gravity. Adrian, summing him up in his swift intuitional way, felt, rather than thought, that he disliked him. But this may have been because the Reformer was so very paternal with Civille. However, the watchful face smiled as Adrian ended, and the great thinker condescended to approve.

"Ah!" he said, "this is a singularly acute mind. A just distinction. But the New Language — which Mr. Jobraker is advocating in my behalf, will obviate such questions. My new categories of thought and speech will forever prevent any confusion between the absolute and the relative. One word per thought, — one thought per word."

"Ah," said Adrian, "Then the new language is yours?"

"Yes," assented Mr. Anketell, with visible unobtrusiveness — "merely one of the departments of the New Universe. But, my young friends, The Germ was upon development when you rang. Come in and take part in our little conference. I was just setting forth the sum of the New Universe, as it reached me this morning at half past ten precisely. I have improved two epithets and a definition since last week."

And while Adrian considered briefly within himself, how deep and broad a Universe that could be which two epithets and a definition could improve, Mr. Anketell showed them into the dining room, where, around the extension table — now only set with a common red damask cover on which lay a few papers and writing materials — sat the whole strength of the company, so to speak: a whole New Universe in one dingy back room. Such is the concentrative might of Mind!

The little band who were here incubating, — if one may say so — upon the Egg of the Future, seemed to Adrian, glancing round the room as he took his seat, like a rarefied extract of the *Solidarité de l'Avenir*. Indeed, most if not all of them were members of that extremely respectable body. The chief difference between the two assemblages was in their spirit; for while the units of the *Solidarité* were even ludicrously centrifugal in their tendency, there was evident here an equally predominant spirit of perfectly unconditional acquiescent discipleship. The two conditions may just as well co-exist in the same mind as the uproar of the boys in recess,

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along with their stillness in school-hours.

Mr. Anketell took a chair at one end of the table.

"Perhaps," he said, with his grave manner and clear articulation, Mr. Morue will read my summary once more from the beginning. We have a new friend on this occasion; and it is well that Miss Van Braam should receive the new statement as completed. Great things depend upon it, and upon her."

Mr. Morue, a good looking young fellow with a sweet expression and fine soft dark eyes, bowed and complied. The statements which he read contained very much that was — but is it not impertinent to assume to praise such things? Let a few sentences suffice; and write for circulars containing summary of the New Universe, to S. P. Quinby Anketell, New York City, enclosing Fifty cents.

MR. MORUE'S READING.

All that exists is either Action or Result.

This is true throughout the Universe.

Therefore it is true in symbol as well as in fact.

Voice is a symbol of fact.

In Voice the sound is Action; it terminates in Result.

Therefore all Language falls into these two:

1. Sound. 2. Stop.

The first, because the easiest of all possible Sounds is the open Ah! — when the mouth opens, and we vocalize. The first of all possible stops is 'm! — when the mouth shuts and we are silent.

We have therefore the One Eternal Word:

AHM!

(This the speaker vocalized with much power, giving a good broad long Ah! and bringing his lips together with almost a slap at the end.)

As a single instance corroborative, take the Sacred Syllable of the plurality of worshipping humanity, the Buddhists — Om!

All the rest of Real Language must of necessity be developed from this one word, by modifications. These are of course only such as the vocal organs can supply.

Here the reader gave a carefully arranged series of modifications, such as:

1. Of the Vowel: ee'm! au'm! oo'm!

2. Of the Consonant: ah'p! ah'f! ah'g!

3. Of the Effort: ahbabah'm! ahgagah'g!

And he briefly showed the infinite number of combinations — that is, of words, deducible from this single syllable; which must include not only all the existing words of the present languages — collectively termed the Scatterary or Inartistic — but that inexhaustible remainder of vocables on which the New Universal Language can draw at sight and without end for expression of the whole New Universe of Ideas.

The Name of the New Language is that which could not but arise in the rightly constituted mind. It embodies beginning, sound, end, thus:

M'AH'M.

And for instance corroborative of the justness of the choice, observe that this name embodies the first call of the human being to its mother, and the accepted expression of the man's reverence for the woman.

With like reasonings and illustra-

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tions did the exposition proceed. As the first part, that relating to language, drew to a close, Mr. Anketell spoke a few words aside to Civille, and both, arising, disappeared into the small ante-room. Mr. Morue went on, explaining that the only emendations had now been read, and that the Teacher was not required for the rest, which he should however repeat "chiefly" he said, "for inculcation."

This was however if any thing still more interesting to our neophyte Adrian than what had preceded it; for it contained the explanation of the development, not merely of sound or language, but successively of Matter, Life, Thought, Society, and Perfection. This whole system, thus set forth, constituted the New Universe. No considerations but those of Space and Time prevent their being here given in full. At present (the statement went on), men are scarcely advanced beyond that base and sordid condition of scattered life in disjunct item, which the pre-Anketellical but only half-enlightened Fourier so well designated by calling them "miserable civilizees." Even in the dawn of our New Universe, even in the first unfolding of The Germ, must we make allowances for the weakness, for the unwisdom, for the slavishness of mind, so long locked down upon the ages: even the New Universe itself must not clash too violently with the recognized forms of thought and feeling. The old religions, as well as the old political and social conditions, will swiftly fade as our dawn opens into the coming day. Yet the wise Teacher ordains not to diverge too far, and he chooses for the present name of the New System, one which shall express his Greatest Discovery, the Identity of All Forces by the marriage of the Material with the Divine.

I have thus revealed to you the Elements, — the reader ended, — of the New Universe: Let its Spirit receive the New Baptism: what Anketell teaches — what the Anketellicalists believe and propagate, let them, until the New Language shall afford its full and real and mysteriously significant name, mention and proclaim abroad as

ELECTRO—CHRISTIANITY!

At this magnificent climax there was quite a sound of delighted applause, and some offered thanks to Mr. Morue, while others eagerly entered into discussions on the many questions that every one can see arising from these immensely fruitful propositions. In the midst of this happy excitement, Adrian, who was sitting with his back towards the door where they had come in, heard a quick step, a rustle of garments; a hand was laid on his shoulder, and Civille, in a gasping whisper, said in his ear,

"O Adrian, take me away quick!"

Astonished beyond measure, the young man sprang up and turned to look at his cousin. Such a frozen white horrified face! It was fright, grief, indignation, all awful pain in one. Without another word, she stepped to the door leading not to the ante-room, but to the hall, and so towards the outer door. Adrian, with an indistinct feeling as if murder had been done, but without a word, hurried after her. So swift were their motions that they were both out of the room before the stream of chattering congratulatory talk could fairly subside. As Adrian got into the hall, Civille had already reached the front door, and was hurriedly endeavoring to open it. At this moment, the great Mr. Anketell

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appeared from the hall-door of the little ante-room, looking, as nearly as Adrian could see in the rather weak gas-light, somewhat flustered for a philosophic teacher. He went straight to Civille, without observing Adrian, and promptly putting one arm round her waist, said,

"You mistake entirely. Come back a moment."

"No!" she said vigorously, "I *don't* mistake! Let go!". And she gave him a push. Adrian gave him something more effectual — a tremendous straight right-hand hit under the left ear, that lifted him with a bang against the door, and then dropped him in a limp heap on the carpet. With one jerk the angry fellow slung the Great Teacher backward into the hall, just as one or two startled disciples opened the door of the dining room.

"Pick up that dirty dog!" he said: and opening the front door, he hurried his cousin out. She had kept on her bonnet, and he had as it happened kept his hat with him, so that they made no unconventional display in the street.

The night was bright and cold, and patches of a slight snow that had fallen in the morning, were still pure and white in corners along the sidewalk. Adrian felt Civille grow heavy on his arm.

"Don't faint," he said, and snatching up a handful of clear snow, laid it promptly on her forehead. The shock, along with her own keen resolute will, helped her.

"I won't," said she, with her teeth set tight — and she didn't. But it was a pretty near thing. An empty hack drove by, and Adrian, hailing it, took Civille directly home. She sat silent the whole way, leaning back as if exhausted, and Adrian, though he thought industriously, said not a word.

When they reached the old shabby white house it was quite late, and no light was visible except a dim one through the front door fanlight. The door however, as it appeared on trying it, was to their surprise not fast. They entered the hall together; — for Adrian thought best to see that nothing was wrong. A female form arose from a chair at one side of the hall and came forward, bearing a bundle.

"Who's that?" said Civille, startled.

"It's me, 'm," said a sharp voice.

"Why, Katy, what are you up for?"

"Yis'm, I think as much," was the reply, with obvious wrath. — "Misther Van Bram he says he was tired out, and I was to set up for yez, and he's gone to bed sure, and I've done it, haven't I?"

"You have, I should think," said Civille, gravely.

"An good night to yez, 'm. I didn't hire out for a watchman at all, so I didn't!"

And the enraged Irishwoman made for the front door, with the energy — and reason — of one million Fenians.

"Why," said Civille, "you only came this noon. My father's old; he didn't know."

"And sure he'll know next time thin!"

"Hold on," interposed Adrian sternly; "let's see what you're carrying off there!"

"An it's a woman's duds, sorr. There; will ye plaze examine!" With fingers that shook in an extraordinary access of fury, she untied her bundle and spread it out on the hall table.

"Oh, tie it up and go," said Civille. "Don't stop her, Adrian. You can

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have one day's wages, Katy, if you choose."

"No, thank ye 'm. And thank ye sorr," returned the furious serving woman. "An it's moighty little there's to stale in this house any way."

"You've looked, have you?" broke in Adrian, coolly.

"And the curse o Crom'll on sich naygurs!" went on the fury, not finding a perfectly handy parry to this hit; and out she bounced and off she went, a long stream of scolding dying away as she passed down the street.

"Sit down a few moments," said Adrian: "rest you a little; then we'll look round the house and see that every thing is safe; it will do no harm, and you'll sleep better."

So they went into the parlor, lit the gas, and Civille took her own chair by the fire-place. After a few moments Adrian said,

"Cousin Civille, please to tell me if you think proper, what happened at Anketell's."

She started; "Oh no!" Then she considered a moment, and then — reconsidered. "Yet why not? It was very considerate of you, Cousin Adrian, not to ask me before. Thank you. And perhaps you ought to know. But what did you do to him, Adrian?"

"Broke his jaw, I hope; I know I lamed my knuckles," replied the young man, examining his right hand, which was in fact scarified a little as will happen when one strikes very straight and hard on a sharp bone. "I can't write for a week, to judge from the sensation."

Civille was about to run for arnica, but Adrian wouldn't let her, and she then proceeded to describe her interview with the philosophic Mr. Anketell. He had asked her into the ante-room, she said, on pretence of wishing to consult her about a further and still more mysterious doctrine upon which, he said, his soul had been deeply pondering for a long time. The statement had begun with some rhapsodies about the ancient idea of an outer and an inner doctrine; about Civille's wonderful qualities; about the Platonic theory of souls made in two halves, which belonged to each other by the very fact itself if they happened to meet, and so on. Then he went into a theory of right and wrong as applied to himself, which ended with a series of propositions in substance somewhat like these: "A truly organized life would be immortal in this body. The society of our other half soul is the one first greatest requisite for this immortality. No law can be permanent to such a truth as that. And moreover, the New Universe is developing so swiftly that my laws will very soon be received all over the earth. This earth is the brain of the Universe; I am the brain of this earth. In less than one year, you will sit at my feet and worship me as a God. In three years I shall be ruling all this earth from the eternal centre of earthly power in Rome. And," concluded Civille, with a great effort, — "he insisted upon it that I was his Queen; that the right way for me to learn his doctrine was to be his; and — ugh! — before I could get away he kissed me!"

In spite of his anger, Adrian could not help laughing at her disgust; for at the recollection, she gave her cheek and her mouth a terrible scrubbing with her handkerchief.

"Augh!" she repeated, — "and he's as cold and damp as a toad!"

"So you just ran away?" queried Adrian.

"Yes: I told him to ask Mrs. Anketell about it, however."

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"Mrs. Anketell! Is the old scoundrel married!"

"Why yes; long ago. He said something about his wife being perfectly willing; but I ran out."

"Good riddance," commented Adrian. He was on the point of adding the dangerous suggestion that he hoped she might escape as well from the rest of her psychological investigations; but he stopped just in time. He recommended instead that nothing should be said to her father about the adventure, as it would only distress him, to which she agreed, — not knowing however, poor girl, how much distress she had already occasioned him: and now they made a hasty inspection of doors and windows, which were found all safe; and Civille, as they came round again to the front door, shyly invited Adrian to occupy their "spare bedroom" and breakfast with them in the morning. He however excused himself, in part because he suspected what was indeed true, that Civille would have to get breakfast herself, and ought not to have the additional bother of a visitor; and partly because he had promised to spend the next day — Sunday to wit — with Mr. Button's family, and somehow he preferred to go thither from his lodgings. As Civille came in with him, in readiness to lock the door, he turned and said,

"Good night."

"Good night," she responded, with sleep already drooping cloudily over her lovely gray eyes, and a smile at her own fatigue. Some impulse — a wholly inscrutable one, — was it the example of the philosophic Mr. Anketell? — suddenly sprang up in the young man's mind. So quickly that she could not resist, he had one arm round her waist, the other round her neck, and had pressed a long hearty kiss upon her flower-soft lips. They trembled under his.

"Go quick," she said. He could not understand whether there was sorrow or displeasure in her voice; there was something. But without a word he opened the door and departed; and all the way to his boarding house he was saying to himself

"I wonder what I did that for?"

[To be continued.]

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The Examiner.

THE law prohibiting free exchanges and free circulation to newspapers is a tax on knowledge, a direct attack on intelligence and literature.

Men dislike to have privileges taken away; and, if they can obtain no compensation for what they are deprived of, they are pretty likely to try to take something away from the depriver. Thus Congress, feeling that public opinion demanded the discontinuance of the franking privilege, discontinued it, and took two compensations, — one an increase of their own pay; and the other, a retributive deprivation, namely, the discontinuance of free exchanges and free home circulation of newspapers; for the newspapers had stirred up this very public opinion. Of these two discreditable performances, the former is an *ex post facto* measure, which is wrong on the same principle that forbids penalties to be inflicted on crimes committed before the making of the law. This principle is simply, Laws may not take men by surprise. Even a wrong-doer must have ample notice that he is to be punished. In like manner should a paymaster have notice what he is to pay his servant; but our congressional "servants of the people" propose, it would appear, both to carry the bag, and to help themselves to what is put therein. It is morally wrong, as well as politically inexpedient, that a congressman should have the power of altering his own pay, for the same reasons that have caused its absolute prohibition to the President; and the Constitution should be amended so as to prevent it in future, by adding to the first sentence of the first paragraph of the sixth section of the first article the words given below in Italics, which would cause that sentence to read as follows: "The senators and representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the treasury of the United States; *and which shall neither be increased nor diminished for any senator or representative during the period for which he shall have been elected.*" This would allow full swing to patriotic restitutions by those feeling themselves overpaid.

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There are sufficient and substantial reasons for the re-enactment of the repealed free exchange and free home circulation laws. This repeal is a positive advance in a tendency — already obvious, and, for various reasons, bad — towards an extinction of local newspapers to make room for large monopolizing city newspapers. Accordingly, anybody who has observed the opinions of the press on the repeal will recollect, that, the larger and more powerful the paper, the more decidedly did it approve the repeal. It has long been an established policy of the great city papers to set forth the duty of the local papers to scrape together their local news, and leave great affairs to great men. It is natural that a city newspaper manager should covet a large circulation and great influence. It is his very obvious policy to make the country papers mere local reporters for him. The only thing he would like better would be to discontinue them entirely, add their circulation to his, and substitute a local correspondent, or occasional reporter, for the local editor. A curious phenomenon, of late frequently observed in divers quarters, is another instance of this same policy: Newspaper after newspaper, "local" or "provincial," will be found, having in its telegraphic column an item like the following: "'The New York Blowgun' of to-morrow will say so and so;" and then follows a paragraph, not of news, but of *editorial.* This, of course, has a direct tendency to discredit the local paper; for the reader says, "Ah! then the important thing is not what my editor says, but what 'The New York Blowgun' man says. I guess I'll stop my paper, and take 'The Blowgun.'" There never was a more ingenious device to induce men to cut their own throats for the good of somebody else.

The additional expense imposed by the repeal — twenty, or fifty, or a hundred, or two hundred and fifty dollars, or more, a year — is far more important in the country than in the city. Money costs in the country, but time in the city. The powerful city paper with a capital of a million or three millions does not mind thousands of dollars more or less; but, in the country, no man — farmer, lawyer, or editor — can afford to waste or to lose a single dollar.

But there is a far more important consideration. The policy of centralizing power is the one anti-American policy. The policy of maintaining numerous small centres of power is the one heart and soul and life of our American social and political order. De Tocqueville's fame rests, in great measure, on his recognition of the importance of our local centres of political action. The secret of the ill success of all the French republics is simply that they have no town-meetings. The local newspaper is the American intellectual

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town-meeting. The centralizing metropolitan monopoly may be strong at Washington; but it is in danger of partaking of the weaknesses of Washington. It is certainly on the side of Congress on the free exchange question: it is for its interest to be so. But it is for the interest of the American sort of intelligence and morality that the local newspapers should continue, and that they should take particular pains to discuss the great and important questions of the day; not to leave them for city papers to discuss.

The American newspaper doctrine is, Multiply local papers, and improve them. It is as distinctly anti-American that there should be great newspaper monopolies as great transportation monopolies; and the tendency is even more dangerous, just in proportion as independent thought is more important than cheap fares and freights.

Again: it is just as proper to favor a newspaper in regard to the public revenue as it is to favor a library, or a school, or a church, or a steamship line, or a public land-railroad. The rule for such favors is not a rigid application of a mere theoretic idea, but a common-sense view of what is safe and expedient. In proportion as any enterprise or investment is of universal importance, and beneficial in its aims, in a corresponding proportion should a wise government endeavor, within safe limits, to deal liberally with it. And the fact that selfish interests may be promoted by granting favors to a church, or a library, or a railroad, or the newspapers collectively, is no reason for refusing the favors.

Every means for the diffusion of mental activity, knowledge, and morality among men, should be encouraged by government as far as is safe. No more should be charged for letter-postage, for instance, than is necessary. In proportion as telegraphing takes the place of mail correspondence, it necessarily and properly tends to pass under government management. When this happens, it will be the duty of government to charge as little for telegraphing as is safe, precisely on this principle of encouraging intercourse. It is perfectly safe to allow newspapers their exchanges post-free, and their home circulation post-free. To do so would directly promote the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. This would be done on a principle peculiarly American; to wit, that of decentralization and the maintenance of numerous local centres of influence.

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THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.[1]

MANY extracts from this finely conceived series of brief essays in the form of letters have for some time appeared in magazines and newspapers, very deservedly. They have much of the brevity of structure, the directness and clearness of expression, the pleasant suggestiveness of thought, that entitles them to that infinitely broad career of usefulness. Two or three sentences from the Preface will show pretty clearly the spirit of the work: —

. . . "All who are born with considerable intellectual faculties are urged toward the intellectual life by irresistible instincts. . . . The life of a wild duck is in perfect accordance with its instincts; but the life of an intellectual man is never, on all points, perfectly in accordance with his instincts. . . . The intellectual life is always a contest or a discipline. . . . The school of the intellectual man is the place where he happens to be; and his teachers are the people, books, animals, plants, stones, and earth round about him. . . . Any man or woman of large natural capacity may reach the tone of thinking which may justly be called intellectual, even though that thinking may not be expressed in the most perfect language. The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts; and this preference may be the habit of a mind which has not any very considerable amount of information."

All this is capital good sense. The eleven parts into which the seventy-one letters that constitute the volume are divided are as follows: The Physical Basis (viz., of intellectual life), The Moral Basis, Education, Power of Time, Influences of Money, Custom and Tradition, Women and Marriage, Aristocracy and Democracy, Society and Solitude, Intellectual Hygienics, Trades and Professions, Surroundings. The quaint particularity with which Mr. Hamerton takes aim — like those speakers who pick out one hearer, and talk straight at him — will appear from the captions of one or two letters; as, "To a young man of the middle class, well educated, who complained that it was difficult for him to live agreeably with his mother, — a person of somewhat authoritative disposition, but uneducated." "To a friend (highly cultivated) who congratulated himself on having entirely abandoned the habit of reading newspapers."

In short, it is a capital fifteen-minute book. You can begin almost anywhere, spend your brief leisure well, and stop without loss.

[1] The Intellectual Life. By P. G. Hamerton. With a Portrait of Leonardo da Vinci. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. Cloth. $2 00.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.[1]

THE real chief difficulty in all the business enterprises which have been attempted association-wise is the practical and central one of business management. A business manager, conducting a business enterprise under the stimulus of making money out of it, is a perfectly intelligible phenomenon. In theory, so also is a business manager conducting a business enterprise under the stimulus of benefiting other people by it; but it is in theory

[1] How to Manage Building Associations. A Director's Guide and Secretary's Assistant. With Forms for Keeping the Books and Accounts. Together with Rules, Examples, and Explanations, illustrating the Various Plans of Working. By Edmund Wrigley. Philadelphia: James K. Simon. Cloth. $2.00.

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only. In fact, as society is organized at present, it is no more safe to expect a missionary cause to produce a business effect than it is to expect, by going through a geometrical calculation in a box, to fill the box with fresh eggs.

Many a good-looking organization for mutual benefit—Phalanx, Co-operative Store, Building Association, or what not—has begun well, and failed entirely for want of this adaptation of means to ends. The building associations, of which so many have existed in Europe and this country, have encountered a full share of such difficulties. The object of Mr. Wrigley's manual is not so much to instruct trained business men how to handle a mutual benefit association as to enable a man whose purposes are benevolent to go through the necessary business operations. Of its two parts, the first discusses the various principles and modes of organizing and managing building associations; and the second is a manual of book-keeping adapted to this particular kind of business. It contains abundant practical detail for the purpose.

MR. BRYANT'S ORATION'S.[1]

NINETEEN addresses: the first five funeral-orations on the painter Thomas Cole, the authors Cooper and Irving, the poet Halleck, and the gentleman-virtuoso Verplanck; the rest on divers public occasions. The biographical ones are extremely interesting and genuinely valuable, as able and kindly and just estimates of eminent men by a competent critic at once their personal friend and a man of rare loftiness and justness of judgment. They are full of friendly emotion and admiration, and contain many graceful anecdotes, and careful and sensible criticisms. The book, as a whole, is a real and considerable addition to our literature. Any one who, as happened to the present writer nearly twenty years ago, has had occasion to obtain a verdict from Mr. Bryant upon a poetical composition, will smile, if he does not laugh, at reading the following good-natured passage from the paper on Fitz-Greene Halleck:—

"If what I write should fall under the eye of any persons of either sex poetically inclined, and ambitious of renown, I would strongly advise them against sending their verses to a poet for his judgment. In the first place, it does not follow, that, because he passes for a poet, he is therefore a competent critic; in the second place, they may be sure that he will have little time to look at their verses; and, thirdly, *he will naturally be so desirous to treat their case tenderly, that his opinion will be of little value.*"

[1] Orations and Addresses. By William Cullen Bryant. Portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo. $2.00.

MY CLERICAL FRIENDS.[1]

THE four papers which form this very jolly anonymous Romanist polemic purport to be the history (by himself) of the conversion of the son of a Church-of-England dignitary (himself a clergyman) to Romanism.

They are written by a scholar, a man of the world, and a gentleman, and are entertaining enough, containing a good many smart sayings and anecdotic matters, and a still greater supply of neat digs at weak points in the doctrinal and practical edifice of the Anglican Church; though there seems to be nowhere a denial that that church possesses a clergy by virtue of an unbroken apostolical succession. Underneath the satire and the merely polemic argu-

[1] My Clerical Friends and their Relations to Modern Thought. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 12mo. Cloth.

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ment, there is a solid substructure, — an assumption that the Roman Catholic Church is the true church, that the pope is infallible, that private judgment is damnable. This substructure is so obvious, — that is, there is so clear an omission to argue the real questions in issue, — that, able and good-natured and entertaining as it is, the book is, in effect, primarily an attack only, and secondarily an assertion of faith, without even an attempt at constructive demonstration.

INNOCENT III.[1]

M. De Gasparin's new book, a series of lectures, is especially valuable from its thoroughly Protestant tone. The first part contains a sketch of the first century of the Christian era, from which he passes to the fourth century, and a study of Constantine. The third part takes up the theme of the Middle Ages. It affords a most healthy, and, as we have said, truly Protestant contrast to the brilliant and specious pictures of the Middle Ages given by Montalembert. "Do you dare to speak to us," Gasparin asks, "of the poetry of the Middle Ages, the movement in thought, its liberty, its individualism? In the midst of all these marvels there is one theory I fail to discover, — a free conscience, or self-supported intellect. What remains of a society where this is wanting?" He ventures into a greater defence of the Albigenses than modern, even Protestant, writers have allowed themselves. He justifies himself in this by relating, that, after having been too much prejudiced in favor of the Albigenses, historical writers have fallen into the opposite extreme. He had reason to believe, that while this persecuted people were in error in many ways, and their asceticism led them in a wrong direction, it remains to be proved that Manicheism was universal or decided among them. He brings forward the fact that none of their books exist, and that their inquisitors alone give their history, founded upon vague reports. They were reproached with discarding the Old Testament. It is proved, on the contrary, that they possessed it; and the New Testament was found in their hands, which could not be said of the Catholic populations, their accusers. Their principal crime, then, resolves itself into their repelling the inventions of the Romish Church, — purgatory, prayers for the dead, the temporal power of the pope, the wealth of the clergy, every thing that was remote from the primitive simplicity of Christianity. As Protestants, we should acknowledge, that with them arose one of the earliest protests against Romanism. The whole life of Innocent III., so full of incident and action, the crowning period of papal sovereignty, is written with a careful and impartial discrimination.

[1] Innocent III. Le Siècle Apostolique, Constantin. Par le Comte A. de Gasparin. Paris: Michel Lévy. Boston: Schoenhof and Moeller.

ENIGMAS OF LIFE.[1]

Seven thoughtful and remarkably independent, candid, passionless, and suggestive essays on subjects of great and present interest, viz.: —

"Realizable Ideals," on some possible and practicable sociological improvements.

"Malthus Notwithstanding," on the rules of the increase of the human species.

"Non-survival of the Fittest," arguing that civilization has at present

[1] Enigmas of Life. By W. R. Greg. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo. Cloth.

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(not to deny its good qualities) a tendency to perpetuate bad strains of blood.

"Limits and Directions of Human Development," "The Significance of Life," whose titles define their subjects.

"De Profundis;" queries, rather than discussions, as to what can be fully understood about religious obligations.

"Elsewhere;" similar queries about a future state.

Almost every thoughtful "general reader" will find much that is stimulating and interesting in all these papers.

LOVE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.[1]

A HEARTFELT and cordial historiette, with abundance of bright thoughts all very genuine and healthy. The story is enough to string the thoughts on — who would want more? Julius the newspaper man meets Clara the teacher, both on vacation in the country. He is "smart," and she is reserved, — oh! call it reserved, not prim, — and he rather precipitately pops; is refused, though pleasantly: they correspond, and grow sincere; compare views, suit; he repops, and is accepted; and they organize a deft and happy homelet. May there be millions!

MONOGRAPHS.[2]

VERY pleasantly written and anecdotic reminiscences of eight eminent and notice-worthy persons: Suleiman Pasha, Humboldt, Cardinal Wiseman, Walter Savage Landor, the Misses Berry, Harriet Lady Ashburton, Sydney Smith, and Heine. The portraits woodcuts, — pretty bad. The sketches most agreeable reading, intelligent, well mannered, pictorial, and often sparkling. Lady Ashburton's bright sarcasms in particular are extremely jolly; and one wishes one could now and then quietly say silly things to her so as to "catch it" back again.

[1] Love in the Nineteenth Century. A Fragment. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

[2] Monographs, Personal and Social. By Lord Houghton. Portraits. New York: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $2.00.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

FIRST LOVE. A Comedy, in One Act. By Eugene Scribe. Adapted from the French. By L. J. Hollenius. New York: R. M. DeWitt. 16mo. Paper. 15 cents.

THE PARTING WORDS OF ADOLPHE MONOD TO HIS FRIENDS AND THE CHURCH. October, 1855, to March, 1856. Portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Cloth.

THE SERMONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER. Seventh Series: September, 1871–March, 1872. Eighth Series: March–September, 1872. 2 vols. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 8vo. Cloth. Per vol. $2.50.

THE DEAD SIN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Edward Garrett. New York: Dodd & Mead. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

COGITATIONES VESPERTINÆ. "EVENING THOUGHTS." Book 1. Containing Dramas, Pen Effigies, Poems. By Unicus [William Bush]. Chicago: Best & Carson. 12mo. Boards.

THE PASSIONS IN THEIR RELATIONS TO HEALTH AND DISEASES. From the French of Dr. X. Bourgeois. By H. F. Damon, M.D. Boston: J. Campbell. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25.

COUNT KOSTIA: A NOVEL. From the French of V. Cherbuliez. By O. D. Ashley. New York: Holt & Williams. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25.

ALL FOR LOVE; OR, THE OUTLAW'S

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BRIDE. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cloth. $1.75.

PLAY AND PROFIT IN MY GARDEN. By Rev. E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd & Mead. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD; A SIMPLE ACCOUNT OF MAN IN EARLY TIMES. By Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $1.00.

FERDINAND DE SOTO, THE DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Dodd & Mead. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

UPS AND DOWNS: AN EVERY-DAY NOVEL. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth. 16mo. $1.50.

BABOLAIN. By G. Droz. New York: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

LONDON'S HEART. A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Paper. $1.00.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: A TRUE HISTORY. Given through the mediumship of Alexander Smyth. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. 12mo. Cloth.

THE KNIGHTLY HEART, AND OTHER POEMS. By James F. Colman. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Cloth. $2.00.

I GO A-FISHING. By W. C. Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Cloth.

EDUCATION IN JAPAN. A Series of Letters addressed by Prominent Americans to Arinori Mori. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

BOSTON ILLUSTRATED. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo. Paper. 50 cents.

THEISM. A Poem. By R. S. Sanborn. Published by the author. Rockford, Ill. 18mo. Cloth. pp. 52.

REPORT ON THE INTERNATIONAL PENITENTIARY CONGRESS OF LONDON, JULY 3–13, 1872. By E. C. Wines, D.D., LL.D., U. S. commissioner. With the Second Annual Report of the National Prison Association of the United States, containing the Transactions of the National Prison Reform Congress, Baltimore, Jan. 21–24, 1873. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1873. 8vo. Cloth.

ABSOLUTE RELIGION. A View of the Absolute Religion, based on Philosophical Principles and the Doctrines of the Bible. By Thomas C. Upham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

OUTLINES OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By J. Gostwick and R. Harrison. New York: Holt & Williams. 12mo. Cloth. $2.50.

LIFE IN DANBURY. By James M. Bailey. Portrait and Illustrations. Boston: Shepard & Gill. 16mo. Cloth. $1.50.

OLD NEW ENGLAND TRAITS. Edited by George Lunt. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. Cloth. $1.50.

WHAT TO WEAR. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. Paper. 50 cents.

WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE ELIOT. Boston: Robert Brothers. Square 18mo. Cloth. $1.25.

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE AS APPLIED TO THE WANTS OF THE WEST. With an Essay on Forest Planting on the Great Plains. By H. W. S. Cleveland, landscape architect. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 12mo. Cloth.

WHAT THE SWALLOW SANG. By F. Spielhagen. New York: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

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Record of Progress.

AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE department of public health of the American Social Science Association was organized anew last January by the choice of Edward Wigglesworth, jun., M.D., as chairman, and D. F. Lincoln, M.D., as secretary. It now numbers eighteen resident members, and three associates; most of whom are medical men. Six business-meetings have been held, at which a variety of investigations relative to sanatory science were set on foot; and two papers have been read upon special subjects. The first of these papers — upon "Pharmaceutical Education" — was repeated by its author (Prof. Markoe) at the Annual Meeting of the Association in May; the other — read at a business-meeting of the department by T. Sterry Hunt, LL.D. — is here presented in abstract. The paper is itself mainly an abstract of part of the recent work by R. Angus Smith, M.D., on "Air and Rain," — a voluminous and ill-arranged, but most valuable treatise.

"AIR AND VENTILATION."

Composition of the Atmosphere. — The most careful analyses of Regnault and others show, that, in the purest air, the quantity of oxygen varies from 20.99 to 21.08 parts in a hundred. In the streets and parks of London, in summer, 20.95 parts are found; in crowded court-rooms and theatres, 20.74 to 20.65; in mines, 20.14. Candles cease to burn when the proportion sinks to 18.50; and breathing becomes very difficult when it stands at 17.20. It is sometimes very convenient to express the proportion by stating the number of parts *per million.* In this mode of representation, we find that air which is proper to be breathed contains from 209,000 to 209,999 parts of oxygen in the million; and any variation too great to be expressed in the last three figures is not permissible.

Carbonic acid (CO_2) is normally present in the amount of three parts in ten thousand of atmospheric air. More exactly, it varies from 332 to 341 parts *in the million.* In the streets of London, 380 parts are found; in Manchester, during still, foggy weather, 679; while in theatres and crowded work-rooms it is increased tenfold, — from 3,000 to 3,200 parts being present. In mines it averages 7,850; and, in one mine in Cornwall, 25,000 parts, or 2½ per cent. Pettenkofer found in Munich, in ordinary dwellings by day, 540 parts of CO_2; in partially open bedrooms, 820; in the same rooms by night, with closed windows, 2,300; in schools, 2,000 to 4,100 parts per million.

It is curious, that the air on mountain-tops contains more than double the proportion of carbonic acid found at lower elevations, viz., from seven

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hundred to nine hundred parts. This fact is due to the presence of organic matters, which become oxidized at those very high levels, producing carbonic acid. It is doubtless also due, in part, to the decarbonizing action exerted by large masses of living verdure upon the lower strata of air.

In all the above statements reference is had to the volume, not to the weight, of the gases.

How Carbonic Acid affects Health. — Good ventilation implies that the air shall not contain more than seven hundred parts per million of this gas. But the injury done by the presence of excessive amounts depends on many circumstances. Animal exhalations are more distressing, sometimes, than carbonic acid; for we are quite comfortable in winter, in places which in summer oppress us, unless the ventilation is increased. In sleeping, it is of advantage to reduce the quantity of oxygen a hundred or two hundred parts in the million. The habits of men and animals illustrate this fact, and suggest that it has become an instinct, as it were, to correct the stimulus of pure oxygen by increasing the amount of carbonic acid, which, of course, is accomplished by simply consuming part of the oxygen. Miners do not suffer perceptibly from the heavy charge of this poisonous gas which they have to inhale. The human frame is certainly capable of accommodating itself to such abnormal conditions, just as it does to the use of tobacco, alcohol, and coffee, and even to the inhalation of sulphuretted hydrogen and the vapors of prussic acid.

It is incorrect to ascribe the poisonous effects of carbonic acid to the simple fact that its presence excludes a certain portion of the oxygen requisite to sustain life. It is possible to breathe for a time in a close chamber containing the enormous proportion of four per cent: one must only take a deeper inspiration. The symptoms of actual poisoning by this gas are not those of asphyxia. The patient, in other words, is not "drowned," but is subjected to a narcotic influence. It is probable, that, if the carbonic acid formed in breathing could be removed immediately from the air, a person would not suffer much from a partial diminution of oxygen, except after a lapse of time.

The carbonic acid and the oxygen must, in any case, enter the system through the lungs, by absorption into the current of the blood. It is probable that the physical laws governing this process, by which gases are dissolved in a fluid, do not differ greatly from those which have been established by Bunsen's observations upon water. He has shown that water exposed to an atmosphere containing the normal ingredients, but in varying proportions, absorbs carbonic acid in a very different way from oxygen; for the former gas is taken up pretty nearly in proportion to the amount present; so that from air containing forty parts in a thousand, forty times as much carbonic acid is absorbed in a given time as from air containing one part in a thousand. With oxygen the case is very different. The water absorbs rather less from the heavily-charged atmosphere than from the one which contained a smaller quantity.

These rules cannot be exactly applied to the case of respiration. The temperature of the water in Bunsen's experiments was 68°; while that of the blood is 98°; and the chemical constitution of the blood must contribute to alter its capacity for absorption.

Regnault and Reiset found that animals could live twenty-four hours

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in an atmosphere containing from seventeen to twenty-three per cent of carbonic acid, and from thirty to forty per cent of oxygen. It is presumable that a larger amount of oxygen was absorbed by the system in these experiments, and acted as a stimulus to counteract the effects of the carbonic acid.

Other Impurities. — Carbonic oxide need only be alluded to, as a source of impurity in the winter season, when stoves of bad construction are used. Some sulphuretted hydrogen is pretty generally present, as evinced by the tarnishing of silver. Coal-gas, if properly made, should contain none; but sulphide of carbon is almost inevitably present, which gives rise, by combustion, to sulphurous acid, producing the foul odor characteristic of gas-flames.

The test for organic impurities consists in shaking a certain quantity of a solution of permanganate of potassa with a measured quantity of the air to be tested. The amount of decoloration produced in the fluid gives a criterion for estimating the quantity of organic matter present. In a hundred cubic inches of air from the Alps, from 1.4 to 2.8 grains were found; in the like quantity of sea-air, 3.5 grains; in London air, from 22 to 45 grains; and, in air from pigstys, from 63 to 70 grains.

Disinfection is accomplished by Nature in various ways. Plants assimilate carbonic acid and some other gases. Ozone, a disinfectant of the most active character, is generated in many ways, especially under the influence of the sun's direct rays. Rain washes the air clear of carbonic acid and other gases, and of organic impurities, which are then brought immediately in contact with vegetable life, and assimilated.

Animal effluvia remain very long recognizable by the smell. A portion is slowly deposited, as a sticky film, on surfaces of glass and wood in a room; but, if a portion of air from a "close" room is bottled up, it retains its odor (of perspiration) a great while.

Flame-Test for Carbonic Acid. — When a candle goes out in foul air, it is far too foul to be breathed: when a candle burns dull, a man feels a little depression, which he can overcome by taking a deep breath. It is not altogether the deficiency of oxygen that puts out the candle, but the absorption of the radiant heat from the flame by the carbonic acid, preventing the melting of the wax or tallow. Steam acts in a like manner. If twenty-one per cent of oxygen is present, a candle is nevertheless extinguished when four per cent of carbonic acid is added to the atmosphere it burns in. With three per cent of carbonic acid, the candle will go out if the percentage of oxygen falls below eighteen. Men can work for ten minutes at a time in air as foul as this. At the top of Mt. Blanc, a candle burns perfectly, but slowly, and with a large blue flame.

In pure air of ordinary dryness, a candle will burn one hundred and twenty grains of itself in a certain time: if the air contains twenty-two hundred parts of carbonic acid per million, only a hundred and ten grains will be consumed in that time. And so a rude measure of the purity of the air may be established.

Minimetric Analysis is a method for estimating the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere by ascertaining how small an amount of the air will give a precipitate, when shaken up in a bottle with half an ounce of lime-water. In applying this test,

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bottles of given sizes are used, into which air is forced by a bellows: the above quantity of lime-water is introduced with a pipette: and the bottle is stopped, and well shaken. When the precipitate indicated by a slight turbidity of the water occurs in a bottle holding ten ounces and a half, the air contains six-tenths of one per cent carbonic acid, — six hundred parts in the million, — and may be called a practically pure air; but, if the precipitate can be produced by the quantity of air which a nine-ounce bottle holds, the air contains seven-tenths of one per cent. The following table gives the tests for carbonic acid up to the proportion of one per cent: —

Capacity of Bottles.	Per cent CO^2	Capacity of Bottles.	Per cent CO^2
20½ oz.	.03	6½ oz.	.1
15½	.04	3½	.2
12½	.05	2½	.3
10½	.06	2	.4
9	.07	1½	.6
8	.08	1¼	.8
7½	.09	1 1/10	1.0

Ventilation. — In ordinary cases carbonic acid is what we have to get rid of. One twenty-fifth of one per cent is a normal quantity: five times that, or one-fourth per cent, affects a candle, as tested by the photometer. The human frame is apparently less sensitive; and we do not feel the presence of three or four times the normal quantity of this gas, although the organic exhalations that often accompany it may compel us to ventilate for the sake of comfort.

A man would expire a quantity of carbonic acid in an hour sufficient to impregnate a thousand cubic feet of air to the extent of one twenty-fifth of one per cent (.04 p.c.); but, as the air already holds that amount in a normal state, he will, of course, expire sufficient to raise the percentage of two thousand cubic feet from .04 to .06, which we have stated to be the limit that ought not to be passed: therefore we must supply two thousand cubic feet of fresh air hourly per man. Donkin's estimate of the carbonic acid given off is one-half greater than the above: he therefore states, that three thousand cubic feet per man are required. De Chaumont concludes that our standard of purity ought not to be lower than .06; and, assuming Smith's estimate to be correct, we ought to add one-half to the number of feet stated by him, and demand that three thousand cubic feet per man be introduced hourly. This addition is made on account of the fact that the gases diffuse themselves very slowly and unequally, and, when the draught is strong (as in a small room), not at all. If, now, we could change the air of a room at the rate of once every ten minutes, we should renew the air six times in an hour; and each man, if allowed five hundred cubic feet of space, would get his three thousand cubic feet of air per hour. But the fact is, that such rapid ventilation is not to be expected; and the least space that it is safe to allow per head is a thousand feet. To provide for the supply of three thousand feet per hour, so that the velocity of the current at the point of entrance shall not exceed five feet per second, forty-eight square inches of total inlet and outlet area should be provided. In cold weather we can endure much more than .08 per cent of carbonic acid; and this is an important point in our cold climate, when the air must be warmed before it is introduced.

Foul air, when generated by the body, is apt to ascend on account of its warmth. The same is true of the gases (including sulphurous acid) which are formed in the combustion of coal-gas. Of this fact the books

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in the library of the British Museum furnish an illustration; the bindings of the backs of those in the upper part of the room having rotted more or less from impregnation with the acid just named, which was imbibed by the leather from the atmosphere. This consideration is of importance in deciding where the ventilation-holes shall be put.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.[1]

THESE two reports are printed by the General Government, and are well enough set up; though footnotes and papers of details, if intended to be read, ought to be in type uniform with the text, even if the text should be less conspicuous. The argument of the eyes: changes are hurtful.

For hundreds of blunders in spelling, grammar, rhetoric, taste, the printer is not responsible. They were made in the manuscripts by men selected for work rather than for scholarship; and by some well-educated men amidst hurry, noise, inconvenience; by some in magnifying their own works, in rising into rapture, or in tumbling into pique and prejudice.

The first book is the report of the salaried commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to his immediate superior, the Secretary of the Interior, and is chiefly interesting for the statistics and hints of history given of the tribes and bands in detail. A book of 471 pages, it might be reduced to 200, without sacrificing any thing worthy of circulation to the average reader of documents.

Men want facts, results, more than methods and journals and complaints and self-gratulations; and the Bureau ought to save the country the expense of printing Gen. Howard's wordiness, and the multitude of reports of agents and of special commissioners. However much an agent, or a commissioner on special duty, may enjoy seeing his brightness and his errors darkle together in governmental type, and how much soever the small circle of the writer's friends may be interested in his performance, the best place, undoubtedly, for such matter is the pigeon-hole, whence it can be drawn for the press whenever needed. Excepting cases of rare interest, from uncommon difficulty or marked improvement, the report of one agent is an example of a hundred. Indeed, if Emerson's advice had been followed generally in this volume, "Write what you *know*," even the commissioner's work would probably have occupied much less than 105 pages. Still — with all his fondness for the verb "depredate," for "ranch," "rancheria," "cañon," "officials," "little rift" of settlement, "sporadic acts of outrage," with the clumsiness of "to the 96° west longitude" (an ordinal number), &c. (p. 33), of the Winnebagoes being "wholly disconnected with that outbreak" (p. 27), of "that all lawlessness is not confined to Indians" (p. 23), of "provision *will* still *require to be* made by law" (pp. 13, 7), of "small-arms fire of squibs" — he has given us really praiseworthy paragraphs on "The Claims of the Indian" (p. 10). I quote two.

"The people of the United States can never, without dishonor, refuse to respect these two considerations: 1st, That this continent was originally owned and occupied by the Indians, who have on this account a claim somewhat larger than the privilege of a hundred and sixty acres of land, and 'find himself' in tools and stock; which is granted as a matter of course to any newly-arrived foreigner

[1] Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1872; and
Fourth Annual Report of Board of Indian Commissioners, 1872.

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who declares his intention to become a citizen; that something in the nature of an endowment, either capitalized or in the form of annual expenditures for a series of years, for the benefit of the Indians (though at the discretion of the government as to the specific objects), should be provided for every tribe or band which is deprived of its roaming privilege, and confined to a diminished reservation: such an endowment being not in the nature of a gratuity, but, in common honesty, the right of the Indian on account of his original interest in the soil. 2d, That inasmuch as the progress of our industrial enterprise has cut these people off from modes of livelihood entirely sufficient for their wants, — and for which they were qualified, in a degree which has been the wonder of more civilized races, by inherited aptitudes and by long pursuit, — and has left them utterly without resource, they have a claim, on this account again, to temporary support, and to such assistance as may be necessary to place them in a position to obtain a livelihood by means which shall be compatible with civilization. . . .

"Can any principle of national morality be clearer than that — when the expansion and development of a civilized race involve the rapid destruction of the only means of subsistence possessed by the members of a less fortunate race — the higher is bound, as of simple right, to provide for the lower some substitute for the means of subsistence which it has destroyed?"

Could such sentiments but be followed, and faithfully pushed into practice, instead of practically dying where the ink dried!

See how an Indian may flourish with the will and the opportunity! "An instance is furnished from the Tuscarora reservation, of one Indian who realized a profit of over two thousand dollars on the sale of peaches alone during the past year." Again: "Favorable reports are given of the annual fairs held upon one or more of the reservations, at which the displays of fruits, home-manufactures, &c., were quite creditable."

Among the tribes of the Indian Territory, he pays this compliment to the Caddoes: "The Caddoes rank among the best Indians of the continent, and set an example to the other bands affiliated with them worthy of being more generally followed than it is. In physique, and in the virtues of chastity, temperance, and industry, they are the equals of many white communities."

The Cherokees generally deserve a good record. They naturally enough took their great sin, negro-slavery, from the whites nearest them, and followed their sinning neighbors into the mill which ground slavery into powder. Now they take the other "white man's road," and with their neighbors, the Choctaws and other long-settled Indians, are making hopeful efforts to acquire property and information. The statistics look well for them. Those of the Cherokees alone are: population, 18,000 (8,955 males, 9,045 females); schools, 60; teachers, 62; pupils, 2,032 (1,063 males, 969 females); wealth in individual property, horses, cattle, sheep, buildings, $4,995,055. Only approximate accuracy, however, can be expected even in the statistics of the most improved tribes: how vague must they be regarding the wild bands of Sioux, Apaches, Utahs, which are seldom seen in entire bands, never as whole tribes! The population of the Cherokees, for instance, turns out a singularly round number, which even the Indian Commissioner distrusts; though it is an exceptional case. Still, allowing an error in statistics as great as twenty-five per cent, which is a safe allowance for exaggeration in the local estimate of the population of Western cities, the

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Cherokees would make a creditable exhibit. Keep away squatters and desperadoes, and these Indians will soon make ample provision for their largest needs. Statistics run to a point, and drop off, when you inquire about the Southern Bannocks, Manaches, She-be-reechers, and Clatsop "renegades." Why should they not? How could they stick to such names? The statistical anticlimax, then, may be, from the Six Nations to the Clatsop renegades. Nevertheless the tables — beginning at pp. 68, 383, with the recapitulation on pp. 416, 417 — are convenient and interesting; though one looks in vain for a list of superintendents and agents. Tables of lands, stocks, incomes, afford little help to one who inquires what part of their nominal dues the Indians actually receive.

The commissioner estimates the number of Indians "within the limits of the United States, exclusive of those in Alaska" at, approximately, 300,000; of whom, regarding their "antecedents and traditions," 97,000 may be accounted civilized, 125,000 semi-civilized, 78,000 "wholly barbarous."

The erratum after the titlepage ought to have a companion from p.94. The "slight skirmish" in New Mexico took place not at Aliquien, but at Tierra Amarilla; and one soldier was shot in the leg, while one Indian was reported killed, and a Mexican herder was murdered by the retreating Indians (see p. 299).

The Apaches who stay with the Muache Utahs at the Cimarron agency are all Jicarilla Apaches, — a confusion of names; and the commissioner would find the mere pursuit of Indians bred among the mountains a bootless chase with heavy, corn-fed horses. The "grass-fed ponies" would scud away in the rare atmosphere over steeps which "American horses" could not climb; and would find time enough, scattered and concealed in the valleys, to refresh their "flabbiness," and save their "paltriness" from entire contempt. Mountain grasses are very nutritious (p. 81).

"The Executive" did not originate the plan of religious management of agencies. The Friends gave him the suggestion, and illustrated its advantages (p. 72).

The statements regarding the Utes, or Utahs, are not without inaccuracies and exaggerations. The Muaches and Capotes undoubtedly have received annuities and provisions in limited quantities as "benefits," both at Denver, and at the spurious Los Pinos agency; and, at the latter, the Weéminuches and even Jicarilla Apaches have shared with the Táhbewatches. The treaty of 1868 provides for the Muaches, Capotes, and Weéminuches, as well as for the Táhbewatches. The reservation belongs to all Utahs who will use it, — all east of Utah Territory.

The commissioner does not state how culpably remiss the government is in allowing miners to trespass upon a reservation which the treaty of 1868 expressly forbids unauthorized whites from even passing over; and he gives the popular exaggeration of the size of the reservation. To crowd the Indian, and wink at trespassing, is popular — with white barbarians (see attempts to "extinguish" titles and rights of Utahs and Shoshones, pp. 89, 90, where the government ought first to have extinguished the miners and squatters). In one short article the fancy-prices of Navajo blankets, and many other little matters, cannot be touched; but, if the affairs of the Utahs are so darkly treated, what may be

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the general trustworthiness of the book?

Looking at the bottom of p. 3, and the top of p. 8, I am reminded of a statement by a brevet major who had been in Arizona and South-western New Mexico among these "treacherous and vindictive Apaches," to this effect: Some years ago, the father of Cochise was induced to go into a military encampment. The officer in charge showed the chief a tent, in which he would "be safe if he kept still." The soldier left to guard him — the officer out of sight — pricked the chief through the tentcloth with his bayonet, and then shot him for starting up, on the pretence that the Indian was going to run away. How many sons of white men, especially on the rough frontier, would not seek retaliation at any cost? And should Cochise be lamb-like and forgiving? The story of the Apaches has two sides. We seldom hear what they suffer; mostly how they retaliate, "murder, and rob."

On pp. 8, 9, is matter not so rough.

"It must be considered that the Indians of the plains have, up to a recent date, really believed that they outnumbered the whites. How, indeed, should they have thought otherwise? Most of them had, at one time or another, seen as many as five thousand, some as many as ten thousand, of their people camped together, one-third fighting-men. Of the whites what had they seen? A few ranches miles apart, a few hunters and trappers, a few soldiers. The stories that had been brought to their ears of a country where the whites were like the sand on the seashore, where houses were piled on top of houses" [houses of several stories], "and where houses stood side by side with houses for miles in every direction, were received by them as the merest fables invented to amuse or deceive them. Even when the first delegations that visited the East, though composed of their own trusted chiefs and braves, returned, and reported what they had seen, they were not believed; but it was said among their tribes that the white men had put 'bad medicine' upon their eyes to make them see things that did not exist. It has only been the concurrent testimony of many chiefs and braves out of many bands and tribes, that has dissipated this happy conceit of the Indian of the plains, and made him appreciate, as he is beginning to do, the power and resources of the whites." This is the effect of delegations to Washington and other cities.

"By act of March 3, 1871, it was declared 'that hereafter no Indian nation or tribe within the territory of the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power, with whom the United States may contract by treaty;'" and, practically, "since 1868, no Indian treaty whatever has been ratified."

The numbers connected with religious denominations by allotment of the President are thus estimated: —

Denominations.	Agencies.	No. of Indians.
Hicksite Friends,	6	6,598
Orthodox Friends,	10	17,724
Baptists,	5	40,800
Presbyterians,	9	38,069
Christians,	2	8,287
Methodists,	14	54,473
Catholics,	7	17,856
Reformed Dutch,	5	8,118
Congregationalists,	3	14,476
Episcopalians,	8	26,929
A. B. C. F. Missions,	1	1,496
Unitarians,	2	8,800
Lutherans,	1	273
	73	238,899

Let no denominational enthusiast indulge in boasting of so many thousands of Indian converts. They would

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generally like a little bread and wine; but the *great majority* of them is not prepared to take these things as sacraments. Why have the Universalists no assignment? The President ought still to have room for them. 300,000—238,899—61,101 Indians not included in the above statement: yet 25,000, by estimate, have no reservation; and 30,000 others are but little under the control or patronage of the government.

The second of these reports, directly to the President, is made by the Voluntary Board of Ten Special Commissioners, of which Felix R. Brunot of Pittsburg is chairman, Thomas K. Cree of Washington secretary. The Board has no direct connection with the Indian office, nor any official subordination to the Secretary of the Interior. Its work is advisory and pacificatory; while its members are privileged to visit agencies, and examine accounts; and are sometimes clothed with discretionary power to negotiate with Indians, and correct abuses. The Executive Committee no longer audits the accounts of the Indian office; though the Committee on Purchases aids the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the purchase of annuity-goods and provisions. Since the establishment of the Board, many financial abuses have been corrected. The weight of beeves for the Sioux Indian district in 1868 and 1869 was made to average from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. In 1872 the average dropped to 1,150 and to 1,000 pounds. In 1870 contracts for 27,850,000 pounds beef amounted to $1,222,615; but in 1872 the same number of pounds cost only $764,804: a saving of $457,810. Flour at "a remote agency" was turned in at $14 a sack (a sack contains half a barrel, or 98 pounds); but the committee rejected the voucher. The next lot was put at $11; "and the same agency is now supplied by contract after public letting, at $4.90 and $5.90 per sack." Reductions might be cited which are not reported; but these are sufficient examples. The index and tables are convenient in this book.

A striking comparison of territorial statistics occurs on p. 13, whence "the Indian Territory, in population, number of acres cultivated, products, wealth, valuation, and school-statistics, is equal to any organized Territory of the United States, and far ahead of most of them. It has a smaller area than any other, and a larger population than any excepting Utah and New Mexico. . . . It raises six times as many bushels of the grains as any other Territory; and the value of its live stock is almost five millions of dollars." Again: "The partially civilized tribes, numbering about 50,000 souls, have, in proportion to population, more schools and with a larger average attendance, more churches, church-members, and ministers, and spend far more of their own money for education, than the people of any" [other] "Territory of the United States. Life and property are more safe among them, and there are fewer violations of law, than in the Territories. Specimens of the cotton-crop of 1872, exhibited in St. Louis, drew three premiums of $500, $250, and $100."

The testimony to the capacity of Indians for improvement and civilization is overwhelming; and yet the greedy frontiersman says, "An Injin ain't no better'n a cayote" (see pp. 178, 179: Judge Swan and Gen. Sully on Capacity of Indians).

"Almost the only impediment" to working among the Cherokees is, that "nearly all who do not speak English

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read and write the Cherokee in the character invented by Sequoyah;" and, "though such may learn to read and write English, they do not understand it; and the work of teaching them is lost for lack of a manual of translation."

In this report are many little errors, with some not so small. A merely English reader would pronounce *ure* your; but the spelling is Mexican: and Ǫoráy, head chief of the Utahs, would not know his name spoken otherwise than Ooráy. Numbers must often be mere guesses; and altitudes, when not guesses, are chiefly barometric approximations. Distances are according to one's freshness and another's weariness, or according to the activity of horses and mules. Several of the documents and quotations have no consciousness of time nor of place; such as extracts, and accounts of visits of Indian delegations. Puncha is not Poncha; Cochetópe is not Cochetopa; Guero Mudo is not Guero Murah, &c. That "an Indian used to be one of your great fathers at Washington" might present to a person unfamiliar with the drift of talks various questions of transmigration and of fatherhood (p. 87). Too much printing of council talks, of untranslated Indian names, and of missionary extravagances, prevails.

A serious mistake at the conference with the Utahs was the mixing of commissions. Three special commissioners to negotiate for land, and the chairman and secretary of the *board* of special commissioners (both parties from the same "great father," Grant, yet each with something apart from the other to say); and both parties talking at the same session, — would confound Congress itself: how much more the Utah who wants to talk *straight*, and clear one thing before touching another! Another mistake, not to say abuse, was the sending of the greatest enemy of the Utahs to treat with them in the person of an officer who regarded governorship and superintendency of Indian affairs as incompatible offices. The negotiation failed, as it ought even on other grounds than these. Trespassing of miners, whom the treaty excludes from their reservation, failure of the government to mark the lines of the reservation, frequent changes of agents, uncertainty regarding the permanency of the treaty and of the agency, and the annual war-howl of the borderers, are not good arguments by which to induce a sensible Indian to part with the best portions of his reservation. The old complaints of tardiness of annuities and supplies, encroachments of white men, corruption of Indians with whiskey and venereal diseases, are continued in this volume; and in many instances the law is powerless to remove the occasions of such complaints.

"The agent and two others" [from the Blackfeet agency] "followed a party with five six-horse wagon-loads of whiskey, which they were carrying across the reservation into the British Possessions, where, at a town called Hoopa, it is traded to the Indians. The profit of this disreputable business is immense. A pint of whiskey is the amount given for a robe, and a gallon of whiskey for a horse. This party, in which there were eleven men, defied the officers of the law; and although they were known, and could have since been arrested, it was not done, as it would have been impossible to convict them, even with the fact of their carrying the whiskey proven."

Last September Commissioner Brunot "found the citizens of South Pass much excited over a reported

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raid of some three hundred Cheyenne and Arrapaho warriors. All the available men, with a howitzer from Camp Stambaugh, were engaged with them." Yet all the fight, in fact, was between seven cavalrymen and eleven other whites, four miles from Stambaugh; each party for two hours thinking that the other was of Indians! Two citizens were missing from a settlement; and the eleven were in search of them. The two missing men returned to Miner's Delight in due time, having seen not a single Indian. Near Miners' Delight, also, "the Indians had shot Johnny Atkins's horse from under him." The fact was, that two white men shot the horse with supposed intent of robbery. "The most trivial circumstance, and all the misdeeds of whites, are attributed to hostile Indians, although there are, probably, none within a hundred miles; and thus a feverish state of excitement is kept up" (pp. 112, 113, 119).

Quaint Stories. — A Comanche chief wished to learn whether a commissioner told the truth, — whether or not the whites really were too many for the Comanches. Going to Washington, he easily counted all the whites until he reached the railroad; then, "finding the number growing beyond his ability to enumerate, he began to count the towns, but soon gave that up, and admitted that the whites were as numerous as the leaves on the trees, and their great cities more in number than the *tepes* [1] of the Indians."

Another rests on the credibility of an interpreter. Some Comanche and other Indians at the Grand Central Hotel, New York, concluded, that, "when the white men go to sleep, the wise spirits come to them in the night, and tell them how to make all these wonderful things," — powder, guns, steamboats, telegraphs. "And then the white men, remembering what has been told them, get up in the morning and go to work, carrying into effect what the spirits had taught them. The Indians are not so favored: therefore their ancestors must have done something to offend the spirits."

The secretary of the board recommends that agents and workmen be all married men. If he had spent a winter behind the mountains, without a mail for six weeks, where Indians would freeze, and their ponies starve, if they were caught there by the snows, and where the government will not even protect an agent in getting his mail at a United States post-office, he would probably modify his recommendation. "Employes" are oftener a choice between verdancy and villainy than betwen marriage and singleness: almost all are single.

Men very hopeful, and very desirous of good results, often see more than are really visible, and unconsciously exaggerate what they do see. Something like magnifying and multiplying glasses intrude themselves between the eyes of commissioners, of teachers, of missionaries, and the works which they inspect, or of which they write: so the Indian Policy of this administration, good enough in theory, is magnified in its results; and so educated and Christianized Indians are undoubtedly multiplied. How admirable would the work of civilizing and educating the Indians be, if they could be trained into good morals, temperance, industry, scholarship, made men and women, without being "converted" to some form of sectarianism! In many instances, under the present system, they have no choice. They get the notions of but one sect; for

[1] *Tepe*, tent, or lodge.

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they have been turned over to the agency and the training of but one. This plan has one merit: it is simple; and if, through denominational work, even with all its narrowness, the civilization can most practically be forwarded — well, a peaceful, sectarian Indian is better for the country than is a marauder, by incalculable odds. Let the government be (as too often it is not) faithful to the Indian, and just to its agents and teachers; let it insist upon honesty and fairness and promptness everywhere; oblige the whites to respect the laws and the terms of the various treaties; abolish its costly superintendencies, supplementing the work of the board of commissioners with the help of one or two able, trustworthy inspectors of agency-business; cut out and eradicate the corruption which has been more greedy than Credit Mobilier, — and Indian wars will give place to Indian fairs; Indian wardship, to Indian citizenship.

The ten commissioners are now the heart and the head of the "policy." Let the people read what they can of their reports; and, insisting on justice, make a change of "policy" too hazardous an undertaking even for a military president. J. N. Trask.

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Fine Art.

A TALK ABOUT ART.

In a tale with which our grandparents were more familiar than we are these words, descriptive of the fashionable talk of the time: "The whole conversation ran upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses." Now-a-days we have, of course, outgrown conversation upon high life and the musical glasses, and nearly outgrown Shakspeare; but the talk about pictures and taste still goes on: and hence this contribution to the common stock of knowledge of such matters, in the form of a dialogue between *Criticus* and his friend *Amicus*. The discussion began by the mention of the republication of "Eastlake's Hints upon Household Taste."

C. — Concerning the book, and the small-talk about it, I feel as Schiller says he felt in regard of virtue, "I would that we all practised it, and so, God willing, might hear nobody talk of it more."

A. — Yes, that is all very well: yet while we are not all virtuous, nor all humbugs, does it not show a little genuine interest in the thing, when it is much talked about? And so is it not better that taste in household matters should be overmuch talked of than not at all?

C. — Perhaps. And yet, to judge by one result, what mental confusion must the book be held responsible for, when so-called "Eastlake furniture" (made of varnished white pine, framed like a frigate, and decorated with bits of blue cloth and tacks) is sold here as the correct thing, and chairs with backs and seats of glazed tiles, to say nothing of the parlor walls sewed with multitudinous parallel picture-cords to a distracting degree, because all prints and pictures must now be double hung upon two points of support! The public reminds me sometimes of Æsop's fable of the Miller, his Son, and the Ass; the critics representing the old man, the women, and the youths, who successively objected to their relative positions. One critic says, "Do thus;" then comes another, and says, "You should do *thus;*" and finally appears a third, and declares that something else is the really important thing: and they all disagree in some particulars, or, what is practically the same, appear to do so. It is only a few years since, that everybody bowed down before Ruskin and Gothicism; but now we do not hear much of either. All the while, the easy-going, thoughtless public follows more or less the rules laid down for it, without so much as asking why it should do so, and, of course, is always making mistakes. When will it be remembered that nothing is really gained through arbitrary dicta such as that of Mr. Eastlake concerning this double hanging of pictures, and his statement that wall-paper should "in no case" cover the whole space of a wall? Not that Eastlake often injures his own cause thus. On the contrary, no book upon art subjects — except it be Mrs. Jamieson's works — is, on the whole, more free from pedantry.

A. — And now please descend from

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generalization to particulars, and give me a few not too devious answers to questions I have to ask about some special topics treated of by Eastlake. In the first place, do you think the book of value to people in this country?

C.—Yes and no. Yes, inasmuch as it is evidently written by a man who honestly deprecates the carelessness and the affectation which are at the bottom of so much house-furnishing and art-purchasing. No, because his avowed prepossession for the comparatively limited field of mediæval art, and, more than this, his belief of its entire fitness for our own time and purposes are inappropriate to America, if not to England. His lament upon the decline of knockers, and the directions for making picture-frames with square joints pinned together, are, to my mind, droll illustrations of this way of thinking.

A.—But surely you do not believe in the "good-time-coming-wait-a-little-longer" programme, which predicts a school of distinctively national art, including architecture?

C.—Why not? Should a century or two elapse of imitative experiments such as we see to-day, before we originate, we shall yet be quicker in preparation than the Greeks or the cathedral-building nations were. The *veritable* composite order of architecture may be ours some day, and "the quintessence of every sprite" heaven may have "in little show." Even now, our sculpture and landscape art bear certain marks of their origin about them.

A.—Yes; and so do our sculpture and picture buyers. Call a picture a "Corot," a "Lambinet," a "Rousseau," not to say a "Rembrandt," and what contemporary American picture has a chance beside it at half the price? Only the other day I overheard Nobky descanting upon a certain would-be *chef-d'œuvre* of the French school to a listening friend: "Charming color, silvery tone, wonderful freedom of handling," and so forth. I observed he carelessly glanced at his catalogue as he spoke. To him presently entered Snobky, accompanying a lady, and directly addressed himself to a microscopic examination of the same picture before getting its general effect, which seemed eccentric; then falling back to the proper point of view, and putting his head slightly askew, he thus repeated the mystic formula to the meek little creature beside him: "Silvery in color, very; charming tone; and such free handling!" I had no catalogue, nor had I then looked at the painting; but that it was signed and catalogued as a—well, let us say, "Daubingy,"—I would have cheerfully sworn by all that is sacred to man. How did I know? I had heard it all a good many times from persons with catalogues, and such as take an interest in the corner-lots of landscapes. And yet, thank Heaven! we are not all like this. There must be somewhere that "small but select class" which uses its own eyes and its own common sense, while admitting its own limitations.

C.—One would almost think you a native artist struggling for proper appreciation. But indeed what Thackeray calls, if I remember, "a mean admiration of mean things"—snobbishness—is undoubtedly the root of a deal of mischief in connection with art. Yet one must console one's self by remembering that even a servile respect for supposed authority implies the possibility of genuine respect; just as the apparent contempt for all authority indicates a

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warped honesty of opinion. I say *apparent* contempt, because, when a man bluntly gives his opinion that the "Greek Slave" is a better thing than all the Venuses of antiquity, for example, it is pretty certain he will justify himself by adding, "It is merely a question of taste," or similar words; that is, "My taste is as good as any man's; and there is no other standard in these things but individual liking." But in this justification, and such it is, lurks a self-doubt; and in the self-doubt is folded a little seed of respect for authority.

A. — True. Well, some of Mr. Eastlake's designs seem to me downright ugly; and most of them are what we Americans can but regard as clumsy. For instance, his book-case, like a house with roof and dormer-window, and notched-plank legs; and the side-board, of almost barbarous profile, and its ostentation of constructive strength; and his rude knick-knack shelf: and not much better is the awkward stage-spear design for the head of a curtain-pole; and the lumpish bracket, which seems hardly equal to its own support, to say nothing of bearing its graceful but incongruous burden. On the other hand, the washstand design, though evidently planned to be a joy *forever*, and hence a trifle heavy, is simple and appropriate; and his hall table is sensible; and so are the drawing-room chairs, whose backs suggest the sitter's outline.

C. — Mr. Eastlake's trouble seems to be that of furniture in vogue. Every thing is flimsy in design or execution, or both; and so, with this view, he very naturally leans the opposite way, and plans furniture as if for Branksome Hall, forgetting that it is a great merit of all mechanical construction, that no superfluous material shall be used, and of art construction, that there shall be no appearance of it. There is, however, a sort of hob-nailed double-sole-ism about the most of Englishmen, which is constitutional; and perhaps, on the whole, it is better that arms and eyes should suffer than that one's chairs should sometimes crumble beneath a solid friend.

A. — But neither alternative is desirable; and in hot weather, how one detests the mere sight of heavy looking things! and how one feels, with Goethe, the happiness of such a picture as this, — "the laughing maidens seated upon light cane-chairs!" Because some folk are stout, shall we have no more light stools and lounges!

C. — There is one mistake I am sometimes surprised to see made where one would least expect it; that is, as an example, to design tableware as if it were furniture, and furniture as if it were architecture, and so on; the designs being good, but altogether unfitted for their purpose. In the old days, the variety of work to which the artist was called sometimes led to this; and latterly the want of good designers and the foolish whim for so-called novelties.

A. — Mr. Eastlake is especially severe in this direction, because these novelties are so often in bad taste, and because they are made costly on the mere ground of novelty, bad though they be. He repeatedly declares that good things might, could, and should be cheaper than the bad ones; but, as to how reform may be brought about, he appears much puzzled, admitting, as he does, that manufacturers will not leave the beaten paths to make what they regard as dubious experiments, and that buyers, to save money, take what they find ready to their hands. If this is true of

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England, where the standard of taste is higher than with us, and where there are so many buyers who need not consider cost, our case would seem almost hopeless.

C. — I am not so sure of that. Our manufacturers are bolder and less conservative than in England; and our progress in the direction of art during the last twenty years has been, on the whole, rapid and encouraging, although there is plenty of room for more. Our future progress depends mainly upon our ability to educate ourselves; and we are awaking to the fact that art education is not by any means to be overlooked in this connection. Should a class of buyers arise in a few years, as one result of schools and museums, which will insist upon simple and shapely furniture, among other things, I am sure that manufacturers will quickly meet the demand. And, as a beginning, I believe that unpainted, turned furniture, of sensible and correct forms, would find ready buyers to-day.

A. — But, meanwhile, where will you and I get our economical furniture?

C. — We will draw our own designs, with the aid of artist, or architectural friends, or of suggestive books such as may be found in the public libraries,[1] being careful to adhere to the simplest forms and the strongest; then we will get an intelligent carpenter, as Mr. Eastlake advises, to execute our designs.

A. — It might require considerable time to furnish a house in this fashion.

C. — Yes; but what pleasure and benefit in the thinking and planning, as compared with the ready-made, helpless way of furnishing! Besides, some plain furniture may be picked up in auction-rooms and in shops, which can be harmonized into the general plan.

A. — Mr. Eastlake's chapter upon English City Architecture is a most sensible production; and here his ideas of solidity and permanence are altogether in place. But it is odd to read his complaints of the lack of "eye pleasure" in England. One wonders what he would say of our cities in this respect.

C. — His comments upon weak and deceptive building are exceedingly *apropos* since our late experiences of the disastrous consequences in connection with fire; and if we in Boston were to follow his suggestion in one particular, and forego iron construction, — and we are *not* doing so, — it would go far to show that we have honorably graduated from the school of adversity, and need no more of that discipline. Moreover, I don't regard it as accidental, that our two worst building-materials as now employed — granite and cast-iron — are, the one liable to flaws and imperfections, and the other so difficult to work; and that both in their very substance are opposed to legitimate and refined ornament, as well as unfitted for the ordeal by fire and water. With thoroughly burned bricks and slates of different tints, the silicious sandstones sparingly used, and terra cotta,[1] every kind of substantial building may be executed, — and building which must almost necessarily possess the crowning charm of harmonious color such as our American cities sadly need. A few such structures, and our monochromatic "blocks" of gloomy and oppressive sandstone or granite would be impossible in the future.

[1] Viollet le Duc's Dictionary of French Furniture, Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage Architecture, and Hope's Designs, are useful for this purpose.

[1] For the splendid capabilities of brick and terra cotta, see Gruner's Terra Cotta Architecture.

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A. — Your allusion to weak and sham construction reminds me to ask how you would define that bugbear of writers upon art,— *the sham.* I confess to being considerably refreshed by seeing that Eastlake allows veneering and silver-plating to pass muster.

C. — I should say off-hand, that, in this case, it is an intentionally deceptive expedient, by which insufficiency is made to pass for sufficiency, and, generally, with the object of saving or getting money while seeming not to do so.

A. — But have morals to do with constructive art, then?

C. — Most certainly they have; for every thing which is made partakes of the nature of the maker: and the essential part of man is the moral part of him.

A. — Then, how can good chairs or tables, not to say good pictures or statues, come from good-for-nothing fellows?

C. — I believe it to be an impossibility; and when this belief is fully accepted, with one qualification, a great step will have been gained.

A. — But is not this a transcendental theory?

C. — It is one you yourself act upon in all the practical matters of every day which you consider of importance. The qualification must be made, however, which is, that there is no such being as "a good-for-nothing" fellow. If one believes in the goodness of the Creator, and that the thing made partakes of the nature of the maker, then it follows, that in art, as elsewhere, there is nothing absolutely common or unclean, but only endless gradations from worse to better; and it is well to remember that even in our abhorrence of the worst.

A. — To go back to our starting-point, why is it that we all resent a sham when we do not suffer thereby?

C. — We *do* always suffer; for we receive a blow which at once strikes at the intelligence, the imagination, and the moral sense, and equally revolts all. In other words, a sham is a folly: it is a kill-joy to the imagination; and it is a moral wrong. The word is often used to imply mere insufficiency, without intention to deceive, and hence confusion of ideas.

A. — I suppose, then, those shams of shams, which deceive nobody, — such as "grained" paper, and painted work, and stone-colored stucco, — are not, in your eyes, serious offences; nor yet plating, veneering, and "wood-papering?"

C. — The last three I should consider allowable, and appropriately used, moreover, as they are methods of economizing costly and superfluous material, and are valuable protests against the pernicious notion that costliness, as such, has any thing to do with the intrinsic value of art work. If there is no attempt at deception, and the surface of a thing is what it purports to be, there is no reason why that thing should be throughout of the same substance, if there is no constructive necessity for it. As for "grained" paper, and the like, they would be simply ludicrous parodies, did there not cling to them a slender suggestion of their original intention to mislead; which, of course, brings them into the objectionable category. Good art cannot tolerate even ambiguities.

A. — You spoke of the notion that cost has necessarily to do with art; yet surely no taste is so costly to gratify as what is called a taste for art.

C. — Is it taste for art, or a greedy pride of ownership, which is costly?

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When one considers the prices paid the great masters for their greatest works, and compares them with the sums paid for the same works in modern times, one can't help thinking, that, if their contemporaries did not fully appreciate these masterpieces, we of later times have adopted a singular standard by which to measure their value; for this measure should certainly be the power to give pleasure, and to improve: whereas possessors of "undoubted originals" begin or end by advancing proof of their authenticity or cost, and would be wretched without it. Which seems to me as if one should assure me he possesses an invaluable servant and friend: and upon my asking what this man has done for him, what qualities in him he so esteems, he should reply, "Really, I cannot exactly define them, or tell you what this man does for me; but I know he is all I say, because I have genuine testimonials from his former employers, stating what I tell you, or, at all events, that they firmly believe it to be as I tell you." Should I be rash in considering such a man a lunatic? Let us not forget that a work of art is not a relic, nor a curiosity, nor a monument of luxury, but an imaginative harmony of form and color, such as delight and raise up a man's entire nature; and, apart from practical use, what material form it takes is of secondary consequence. It is truly art, though embodied in plaster or pasteboard.

A. — And now, before we end our desultory talk, let me consider to what conclusion it leads, because, otherwise, we shall have talked in vain. I think I have it. Is it not that the dictatorial, illiberal, and incompetent teaching of art on the one hand, and pretension, snobbery, and a stubborn egotism on the other, the tempting baits of trade, dishonest and immoral art, and the vanity of wealth, must all find alleviation and final cure in a system of intelligent, sympathetic, and catholic education for the coming generations?

C. — Yes, this is indeed the only solution of these problems, and happy are we in New England to be allowed to take the initiative! And may some Chrysostom of art arise to proclaim to the poor that the kingdom of art, as of nature, is theirs by birthright; and that it is hard for the rich to enter it! — the ownership of fine clothes, furniture, sculpture, and painting, being sometimes a help, but often a hinderance, to the everlasting end of art and nature; which, I take it, is the thankful sight and enjoyment of the manifold beauty of our world, and the clearer sight, the deeper joy, which then await us, when the glass through which we now see darkly shall be taken away, and we may behold and know the unimaginable splendors of the very essence and soul of beauty!

W. H. W.

NEW PICTURES BY T. L. SMITH.

Two pictures by Mr. T. L. Smith, "Woods in Autumn" and "Woods in Winter," have just now arrived in Boston. They were ordered by Mr. White, more than a year ago, when he first saw them in the closely studied skeleton designs which the artist had brought back with him from the woods. These pictures were, in the main, painted direct from nature. Every tree has its counterpart now standing in the forests of Central New York; the artist having only availed himself of his license to arrange these grand old forms, relics of a bygone time, into one harmonious whole.

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Both pictures represent in a remarkable degree the solemnity, majesty, and solitude of our primeval forests, and are true to nature. "Autumn:" the artist has selected a golden day of Indian summer, just as the leaves feel the first crisp touch of dying nature, and the day warms into genial summer, as it were, ere it resigns itself to the deadly grasp of a Northern winter. On the right and left are seen the monarchs of the forest in all the majesty of impressive nature, grand yet graceful, seemingly looking down from their dizzy heights upon the undergrowth and small wood in foreground and middle distance, with that benignity and love oft expressed in humanity by the aged for the young. Nature alone supremely reigns. No desecrating axe has laid waste here: one opening only, left by nature, as if by intent, to lead the eye to the faint and distant light beyond.

"Winter:" in this picture we have a faithful representation of a clear, cold winter's day. Gigantic hemlocks, the growth of a century, stand sole sentinels of the scene. Their foliage is laden with the pure, newly fallen snow, which also lies in drifts and patches on the ground; and through a fine vista, unobstructed by small wood, we see it sparkle in the mid-day sun. A tree-trunk here and there is left by the woodman where it fell. Although in this subject we have a forest invaded by the axe, the artist has, by the grandeur of the composition, and the judicious absence of figures, imparted the same impressive feeling of solitude so plainly observable in the "Autumn." The treatment of these pictures indicates the hand of one who has his palette and subject under perfect control, showing, in a remarkable degree, the presence of those qualities so necessary to the success of any work of art,— analysis and synthesis, qualities which cannot be feigned, and can only be acquired by years of patient study under summer's sun and winter's blast, — analysis, in that each component part was carefully taken from nature, and consequently is a true type of what it represents; synthesis, in that these analytical parts are brought, by his careful attention to perspective and delicate gradation of color, into that unity which alone can impress the beholder that it is veritable nature, and not canvas and pigment, upon which he has fixed his gaze. In such pictures, the fortunate possessor has living, speaking sermons ever within his household, breathing the great Creator, and inculcating surely, though silently, a feeling of reverence and love for all his works. G. W. V. S.

BACH TO RUBINSTEIN.

It is not our purpose to discuss the wonderful Russian as a man of genius, except as that genius led him to compile the remarkable programmes of his three farewell concerts in Boston in the mouth of May; or as a composer, except as his name occurs at the close of the list.

To have attended those concerts with earnest purpose is in a certain sense a musical education.

The works of the great piano-forte composers, given in chronological order in the series, cover a period of nearly two hundred years.

John Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach, 1685. To him all musicians look as the fountain-head of instrumental music. With him a new epoch began, not alone in the art of harmony, but in the manner of execution. Impossibilities became possible

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through an improved mode of fingering. The father of John Sebastian was himself a musician of no small ability, overshadowed entirely, however, by his greater son.

The work accomplished by John Sebastian Bach includes also that which his scarcely less wonderful sons achieved. All they knew, or were, or did, they referred with justice to their father and sole instructor. It was for the use of Carl Philip Emanuel Bach (who, before Mozart, was the finest pianist in the world), that John Sebastian wrote the forty-eight preludes and fugues in the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." To this day, among all the books of instruction and *études*, nothing has ever been written to surpass it, simply as a means to a desired end, — absolute mastery over the fingers: to this add the fact, well known to every earnest lover of music, that within their precise limits of strict musical form, as in the accurately trimmed borders of our gardens, bloom the sweetest, fairest flowers that nature or art can produce. Talk of Bach as possessing the beauty of geometrical proportion only! Can any thing surpass the eighth prelude in beauty, sweetness, tenderness, and grace? Play the fugue in E major, and recognize a musical poem that must indeed have rhythmic form, but which would fall dead, were it not informed by a rhythmic soul greater than the form which holds it.

It is still a question whether many of Bach's compositions now played on the piano-forte were not written for the organ. Leaving the disputed numbers alone, however, the list of works, *für das Klavier*, published in his own or his sons' time, form in themselves a priceless treasure.

Klavier was the name under which, for two centuries, all keyed instruments of percussion were known indiscriminately. The virginal, the spinet, the clavichord, and harpsichord were the progenitors of the square, upright, and grand pianos of to-day. The spinet possessed a firm and clear, though thin tone, full of dreamy, romantic suggestions, like the vanishing sound from an Eolian harp. The strings of single wire were struck by small wooden jacks, having at the extremity fine crow-quill points, which snapped across the wire, instead of striking a direct blow. In a curious instrument, still, we believe, owned in Boston, the keys were reversed in color, — the long keys black, the short ones white; giving a singular effect to the eye, like the negative of some well-known picture.

The harpsichord or clavichord was somewhat larger than the spinet, in shape resembling a miniature grand piano. The double harpsichord had three sets of jacks and strings, and two banks of keys, like an organ; the limit five octaves. The lower bank had double strings in unison; the upper a single string tuned to the octave. The two key-boards could be used separately, or coupled at will.

The tone of the harpsichord (which, be it remembered, was the instrument on which the finest inspirations of Bach, Händel, Mozart, &c., were developed) has been wittily described as a "kind of scratch with a sound on the end of it." The history of the gradual development of the piano-forte from the harpsichord, during the first half of the eighteenth century, is sufficiently well known.

From the multitude of beautiful compositions by Bach, Rubinstein selected the lovely Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, — a happy choice, combining as it does the wildness and spontaneity of the fantasie, rich in arpeg-

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gios, with the totally different beauty of the fugue, the strictest of all musical forms, in which a musical thought develops itself *ad infinitum.* One may play through all that is written of a fugue; but the end is never reached: the spiral ascends forever; the waves of the ocean rise and fall ceaselessly; the finite loses and finds itself in the infinite.

Händel, who, by virtue of seniority, should have preceded Haydn on the programme, was born at Halle, in 1684. In his greater fame as composer of oratorios and operas, it is seldom we think of him in connection with piano-forte composition; but among the two volumes of "Lessons," written for the Princess Anne, are many charming *suites,* consisting of airs, with variations and fugues, requiring a masterly hand to execute. It is impossible to associate any trivial thought with any composition of Händel's. Whatever may have been his personal appearance, his music is elegance and dignity itself. It is to him more than any other that we owe the revelation of sublimity and grandeur in music which the world accorded long ago to poetry and painting.

Haydn was born at Rohlan, in 1732, and was a pupil of Emanuel Bach, to whom he declared himself indebted for all that was most original in his compositions. The theme was nothing, the treatment every thing. It was from Bach that Haydn learned the art of vocalizing on the harpsichord. The principles announced by Bach in his "Treatise on the Harpsichord" Haydn made his own. "Music should touch the heart with sweet emotion, which can never be effected by mere scrambling, thundering, and arpeggios." With regard to Emanuel Bach's own performance, we quote the following, from Dr. Burney: "Aside from the delicacy, precision, and spirit for which he was so justly celebrated, seated at his Silbermann clavichord and favorite instrument, in pathetic and slow movements, whenever he had a long note to express, he absolutely contrived to produce from his instrument a cry of sorrow and complaint such as can only be effected on the clavichord, and perhaps by himself." What more can Rubinstein or Liszt effect to-day with a Chickering or Steinway Grand?

Mozart, born at Salzburg, 1756, the pupil of Haydn, preserves in his compositions many traces of Haydn's influence. Prodigal of what cost him little beyond the mechanical effort of writing, he scattered broadcast much that seems trifling, and, at first hearing, unworthy his great fame. Yet to genius nothing is great, and nothing small: the sphere of the dewdrop is as perfect as that of the universe. Delicious melodies full of passion and tenderness, or with so good a seeming that Mozart-lovers fail to perceive any lack, with a certain quaintness in treatment, constitute a certain Mozartian individuality, — one might almost call it mannerism, — which makes the recognition of his handiwork so sure.

In leaving Bach, Händel, Haydn, and Mozart, we bid farewell to the school of strict form. If emotion existed, if passion were to be portrayed, it was permitted only within prescribed limits: the soul had to fit itself to the body, and take the shape and coloring of that. Only at the hands of genius was it possible "in bonds to sway a world."

Beethoven closes this era, and projects himself far beyond. A hundred years earlier he might have been a Bach: he is Beethoven. This is to unite in one word subtlety and force,

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passion and tenderness, the might of a Titan with an intensity, and, by a strange antithesis, a certain elfishness also, that might be of to-day and the strictly modern school. The three mighty sonatas chosen to illustrate the master, and fitly close the first concert, include within themselves, in their varied movements, every phrase of the composer's thought, — his tender love, his bitter disappointment, the passion, the pain, and the aspiration, that was truer and stronger than all. His music was his religion, reaching ever to the Infinite, caring nothing for present effect, every thing about saying honestly the truth that was given him to utter.

To quote his own words, "The secret of all true art lies, after all, in the *moral*." To his "confidential, private, self-satisfying piano-forte," he intrusted the secrets of a great heart filled to overflowing with yearning human love, destined to embrace the world, and never be embraced save by the Infinite, the Eternal, in whose heart of love his heart at length found rest.

Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann illustrate the second period. Too much to crowd in one short afternoon. A whole concert of Schubert alone would scarcely give us all his moods. His songs are familiar to many who know nothing of his piano music; yet he surpasses all others, even Beethoven himself, in this respect,— that he wrote thoroughly for the piano when he chose that form of expression. We know less of his inner life than of almost any musician of note, save as revealed in his creations: sure are we, however, that every height and depth had been sounded. No human wish or endeavor exists, that has not found expression in Schubert's music.

Great and glorious were the possibilities that ended with his brief career. A sadder epitaph could not be found than that inscribed on his tomb at Währung: "Death buried here a rich possession, but yet fairer hopes." The noble fantasia in C major was well chosen as his memorial. Happy is he, who, called to the other life at thirty-one, has, like Franz Schubert, both striven and achieved.

Weber, born at Holstein in 1786, though neither a Mozart nor a Beethoven, was a man of powerful and rich imagination, with strong romantic tendencies; though his love of *diablerie* is less manifest in his pianoforte compositions (with which alone we have now to do) than in his orchestral works. A wealth of melody, a profound respect also for form, together with a certain fantastic element, allied him both to the earlier and later schools. The four grand sonatas are among his greatest works, especially the one in A♭, which Rubinstein has made familiar.

Mendelssohn, born at Hamburg in 1809, was represented (fitly enough) by six of his most beautiful *Lieder ohne Worte*. If Mendelssohn has written greater things, as he surely has, there is still a certain appropriateness in the selection, because that style of music originated with him. Deluged as the world is to-day with songs without words, it was Mendelssohn who first taught that there was poetry in music, as well as music in poetry.

We write the name of Robert Schumann with reverent love. With the recollection of his genius comes ever that of the shadow, so dark and deep, over those later days, and perhaps tinging some of the precious legacies he has bequeathed. The fantasies are as especially his invention as the *Lieder* are Mendelssohn's: they, too, belong to the lyric realm, — tone-

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images full of strength and tenderness, with hints in their titles of the mood that inspired them, or the experience they were designed to convey.

How far instrumental music should endeavor to represent thoughts and events, we cannot now discuss. A master may dare any thing: the main point still being whether the music is any thing in itself without the verbal illustration, especially if there be a soul within it. "The Carnival" is a story in itself, containing every thing that the name might suggest, of real or unreal, in the words of Schlegel, —

> "Through every tone there soundeth,
> Drawn from gay earth's dreams,
> A gentle note that's heard alone
> Of him who listens from afar."

As, in the close of the first period, we touched upon the second; so, in leaving the second, we have already reached the third. Chopin had the lion's share of the last concert; yet who regrets it! — Chopin, the most ethereal, the most subtle and delicate, of tone-poets, who wrote only for his beloved instrument. The series included fantasies, preludes, a ballade, mazurkas, valses, Polonaisen, nocturnes, the tarantelle, and, for a climax, three études. The whole story is there. If, in the scholasticism of the old school, there was a tendency to cramp and stifle free thought and aspiration; in the boundless, desiring, liberty-loving spirit of the new school, is there not danger of disregarding form too entirely, and perverting liberty into lawlessness? By strict adherence to form, it is quite possible to say extremely well something not worth saying: in disregarding form, it is possible to utter in a chaotic way the grandest emotions of the soul, and fail in the attempt to express musically something not within the province of art to realize.

In the interpretation of free thought by another than its creator, the danger is even more imminent. To him alone who has suffered comes the revelation of the inner life. The passion that might have poured forth in prayer on bended knees, or have been whispered in the ear of the beloved in the sacred stillness of night, throbs and burns in the compositions so sacred, so vital with the very life of the tone-poet.

The Polonaisen rank among Chopin's highest inspirations. The one in A major, often known as the Military Polonaise, Opus 40, No. 1, is full of triumph and glory, with no afterthought of pain, no gloomy foreboding. The C♯ minor, which was not on the programme, and gave the added pleasure of surprise, has as many interpretations as players: Who shall say the last is not the best? Rubinstein, indeed, seems the incarnation of the modern school, with his prodigious mental and physical powers, his nervous force, passion, and intensity, which make his playing less an interpretation than a creation.

A ballade tells its own story, always a romance, more easily defined than the subtle charm, the exquisite mystery, of the mazurka, with its whispered confidences of the delight of meeting, the pain of parting, the brief yet fatal glances that reveal the secrets of the soul.

Chopin is the poet of pain and suffering. A freer life, a healthier mental and physical condition, would have given poignant bitterness to his cry: we should have had the beauty of suffering without its morbidness. Yet evil is only contagious: it is good which is fruitful; and beauty itself is immutable. To recognize an individual thought, a spark of similar fire must exist within the soul, if only in

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the receptive form. It is a consolation in itself, then, to be able to appreciate genius intuitively and spontaneously; for genius is but the perfect fulfilment of the possibilities of every human soul.

John Field, who died in 1837, at the age of thirty-five, is an author of whom we hear little, though he has written some charming piano music. The nocturne in B is especially graceful and winning, not unlike a song without words.

Adolph Henselt, for many years chamber virtuoso to the Empress of Russia, belongs essentially to the modern school, both as pianist and composer, and may well rank with Chopin. A more charming *Liebeslied* than his never sung itself from a lover's heart or lips. We should have enjoyed hearing his "Spring Song" in addition to "*Si oiseau j'etais*," differing widely from Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied*, its rival only in beauty.

Thalberg set the fashion for a score of imitators in the new school. His fantasias on operatic themes are familiar to amateurs and concert-goers. To him more than any other, we owe the necessity for the much abused word "pianism" with its corresponding definition. Previous to the time of Thalberg, pianists were divided into the brilliant and harmonic schools, with, of course, many mingling shades. An alternation of styles in composition, according to certain formula, was frequent enough, but never any combination. The idea occurred to Thalberg, by an ingenious use of the thumbs, and strongly accented notes in the midst of sweeping *arpeggi*, to keep the melody singing in the centre of the piano; while the harmony was filled in richly by calling in the resources of the entire key-board. The *études*, of which one was given in the series, were the result of later years, and, to many, more charming than the fantasias.

"The Hungarian Rhapsody," perhaps gave more of Liszt's individuality than any other selection could have done, except, perhaps, "The Harmony of the Spheres." We should have been glad of a significant interpretation of that.

Rubinstein's name closes the list. Naturally, as we write it, the thought reverts to Bach, who headed the list, with a sense of outward contrast as great as that between the superb Steinway, through whose medium the history of music has been portrayed, and the spinet for which Bach wrote. With a fine instinct, Rubinstein introduced himself in his place on the programme, not in the resistless might of the whirlwind, but in the seductive beauty of melodic thought and simple form. We are the richer for six tone-pictures, each full of individuality, grace, and vigor, specially distinguished in the free use made of the tenor and barytone registers for the melody, possessing always in a fine piano, a peculiar richness akin to the tones of a violoncello. The Russian Caprice was full of untamed fire. The Cossack element asserts itself. Three rapidly following *études*, commanding every possible harmonic form and shade of color, as well as exhausting every mechanical difficulty, closed the programme. In the final C major *étude*, the storm of passion communicated itself to and through the audience, like a series of electric shocks.

We were filled utterly and entirely. The feast was at an end. One by one the guests departed; but the memory of this music-history, "From Bach to Rubinstein," will last forever.

E. G.

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Musical Review.

[Figures 1 to 7 inclusive indicate degree of difficulty; e.g., 1 very easy, 7 very difficult. Capitals (A to G) the key. Letters within brackets the range for the voice.]

WILLIAM A. POND & Co., 547 Broadway, N.Y.

Saltarello. 5. G minor. Sidney Smith 75

An octave study, and to be criticised rather from the point of usefulness than beauty. Admirable for practice; but, to give pleasure to a listener would require the most absolute precision in the performer. A task requiring a strong and flexible wrist to accomplish, and, conversely, giving strength and flexibility to the wrist if properly practised.

Voices of the Night. 8. A Julius E. Müller 75

A long, mild nocturne for the piano. Theme simple and agreeable, but becoming slightly monotonous at the end of eleven pages of dilute variations. Movement *andante*, with a good many optional running passages.

Elfin Whispers. E♭. 4. James M. Wehli 75

A polka caprice. An abridgment is also published at 50 cents. Mr. Wehli's own skill as a piano *virtuoso* is unquestioned. We can imagine the "Elfin Whispers" quite fascinating under his facile fingers. Not too difficult for any one with a delicate touch and easy execution. The author has considerately remembered that amateurs have not his left-handed skill; and the rapid passages are all for the right hand.

Menuette. D. 4. Franz Schubert 30

From the concert repertoire of Anton Rubinstein. No opus number is given. Possibly one of the "Thirty Minuets with Trios" written by Schubert for his brother Ignaz. There is certainly a lovely trio with the loveliest *ppp* effects, such as Rubinstein delighted to give.

The Celtic Polka. 4. F. J. N. Pattison 60

Dedicated to Wm H. Thompson, commodore of the White Star Line steamship. Lithograph of a steamer under full sail for a titlepage. The polka has a good swing, and is not difficult, except a page of octaves by way of *finale.*

L'Agilitie. Felix Couppey. $2.00

"Twenty-five Progressive Études de Mécanisme et de Legéreté." The author, a teacher of distinction in the Paris Conservatory, has the benefit of his own experience, and the result of the experience of those who have preceded him in writing *études.* These are admirably adapted to produce flexibility, lightness, and velocity.

Rêve d'Ariel. D♭. 4. Emile Prudent 75

Folie. D♭. 4. Emile Prudent .60

The first a waltz, the second a *caprice étude.* Both require diligent practice and considerable familiarity to play effectively. The second is admirably adapted for its purpose as a study, but less musical than the waltz.

Mais Allons. A♭. 3. Ira L. Bamberger 50

A galop marked No. 1 in the "Phi, Kappa, Psi" series. Dedicated to the author's mamma. Worthy

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consideration as a token of filial affection. Rather bright and spirited, if played brilliantly.

VOCAL.

Joyous Reapers. 3. B♭. Fabio Campana 35

A pretty duet for soprano and alto. English words by Henry Hersee; Italian by Sebastiani. Exceedingly pretty for an exhibition at a young ladies' school. Compares well with the old favorite by the same author, "*Guarda chi bianca Luna.*"

Not a Sparrow falleth. F. 3. Franz Abt 50

A Rose in Heaven. F. 2. Franz Abt 50

My Mother among the Angels. D minor. 3. Franz Abt . .50

These are not up to the standard of Abt's songs. We are apt to look for something very good and certainly melodic under his name. The third is commonplace; the first a sacred song; the second rather the best of the three. A good lithographic portrait of Franz Abt on each titlepage.

The Laughing, Dancing, Deep Blue Sea. F. 5. (C to F). J. Remington Fairlamb 40

The words, by Isaac Moffatt, are musical and descriptive, and the music fitted to them; a trifle too elaborate, perhaps, for ordinary home singers. Evidently the author wrote for his wife, whose brilliant, flexible voice is so well known in Washington and Philadelphia. Accompaniment rather difficult to play with the right effect.

The Mountain Maid (*La Montanara*). G. 6. (D to B). H. Millard 50

A bolero for soprano, composed for and sung by Mademoiselle Louise Liebhart at the Rubinstein concerts. English words by George Cooper; Italian by Sebastiani. Very bright, graceful, and florid; suitable only for the concert-room, or a brilliant *musicale.*

Side by Side. B♭. 2. H. Tucker. .30

Song and chorus about,

"Little heads with tangled curls
On the pillow laid to rest."

Dearest. C. (D to F). 3. H. P. Danks 50

Handsome titlepage in blue and gold. Dedicated to Sig. Tamara, a well-known New York tenor.

Give me, Mother, now, thy Blessing. B♭. 2. W. C. Baker .40

The Star that lights my Love Home. G. 2. Karl Steele Toelle 35

Songs with chorus accompaniments. Very simple. Medium range for all the voices.

Darling. D. 4. (D. to F). Harrison Millard 50

This is marked as a "contralto arrangement," but seems more legitimately a mezzo soprano. It is also given in E for soprano. It is a so-called descriptive song, which, if well sung and accompanied, would be quite effective. The titlepage is particularly pretty, though blue and silver roses do not grow in our garden. It is fitting, however, that "Darling" should have something unique as well as lovely.

Little Maid of Arcadee. G. 3. (D to E). Arthur S. Sullivan . .40

One of Sullivan's charming English ballads. It might be marked 2, instead of 3, taking merely the notes into account; but to sing Barnaby's or Sullivan's songs effectively requires a cultivated taste quite as much as well-trained voice and fingers.

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This pretty maid of Arcadee had a lover, who,

"Fickle as the month of May,
Jilted her, and ran away;
Then she wept as maidens will,
Grew so thin and pale and ill,
Till another came to woo;
Then again the roses grew.
Happy little maiden she!
Happy maid of Arcadee!"

Out on the Tide. B♭. 3. S.
H. Dyer 35
A swaying barcarolle in six-eight time.

Those Sad, Soft Tears. A. 3.
H. P. Danks. 35

My Blue-eyed Boy. D. 3. D.
Acheson 40
Average songs with choruses.

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont St., Boston.

Dina Salon Polka. B♭. 3. C.
Bohm 40
A smooth *allegro* movement. No. 1 in a series of six pieces, entitled "Evening Echoes." Quite simple, except for a few octave passages, which little hands must take in single notes.

Marriage Bells. F. 2. Strauss .30
No. 33 in the series of "Favorite Waltzes made Easy," by Leslie. As good as any simplified arrangements can be; the effect usually being that of watered champagne. Some of the flavor remains, but the bright sparkle is gone.

Sunlight through the Mist. G. 3.
L. G. Clifton 50
If any one wishes to compose a *Reverie Caprice*, similar to the above, let him take for a theme a simple, well-defined air, something that will stand being played *andante maestoso* (that always looks well at the beginning). Having travelled up and down the keyboard vehemently for an introduction, play the theme with the utmost simplicity *piano;* then repeat with octaves, and a sprinkling of broken chords *forte.* Next, returning to the theme, fill in the rests, and all possible pauses on long notes with common arpeggios with the right hand, preserving a persistent baldness of accompaniment in the left. *Finale,* race up and down with the right, shake diligently and energetically with the left *fff* and wind up with half a dozen emphatic *sforzando* chords. The recipe is unfailing, and holds good for all airs in every climate.

Pensée Fugitive. F. 4. Ernst Perabo 35
A graceful trifle, as the name suggests. Mr. Perabo could not write any thing poor or commonplace. Dedicated to his friend Mrs. Dr. H. C. Angell. Movement *allegro con grazio.*

Vocal.

Nora is Pretty. F. 3. (F to F).
O. B. Brown 30
A pretty song about a pretty girl. Words by T. B. Aldrich, one of our most graceful song-writers. Accompaniment simple, but by no means commonplace. Movement *allegretto scherzando.* Dedicated to Edith Abell.

'Tis better not to know. E♭. 3. (F to G). F. Clay 40
Words by Shirley Brooks on the theme, "Tu ne quæsieris," &c.—Hor. *Carm.* i. 11. It returns to the old story after all: "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Melody flowing; accompaniment not difficult.

Oh, Willie boy, come Home!
D minor. 3. (D to F). Virginia Gabriel 50
This is the only soprano copy published in the country The alto

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arrangement in B♭ minor is even more sympathetic in tone: the setting is the same, with the difference of key only. The refrain suggests a few phrases of "Genevieve;" but the sentiment is sufficiently unlike to give a feeling of originality to the really lovely ballad. An excellent photograph of Mrs. Charles Moulton is on the titlepage. The song was composed expressly for her, and is a great favorite deservedly. It is full of pathos, and not too difficult for one who sings with the heart as well as the lips.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington St.

The Elfin's Dance. E♭. 4. H. Lichner 50

Graceful and rhythmic as an elfin's dance should be. Good practice for triplets and delicate wrist movement. Key changes several times; but the dance ends as it begins, in E♭.

The Wayside Chapel. F. 3. G. D. Wilson 50

A revery suggested by the following verse: —

> "Now the twilight, softly stealing,
> Yonder chapel tower revealing,
> Solemn sounds of music pealing,
> Tells the hour of evening prayer."

Time very slow. A choral is introduced with pleasing effect. The whole sufficiently like Wilson's conventional work to insure the approval of his old admirers.

Titlepage a very pretty picture of a wayside chapel, with woodland, mountain, and water views for a setting.

Ivy-Leaves. 2. Franz Behr . .65

Six very easy and at the same time extremely pretty pieces in different keys, and bearing the following titles: "Good-Morning," "Will o' the Wisp," "Rippling Brook," "Good Thoughts," "The Little Prattler," "Sorrow." Quite a treasure for teachers with young pupils.

Sonatina. D major. 3. Isidor Seiss 60

Number one in a series of three sonatinas. Has three movements, an *allegro, andante,* and a graceful *rondo.* By the author of the extremely pleasing series entitled "Arabesken," which we noticed in the last number.

Daisy. E♭. 2. James M. Wehli .35

A pretty, graceful little piece for young pupils; with "Forget-me-not" and "Harebell," forming a group entitled "Fairy Flowers."

VOCAL.

Ah, dost Thou listen to my Song? E. 3. (E to F♯) Suppe .35

A serenade from the "Bandit's Wife," arranged by J. H. Deems. Accompaniment simple, and within easy range for a moderate tenor, that being the approved voice for a serenading lover. A mellow baritone will do if otherwise pleasing.

A Warrior Bold. C. 3. (C to F). S. Adams 30

A bright song for a baritone, who, on the whole, takes a cheery view of things, and, having

> "Fought for love when death is nigh,
> Is well content for love to die."

Alone Forever. D minor. 3. (C to F). O. Barri 35

Very melancholy and depressing. Especially adapted to rejected lovers, and those whose sad experiences have convinced them that "the world is hollow, and the doll is stuffed with sawdust."

Path by the Wood. D. 3. (A to G). Herné 30

A rustic ballad from "L'Œil Crevé." English words by H. B. Farnie, telling of the loves of Colin and Phillis, and how they found the longest way

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round the shortest way home. Accompaniment simple, movement *allegretto.*

Wanderers. D♭. 4. (A♭ to A♭). S. G. Pratt 30

Dedicated to Pauline Lucca, and composed for her expressly. So says the titlepage.

JORDENS & MARTENS, Broadway, New York.

Schlummerlied. E♭. 4. Robert Schumann 50

No. 16 in "The Album Leaves," Opus 124. More difficult than the "Album for Youths," Opus 68, now publishing in connection with "Dwight's Journal of Music." Schumann had a special fondness for gathering short pieces — distinctive in themselves, yet written at different times, into a series, and giving a collective sitle. The "Schlummerlied" was composed in 1841, soon after his marriage, and is a charming allegretto movement. This edition has been carefully fingered by H. C. Timm, the well-known New York teacher and pianist.

March à la Turque. (des Ruines d'Athène, de Beethoven) B♭. 5. Anton Rubinstein 35

We think that any one who had listened to Herr Rubinstein's rendering of this grand piece of Orientalism would experience genuine surprise in an examination of the transcription. Plenty of chords and octave passages, crescendos and diminuendos. *Tempo allegretto.* Where the resistless rush and sweep, where the electric thrill, which used to hold us breathless to the end, and then persistently demand *encore?* After all, it is *how*, and not *what*, that makes the difference. Theme and grand harmony are Beethoven's still. The commonplace clap-trap ending of alternate chords does not improve upon the original, ending as only Beethoven would dare close — even a Turkish March; but the *allegretto* becomes an *allegro con fuoco*, if not a *presto*, when played by Mr. Rubinstein suggesting a barbaric run, instead of a march.

Melodie. F. 4. Anton Rubinstein 35

The difficulty of this fascinating trifle is much greater than would appear from a cursory glance, though the movement is *moderato.* The air, by a curious alternation of the thumbs, is kept ringing in the tenor in the most satisfying manner possible. The effect to the ear is not in the least suggested by simply reading the notes. Pretty careful practice is necessary, if one has not heard the author play it, to insure giving every note of the melody its proper importance.

VOCAL.

Thou'rt like unto a Flower. F. (D to F). 3. Rubinstein . .35

A perfect gem for a mezzo-soprano voice. One of a series of songs, Opus 32. Words by Heine. Both English and German given. Melody fascinating; accompaniment not difficult to execute, but requiring great care to give the right effect.

Ave Maria. C. (F to F). 3. F. L. Pietter 40

O Salutaris. F. (B♮ to C). 3. F. L. Pietter 40

Two beautiful sacred songs, — the first for soprano or tenor, the second for mezzo-soprano or baritone. English words also are given. The author is well known as song-writer, and musical critic and essayist.

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OLD AND NEW.

VOL. VIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1873.—No. 3.

THE local politics of all the great States of Europe are at this moment turning on one series of questions. The experience of each Ssate throws some light on the policy of the others; and the active presence in each State of the same enemy of the people, even suggests mutual alliance of the friends of good government.

In France, the jealousies of parliamentary government have, for the moment, thrown out the real republicans and put the administration into the hands of the monarchist combination. Of this combination, as M. Thiers wittily said, the misfortune is, that while they have three aspirants, they have but one throne. For the present, M. Rouher, the minister of the late Napoleon, who is the only man of vigorous executive ability in the new coalition, consents to work with Orleanists and legitimists. Anything to beat Thiers!

Of this combination, the one element of strength is the Roman Church and the organization of its votaries. True, the coalition controls the army. But so did M. Thiers control the army. Nor is there anything to show that when M. Gambetta comes in, he will not control the army. The special element of power, which gives to the new combination its position, is the Roman Church. The real zeal of its pure votaries; the fears of all; the underhand intrigues of its intriguers; the superstition of its ignorance; all its resources, whether from hell or from heaven, are at the command of the government. Those preposterous pilgrimages, in which deputies put red crosses on their black coats and go in the railway trains to the shrine of some Roman Saint, are perfect types of the resources of the French administration. And the refusal of Marshal MacMahon to order elections for the vacant seat in the Assembly is a type of its fears. The people who die in the Assembly are the old

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men, — who distrust the future. The republicans are of tougher fibre, and keep in life longer than the reactionists. Now the government never had but twenty-seven majority. The constituencies choose to send republicans to fill the vacancies, when any ill-judging supporters of government have so little judgment as to die. Now it is bad enough to lose a vote. It is worse to have a vote added to the opposition. And Marshal MacMahon therefore orders no election.

In one word, the public and private influence of the Roman Catholic Church is the strength of the Government, — and the Republicans of France have to measure strength against it.

Changing the names, the same statement is true in Spain. At the first moment when the French minister dares, he will recognize Don Carlos, at the head of the Church Party, as king of Spain, — and his sympathy, and co-operation even, are as distinct as though he urged it in fact. If the noble men who have been at the head of the Spanish Republic have to go down, — and they may have gone down before these lines are before the reader's eyes, — they and Spain will have the Roman Church to remember as the victorious enemy which destroys the Spanish Republic. Difficulties enough this combination of statesmen had to meet before, in the crazy absurdities of a people whom this church had refused to educate, and whom it had taught to hate authority. It is when they are in the midst of these difficulties that the Church strikes her direct blow by fitting out with her funds the expedition which directly attacks with force of arms the existence of the new-born power. The church could not act as vigorously as she has done, till she had the Duke de Broglie in power in France. With a pilgrimaging premier there, it has not been hard to send a usurper, faithful to her traditions, into Spain.

Passing eastward to Berlin we find the Prime Ministers of Prussia fighting the same battle, only this time the Church is obliged to satisfy herself with gnashings of the teeth and groanings inarticulate, the power being in other hands. Prince Bismarck and the Emperor William have intimated very distinctly that they will rule in their own dominions; there is no other empire within their empire. Old Fritz himself was not more resolute, nor had even he more power to make himself disagreeable in such affairs. What is more disagreeable to the people now in power in the Pope's counsels is, that the Roman Catholics of Prussia herself, swept away in the contagion of German nationality, are slow to join any standard of rebellion. To their great disgust, the Silesian nobility and gentry of their Church presented an address to the Emperor William, the other day, to say to him that they were entirely satisfied with the recent decisions

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regarding their Church, having implicit confidence in his fairness and equity. Such addresses as these are not in the least to the mind of the Jesuit politicians. And foremost in the clangor of the malcontents of different names, who would upset the Prussian ministry of to-day, are the howls of the Ultramontanist party, insisting that, because their church is of Heaven, their Bishops must be permitted to do as they choose, without reference to the laws of the land.

Little Switzerland has had the same declaration made, — and has settled that business, with the promptness of republican decision. The Bishops must obey the laws like other people. That is what Switzerland says. The Jesuits, not wishing to obey, may leave Switzerland. And to make these matters sure, the Swiss constitution must be amended. The amendments proposed are at this moment before the Swiss people, and every Swiss journal is devoted to their discussion. The Roman Catholic question is the one political question with them.

In Austria and in Hungary it presents itself both as a personal and as a practical matter.

The Emperor, Franz-Joseph I, an intelligent prince of forty-three years of age, may well be supposed to find the sway of dominions and races, as various as those united under his authority, no easy matter. If he be, as he certainly seems to be, a man with a living conscience, he may well say, "The world is out of joint; O, cursed spight, That ever I was born to set it right." And one can hardly look on this sovereign on any occasion of ceremony without the feeling that he is carrying this weight of a responsibility to which he does not feel sufficient, — as how should he? Everybody in Austria believes that in such difficulty he has, till the last year, been largely swayed by his mother, the Empress Sophia, the wife of the Archduke, Francis Charles, by whose resignation of the crown it came to the present Emperor. This Empress Sophia, mother of the Emperor and aunt of his wife, was an Ultramontanist Catholic of the stiffest type, wholly under the dominion of Jesuit advisers. They governed her; and she, men say, ruled her son. Last year she died, and carried to other worlds such training of soul and conscience as she had gained in absolute subserviency to spiritual masters With her death, men say that the Emperor Franz-Joseph is able to take a much wider view of affairs than before. And it is certain that the first set of questions which present themselves to this emancipated monarch are questions regarding the Church of Rome. First the Prussian and Swiss questions, "Shall the Bishops of the Roman Church obey the local law, or shall they do as they choose?" But in Austria, there is not so much danger that the local

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law shall be disagreeable to them. More danger of collision is in the questions regarding education. "May the State establish schools, and what schools?" The "Syllabus" of Pius IX virtually says, the State may not; it may pay for schools, but the church must keep them. For the church shows no delicacy about receiving unconsecrated money. She stands quite ready to consecrate it, when it passes through her hands.

These questions are not so embarrassing in Austria, where the large majority of the population is Romanist in religion, and where there is no great interest in public education. Yet even in Austria the fact that an immense share of the property of the country is locked up in the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities is very embarrassing. The doubts which Mr. Quincy has suggested in OLD AND NEW whether it is wise to exempt from taxation such property, attain a terrible significance, when the Church holds a quarter or even a half of the real property of a town. And people tell you that one half of the real estate in Vienna is the property of ecclesiastical establishments.

When one crosses into Hungary, however, the same questions and others like them are discussed with the intense ardor which belongs to to-day's immediate concerns. Hungary has just earned her independence, and is very proud of her independence, and is in no mood to qualify it by submission to any outside prince, wear he one crown or three crowns in one.

> "Then, at the marriage-feast, came in from Rome,
> The slowly-fading mistress of the world,
> Great lords, who claimed the tribute as of yore.
> But Arthur spake, 'Behold, for these have sworn
> To fight my wars, and worship me their king;
> The Old order changeth, yielding place to New.
> And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
> Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old
> To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,
> No tribute will we pay:' so those great lords
> Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome."

That is much the present mood of the Hungarians of all creeds. Now the population of Hungary and the nations incorporated with her is about fifteen million, and these are divided almost equally between Roman Catholics and Protestants. As we saw in Prussia, however, the enthusiasm of the nation controls among many of the Catholics the enthusiasm of the church, and the liberals of Hungary have learned that they need not always distrust a man because he is true to the Roman Catholic religious dogmas. Some of the bravest work of their revolution has been done by Roman Catholic Bishops who have thus deserved and won the gratitude of the nation.

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In practice, now, Hungary, being terribly in earnest, has gone to work on a very large scale in the business of national education. Of course she meets the Syllabus, — iron against flint, — and of course fire springs forth from the collision. There are questions of conscience too, of a very delicate kind. In the generations by-gone the Crown or the State has given to great religious corporations large tracts of land, and other large estates, in trust, so to speak, for purposes of education. The State now determines to maintain no partial system of education, but to educate all her people herself. Where are the estates held in trust for purposes of education? The religious corporations are still willing to use them for education in their view of it. Yes; but the State is no longer satisfied with their view. It is easy to see how closely this condition of things borders on a Henry the Eighth catastrophe and solution. It is easy to see, also, that it brings up the fundamental question, what property is. Is it, or is it not, the creature of the State, — the nation, — the organic and organized community? If it is, that community, in its highest authority and for its highest purpose, can subject even property to its purposes. If it is not, why a grant made once to a religious corporation must stand forever, unless that corporation have really forfeited the condition on which it was received.

In the session of the Hungarian Parliament this year, all these questions, fundamental indeed, challenged solution. The statesmen and orators at the left, or opposition, were prepared with every form of question by which to interpellate the government, and with various projects of reform, more or less radical, on the religious question. As the period approached for the discussion of these plans, at the end of June, the national interest in the subject became intense. It was a question, indeed, of curiosity, not to say anxiety, what course the ministry, standing well with the Emperor, and, of course, wishing to stand well with him, might take in parrying these questions, or in resisting these reforms.

At this juncture of excited curiosity, the illustrious Francis Deak, the head of the ministry, the distinguished statesman to whom Hungary owes her independence, and, we might say, Franz-Joseph owes his crown, anticipated all discussion by unfolding in a careful and formal address to the Assembly the views of the government. Of this remarkable address we shall try to give a full digest in another place. With the prescience of a true statesman, and with constant reference to history and comprehension of her lessons, he explained the functions of what we call the State and of what we call the Church, He showed how hazardous it is to have the ma-

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chinery of one entangled with that of the other. He showed how constantly they assist each other, when there is no entanglement in the machinery, and when the province of each has been, once for all, systematically assigned and defined. As Americans, we are proud to say that he referred constantly and intelligently to the solution of these subjects in the United States, — pointing to our example as that which Europe would be compelled to follow, even in detail, before she freed herself from her most exasperating difficulties of government. It would not be possible, he said, in one moment, or in one year, to adopt such a policy in Hungary, but he pledged himself and the government that all their efforts should be prompt and energetic in the direction which they indicate. And he pointed out the details in which they would initiate this policy.

This masterly address, from the head of the government, went farther, both in principle and detail, than did even the most radical plans of the opposition. Its effect, in a body as enthusiastic and excitable as the Hungarian Assembly, was fairly dramatic. Its effect through eastern Europe was electric and profound. The policy which it indicates will command so large an assent in the Hungarian Assembly that no Jesuitical combinations for years can stand against it, and the movement in Hungary will have a very great influence in the policy of Austria, of Italy, and of Prussia.

We need not speak of Italy or the embarrassments of her politics in this review. The battle with the dying old man at the Vatican and his Jesuitical advisers makes the beginning, middle, and end of Italian politics. There, as in all the rest of Europe, the question is, whether the State can permit within her own borders an empire stronger than her empire.

The material resources of the Roman See seem weaker than ever. At the moment when, like Nebuchadnezzar, the Pope proclaimed himself infallible as God, the lightning struck him, as in the play it strikes the eastern king. And he fell from the throne. "He was deposed from his kingly throne and they took his glory from him." But, side by side with this loss of physical power, the myriad servants of that See, its wise men and magicians, are at work with more assiduity than ever. They are putting every stumbling-block which they can lift or roll in the way of free institutions. In Spain and France they seem successful; in Switzerland, and Prussia, and Hungary they seem to fail; in Italy and Austria the balance hangs more even.

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MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE AT HOLYSHADE — AN ESTIMATE — HOLYSHADIAN MORALITY — ENJOYMENT — AIDS TO LEARNING — A HOLYSHADIAN BOY'S DIARY — FAGGING — THE ORDEAL — A PROSPECT.

I HAVE no hesitation in recording the fact, that, if I was not the best boy at Holyshade, at all events I was not the worst. Like Lord Nelson, I could say primly, as far as the Holyshade code went, "I have not been a great sinner." But I am equally bound to add, that I do not hold in high estimation the Holyshadian code of social morality, unless I am called upon to admire the justice of a thief who shares his plunder with his companion in the theft, and refuses to compromise his honor by turning Queen's evidence.

It was said by them of old time, that no Holyshadian would tell a lie, and that, therefore, any master could rely upon a Holyshadian's "honor as a gentleman."

I say that the honor depended on the circumstances.

When Tulkingham major, who could fag me, ingeniously branded my new bureau with my initials, using for that purpose the red-hot poker, did I give up his name to my tutor when he demanded it? No. Why? Because I thought I should get the worst of it with Tulkingham.

The boys themselves, with a keen sense of humor, had a graduated scale of honor, which was represented by the following formula: —

"Will you take your oath he was ten feet high?"

"Yes."

"Will you take your dying oath?"

"Yes."

"Will you bet sixpence?"

"*No.*"

The Holyshadian youth was taught to pay some deference to authority in the hours of study, but he was likewise taught that, in play-time, this same authority is a half-sleeping dog, which, as it is dangerous to approach, it is necessary to avoid.

Thus the Holyshadian learnt that there were bounds beyond which he might not venture.

He was told, for example, that boating on the river, beyond these bounds, was permitted, nay encouraged.

To be on the river was allowable; to be caught going *to* the river was punishable. Therefore the object of the boy, bent on enjoyment in a boat, was to get out of the way of any master whom he might happen to see on his way down to the river. The boy had to "shirk," that is, to dodge into a shop, or behind anything, anywhere, out of sight of the master. The latter knew it to be all nonsense; the former knew it too. Like the augurs, they would have laughed had they met. The Holyshadian Moral Code was easily summed up in one commandment, "*Do what you like as long as you are not found out.*"

But I shall presently state a case which roused all Holyshade at the time, and not Holyshade only, but the municipal authorities of the city of London, and two boys, two Holyshadians, whose guilt was known but to a select few, held out in the face of rigid examination and cross-exam-

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ination, were proof against surprise, and thus it happened that, finally, Falsehood triumphed, and Vice was triumphant. Of this later on.

For my part, I took Holyshade as it came; and for me, after the first year, it came pleasantly enough.

My father never seemed to expect any learning from me, and was perfectly satisfied with my improved appearance in the holidays, when at Easter and Midsummer he took me to the opera, which was an enormous treat. I did my best to prove myself worthy of this advancement.

If Holyshade can do anything for a boy, it can do one thing, and that is make him independent.

Whether this be for his advantage or not, is for the consideration of the Holyshadians generally. I answer, that, as the system was in my time, this independence was a disadvantage.

Practically, out of the actual schoolroom, the Holyshadian boy was his own master, and could do, within certain limits of time, just exactly what he pleased.

I am told that Holyshade is improved nowadays. I am glad to hear it. It needed improvement. From what I have been able to gather from present Holyshadians, however, I am inclined to think that, in spite of some studies having been rendered compulsory, and official encouragement given to novel athletic sports, the *morale* of the place is very much the same as it was twenty-five years ago, and as it was twenty-five years before that, and as it will be while the circumstances of its present existence remain unaltered, to the end of its time.

Only Holyshadian masters ruled over Holyshadian boys. They knew therefore by experience what was going on under their very noses; but, satisfied with results which had placed them where they were, and provided for themselves and their families for life, they did not intend to open their eyes to the fault of the system, or to own themselves wrong, where they had the credit, from outsiders, of being in the right. They pointed with pride to the names of Holyshadian worthies, but were loath to admit that each worthy would have been worthier under better moral guidance. That these have become great men is no proof of the system's excellence; that they have, in some instances, been good Christian men is certainly irrespective of it.

I remember busts of some of these Worthies arranged along the walls of the Upper School. Ghastly objects they were, with their dirty white faces, blank eyes, and dusty double chins, stuck up on brackets, as though to warn the thoughtless youth against following in their footsteps along the road to fame, which would bring them to this complexion at last.

Clerical Holyshadians, of the Tory High Church type, used to point with pride to a modern Holyshadian Worthy, in the person of a Missionary Bishop, whose energy of character and physical capacities would have stamped him as remarkable in any profession. He was invariably spoken of, with much shaking of heads and uplifting of eyes and hands, as "Apostolic." The Holyshadians who used this term being pressed for an exemplification of its appositeness to this eminent Worthy, usually fell back on tales of the hardships and fatigues endured by their school-fellow, and were never weary of narrating how his Holyshadian training had been of the greatest use to him

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in — swimming rivers. I do not think it was ever said that he received his strongest religious impressions from Holyshadian teaching.

I soon discovered that the Colvin nature was admirably adapted to the Holyshadian constitution.

Money was no object, apparently, not even to the tradesmen, who were kind enough to allow an almost unlimited credit. This was generous on their part, as it involved a risk. The tutors signed orders for clothes and books with the openhandedness of those liberal spirits who have *carte blanche* to deal with others' money.

I found myself in a new world, with a paper currency, and means at hand of obtaining present enjoyment, without the drawback of immediate outlay.

There were clubs, there were social gatherings, there were, in fact, all the appliances at hand for forcing the young ideas, and turning growing boys into men before they were half through their teens.

The Holyshadian was, at a very early stage, initiated into the wary use of those miserable short cuts to knowledge know as "cribs." Better to have plenty of time for breakfast and tea, and five minutes for the preparation of lessons, than a few moments for either meal, and half an hour of careful, painstaking study. It was a simple plan. One boy took the "crib," and read from it slowly, the others seated about the room following him with the utmost attention, and each writing down with a pencil in his own book any word which there was a chance of his forgetting.

As to the science of making Latin verses, why, it was clear that, as every Holyshadian, in my time, was compelled to make verses, whether he had any taste for the employment or not, any one, stupid or clever, could make verses If stupid, he would do stupid verses; if clever, clever. After a year and a half of this, a boy would be indeed a dunce if he had not mastered the knack of treating any theme in Ovidian metre, from the birth of Minerva to the Reform Bill. Was there not a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, with a perfect store of epithets, which you could pick and choose at will, and fit in to measure? But, for the Holyshadian too stupid, or too busy with any of the various amusements, boating, billiards "up town," cricket, and so forth, to have any leisure for prose themes or Latin verses, what was he to do! Nothing — but to come to an understanding with some one to perform these learned exercises for him. In short, with a few honest, hard-working exceptions, mainly among the Collegers, the whole school was employed in getting the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of work, out of Holyshade. They were fine, dashing fellows, placed there to commence an acquaintance with those with whom they would either have to mix by right of birth and position, or with whom they might hope to be associated by good luck; and as to learning — well, if they picked up enough of it to pass creditably among some who knew no more, and others who knew less than themselves, that was sufficient, provided only they were gentlemen, and, this being granted, they might be what else they liked compatible with respectability.

Mathematics and modern languages were beneath a Holyshadian's notice. They were included among the "extras," as were also music and

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drawing. My personal and peculiar acquaintance with the properties of a triangle was limited to what I had seen of it as a musical instrument in a regimental band, or in the orchestra of a theatre.

The religion of Holyshade was a mellow-toned respectability, hallowed by antiquity.

Chapel-time on a whole holiday took the place of school-time. It had this advantage, that it required no preparation. It had this disadvantage, that it effected nothing for individual benefit.

How impressed has any visitor been on seeing that grave old mediæval Chapel for the first time. What Holyshadian has not delighted in the sweet strains of the anthem sung by fresh young voices, and felt his heart throb at the rejoicings of the Hallelujah resounding beneath that glorious roof? Yes, for a moment he has seen the stones instinct with life; for a second he has heard the echo of the past, and has mistaken it for the voice of the living. Another minute, and the stones are once again gray and inanimate, the life has departed, the clanging doors are shut, and the homeless echoes have returned whence they came.

The time-mellowed colors of the venerable stained glass window, over the spot where once stood the altar, dye the sun's rays as they pass through to fall, in rich-toned patchwork, upon the chancel floor, — a variegated woof as unreal as the mere sentimentalism of religion. Save for this the chapel is cold and drear; for all that made its glory and its life in the past, left it three hundred years ago, and all who gave it animation but half an hour since, are in the playing-fields, or on the river, rejoicing in their liberty. Well, — in after life the majority will find out how they have been educated only to enshrine Respectability, and seeing that, in the long run, this worship is the least irksome, and the most generally accepted, they will contentedly bring up their children in the practice of the same rites and ceremonies.

Apart from the highly instructive sermon in chapel, which those boys who had watches were accustomed to time anxiously, the sole approach to anything like a religious moral training, was, that on Sunday afternoon or evening a class had to read an abridgment of Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" in "Pupil-room" to their tutor. Paley's, in fact, were the only evidences of living Christianity in the place: the chapel and the College itself were monuments of a defunct Faith. It can be easily imagined how interesting this study was to a set of boys, from fourteen to sixteen, who would have willingly sacrificed to Jupiter (being on familiar terms with the heathen deities) for the sake of the hour's leisure whereof Paley had deprived them.

Austin Comberwood wrote to me frequently, and through him I commenced a correspondence with Alice.

Deprived of my friend's recitals of Scott's novels, I developed a taste for light literature, and, inspired by Alice's "Blue Beard," I composed a drama on a story in a book of romantic legends, called "Chess with the Devil." About this time I began to keep a diary, and though separated by distance and by age from Austin, our friendship grew stronger and stronger. I told him everything concerning myself in my letters to him, a confidence which he was not slow to return. Alice, too, honored me

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beyond my years with letters, which in after times were important, as voluntarily conferring upon me a sort of fraternal right to assist and advise where assistance and advice were possible from one so much her junior in every way.

I find an entry in my diary, dated September 19, after I had been a year at Holyshade: —

"*Whitledge came for subscription to the Chapel Window. Humbug. Wrote to Governor for one pound. Will give less if I can. Subscribed to the Football and Field. No letter from Alice. Nor from Austin. Bad. Not heard from Governor for an age. Finished Charles O'Malley. Capital.*

"SUNDAY. — *Hot and fine: went for a walk with Bifford mi. Met Uncle Herbert. He said he was only down for a day. Gave me seven and sixpence. Glad of this, as I am rather low in pocket. Thompson ma. offered me five shillings for my buttons. Shan't sell them till I am very hard up. Jugson's not quite so strict as he was.*

"MONDAY. — *Had a magnificent game of football. Worked like bricks. Got one shin. No letters again to-day: horrid bore that. Put in a lottery for a set of carnelian (West's) buttons. Bill got 'em. Sarah came to put my light out. Bailed her by lighting it again. Good-night.*

"TUESDAY. — *No letter from Governor. Letter from Austin, at Boulogne in France. He begins to speak French. I don't. Hate extra work except for going out at night. Lark.*"

Another day: —

"*No letter. Pulled up to Squigley after four. Hunted swans coming back. Nearly swamped in locks in Bill's outrigger, and so obliged to go in Parry's tub. Left Bill in the lurch and hunted swans coming back. Dead tired.*"

Here is a sequence: —

"*So tired from yesterday's events I overslept myself, and went into school late, for which I got sixty lines of Long Ovid. Came back. Letter from Alice. Fryer came to-day for music lesson. Bore. What with fagging, music, and work for my tutor, I could only get five minutes for breakfast. Not much play for me to-day. Go to my tutor at a quarter to seven, and after twelve, and do a pœna after four.*"

Another extract: —

"*Pulled up with Hipworth mi. Hall steering. We've taken a chance boat.*"

This meant paying a certain sum to the proprietor of boats for the month or the week, and taking the chance of getting any sort of boat. It was a popular method with those who had not had boats built for them, especially towards the end of the boating season.

Extract continued: —

"*Pulled up in three quarters of an hour, then coming back hunted swans. Fun. Must get order for jacket and things to pay Small's bill. Capital dodge. A'paca overcoat to be cut into smoking coat and in-door coat. Amalekite and coral studs at Dick's. Small will let me have onyx buttons for ten shillings. Reading Devereux. Bother, here we are at the beginning of another regular week. No letters.*"

The "regular week" meant one without a whole and a half holiday in it.

As to the fagging, how I remember crying over the first toast I ever made in obedience to my master's command. I had not got a toasting-fork, and so was obliged to stick the roughly cut piece of bread on a knife, and having wrapped a pocket-handkerchief round my hand, I knelt down before the fire to do my best.

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I roasted my face, and in changing my attitude dropped the slice into the ashes. Finding that I was unobserved, I picked it up, dusted it, replaced it on the knife, and continued the operation. To my disgust it suddenly became charred in the centre, while the bread remained perfectly white, but very dry, around the one black spot. One side being a comparative failure, I turned it, and hoped for a more successful result. In changing its front, however, it perversely glided off the knife, and fell once more among the cinders. Having carefully dusted it with my pocket-handkerchief, and blown off such specks of coal-dust as would have been fatal evidence against me if called on to assert that no accident had happened to it, I rather impatiently began again. To secure it from further tumbles I rested the point of the knife on the second bar, and anxiously watched the browning process, which was very slow. At this moment Gulston, a boy about my own age, ran in to say that all the fags had been dismissed, and that Leigh, our master (a boy in the Upper Fifth, to whom with other young slaves I had been allotted), had said I was to be sent to him at once. Thinking that the toast might help itself in my absence, I piled a dictionary and a lexicon on the fender, which supported the handle of my knife, while the other remained on the bar of the grate. I should not be absent long, and doubtless it would be ready on my return. I went into his presence trembling. His "mess" consisted of three: himself, Dampier, and Crossland ma. They had each two fags, and so their table at breakfast and tea was admirably served by six boys, who made the tea, the coffee, the toast, and cooked such delicacies as could be got out of saucepans and frying-pans in the way of a kind of washy omelette, excellent fried eggs, and buttered eggs (a superb dish by the way), fried ham, and chicken. Fags learnt something which was of considerable use to them when they arrived at that no-man's ground known as the Lower Division of the Lower Fifth, where there was rest at last, where the Holyshadian could neither fag nor be fagged; where, having served his time, he could enjoy himself, attending to his own luxuries and necessities.

"Where's the toast?" asked Leigh, who was waiting with some potted meat on his plate in anticipation of a choice finish to his tea.

"Not quite done," I replied trembling

"Bring it," he said sharply, while his two companions eyed me suspiciously.

I returned to my own room where I had been experimentalizing. There was a strong smell of burning. The toast was smoking, and in another minute would be unfit for human food. I rushed at it, landed it on my table, ingeniously scraped it with my knife, dusted it once more with my pocket-handkerchief, and tried to flatter myself that Leigh would be too glad of the toast to scrutinize details. So I stuck it on the knife, and reappeared before Leigh.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, while the two others laughed. "What's this?"

"Toast," I answered.

He did not attempt to touch it.

"You have been scraping it," he said, looking first at it, then at me, with the eye of one experienced in such matters.

"Scraping it?" I echoed, innocently.

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"Yes. Don't tell a lie about it. Have n't you?"

"I did — just — only — a — little," I replied, feeling that the supreme moment had arrived when I should be immediately ordered off to be tortured and executed.

"It's been in the cinders, hey?"

"No, not in the cinders," I answered, wishing to be very particular as to the exact truth.

"Then what did you scrape it for?" he asked, naturally enough.

"Because it did not fall in the cinders — only in the fender," I replied, with an attempt at a conciliatory tone.

"Oh, indeed!" said Leigh. Then turning to the others, he asked, "Is it to be the Chinese punishment, or the ordeal of the fork?"

They voted for the latter. I did not know what was in store for me, and so my pent-up feelings gave way, and I burst into tears.

"Oh, don't — please — I — couldn't — help — it — I never — toasted — before!"

My supplication was unheeded.

"Put your hand on the table, palm down, spread your fingers out," said Leigh, sternly. I obeyed convulsively.

"Now," he went on, "the ordeal of the fork will teach you to toast properly in future."

Then he took a fork and jobbed it down four times in rapid succession in the four spaces between my fingers, spread out on the table-cloth. It was exciting, and I must say he exhibited considerable skill and dexterity in performing this feat about ten times, only prodding me, and that purposely, on the last occasion, when I cried out sharply, and was immediately told that in consequence of this ebullition I must receive the toasting-fork bastinado, which consisted of three thwacks from the prong-end of that switch-like instrument.

This I bore with Spartan courage, and, at its termination, I was about to quit the room, when Leigh called out, "Now, then! I did n't tell you to go, did I?"

"No."

"No fag can go without being told. Stop where you are."

"Let him do another bit on the toasting-fork for practice," suggested Dampier. Crossland ma. cut a slice off his loaf.

"Go, and do it properly," said Leigh, presenting me with the toasting-fork, and taking care to give me a cut across my hand with it. Whereat I winced, but grinned. Thus was I being educated to the martyrdom of fagging.

Once back in my own room I gave way. I thought of home, of Ringhurst, of Austin, of Alice, of what they were doing at this time, and of the happy days I had spent there. I thought of Nurse Davis, little Julie, and the dear old days past and gone, of Frampton's Court, and it seemed to me as though my friends and acquaintances were one and all standing around me, bemoaning my suffering and degradation. Then suddenly remembering the ordeal and the bastinado, I braced myself up to the work, and produced such a highly finished work of toasting art, as sent me back to my master with an air of conscious pride. They had ended their meal, and paused in discussing some project of amusement to examine my *chef-d'œuvre*. It was so satisfactory, that Leigh informed me I might have it for myself, and forthwith dismissed me.

And this was my first experience of fagging at mess. I have nothing

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to say against the system. On the contrary, I praise it on the whole, as practised at Holyshade in my time. Its abuses were rare, and were resented at once by the upper boys, themselves masters, on a fair representation being made to them of the state of the case by the injured party.

I only remember one instance of cruelty. One of the Sixth Form, a Colleger, maltreated a small lower boy, Oppidan. Immediate action was taken. The Oppidans, about six hundred, invaded College in a body, headed by the Oppidan Captain, and demanded the surrender of the bully, who, however, had effected his escape by a back staircase. In the mean time, the masters, having got wind of what seemed to be the commencement of an insurrection, assembled for rapid consultation, and strategetically cut off the return of the forces, by posting themselves at the head of every landing in College, where, the doors being only opened wide enough to admit one at a time, no boy could pass without encountering one or two authorities in their official dress, to whom he was obliged to render up his name and address.

Dr. Courtley summoned the whole of the Sixth Form, and himself, having heard the details, undertook the punishment of the offender. The school returned to its duties, and all went on as peaceably as heretofore. But it had been an awkward time. The boys were in the right, and the masters were, fortunately, sensible men: but one overt act, on either side, might have seriously affected the gravest Holyshadian interests.

Pleasantly enough, and carelessly enough in all conscience, my time now passed away at my tutor's, until an incident of a rather sporting character shortened my career at Keddy's, and was the cause of my being thrown once more among some old friends, of whom for some considerable time I had lost sight, and of my being present on a certain occasion, which was of more importance to me, in the future, than at the time I could have imagined possible.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT WE DID TO A SWAN — WHAT A SWAN DID TO US — A CHANGE — A VISIT — SOME OLD FRIENDS — A FRESH STEP IN THE STORY.

It occurs to me at this point to ask myself whether a child should be carefully blind to his grandmother's faults, as so many Holyshadians appear to be to those of their Alma Avia? For if the University be their Alma Mater, Holyshade College must be thus dignified.

Am I as an Englishman, whose boast is that he lives in a free country, to protest that there is no better system of educating youths than that adopted at Holyshade? Britons "never, never, never, and never, forever, will be slaves"; and the Holyshade plan leaves them to themselves, as I have already shown. If enslaved at all, they become slaves to themselves, to their own wills, to their own pleasures. My father was perfectly correct in his instinct as to this public school "making a man" out of the materials furnished by parents. But what sort of a man was to be turned out? Formed in the Holyshade mould, they were "men" of fifteen and sixteen, among whom there was occasionally, at rare intervals, to be found a youthful Daniel living as if in the midst of Babylon, a Tobias in Nineveh, or a Thomas of Aquinas in

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the school at Naples. But the representatives of Daniel, Thomas, and Tobias, at Holyshade, were the objects of practical joking and derision. And they certainly were not lively boys, nor did anybody give them credit for genuine piety. They were only taken notice of to be kicked, or ignored contemptuously as sanctified humbugs. We, as boys, took much the same view of such pietists, as Gibbon did of the early Christians.

Had Austin Comberwood been at Holyshade, I am certain he would have been the true model for a Holyshadian, for he was good without cant, ready to sympathize with all amusements, though not strong enough to take an active part in them himself; he was cheerful without being boisterous, and to the literary tastes of a scholar, he added the application of a student, while his natural sedateness was tempered by a sense of humor sufficiently keen to enable him to avoid anything like eccentricity. What Austin knew to be right, his will was strong enough to perform. He distinguished black from white, in whatever light it came before him, and, in morality, he recognized no such color as gray. I think *he* would have passed through the Holyshadian furnace unscorched. Yet, having experienced those fires, I am glad, for his sake, and, remembering the after part of our career, for my own, that he was not my school-fellow at Holyshade.

At midsummer, the public school week in town was the realization of all our wildest and fastest dreams. They were days and nights to be recalled next school-time, when we compared notes as to our London life, with all the zest of the heroes in that eminently delightful and morally improving, but now, alas! somewhat antiquated book, "Tom and Jerry."

I had well-filled pockets, and, unlike most other boys, who rather preferred school to home on account of its freedom, I was entirely my own master in London from morning to night; for I saw very little of my father, except on a dinner-party night, or when we went to a theatre or the opera. Between fifteen and sixteen I was able to act the part of cicerone to Holyshadians, who, visiting the metropolis for that rollicking cricket week, wished to see as much of the amusements of the town as their means would permit. I soon made myself acquainted with all that was worth hearing or seeing, between the hours of eight in the evening and two next morning. The footman, who used to stop up for me on these occasions, was generously feed, to keep his eyes open as long as possible, and his ears on the alert for the first touch of the bell. My father heard from me of the aristocratic company I was keeping (which was perfectly true), and appeared highly satisfied with this portion at all events of my education.

About this time I had partially overcome my antipathy to Mr. Cavander, who in his turn seemed to entertain a more friendly feeling towards myself. My sore point now was my resemblance to a Manx cat, inasmuch as I was still untailed, and I yearned for the day when I should assume the virile toga and stick-ups. I was perfectly aware that for such scenes of enjoyment as were the glory of Lord's week, the absence of tails placed me at a disadvantage. At the end of my second year I came back in stick-ups, a sadder and a wiser boy; but much had happened ere that epoch arrived.

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It will have been noticed in my diary that I had developed a decided taste for swan hunting. The predilection was shared by another boy, and led us into a difficulty.

Not being satisfied with the pleasures of the chase, we purchased a pistol. It was of an antiquated make, and might have been exhibited as a curiosity in the armory of the Tower. We bought it for half a sovereign, including a bullet mould, lead, and an old powder-flask. My companion, Parry, who was not at my tutor's, shared the expense and the privileges appertaining to the possession of this formidable weapon. That we could not use it while the boys were on the river disturbing our game was clear; so, on consideration, we matured a plan which we caried into effect on the first whole holiday.

After twelve we took our "tub" and hid it among the bushes, in a creek to which access could be easily gained from a neighboring meadow, without going through the town. We kept our scheme to ourselves, as there was only pistol enough for two.

At three o'clock we were in chapel, and when the service was nearly half over, Parry and myself were one after the other seized with a sudden bleeding at the nose, which necessitated our immediate withdrawal with our handkerchiefs up to our suffering organs.

No sooner were we out than we rushed up a lane into the meadows, and thence to our boat, in which we immediately embarked, and, unseen by a single person, sculled across into the very home of the swans, among the rushes on the other side of the river. We were not dressed in our boating costume, as to stop for this would have been to court detection. Parry carried the pistol, I the powder and bullets, and after loading we tossed for first shot. I won it and sat in the stern. As we glided swiftly into the tall rushes, the swans, aroused from their *siesta*, took fright and scuttled away left and right. This panic was only momentary, as in another minute they had wheeled about, poking out their heads, wagging their tails angrily, and swelling out their feathers in evidently increasing wrath. One, which might have been a model for Jupiter metamorphosed, took the lead, and hissing furiously came right at us. I was now facing him in the bows, while Parry was backing the sculls towards him.

"They can break an oar," said Parry, in alarm.

"And a man's leg," I added, feeling anything but comfortable.

"You must shoot him," cried Parry. "If you're afraid, let me! I've often shot at home."

This was, as it were, a taunt which a Colvin could not stand. I knew it was the first shot I had ever had in my life, that this was the first pistol I had ever been trusted with, loaded or unloaded, and my heart thumped as I grasped the handle with one hand, the trigger with the other, and with my head on one side looked at the swan out of my right eye. In another second, both my eyes were firmly screwed up, so as to render my aim in shooting perfectly impartial, and with a convulsive contortion of the mouth and a nervous grasping of the trigger, I fired my first shot, and then stood amazed, and anxious as to the result. The report had almost stunned me, and the kick of the pistol had been like a powerful galvanic shock. I was puzzled and dazed; so were the swans.

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"Now then," cried Parry, excitedly, "let *me* load."

I handed over the weapon to him, feeling rather abashed at the result of my ineffectual experiment. In the mean time the swans had recovered from their astonishment, and were recommencing hostilities. Parry, who was older and stronger than myself, now took so sure an aim, that, by good or ill luck as the reader may choose to deem it, he wounded the largest bird, just as it was breasting my scull, so severely as to render a second shot absolutely merciful. After a few convulsive struggles the swan was dead. And here I beg to inform all poets that this swan, previous to his quitting life, did not sing one note. He uttered a sort of a rasping sound, like that produced by a bow when scraped on the above-bridge part of the violin-strings. But as to any sweet melody, this particular swan had no more pretensions to it in his dying moments than a pig under the knife. We did not stop to discuss this question, but, having lugged him into our boat, we pulled into the stream and made for a quiet nook in dead-water, where we two guilty ones could talk over the best method of disposing of our victim. The Ancient Mariner was not more exercised in conscience than were we, now, by our unexpected success.

"They're royal birds," said Parry, lifting up one of our jackets, and regarding the lifeless mass as it lay at the bottom of the boat. "They're royal birds, I've heard, and for killing one, I forget what a fellow gets, but it's something awful."

"Is it?" I replied; "then we'd better bury it."

We had no spades, we had no picks, and saw no way of hiding it on the island where we were moored.

"Sink it with stones," said Parry.

This was evidently the very thing. We managed to unscrew the iron chain at the bows, and after a long search we found a stone sufficiently heavy for our purpose. We succeeded in binding the carcass to the stone with rope and chain, and then, looking this way and that, to be sure we were still unobserved, we plunged it into the middle of the stream. It disappeared with a dull plash, but it did disappear, and we regarded each other as though we expected to see its ghost.

The rest of that "after four" we spent in watching the spot where the swan *had* gone down, and we came away with misgivings as to the result of this day's sport.

We kept our secret to the end.

The third party to the secret, that is, the swan, could not rest in his watery grave. Murder would out, and two mornings after this I hurried off to Parry's room, to tell him what I had heard from one of the "men at the wall," of whom there were four privileged to sell sweets, fruits, and cakes to the boys in the open air in front of the school-house, and one of whom (Spiky) had the odious reputation — perfectly undeserved, I believe — of being a spy in the pay of the masters.

Spiky was a character. His short, thick neck seemed to have sunk in between his high shoulders, as though overburdened by the disproportionately big, round head it carried. He was fresh-colored, with little, piggy eyes, and the slyest smirk, imaginable. He carried a tin box, divided into trays, filled with cakes below and apples above. He was always tidy and clean, and his boast was

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that he knew everything about every boy's pedigree in the school. Directly a new boy appeared, he addressed him in an unctuous tone, and in a sing-song style, with his head much on one side, thus — supposing myself the boy —

"Well, my little Colvin, son of Sir John Colvin, of the city, stock-brokers, Colvin, Wingle, and Co., and of Langeran House, Kensington. How do you do, sir, this morning? What can I do for you, sir, this morning?" Then turning to a very small boy, about twelve years old, in a very much damaged hat, "Well, your grace, what for you this morning, your grace? This is his grace the Duke of Chetford; his noble mother the Duchess was one of the most beautiful ladies ever seen, and often have I had the pleasure of serving his noble and excellent father, when he was a boy, on this very spot." Whereupon his little grace would invest in a tart, or whatever luxuries Spiky might have in his portable store.

"Well, my little Colvin," he had said to me, on the morning in question, "did you go a-shooting of the poor swan as they've picked up by the bridge?"

I was very nearly surprised out of my secret. Had I been thinking of it less, I have no doubt I should have confessed on the spot. As it was, I asked, ingenuously —

"What swan?"

"What swan, my little Colvin? Why, the swan as was shot a day or two ago, and as belongs to her Majesty the Royal Queen, and the Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, where Sir John Colvin has his office. It ain't quite a hanging matter, but very near it."

"Who'll be hung?" I asked.

"I don't know, my little Colvin; no, sir, I don't, sir; but there'll be a nice to-do, sir, if they catch 'em, sir, whoever it was, sir. What for you this morning, my little Bifford minor?"

"What have you got, Spiky?" inquired Bifford minor, who was getting fatter than when he had been at Old Carter's. After inspection, he said, hesitatingly —

"I haven't got any money."

"That don't matter, Minor," replied the accommodating Spiky; "you take your banbury now, my little Bifford, sir, and you pay me another time, sir."

Leaving Bifford to the enjoyment of his banbury, I hurried off to Parry.

"We shall be discovered," I said.

"We shan't," said Parry, quietly. "We can't be if we don't tell. Who's to know?"

"Perhaps somebody saw us," I suggested.

"Well, then, somebody will tell of us. *We* won't," he answered.

We kept our own counsel. There was a great disturbance, and boy after boy was questioned on suspicion. Once Gulston, a friend of ours, was nearly convicted. Then I went to Parry.

"Look here," I said, "we can't stand by while he's punished."

"We won't," said Parry, phlegmatically, "when he *is* to be punished."

"But if they prove he did it —" I began.

"How can they prove *he* did it, when *we* did it?" asked my partner in guilt.

The force of this argument as a poser was evident I was still uncertain as to our course, should they examine us separately.

"Supposing," I put it, "your tutor sent for you, and asked you if you

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shot the swan, what would you say?"

"I should say I didn't," returned Parry, "because it would be jolly unfair to ask such a question. I'll own it when they've found it out. Not till then."

After a while, when the excitement had worn off, somehow or another every one suddenly knew all about it. My tutor, Mr. Keddy, sent for me privately and lectured me.

"Your conduct, Colvin," he said, in his shrillest tone, rubbing his hair irritably, "has been abominable; most abominably bad. I have written to your father. I don't know whether I shall keep you here or not."

I retired rather crestfallen. Parry was in any case going to leave at the end of the half. To be sent away was unpleasantly like expulsion.

However, the cards were to be played in my favor. The Rev. Vickers Raab, one of the senior masters, and the best scholar at Holyshade, was at feud with most of the authorities, from Dr. Courtley, whom he delighted to mimic, down to Mr. John Smoothish, the lowest master of the lowest form, and he indulged in many a jest at the expense of Mr. Keddy, of whose acquirements he entertained a not very exalted opinion, and at whom personally he had laughed from the time they had been both Collegers together at Holyshade. It was sufficient for Mr. Keddy to think something uncommonly right, in order to convince Mr. Raab that it was most egregiously wrong.

Now, Mr. Raab having some business to transact in the city, went to Colvin and Cavander for advice, and, in the course of conversation, heard from my father of my being at Holyshade.

Sir John therefore consulted him on this affair, and being really terribly afraid lest I should have incurred some indelible disgrace, was delighted to find that Mr. Raab viewed the whole thing as a joke, and considered me perfectly right in not having confessed to the death of the swan.

"I'll take him into my house," quoth Mr. Raab, disinterestedly; and thus it happened that I changed my tutors.

Mr. Raab's house was the easiest, pleasantest, and most carelessly managed of all the houses in Holyshade, and his boys were the readiest, smartest, laziest, larkiest, and merriest of all the boys in that great school. We all liked him as no other set of boys liked their tutor. We did not reverence him in the least. He was outspoken, bluff, bold, and intolerant of affectation in any shape, but especially clerical affectation. He was hot-headed and quick-tempered, of a mercurial disposition. He was fond of giving his pupils an occasional treat, on which no one save himself would have ventured. He was partial to theatrical entertainments in any form, from the solemnities of the Greeks down to the frivolities of the Londoners in his own time; and whenever the little theatre of the neighboring town was opened for a short season, he would make a point of taking us to see the performance, and treating us, on our return, to supper in his dining-room. On these occasions he invariably went behind the scenes, and gave any children who might be playing a kindly pat on the head, and sixpence for their pockets.

On the second evening of one of these seasons, Mr. Raab took us to see — I forget exactly what piece, but I fancy it was called *The Field*

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of Forty Footsteps. The two Biffords were of our party, and quarrelled for a bill, which having fallen between them I picked up, and, to my surprise, read that the two principal characters were to be played by Miss Carlotta Verney and Miss Lucrezia Verney.

For the moment I was puzzled by the latter name, having forgotten that Julie possessed two. But the play had scarcely begun, when I recognized her, though she did not appear to have seen me.

Both the sisters were looking remarkably handsome, and I actually began to boast of my acquaintance with this couple of charming young actresses. Not being afraid of confiding this to Mr. Raab, he promised me that I should accompany him after the first act behind the scenes. I noticed that Carlotta's eyes were fixed for the greater part of the time on the private box at the side, where sat three officers, with whose faces I was perfectly familiar, as they were *old* Holyshadians, though very young officers, having recently joined, and were frequently mixed up in our cricket-matches and boat-races. I could not avoid following the direction of Carlotta's eyes, and I found that they invariably rested upon a handsome, brown-complexioned man, with very small features, bright eyes, and dark, crisp, curly hair, who seemed to be watching the performance intensely, as he never once, as long as Carlotta was on, took his eyes off the stage. He did not talk much to his companions, and, on the fall of the curtain, he rose at the same moment as Mr. Raab and myself. When we came on the stage, we found him engaged in conversation with Carlotta, who was beaming with pleasure at his marked attention, and my tutor saluted him briskly by a name that seemed to me like Mr. Herby. It turned out that this had been his soubriquet at Holyshade, his real title being Sir Frederick Sladen.

"How do you do, Master Cecil?"

It was Julie's voice, and in another minute I was talking to her and Carlotta, who, I thought, did not seem best pleased at the interruption.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOLYSHADE SETS — UP AT BARRACKS — MEN OF THE WORLD — THE TWO SISTERS — ROCKS AHEAD — I AM ASTONISHED NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME — TWO MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

In public scholastic life the Holyshaders were divided into Forms. In private life the Holyshaders had divided themselves into Sets. Being at Raab's, and being an independent boy of fortune, my lot was cast in a fast set, whose ranks were recruited from all the other sets. It was especially fast by reason of its being a monied set. Its chiefs were, in my time, at Raab's, where, as I have already shown, we enjoyed more liberty than fell to the share of any other house in the College. We played cards in our rooms, and during our school-time held an imitation of Crockford's at The Chichester Inn, where also we had breakfast and dinner parties, the former, on Sundays, being remarkable for a profusion of grilled chickens, boiled ham, and poached eggs, when what was, in the school slang of my time, known as "hot sock" was forbidden in our own rooms.

We had among us the best "Wet bobs," as the boys were termed who were addicted to amusing themselves with "Aquatics," and the foremost "Dry bobs" of the cricketers. We

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were a fortune to Mrs. Frizley, the stout proprietress of a small cigar-shop, where there was a "counter attraction" in her florid and far from ill-looking niece who served the youthful customers. Bifford major, who, though neither a wet nor dry bob, was a noted billiard player, had been for some time "one of us" before my admission into the select circle, and with him and his invariable antagonist at the game, little Lord Pilchard, who was seventeen, and a head shorter than any other Holyshader of his own age, I used to frequent Disey's billiard rooms "up town," whence, if they were occupied, we would proceed to the barracks, where I soon found myself quite at home. In these quarters I met Sir Frederick Sladen and Percival Floyd, whom I had last seen at Ringhurst, on the occasion of the theatricals.

Floyd had developed into a tall, large-boned man, with such a sheepish expression as quite toned down the ferocity of his drooping blonde mustache. I was puzzled by this mustache, and, at first, had some difficulty in believing in its genuineness, as it seemed, after all, such a short time since Floyd had been the biggest boy at old Carter's. Sir Frederick was loquacious. Floyd was bashfully silent. I was not surprised, after our meeting on the stage, at hearing Sir Frederick Sladen full of the praises of Carlotta Verney, while, from the eloquent badinage of which his quieter companion was the object, I gathered that Floyd entertained a liking for little Julie.

Finding myself a person of some importance as a friend of the Verney family, I was easily induced to give such particulars as I considered likely to interest my military acquaintances, throwing in, I am afraid, a considerable dash of romance in order to suit the picture to the taste of my audience, and give myself the air of a thorough man about town with the privileges of the *coulisses*.

That I was, at this time, a thorough little coxcomb, I need not, after the foregoing candid admission, point out to my readers; nor will it be necessary to show that, in no sort of way, directly or indirectly, was there any moral or religious influence, in the *vie intime* of Holyshade, to counteract the great benefits accruing to the individual from this admirable system of almost uncontrolled liberty, which was, and perhaps is now, the boast of this great school. My time was, within certain pleasant limits, my own, and how well I was learning to make use of it, the student of this record will have already noticed.

Having ascertained the sentiments of undisguised admiration for my two fair friends professed by these warriors, nothing would satisfy me but I must acquaint the young ladies themselves with their great good fortune. At the same time I conceived a personal dislike for Floyd, which I had never entertained for him when he was Captain of Old Carter's school. Then, I feared him; now, I did not. He had not had a public-school training, but had entered the army with all his blushing gawkiness still upon him. A Holyshadian, five years his junior, was a better man of the world than he. He was a Goliath, I a David; but as it was the fashion to learn boxing (we had gloves at my tutor's for our evening recreation after "lock-up"), I took it into my head to master the noble art of self-defence, with a view to ascertaining the exact scientific blow

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which should, on an emergency, lay the giant at my feet. To see Floyd prostrate before me, to rescue and to fly with Julie — I do not in the least know where I intended to take her — was the melo-dramatic tableau that presented itself to my imagination.

The two sisters lodged in a cheerful little house, on the outskirts of the town, where — Julie having given me her address — I went to pay them a visit, and make an offering of flowers; for Holyshadians are noted for their love of bouquets, and the sellers of the earliest violets and lilies of the valley make a good thing out of their sweet merchandise.

When I entered, Julie was seated at the piano, and Carlotta was standing at the window with some needlework in her hand.

They were in the midst of a discussion.

I presented my flowers, without compliments, and then felt that I had arrived at an awkward moment.

Carlotta was frowning, and Julie was thoughtfully reclining in her chair, while her left hand was going through a system of fingering on the notes without producing any sound.

"I've been talking about you," I said to Julie, jumping in *medias res* with a vengeance, "to Floyd. I was at school with Floyd."

Carlotta looked at her younger sister somewhat sharply, and smiled. Her smile was meant to be sarcastic. I saw *that*, and concluded instinctively that something had gone wrong, and that the something in question was not wholly unconnected with the two military heroes.

"And what had you to say about me?" asked little Julie, quietly.

It was quite astounding to me as a boy to see what a thorough woman she was. Not the sort of woman of my barrack-room romance. Far from it. Whatever I might have said to Floyd and Sladen, I felt that she exercised upon me so soothing and gentle an influence, as to make me, for the time, less of a puppy or a coxcomb (which you will), and to transport me to the pure atmosphere of our childhood. Her large, soft gray eyes seemed grave and calm as if reflecting the certain light of the Spirit of Truth. Sweetly persuasive, a good and sensible little woman at sixteen was Julie, and, in after life, years have but intensified her sterling character.

"They were speaking," I replied, craftily evading a direct answer, "more about Lottie than about you, Julie. Sladen was chaffing Floyd about spooning," — this I said with malice aforethought, and again I noticed Carlotta's smile as she glanced at her sister, — "and then the other fellows said they supposed there would soon be a Lady Sladen, and asked him for wedding-cake."

My report of what had been said in my hearing was, after all, not far from the truth. I suppressed details. I wanted to hear what the girls had to say.

Julie rose, with a very serious air. Lottie's head was turned away from her, towards the window. Presently Julie spoke, tenderly but firmly.

"Lottie."

"Well."

"You were wrong to go out walking with Sir Frederick Sladen without me."

"I'm older than you are, and suppose I know what's right and what's wrong. *Allons donc*," replied Carlotta, in a sudden burst of temper.

In the dancing academy where she had hitherto been employed, French

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was the language of the principals, and she had picked up scraps, which, when at all angry, she threw into her conversation in an off-hand manner.

"Yes, Lottie, you are older, but you have not seen so much, or anything like so much, of this sort of life as I have. Remember, dear, I have been on the stage since quite a baby, and I know well enough what fools girls can make of themselves."

"Thank you, Julie, for the compliment," returned her sister, making a mock curtsey. "I don't see why I'm a fool for talking to Sladen," — Carlotta was too impetuous to stick at titles, — "any more than you are for talking to Floyd."

"Mr. Floyd," said Julie, calmly, "knew papa in London, and we had met him in the country, when we were at those theatricals," she explained, turning to me.

"Ringhurst?" I said.

"Yes," returned Julie, "and he reminded me of that after he had asked Charlton to introduce him again to me." Charlton was the manager's name. "I have merely been civil to him, and, as you say, I am not so old as you, and he only considers me, perhaps, as a little girl. After he had spoken to me the first time, I really do not think he has said another word. But in spite of my begging you not to allow Sir Frederick Sladen to come here when I was out, he has been."

"I could not prevent his walking in when he was passing," retorted Carlotta; "and as he said that he should like nothing so much as a cup of tea with us, I could n't tell him to go, *n'est ce pas?* And then you came in."

"We met Floyd at Mr. Comberwood's," I remarked at this point, by way of distinctly corroborating Julie's previous statement.

"I don't see that makes any difference," said Carlotta.

"Well, Lottie, promise me you won't see Sir Frederick alone again while we're here."

"I won't promise nothing of the sort," said Carlotta, coloring, and throwing her work down on a chair. When Lottie doubled her negatives, she was obstinacy itself, — for the moment. "I am quite old enough to take care of myself."

"Then," replied Julie, with determination, "I shall write again to mother, or aunt, and ask her to come down."

"You may do what you like, and I shall do what I like," said Carlotta, tossing her head. "I'm sure I don't care. *Ça ne fait rien.*"

"Yes you do, Lottie," said Julie, going up to her sister caressingly.

Lottie resented this.

"Don't smaul and carney me about, Ju," she said, inventing, in her impatience, a word of her own for the occasion.

Julie, standing quietly by her side, continued: "If you fell in love with him" — again Lottie blushed, but shrugged her shoulders with affected carelessness — "what would happen, dear?"

Not a word from Lottie.

"Whatever he may say," Julie continued, pointedly, "whatever he may *say*, do you think that he really means to ask you to be his wife?"

"Why not, I should like to know? I s'pose we're as good as him and his any day, ain't we?" Carlotta said, indignantly, her feelings getting the better of her grammar.

Carlotta was a thoroughly downright girl. She spoke out all she had to say. It did not occur to her that

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others could be reticent, or were capable of saying one thing and thinking another. Language, for her, was made for expressing her thoughts, not for concealing them. A man who could look her full in her handsome face, speak without faltering, would be trusted by her, even though he should utter deceit. Open and straightforward herself, she was only to be duped by a manner made to resemble, superficially, her own. Sir Frederick Sladen possessed this art, unconsciously.

"I don't mind," said Julie, emphatically, "how much you see him, if papa, or mother is here, and they know all about it. One of them will be down to-morrow."

"You've written and told mother?" asked Carlotta, frowning.

"No," answered Julie, "I have only written and asked aunt, or papa, to keep their promise of coming to see us from Saturday till Monday."

Carlotta was silent for a few minutes. Looking at my watch, I found that my visit would have to be brought to a close, so that I might get back in good time for five o'clock school.

Julie now proposed to her sister that they should accompany me a little way, as far as a certain green grocer's, where they were in the habit of buying such luxuries as watercresses for their tea, which they took about two hours before the opening of the theatre at seven.

They occupied but a few seconds in their simple preparations for the walk, and we were soon in the High Street.

Mr. Floyd on horseback, turning the corner at that moment, saluted us with, it appeared to me, the utmost respect. He was, as I have said, an awkward, loutish-looking creature, with very little to say for himself; and on this occasion he looked, I thought, as if he regretted his equestrian position, which prevented him from joining our little party. The truth was, as I discovered afterwards, that he could not make out from little Julie's manner whether she wished him with her or not, and his modesty getting the benefit of the doubt, he contented himself with looking wistfully after Julie's receding figure, rather expecting her, or her sister, to act like Lot's wife when flying from danger, and then rode slowly onward in the opposite direction.

"What a lolloping fellow that old Floyd is," said Carlotta, with just a sparkle of mischief in her bright eyes.

Julio smiled slightly.

"I dare say," Carlotta presently continued, by way of making reparation, "he's not so bad when you know him. *N'est ce pas?* But he makes me die o' laughing to see him sitting at the theatre and staring at you, Julie, as if he was a stuck pig. And, when he come to tea he upset his cup and did n't say a word."

Genius is above rule. Where grammar was concerned, it will have been already clear that Lottie was a genius.

She evidently wanted to hear Julie defend her admirer Whether Julie would have spoken on the subject, or whether she did subsequently speak on it, she has never told me (though she has told me many things, and from her I have been able to obtain many of the connecting links of this record), but at that instant I perceived Mr. Karfax, the master of the Upper Middle Division, fifth form, only a few steps in front of me, engaged in conversation with three ladies and a gentleman. The latter

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was Sir Frederick Sladen, and the tallest of the three ladies was evidently, by the likeness, Sir Frederick's mother. Being out of bounds, I was forced to "shirk" into a shop until the danger (Mr. Karfax, the strictest master at Holyshade, with one exception, being the danger) had passed. Luckily for me, he and his party turned and came up hill, not in the direction of Holyshade, and they went by the window of the shop into which I had retired, meeting Carlotta and Julie, the former blushing deeply, the latter looking very sedate.

I was astonished to see that the only sign of recognition of the sisters made by Sir Frederick, as he passed them with an elegantly-dressed young lady on his arm, was a familiar and half-patronizing nod, evidently intended to be unseen by his fair companion, who regarded Lottie and Julie with supreme disdain.

This movement of his caused me to obtain a glimpse of her face, when, surprised out of myself, I exclaimed to the shop-woman, by whose counter I was taking refuge —

"Why, it's Alice!"

It was. Alice Comberwood on Sir Frederick Sladen's arm.

As I could not without personal risk, on account of Mr. Karfax, issue from my concealment, I was obliged to let this opportunity slip of greeting Alice, and inquiring after Austin.

I had not time now to bid good-bye to Julie, as Karfax had quitted his party and was fast approaching behind me *en route* for the school, where he was as much wanted at five o'clock as I. Only with a difference.

I fled before his face, and reached my tutor's in time to fetch my books.

As I was running out of the house, the butler, whom, by the way, it occurs to me, we used to call Trusty Jim, I forget why, but I think because he used to inform my tutor of anything going wrong in the house that was likely to get himself personally into trouble — Trusty Jim called out —

"Two gents come to see you. One a furriner, and a stoutish, fine-looking gent, with a message from your father *has* is werry important; and they must see you 'mejutly."

"Where are they, Trusty?" I inquired, anxiously.

I foresaw an excuse for leave out of five o'clock school.

"They're about somewhere," replied Trusty Jim, vaguely. "I told 'em *has* you'd be out again at six, and they said *has* they'd call again, and I warn't to let you go without seeing 'em."

A most important message from my father. My curiosity was aroused. Fortunately I was not called upon to exhibit my knowledge of my lesson, for, what with furtively looking at my watch, straining my ears to catch the very first stroke of the hour by the old school-yard clock, and trying to see if there might be two strangers walking about outside, I could bestow but very little attention on my book.

At last the hour struck.

Pell-mell we hustled one another out of school (being punctual to a second in leaving), and, detaching myself from the crowd, I hurried to my tutor's.

"The two gents," said Trusty Jim, "*has* now in your room."

My heart beat fast as I ascended the staircase, for I had an undefinable dread of some misfortune.

[To be Continued.]

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HEAUTONTIMOROUMENOS,

BY R. S. T.

I.

Lo, at length thou art alone
  In a quiet room by night;
For an hour thy soul's thine own,
  Thou hast rest and warmth and light.
Rest thee, heart men cannot read,
Lay it by, thy mail of need:
Let all stabs and scratches bleed
  Till their aching pass away.

II.

Hast thou cast down righteous seed
  Sorrowing, on the doubtful way,
On to where all shadows lead
  Darkening to the full death-gray?
Thou hast sinned and sinned again;
Wherefore take home all the pain,
Every curious pang that flies
From foul lips and haggard eyes,
Cursing thy weak help in need.
Let all bleed, let all bleed,
  Till the smart be passed away.

III.

Did they prove thy coat of mail?
  Yes, they stung home heartily.
Yet thy heart did not quite fail,
  And they drew no curse nor cry.
And they meant thee no great ill,
Not knowing thine, or their own will;
Couldst thou tell them all thy mind,
They would sorrow and be kind.
Say no word and take no heed,
Let all bleed, let all bleed,
  All will bleed away.

IV.

Grows it slack, thy cord of fate?
  Does thy well-wheel creaking roll?
Has the grasshopper his weight
  On the faintness of thy soul?

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Are thy heaving sides well torn
With the rowel and the thorn,
Like the flanks of a spent steed,
  That hath worn out the long day?
Stand thou still awhile, and bleed.
  Let all bleed away.

V.

Thou hast fallen, and must fall
  Many a time beside to-day.
For thou art not wise at all;
  Verily, 't is as they say.
And they err not, scorning thee;
Since even now they cannot see
All thou knowest, of sin and need.
  Sit thee down, breathe thoughtful breath.
  Thou must smart, but not to death.
Thou must work and bleed
  Yet awhile, for many a day.

AGAINST DARWINISM.

From a Physician's Standpoint.

BY GEO. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

The theory of natural selection makes a workshop of Nature. It introduces the human element, — the cut-and-try principle. Nature is presented as feeling her way, dropping an imperfection here, and stealing an advantage there. Its fundamental thought is embodied in the couplet,

> "Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, O."

It admits nowhere that perfection in generals or details which most so freely accept. Darwin's cosmogony is interesting as an effort to elaborate creation on a single strictly human idea. He has explored the whole field of animate nature for the curious facts with which he supports his theory.

The respect in which naturalists hold real collaborators has made them slow at taking up the cudgels against Darwin. Alarmed theologians have spoken with some force, but they have been bewildered by his array of facts, with which they could not grapple. And it is a foregone conclusion by the public that they would not prove unprejudiced critics. Some quasi-scientists, closet-naturalists, and metaphysicians have given in their allegiance to the new cosmogony. The hypothesis has done much to demoralize the sub-scientific mind. This is marked in the flippancy with which the laws of life are discussed by men whose knowledge of nature is bounded by some farm and kitchen-garden generalities.

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Sir Charles Lyell early threw the mantle of his geological protection about this theory, since it seemed to give support to his anti-catastrophic theory of geology, which has hitherto gained but few adherents among practical geologists. Physical theorists give Darwinism some qualified assent, as likely to supplement their own views.

The origin of species this theorist ascribes to natural selection, *i. e.* a supposed tendency in species to vary in the struggle for life through individual competition, or from change of soil, climate, or other circumstances. He derives the term natural selection from artificial selection, as practised by breeders, who perpetuate and intensify any desired variation, by preserving such only as show the features they wish. Any variation, however slight, if advantageous to the individual, will result in increased progeny through a longer life. The descendants inheriting the peculiarity will at last supplant the original form. The development thus of one species from another would be by insensible degrees, and would involve the lapse of ages. Though it has not occurred during the historical period, Mr. Darwin conceives this to be the course of development, as slight variations are observed in nature.

Naturalists admit the tendency to individual variation. They have denied, hitherto, that the limits of a species have been passed, even in domestication. The test of species is permanency of form in nature, and, in general, the sterility of hybrids. The offspring of the most diverse domestic varieties are fertile, and the permanency of form in nature is almost absolute.

I have carefully read the description of a thousand species, drawn by Linnæus and other old authors, over a century ago. These agree in the minutest particulars with the same species as they exist to-day. I have many small shells from the bluff-alluvium of the Mississippi Valley. This hundred feet of fine silt was deposited when the whole Northwest was under water, a period antedating the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. These little snails agree perfectly, in every wrinkle, tooth, and whorl, with the species in the same region to-day.

Does this look like a variation of species in a state of nature? Here the time, essentially incalculable, at least two hundred thousand years, should be sufficient to afford evidence of variation in species. But duration is infinite, and Mr. Darwin, familiar with such facts as the above, makes no account of millions of years. I will not gainsay him in this at present, save to show the amount of negative testimony he ignores. This negative evidence is greater than that which has established many views in science, such as the efficiency of lightning conductors, the evidence for which is entirely negative, being drawn from a very short period of trial. The theory of the primitive elements, the rock on which chemistry rests, is grounded on the negative testimony that we have been unable to resolve them into any simpler expression.

Darwin claims to have discovered a law of Nature, and challenges human history and the whole human record. He would thus restrict us to metaphysical grounds and the Darwinian range of facts. This is unfair; yet the position is accepted. The attempt will be made to show his conclusions illogical, or that an-

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other law than his may be deduced from his facts.

The development theory, the outgrowth of the more complex from the simpler forms, though not formally enunciated in his earlier writings, Darwin has accepted in its details, and reiterated in his "Descent of Man." It illustrates in the individual the supposed law of life. This theory claimed geology as its chief witness. Darwin, with more sagacity, refuses to admit geology as a competent witness. He is then strong, having the unnumbered analogies in animate nature at his command; and straightway community of forms points to relationship or community of descent. And now, that creation is not restricted to the Darwinian plan, I shall attempt to show.

Let us canvass the bearing and force of analogies in establishing Nature's laws. They afford us the silver clew to her labyrinth. Comprehending the planetary system, the mind is prepared to believe that the fixed stars are suns surrounded by satellites. Without counter evidence, the conclusion is legitimate. In the world of life-forms, we perceive numerous affinities binding endless varieties into groups. As they pass in review, the mind is not strained, moving easily from one to another. These analogies, which we designate as relationships, are an essential constitution of universal nature, without which cosmos would be totally incomprehensible to the finite mind. Definitely apprehended and logically followed, they do not mislead, but viewed through the hazy medium of some single overmastering idea, are the fruitful source of error,— the more mischievous from its supposed foundation in nature. Analogies traverse the forms of inanimate matter. These, followed in the light of careful experiment and legitimate induction, have culminated in the science of chemistry, which in the last eighty years has created the world anew to human thought. Through these analogies, all forms of lifeless matter are readily grouped. These forms, as in animated nature, approach each other by insensible degrees. The elements themselves are thus bound together. One family we designate as metals, having many features in common. The metals are again subdivided. Such resemblances led the alchemists to attempt the transmutation of the metals. This philosophy was founded on a single misconception,— community of origin based on community of form. They were led more and more astray by the very analogies which are now such important guides. I do not underrate analogical reasoning, which is doubtless the most natural and convincing movement of the mind; but I would insist that analogies be viewed from every point, and not contemplated through a preconceived theory or fancy. Analogies in the organic world enable us to arrange the life-forms into orders and species. Community of structure indicates community of design: not necessarily the order of growth, rather a oneness of plan.

In contemplating the multiplicity of organic forms, the development theory assumes the plan of creation to be the progression of the lower into the higher forms. If the testimony of geology be ruled out, the reverse order of development, the outgrowth of the simple from the complex forms, is just as philosophical. The necessity of analogies in nature is positive, if it is included in

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the plan that finite intelligences shall rise to the comprehension of creation. That this is in the plan, the existence of such natures is, doubtless, sufficient proof. Another necessity for analogies derives from this universal law: A severe simplicity pervades organic and inorganic forms. Thus, the heart, as a single, elementary organ, is indefinitely repeated both in form and position; the cell in form and mode of growth is the same in the animal and vegetable; the leaf as an elemental type is ever recurring; the principle of the lever pervades the mechanical powers; from three primaries, nature accomplishes all her colors; in chemistry, there is the base and the acidifying principle. This is the direct antipodes of the senseless sportiveness which Darwin perceives in nature.

This passion for making the universe automatic, strikes at the very foundation of automatism by the introduction of extreme variability. Machinery would quickly stop if cogs should sprout.

Every structural analogy in organic nature points as sharply to involution as to evolution. That many species are absolutely disappearing from the earth, we have excellent reasons for believing. The evidence of this is tangible, and can be readily collected from history. May we not then assume that involution is the law instead of evolution? — that analogies of form and growth point not to community of descent, but to community of plan and a single Designer? The simplicities of elemental form and the analogies of structure point also to human intelligences which shall mount up by easy gradations the shining scale of creation to the comprehension of its harmonies and glories.

Darwin's hypothesis strikes directly at our faith in the perfection of natural forms as means to ends. A dodecahedron is built into a wall; it touches its surroundings on all sides: cut away any portion, and it no longer fills its niche. So an animal or plant is fitted in creation's temple; instead of being twelve-sided, its relations are essentially infinite, and it exactly fills its niche. Herein is nature's perfection; there is no flaw or crevice. Should there be any modification of plan or form, it ceases to fill its place without a consentaneous change throughout the economy of nature.

The relations of an organism are not simply of place, but of time also, past, present, and future. They are, as it were, infinite. Many, we may and do discover. The rubber plant, in the wilds of the Amazon, filled for ages its apparent place in nature. By stem, root, leaf, flower, fruit, it held intimate and perfect relations to surrounding insect, vegetable, and animal life, and through the soil, to the ages which had passed. Time out of mind, however, it secreted and perfected a milky sap which pointed to man. Rubber has relations of attraction and repulsion to all chemical agents, known or undiscovered. Ages ago, nature foretold, in this plant, an advanced civilization in a distant zone and epoch. Rubber, indeed, anticipated all chemistry, and it meets — how perfectly! — a myriad needs of civilized life, vulcanization multiplying interminably its applications. Could natural selection, essentially senseless in its operations, which could only bear upon the pressing, immediate necessities of a plant, thus in its economy anticipate human destiny? This linking together of the near and the

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remote, the antipodes in place and time, is a common feature in animate and inanimate nature, and is evidence, at every step, of perfection and design. A book might be filled with the positive fulfilled human relations of organisms. These cannot be the result of the narrow and superficial contingencies demanded by the development theory. They indicate that the organic world of to-day was primordially elaborated perfect from the beginning, when each thing was fitted, unsusceptible of change without violence to the whole. Herein is the necessity for that invariableness in specific forms, perceived in nature, and recognized as a law. Apparent exceptions, such as Darwin presents, shock the mind as things monstrous, and lacking the stability it demands in nature.

Briefly, I will offer my view of the phenomena of variation among life-forms. It looks in a different direction from Mr. Darwin's, though based on exactly the same class of facts. The normal operation of the laws of life pertains to the province of physiology, and we have reason to regard those laws as fixed and unchangeable. Organic nature is subject to another principle, — a tendency to degradation in abnormal or modified conditions. Here the laws are fixed, and their exposition belongs to pathology. All variations may be regarded as pathological. Pathological conditions are endlessly varied. They are slight or marked; few or many; transient or permanent; immediately or distantly fatal to the individual. Whatever the character, they point to degradation, and are essentially the phenomena of disease. These conditions are often hereditary; but is such a continuance of the nature of that permanency in form which we call species? That the laws of life in disease and in health should touch at many points, or run parallel and have many analogies, is not surprising. Physiology and pathology mutually irradiate and confirm each other, as do the chemist's analysis and synthesis. Man's operations with life-forms and forces are like his experiments with life-products. There is starch — a perfected organic product: the chemist cannot produce this. But it has a tendency to decadence by a series of steps. The first is the formation of sugar; the second, of alcohol; the third, of acetic acid. At any one of these steps, we may arrest, for an indefinite period, the process of decadence, but there is no tendency to revert to the primary condition. We cannot carry the process backward, as we cannot make water run up hill. We can guide the process, as the water, into many channels, and effect results which nature never does. Man is efficient at analysis, but fails to imitate nature's synthesis. He discovers her plan of decadence, but not her building-up process. Has not Darwin mistaken the decadence of life-forms for nature's plan of creation?

In experiments with life-forms, taken out of nature, they are under restraint; normal growth is hampered. Conditions are induced in their nature pathological, pointing to life-decadence. Remarkable results are thus obtained, some of which are more or less permanent. Breeders induce numberless types and sub-types; every one is pathological. Can the method by which God made man in His own image be shown in such human processes as engender a fat liver in a goose? If we pen the hog; shut it away from

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exercise and sun; change its natural food, interfering with its natural instincts, etc., we may induce strange effects, and modify every portion of its frame.

To arrive at correct conclusions concerning variations in animals and plants, we must first discover how they comport themselves in normal conditions where there are no restraints, which may generally be considered as the state of nature or permanence; secondly, how do these same species comport themselves in restraint, or in modified conditions, which may be regarded as the state of decadence. Plainly, a species may be placed in the best condition possible for the exercise of all its functions. Its condition is normal, when all the physiological laws of its being are fulfilled. If influences repressing the growth and propagation of a species are in the ascendant, said species must be in process of extinction. Each species having essentially infinite relations, it is impossible to estimate, exactly, what the state of nature is. In the main, we may express our conception of this state, as the absence of human interference. Many species having become extinct, there must be repressing influences at work in nature. It may not be improbable that variation of species in nature, or gradual degradation, is nature's process of effecting the extinction of organic forms. To fix the limits of the normal state is difficult. So is it with the pathological conditions. These states being opposed, their relations may be expressed by the terms positive and negative. Such polarity existing in life-force, we have little difficulty in recognizing the extremes of health and disease. We expect the greatest amount of variation where human interference occurs. Pathological states may be grave, or they may be slight, pointing to a gradual extinction. Variations, involving organs strictly vital, as heart or lungs, are grave, and argue rapid decadence; those affecting superficial structures do not react to immediate disadvantage. The whole question bears on changes in individuals and not on species, for no species, as far as known, has yet changed in its entirety. So familiar, however, have we become with the idea of specific variation, from its continual iteration, that it is regarded as the most common of events, though we have no good reason to believe it has ever occurred. Thus our language and thought are saddled with a theory still in debate.

The form described and recognized as a species is not all that is included in its elemental idea Its relations are just as properly to be embraced as any structure or organ. The primitive relations, essentially infinite, are the surfaces touching surrounding nature. These take hold of the past, present, and future, and, by interdependences, upon every other existence on earth. A chemical is very inadequately represented by its form, weight, crystallization, and the like qualities. Its relations must be considered. Its affinities belong to it as truly as its color and specific gravity.

In the human race only have diseased conditions been carefully observed. I specially refer to constitutional diseases. These are strictly hereditary, nor do they differ from variations in animals and plants. They affect vital organs no more than they do such superficial features as skin, hair, and nails. Variations in the latter, though real degrada-

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tions, do not point to the immediate extinction of the individual. The disproportionate development of a part of an organism is at the expense of other parts and is pathological, though the proportion of parts is not materially changed. Giants and dwarfs are pathological, since the whole organism is abnormal, and surrounding relations must be disturbed.

Superficial features, — skin, hair, nails, horn, etc. — are, perhaps, more likely to vary than interior structures. At any rate such variations do not apparently shorten life. They are oftener transmitted to offspring, and become more or less intensified. Abnormal nutrition of superficial features must detract from the nourishment of important organs. Hence considerable variations of life-forms in domestication must signally encroach on general vitality. Investigations here do not yet afford the certitude desired; still the impression is warranted that wild species have a longer and stronger life, than when varied by domestication. Variation is an advantage or an injury to vitality; unless the former can be proved, the assumption of degradation holds good. If, then, variation is a degradation, occurring at the expense of vitality, the foundation of the Natural Selection theory gives way, this foundation being an assumed advantage, accruing to the individual from variation, whereby the varied form is enabled to supplant the primary. Unless a single primary form is identified, and its variation proved to prolong life, or otherwise increase its tenacity, there can be no value to the theory. By demonstrating the increased vitalization of a single varied form, Mr. Darwin would have done more towards establishing his theory, than by his whole array of curious facts concerning the variations of individuals in domestication. While freely admitting these tendencies, it is denied that Darwin has shown that his hypothesis is probably Nature's law. With life-forms, as with life-products, the gravitation is downward towards degradation. As the chemist has failed to advance life-products from a lower to a higher level, failure will follow all attempts to evolve the higher forms from the lower through any process of selection, natural or artificial. If the form inaugurated by nature sports or varies, it must be at the expense of the co-ordinate harmony of parts, whose resultant may be designated as vitality.

The theory demands that a variation shall be so signally to the advantage of the individual, that it shall at last supplant, through an increased progeny, the entire species. No positive advantage has been shown as respects longevity or hardiness, secured by variation, natural or artificial. Mr. Darwin cites one probable advantage of a single variation: in the Italian bee, which by its long proboscis is enabled to extract honey from the red clover. He does not show that it is not connected with greater disadvantage. He makes great use of this instance, however, and it is the strongest example in his book. This bee should have been proved not behind the common insect in activity, hardiness, industry, and general instincts. I learn from bee-men that the Italian bee has failed to make good its prestige. Before a probability can be shown that it will supplant the parent form, it should contend with the common bee in a state of nature. The impression exists that varieties

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in domestication are shorter-lived than the wild, primitive stock.

To show a conjectural advantage is not sufficient. It is easy to see that more feathers may at times be advantageous to a bird; but if this variation interferes with the normal nutrition of more important structures, it is but a disadvantage in nature. Facility in varying has been shown in individuals of but few species, and the inference has been drawn that the tendency exists in all species. This proneness to vary is very marked in some domestic animals; in others, hardly observable. The latter are long-lived compared with the former. The ass, a closer type than the horse, has greater toughness and longevity. The goose, which varies but slightly, is long-lived. The parrot, though in close confinement, varies little, and has great longevity. The pea-fowl and guinea-hen are hardier and longer-lived than the chicken. It is difficult to identify individuals in the wild state through a number of years, and to discriminate the parent-form of many of our domestic animals; hence but few comparisons can be instituted. Many plant-varieties show signal failure in vitality as compared with the same species in nature. Vegetation being a surface-life, we should expect a variation here more enduring than among animals. If variation occurs, as I hold, at the expense of vitality and hardiness, there exists in nature a powerful force to perpetuate original forms, which the advocates of natural selection do not seem in the least to recognize.

I have suggested that all variations are of the nature of constitutional disease, induced by changed conditions, interferences, etc. Such conditions are strongly hereditary. That such tendencies to disease and degradation should exist, appears as if nature was self-defeating, a thing difficult to reconcile with the idea of beneficence in creation's plan. But even in the human race, it is probable that some failure of one portion of the organism may lead to exaltations of another. Many important results may thereby be secured, reacting for the general advantage. It is a well-observed physiological fact, that the constitutional disease leading to the vertebral and cranial decadence in hunchbacks is connected with increased mental activity. Great intellectual powers, which so stimulate the general progress of the race, may have such an origin.

If the tendency to diseased conditions is, as I believe, the cause of the sportiveness so important to man, observed among animals and plants under human direction, it is another proof of nature's beneficence.

Mr. Darwin refers to certain variations as examples of reversion. He observes appearances in some domesticated animals, resembling permanent conditions in related species. The occasional stripes in the horse have a faint likeness to those of the quagga, and point, he claims, to this or some other remote ancestor with analogous markings. Numerous like instances are given, involving such semi-vitalized structures as feathers, nails, cuticle, etc. His conclusion of community of descent overlooks the fact, that by the law of accretion and growth, hair, feathers, etc., vary according to the principle governing that tissue. These must vary, if at all, in a manner analogous to what is seen elsewhere in the animal kingdom. Hence, it is purely gratuitous to go back interminable ages to find a cause through inheritance. That

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horny growths on the human scalp should be built up in accordance with the law of growth in horn is not strange. They must take on a curved or spiral form. None but Mr. Darwin could think of this as "a reversion."

This theorist cannot imagine permanency of specific forms, while he can readily believe that the principle of inheritance will slumber for untold ages to wake in some freak of tissue-growth. Nature is a severe economist, adhering closely to her types in cell-growth; hence a repetition may be prophesied in variations of modes of growth already shown possible. In this way anomalies in bones and arteries, repeating normal forms in other species, are philosophically explained. The supernumerary, or abdominal mammæ which have been seen in the human female, have the same insignificance, — a natural variation of the subtegumentary tissue, and are no reminiscence of a prior quadrupedal existence. Pathologists could more easily anticipate the above variation than the displacement of the human foot by a hand, though this, by the theory of evolution, would be far more likely to occur. The very closeness with which nature adheres to her types of growth, is adduced as evidence of her extreme versatility. Why are not the bestial attributes of the mind oftener evidenced in proof of man's brutal rather than divine origin. Surely they harmonize more closely with the modern theory of the brute in us, than with the more classical "ὁ θεος εν ἡμιν," God in us, which we inherit from the piety or superstition of our sires.

Darwin dwells upon "sexual selection." Here the æsthetic element comes into play, originating with the female (why with her?). The theory is, that she, from qualities somehow pleasing to her eye, selected her mate who gratified her with progeny inheriting on the male side the attributes by which she was so moved. Securing each time some slight increment of beauty, in millions of generations the female worked out her idea of masculine attractiveness. To explain the coincidence of her taste with ours, Mr. Darwin naïvely suggests that the elemental nerve-cell which secretes thought is not different in bird and beast from man's. Thus the male bird, with inherited strut, dawdling about his mate, spreading his beauties "all abroad" before her doting and gloating eyes, is simply gratifying a taste she inherits from a remote ancestress. Strangely enough, these remarkable effects thus induced are confined to the lower orders, insects, fish, reptiles, and birds, while the mammals, including man, seem to be almost destitute of this appreciation of artistic effects. Doubtless, the elemental nerve-cell rests through all the mammalian orders, appearing here and there in some grotesqueness till it wakes again in man; for Mr. Darwin claims that whiskers, etc., were so elaborated.

To sum up: Organic forms have two opposite tendencies: to normal growth, and to disease, or abnormal growth. These grade insensibly into each other; extremes of divergence, however, are recognizable. A species in nature is the healthful form; any deviation is degradation. Permanence of form is normal; variation abnormal. Variation may be supernutrition of a part, by vital law, at the expense of other structures. It may be in the direction of atrophy, a direct wasting. Supernutrition of all the parts, or polysarka, is unfavorable to life, and essentially a degrada-

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tion. Supernutrition in the vegetable world leads to positive sterility. Pathological conditions must be nourished; the individual vitality is impaired in exact proportion to the importance of the tissue affected, and its derivative influence on other structures; and they are inherited. The inheritance of undoubted degradations, the resemblances presented in the different steps of degradation of life-forms, and in their greater or less permanency, to the history of domestic varieties, may well lead to suspicion of Darwin's views.

It is not insisted that every slight variation, as baldness, leads to extinction of form; but it is pathological, is transmitted and intensified by inheritance. A condition ensues like the artificial variation of animals and plants. It also adequately represents the occasional variations of individuals in the feral state. If, then, all the variations we see are pathological, the assumption of "*advantage*," so essential to natural selection, logically disappears.

This theory, the idlest that ever exercised a philosopher, plays fast-and-loose with facts. The hereditariness of malformations is dwelt upon, and exalted into permanence, while the known permanence of specific forms is underrated. It sees no difficulty in a "gemmule" transmitting itself by germination in a latent state for millions of generations, as in the abdominal mammæ. We recall the burlesque of Richter's pangenetic Adam, addressing, in rebuke or encouragement, his populous germs, representing all coming peoples, arts, sciences, etc.

Twenty crossings bury the strongest race-type. The most pronounced African blood thus diluted is a grain of salt in a hogshead of water. But quadrupedal germs inherited by man through billions of generations! If the atomic constitution of matter exists, such divisions and dilutions as above indicated are simply absurd.

The expense to science in the admission of Darwin's hypotheses is the negation of history, and the entire reconstruction of geology. History says, "Bring *one* fact to sustain your theory." Darwin replies, "All history is but a second on the dial of time." "*One fact*," demands geology, "from our great *hortus siccus*. Bring from the grave-yards of the past a single bone or periwinkle in a transition state." "Your records are but shreds; the whole coal formation is one leaf caught in the mud from the billions swept away on the autumn gale. The Devonian and Silurian rocks, with their many well-marked groups, are but a little ooze dried up on the shores of one or two of the myriad oceans which have passed, leaving no trace. The geological record is so imperfect, it cannot for a moment invalidate the great law of nature I have discovered. My theory admits no past epochs. It explodes the old humbug of successive creations. It admits but the present order of things, the imperceptible outgrowth of all the past. There was but one creation, nor was this an order of things. It was not a whale, a herring, or a lingula; it was a cell, — a germinating-point. This was the creation, and there was but one; this was the only genesis. That cell, launched by the great Primal Cause, received one injunction, 'Be fruitful and multiply.' Then it was, 'the morning stars sang together'; and the burden of their song was, 'Struggle for life; root, little cell, or die.'"

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THE LAST WITCH.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

"I DON'T see what does ail this child," said Hepzibah Coffin, as she walked wearily up and down the floor vainly trying to hush to rest her little, moaning, sickly baby. "O, dear! Nothing seems to do him any good, and I'm e'en a'most clear beat out. Sometimes I 'most wish he was at rest, for he don't seem to have nothing before him but suffering and trouble;" and the poor young mother dropped on a seat and cried at last, overcome with weariness and anxiety. "Do take the child for a few minutes, Aunt Clementina; I must rest a little bit." Aunt Clementina Coffin, a stately lady of fifty-five or so, in a flowered short gown and quilted petticoat, laid down her knitting, and tenderly lifting the wailing baby in her arms, began to pace up and down the floor.

"I can't see what does ail him," said poor Hepzibah. "Till he was six months old, you know he was as healthy a baby as there was on the Cape, and when he was six months, to a day, he began to be peaking and miserable, and he's kept on ever since. There wan't never no reason for it that I could see."

The slightest possible frown contracted Aunt Clementina's smooth forehead. Hepzibah's grammar was always a trial to the lady; but, though she had been a school-mistress, with a self-control almost superhuman, she refrained from correcting her nephew's wife.

"I never could see what ailed the dear child myself, Hepzibah. We can only consider it as a mysterious dispensation of Providence."

"Dispensation or no dispensation, I'd go to any one that could cure him if it was one of the Salem witches," said Hepzibah, in quite a heathenish manner.

"O Hepzibah!" said Aunt Clementina, shocked, "you would surely never ask for assistance from a servant of the author of evil,— not that I believe in witchcraft, of course." Hepzibah declared that she would. If it would do her darling any good, she added, she might look farther than the servant,— a speech so awful, that nothing was left to Aunt Clementina but to mentally credit such an improper remark to Hepzibah's Folger blood, and pass over the matter in dignified silence.

The branch of the Coffins to which Aunt Clementina and her nephew Captain Ezra Coffin belonged, were a family of some pretensions. They were wont to trace back to that Devonshire race which were at home when the Conqueror came. They had come to America at an early period, and were Puritans in grain, and scholarly in their tastes. Aunt Clementina and Captain Ezra were the last of their stock. Ezra was the only child of Miss Coffin's only brother, and she had brought him up. It had been a sore trial to her when Ezra married pretty Hepzibah Folger.

In the first place, Hepzibah came of the Nantucket Folgers, who were well known to have a sort of wild strain in the blood, leading them every now and then to do and say things "quite unlike other people." They were not apt to be "forehanded." The men were given to running and roaming about the world, and though it was said that some of

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them were very "knowing," poor Hepzibah had always been a terrible little dunce. She would use bad English, and she cared nothing for books, not even for Clarissa or Sir Charles Grandison.

Aunt Clementina worshipped Sir Charles, and it was said that she had never married because none of her suitors came up to the ideal which she had formed on the model of the exemplary baronet. It was even rumored that she had of her own will altered her baptismal name of Clemency to Clementina, after the admirable heroine of her favorite volume.

Aunt Clementina, orthodox as she was, was looked upon on the Cape as a sort of heretic. She professed utter disbelief in ghosts and witches. Down low on the Cape the ancient ideas lingered longer than in other regions, and more than one respectable member of society, in later times than Aunt Clementina's, stood in dread of witchcraft.

Captain Ezra was a sailor, and therefore not quite such a Sadducee as his Aunt. And as for Hepzibah, she would have a horseshoe nailed over the door, and shuddered with mingled fear and disgust whenever old Lyddy Russell crossed her path.

As Hepzibah sat resting her weary head on the table, and Aunt Clementina walked up and down with the moaning baby, the door opened and Keturah came into the room. Keturah was one of those mysterious old creatures who are still to be found now and then around those regions, and who are said to be "part Indian." They never seem to grow any older. Their hair keeps black, and their eyes retain the subtle, half-hidden fire, when they are older than any one knows. Keturah had tended Miss Coffin's childhood; she had taken care of Captain Ezra when a baby, and there seemed no reason why she might not live to see his grandchildren.

"Jake Macy is outside," she said to Hepzibah. "He wants his pay for the blue-fish we had last week."

"I have paid him," said Hepzibah, indignant.

"You'd best see him yourself," said Keturah; and then, as the door closed behind Hepzibah, Keturah turned to Miss Coffin, her eyes sparkling very like a snake's.

"What did I tell you, Clemency Coffin?" she said in a shrill whisper. "What did I tell you when you *would* lecture old Lyddy Russell about going to meeting? What did I tell you, Clemency Coffin?"

Now, when Keturah called her "Clemency," Miss Coffin shook in her shoes, for, strong-minded as she professed to be in the matter of ghosts and witches, she was no sort of match for her old nurse, who, though she was a church-member, had, nevertheless, a strong flavor of the heathen savage in her composition, and had a leaning towards the dark superstitions of her mother's race.

Keturah had seen spirits herself, but she stood in no fear of these beings, of whose reality she was persuaded; whereas Miss Clementina, like many other people who profess the greatest contempt for ghosts, was, nevertheless, secretly very much afraid of them.

She made an effort, however, to hold her own.

"These are all foolish notions, Keturah," she said with dignity. "I should think the Christian privileges and the education you have had —"

"Education!" said Keturah, with unspeakable scorn. "When folks

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gets educated to that point that they can't believe what they see with their own eyes, unless some one in a book tells them they may, I think they'd better begin to be ignorant. If I'd told Hepzibah, she'd have been to Lyddy before this, and she would n't have forgiven you in a hurry for bringing this sickness on the innocent, after all the warning you had. But I'll make no fuss in the family. I know very well what I'll do."

"Keturah! Keturah!" said Miss Clementina, catching at her skirt as the old woman was going away. "It is all nonsense, to be sure; but —but if you see Lyddy, you might give her that brown satin petticoat of mine. It would help to warm her this winter, poor old creature!" said the lady, bent on keeping up appearances.

"Petticoat indeed!" retorted Keturah, her eyes snapping like live coals. "It's too late for that. I'll petticoat her;" and with this vague and mysterious threat of vengeance, she slid out of the room.

Hepzibah returned, and finally lulled her suffering little one to an uneasy slumber, when Miss Coffin resumed her knitting, and attempted to tranquillize her mind by the perusal of Pope's Essay on Man. Keturah, when she left the sitting-room for the kitchen, seemed to have made up her mind to some definite course of action. She went to the chimney cupboard, and from its farthest recesses drew out an iron-bound oak box, and opened it with a key which she always wore about her neck. Greatly indulged as the Coffin children had been by Keturah, none of them had ever seen the inside of this box. Though to ordinary eyes its contents would have seemed hardly more precious than the hoard of a tame crow, for Keturah it held treasures which she did not care that other eyes than her own should see.

There was no money except a Queen Anne's guinea, with a hole in it, for Keturah was too Indian to be able to save anything; but there was a necklace of wampum, a string of gold beads, and, strange to say, a bundle of long black hair still attached to the scalp, which had once adorned the head of a Seneca warrior, who had fallen by the hand of Keturah's grandfather in some long-forgotten feud. Keturah herself was, in the main, a kindly old creature, and could never be induced to kill a chicken with her own hand; but she treasured this relic as you would your grandfather's commission, signed by "Gᵒʳ Washington," or the medal your father brought home from later battles.

Then there was a little bag made of woodchuck skin, and containing the mischief only knows what potent charms and spells, seeing that it had been the "great medicine" of a certain ancestor of Keturah's, who, in his day, had been a pow-wah of formidable abilities. All his skill had not, however, availed to save him from the Mohawk scalping-knife, when he had advised his people to refuse tribute to the "Romans of the New World," promising them the protection of his familiar spirits. But the American Romans had cared no more for the medicine of the pow-wah than the ancient Romans for the terrors of the Etrurian priesthood.

The descendants of this village Hampden had, however, continued to hold his memory in respect, and his medicine bag had come down to Keturah, who was the last of the stock.

"Ah!" she thought to herself, "if

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I only knew how to use that, I dare say I'd be a match for Lyddy Russell herself; but most likely the devil of the white folks is stronger than the Indian devil, and if I could raise him he might be more than a match even for my grandfather. As for me I suppose I'm too much Indian to call up the one, and too much white in me to be minded by the other; but I'll be even with you, that I will," said Keturah, gathering her forces to resist the evil one after her fashion, and shaking her clenched hand at the image of Satan in her own mind. "Ye can't scare me, ye spiteful critter!" And with this defiance she slipped into her pocket a little paper parcel, locked up her treasures, and resumed her work of peeling and cutting apples to dry.

Presently a man's step sounded on the broad stone at the outer door, and in came Captain Ezra Coffin, of the schooner "Colony."

He was a handsome man, of gallant presence and bearing, with dark hair, great brown eyes, and a resolute mouth.

"Well, Keturah," he said, "how's the baby?"

"It's worse," said Keturah, laconically; "and, what's more, it keeps on getting worse."

The tears came into the Captain's eyes, for he worshipped his little son with that intense clinging affection which many men feel for their children.

"I — I will try to say, God's will be done," he said, but there was a sob in the words.

"You'd better say Lyddy Russell's and the devil's will, Ezra Coffin," said Keturah, drawing near to him, and emphasizing every word with her long brown finger; "it's her doing."

"Pooh!" said Captain Ezra; but he looked uneasy, nevertheless.

"I told your aunt something would happen when she would provoke Lyddy," said Keturah. "But she's book-learned is your aunt, and she don't believe things."

"How did Aunt Clementina provoke her?" asked the Captain, interested at once, but a little ashamed to show his interest.

"Worst way she could! Talked to her about going to meeting. *She* go to meeting! Why Satan won't let her pass the minister in the road: If she sees him coming, she'll go back or turn off. Talk to a witch of holy things! It's like offering water to a mad dog; and I knew Lyddy'd raise her master some way, but he must be a mean old critter that devil of hers, to take it out on the baby."

"Pooh!" said Captain Ezra, but less resolutely than before, and then forcing a laugh, he added, "Suppose it *were* Lyddy's doing, do you think we could buy her off? I might send her some tea and sugar, and wood for her winter fire."

"Too late for that! Too late, Ezra Coffin!" said Keturah, fiercely. "See here," and she took the little parcel from her pocket, and unfolding the paper displayed to the gaze of Captain Ezra a glittering silver bullet. "There!" she continued, as she held the Captain's arm tight, and whispered in his ear, "I made it myself from a silver cross my mother's mother used to wear. It was given her by a Popish priest, when she was prisoner among the Mohawks; and he told her it had been blessed by the Pope of Rome. If the blessing is good for anything, it may be of use against Lyddy; and if all is true that we think about the Pope, why it will be

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a sort of dividing the kingdom of Satan against himself, to use this bullet against a witch and her powers. I thought to carry it to my grave, but I melted it down to save your child. Take it, and take your gun with it, and *show* it to Lyddy, and tell her that if the child is not better in three days, you 'll shoot her."

"And suppose the child is no better?" said Captain Ezra, half unconsciously taking the silver bullet.

"Then shoot her," said Keturah, so savagely that Captain Ezra started; but just then Hepzibah came into the kitchen, and Keturah at once resumed her usual appearance of quiet good nature.

That night was a hard one for the poor little baby. It wailed on hour after hour in that plaintive appealing way that it racks one's heart and nerves to hear; and from time to time it started and struggled in sudden pangs, and clung to its mother as if in terror.

Keturah, as she went about doing one thing and another for the little one, wore a look of sullen resentment and dogged resolve, and more than once she shook her hand as if at some unseen enemy, and muttered to herself.

It was in Keturah's arms at last that the little creature finally fell asleep, just at cock-crow, and seemed to slumber more tranquilly than he had for weeks. "Ah!" muttered the old woman, as she bent over the sleeping child. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Many's the time I've heard that text; but the rest of them here they can't, because they are afraid of him. If I can only make Ezra feel that it's come to a stand-up fight, as if we were fighting the British, why he and I and the silver bullet will be a match for HIM yet."

From which it will be seen that poor Keturah's theology, or rather demonology, was in a very confused state; but, nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that there was a kind of practical wisdom in Keturah's ideas which more enlightened people than she might find useful.

The next afternoon Captain Ezra Coffin took his gun and went out of the house without saying where he was going, but Keturah looked after him with a queer smile on her face.

The Captain chose a little trodden path which led through a bit of pine woods, which had so far escaped the axe. This path was shut in on each side by tumble-down stone-walls overgrown with brakes and tangled vines.

Not many people went that way, partly because nobody cared much for woodland walks in those days; partly because there were few who fancied the idea of meeting old Lyddy Russell among the shadowy sighing pine-trees, or who liked to go near the little tumble-down brown house where she lived, with not even the traditional black cat to keep her company.

Lyddy's familiar, if she had one, was said to come in a more questionable shape. It was said that a huge rattlesnake haunted Lyddy's door, and that on one occasion the head of such a monster had been seen coming out of the pocket of Lyddy's tattered old gown. Captain Ezra Coffin went on his way along the sandy path; and though he once stopped, and, half-frowning, half-ashamed, made as though he would retrace his steps, he never turned back to the village.

After half a mile the woods grew deeper and darker, and the path

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descended into a little hollow with a sudden bend.

As he turned round this curve, Captain Coffin found himself face to face with a little old woman. He drew his breath hard, and clenched his hand on his gun, for it was Lyddy Russell herself.

You knew, the moment you looked in her face, that she was an old, old woman, and yet there were none of the usual signs of extreme age. Her thick hair was iron-gray, her frame was straight, and looked as though she might be active as a cat. She carried her head bent forward, it is true, but less it seemed from weakness than that she might stare and peer at everything within her ken. Her face was wrinkled, but her thin lips, which were never still, showed teeth as white and strong as a shark's, and her eyes glittered bright under her heavy brows. It was a certain look of awful experience and evil knowledge that marked her out as one whose life had extended far beyond the usual span. There was a sly, intense, never-sleeping malice, a cold-blooded hate in this old creature's eyes, which it was really awful to see. If the soul of a shark could have been endued with more than human intelligence and have entered into a human form, the double existence might have looked like old Lyddy Russell.

As "old Lyddy Russell" she was remembered by the "oldest inhabitant," and he declared that in his youth she had been the same as she was now that he was a great-grandfather.

So unreasonably and unaccountably ancient did this statement seem to make the woman, that there grew up a notion among the superstitious that the real Lyddy Russell had long ago gone to the master to whom she had sold her soul while living, but that he, for purposes of his own, had taken possession of Lyddy's mortal frame and was a tenant there, either in his own person, or that of some lesser spirit.

But of course this was only a foolish notion; for "the oldest inhabitant" is, I fear, hardly more than a phantom himself. But, indeed, if anything would put a fiend into a woman it would be to feel herself the object of universal dread, hatred, and contempt, as a fellow-worker with all the powers of darkness.

Yet I can imagine some poor old creature taking a sort of dreary pride and consolation in this evil distinction, conferred by public opinion, and doing her utmost to confirm the belief, even though certain that it would one day bring her to the stake. In time she might so identify herself with the kingdom of darkness as to fancy that she held communion with its inhabitants, for whom in her loneliness she might have a sort of clan feeling, entertaining a kind of perverted loyalty and affection for the ruler of hell himself, and hating for his sake all that seemed in any way connected with the Kingdom of Light.

But whatever old Lyddy thought or felt, she kept her secrets, and never talked of herself. She nodded her head as she saw Captain Coffin, and laughed aloud, and the sound would have been musical, but for its exceeding bitter mockery and malice.

"And what do you want here, Ezra Coffin?" she asked; and though the voice was sweet, there was something in it which made you shiver, and think that you would rather have listened to the shrillest and most cracked old pipe on the Cape.

Nearly all Captain Ezra's scepti-

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cism had oozed away as he had gone farther and farther into the wood, and when he saw old Lyddy's eyes fixed on his with a look at once sly and triumphant, he did not doubt that in some mysterious way she had caused the suffering of his little son. By a sort of instinct, he felt that to temporize or coax would be worse than useless, and that if he would himself avoid deadly harm, Lyddy's powers must be commanded rather than persuaded. He made a step forward, and caught her by the arm.

"Hark you, Lyddy!" he said. "You have all but killed our little son. Now I have but one word to say to you: Either the child begins to mend within three days, or I'll shoot you with this." And he opened his hand and showed the silver bullet.

"I! What have I to do with your child?" said Lyddy, but not seeming surprised, nor, strange to say, very angry.

"That you know better than I," said Captain Ezra, sternly. "But I mean what I say. If in three days the babe is not better, I'll put this bullet through your head." And then he loosed his hold, turned round, and walked back to the village.

The next evening Aunt Clementina and Hepzibah were sitting in the keeping-room with the baby's cradle between them. The child had seemed a little more quiet through the day, and, as the shadows began to fall, had dropped into an uneasy slumber.

It was a dark evening, the clouds hung low in the sky, and the sea chafed restlessly on the sand and pebbles, sending up that strange voice that long-shore people call "the cry of the sea."

Suddenly a figure crossed the window, and before Hepzibah could see who the intruder was, old Lyddy Russell entered the room and stood over the baby's cradle.

Hepzibah caught the little one to her bosom. Miss Clementina rose in consternation, and dropped on the floor her volume of Sir Charles.

"What ails your young one?" asked Lyddy, in a singularly contemptuous voice. "Here! let me see it!" and she put out her arms for the child; but Hepzibah held it fast, and stood pale as death, frightened out of her senses, but ready to defend her baby to the last.

"We don't exactly know what does ail the little one," said Aunt Clementina, in tones which were meant to be conciliating and dignified, but which, nevertheless, had a quaver of consternation. "Perhaps, Hepzibah, — Lyddy is a knowing woman, — she might tell you something, might suggest — "

"Hold your peace!" said Lyddy, frowning so darkly on Aunt Clementina that it seemed as if the very air of the room grew heavier, and black shadows gathered about the place as though the awful dark day was coming again. "Let me see the child."

"Let her see it, let her see it," whispered Keturah, who had come in in her still way, and she herself took little Tristam from his mother, and committed him to Lyddy's arms, where he lay passive.

"I don't see anything the matter with him," she said, as she tossed the child up and down for a moment; but in that moment she breathed above his face and body as one who blows away dust from some delicate fabric, and as she did so, a dull misty gleam, like a luminous haze, seemed to pass across the twilight of the room.

"Here, take your young one," said Lyddy, almost throwing little Tristam back to his mother; "nothing

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ails it that I can see." And she turned and went away into the night.

"He'll do now," said Keturah, with emphasis; and that night, for the first time since the sickness had fallen upon him, the baby enjoyed a healthy natural sleep, and woke free from fever and pain.

Long before Captain Ezra was ready to set out on his next voyage, little Tristam was a laughing, rosy child. "I told you so," was all that Keturah would say to the Captain.

It was late in November, and time to expect rough weather and shipwreck all along the wild New-England coast, from where the breakers on the Isles of Shoals howl and rage like so many white bears for their prey, to where Nantucket sands crawl out into the sea and lie in wait for what they may devour; but nevertheless the "Colony" was going to New York with a cargo on which Captain Ezra expected large profits. Keturah was uneasy in her mind, and her annoyance was by no means diminished when, on coming ashore from the schooner where she had been to carry a warm blanket, she saw old Lyddy Russell standing on the wharf with her eyes steadfastly fixed on the "Colony."

"Ho! ho!" said old Lyddy to Keturah as she drew near, "it is you, is it?"

"Yes," said Keturah, gathering up her will, and all the combined forces of her Puritan and Indian blood, to resist the sort of chill that was creeping over her.

"Keturah," said Lyddy, "you have good blood in your veins, — too good to be serving such people as the Coffins. I knew your great-grandfather, at least, I knew about him, and if you choose I could put you in a way of business that his granddaughter need not be ashamed to follow. We have a great deal in common, you and I. Come! Shall we strike up a bargain?"

Now Keturah understood perfectly well that the bargain in question was nothing less than an alliance with the evil one, and though she was startled, if the truth must be told she could not at that moment help feeling a sort of regard for him as an old friend of her family, and a little flattered that this agent of his, or perhaps himself in person, should think it worth while to make overtures to her.

Lyddy saw her advantage, and began to whisper in the old woman's ear words of wild and wicked import, which were I suppose the mere ravings of the unhappy old body's distorted mind, but which nevertheless had a horribly real sound.

"Ah, Keturah!" she said, "just think how delightful it would be to fly through the air and ride the wind instead of hearing it howl round the old chimney. And if there were those whom you hated, how delightful it would be to give yourself up to the wickedness in you and let it have full swing, and come out honestly on the devil's side, instead of being his only half-way, as you are now, — and ten to one he will have you in the end, for you do hate people, Keturah, you know you do, with the real fine old savage hatred that cries out for blood, and will not be satisfied with less. You know you wanted to kill Peter Sturgess when he cheated you about your yarn, and were glad when he was brought before the church for taking advantage of widow Macy. You know that you'd have been dreadfully disappointed if he'd turned out innocent after all, — and that's the real, genuine fiend, Keturah. He's made lodgment in your soul in spite

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of you, and you might as well have the comfort of giving yourself up to him and be done with it."

"Lyddy, you let me alone," said Keturah, shaking herself free from the influence that was beginning to steal over her. "I'm part Indian, and the Lord won't expect any more of that side of me than he knows it's capable of; and then" — she added with a queer sort of regret she could not wholly subdue, — "I expect there's too much of the Indian in me to give me much power with your white Satan. He's stronger than ours, that my great-grandfather used to talk to;" for someway Keturah had it firmly fixed in her mind, that even in the realms of darkness there was a distinction in color. "And besides all that," she said, suddenly bethinking herself of her religion, "I'm a Christian woman, and I've listed on the Lord's side, and I've got too much of the old Coffin stock in me to desert my colors, though I may grumble and fret about the way things go on in the world now and then. Go your ways, Lyddy Russell, or Lucifer, whichever you are, and let me and mine alone."

"Ah-r-r you!" cried Lyddy, with a fierce sort of snarl, like an angry cat that dares not strike. "It was you put up Ezra Coffin. But wait, wait! The Powers of the Air! The Powers of the Air!" And muttering to herself she vanished in the gathering dusk.

The next morning the "Colony" sailed with a fair wind for New York. She pursued her way prosperously until she entered the sound which divides Nantucket from the Cape.

November as it was, the sky and sea were calm, and the sun had just gone down in a clear golden sky, while all along the east lay a pale rose flush, passing into soft gray at the horizon. The schooner was slipping softly through the water with all her sails spread to catch the light though favoring breeze. In all air or ocean was no sign of danger.

Suddenly, out of the sea, as it seemed, grew up a darkness that gathered from moment to moment, — a darkness that could be felt.

The captain was not on deck, but the mate thundered out his orders to take in sail; but he was not obeyed, for, struck breathless, the men stood with blanched faces, gazing at something that came sweeping towards them down the wind from the northward.

Was it the whirlwind bearing the thunder-storm on its wings, was it a gathering water-spout, or was it something more dread and terrible still, that tall column that came rushing onward over the sea towards the doomed ship, seeming as it drew near to take human shape, — a shape with wildly tossing hair and vengeful hands uplifted in act to strike? Was it only the wind that howled and laughed?

Captain Ezra Coffin had rushed on deck at the first sign of danger. To the mate's surprise he gave no orders, but flying back to the cabin reappeared with his gun in his hand.

The old Berserker strain which lurks somewhere in many of us who have Northern blood in our veins, was up in Captain Coffin, and though he made no doubt that he was fighting the devil in person, he was reckless of the awful odds, and was conscious of no feeling but hatred and defiance. There came a flash; the sharp report echoed and re-echoed, and rolled away over the sea; but before it had died came a sound like a scream of anguish, as a sudden,

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furious gust of wind rent into ribbons the schooner's topsail.

The next instant the sky was clear, and the ship was steadily gliding through the long bars of gold and rose that yet lay upon the sunset sea.

"The twenty-fifth of November, at twenty minutes to six P.M.," said Captain Coffin as he made an entry in the log; "I wonder what has come to pass at home."

"Well, Keturah, what's happened?" asked Captain Coffin, when a month later he stood by the kitchen fire, safe returned from a prosperous voyage.

"Nothing particular," said Keturah, "only old Lyddy Russell is dead."

"When?"

"Her body was washed ashore on the morning of the twenty-sixth of November. Folks thought she'd been out fishing and got drowned. She had a long torn rag of canvas, a bit of a sail clutched in her hand."

"Drowned was she?" said Captain Coffin, turning away; and then he asked the curious question, "Who laid her out?"

"I did," said Keturah, with a strange look. "No hands but mine touched her. You're a good shot, Ezra Coffin, and a brave one. Ah! when the devil comes in bodily shape you've got to resist him with hands as well as heart, and teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight, in spite of the Quakers going round aggravating folks with their peace principles till they'd provoke a saint to box their ears. Ah! the silver bullet did its work."

When the Captain had gone, Keturah hid something carefully away in the farthest corner of her iron box, but I cannot say whether the silver bullet ever came down to young Tristam Coffin, or whether it was buried with its owner in the lonesome, windswept grave-yard where Keturah's bones have lain for more than seventy years.

GARNETT'S ESCAPE.

BY COL. CHAS. WHITTLESEY.

THE escape of that portion of the Confederate army under Gen. Garnett, after his defeat at Rich Mountain, was certainly not creditable to the Union forces. Smarting under the loss of so much game which he considered surely to be his, it is not strange that Gen. McClellan censured Gen. Hill in a manner quite severe for him. It is not as a controversialist that I take up the subject now; having at all times had no other sentiments than those of respect or friendship for all the officers in that command. I have, however, long felt that the facts of the case did not justify either the crimination of Gen. McClellan or the recrimination of Gen Hill. A fair review of the situation, now that twelve years have intervened, may place all parties on better terms; and may do something for history, which is at first always partial and fragmentary, but which eventually becomes reliable through many witnesses.

The States of Ohio and Indiana were much in advance of the general government, in the rapidity of preparation. If they had been old mon-

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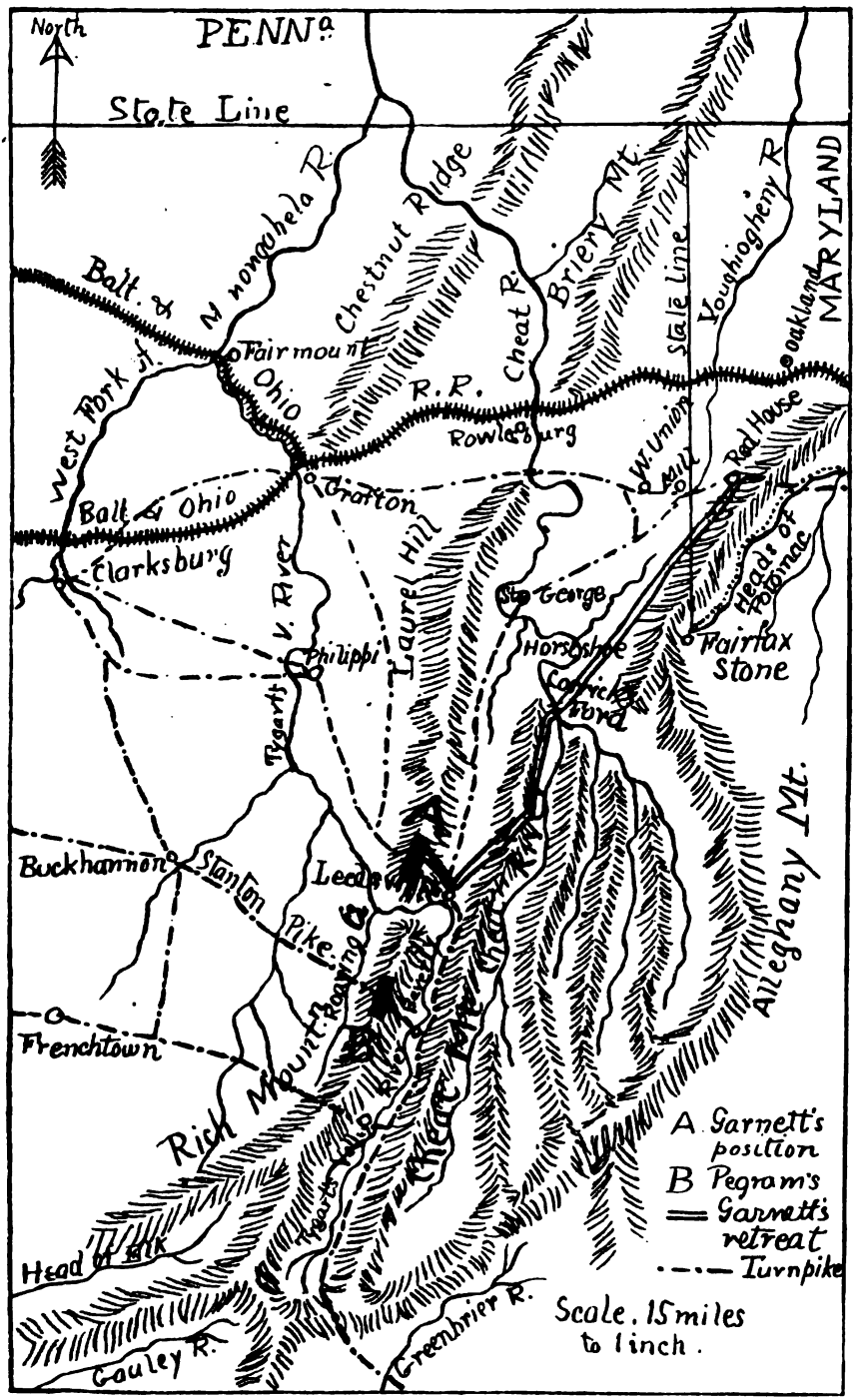

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archies, always ready for aggression, they could not have met the emergency more promptly. The loyal men of Western Virginia were organizing, but were about to be crushed. There being no hope of relief from Washington, an earnest but manly appeal was made to the States on the north of the Ohio River. The governors of those States became *quasi*-military officers. By a masterly policy their executives were authorized to defend their territory *outside* of their limits.

By the first of June volunteer troops from Ohio and Indiana were in position across the river. At daylight on the morning of the 3d, in concert with Col. Kelley's regiment, of West Virginia, they attacked Philippi, or Philippa, some twelve miles south of Grafton, driving Col. Porterfield, of the Rebel forces, up the valley of Tygart's River.

In a short time there were ten regiments from Ohio and six from Indiana in that part of Virginia. They were commanded by officers of the State militia, namely, Gen. McClellan, Morris, Hill, and Cox, and had not then become part of the Federal forces.

Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill are only different names for a range of high and precipitous hills to the west of the upper part of Tygart's River, between it and one of its western branches. At the north end is Laurel Hill, which commands the road up the valley to Beverly. About ten miles south another road leads over Rich Mountain from Weston and the northwestern turnpike, also to Beverly, where were the Confederate head-quarters and their supplies. Both passes were held by their troops, before which were loyal State troops ready for action. At Laurel Hill (*i. e.* in front of Garnett), Gen. Morris, of Indiana, was in command; at Rich Mountain (before Pegram), Gen. McClellan and Gen. Rosecrans; Gen. Hill, of Ohio, held the railroad from Cheat River through Grafton to Parkersburg and Wheeling.

What followed has been often described. Pegram and Garnett were obliged to evacuate their fortified positions on the mountain crests, with very little fighting, by a judicious movement on Beverly, to their left and rear, which was quickened by an assault in front, on the 11th and 12th of July. Before they could retreat southerly up the valley Rosecrans must be overcome at Beverly.

The Cheat River Mountains, lying between Tygart's and Cheat Rivers, were not impassable, but parallel with them, at a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, the Alleghanies rise much higher, with no cross-roads or passes for a distance of fifty miles.

About half the Confederate forces were surrendered by Pegram, or were captured among the mountains. Every one, from general to soldier, expected the other half, which had fled with Garnett, over rough mountain ways, to the northeast, pressed by Morris, with his aide, Capt. Benham, of the engineers, leading the advance, would surely fall into the hands of Hill. Every one was therefore chagrined at their escape.

From the 1st to the 8th of July I had reconnoitred the country east of Grafton to the foot of the Alleghanies, in the anticipation of a battle every day and a possible retreat that way.

Although I partook of the general disappointment, I have never been inclined to censure any one for the result. Gen. Morris pursued with

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all the vigor the circumstances permitted. Captain, now General, Benham, with the advance troops at Corrick's Ford, did all that could be expected of veterans.

The Confederates, while Garnett lived, and, after he was killed, at noon of the 13th of July, under some officer not known to me, made wonderful efforts. They had been in motion from the evening of the 11th, reaching Cheat River on the morning of the 13th, in very stormy weather. Here they were compelled to abandon their transportation, and everything except a battery of artillery, to which they clung with the tenacity of old soldiers. It was twenty-five miles from Corrick's Ford to the nearest gap of the Alleghanies at Red House. Col. Irvine, of the 16th Ohio, with in all eighteen or nineteen companies, from that regiment and from the 8th and 15th Ohio, was at West Union, eight miles west of Red House, on the great turnpike from Richmond to the Ohio. As soon as the retreat of Garnett was known to Gen. McClellan on the 12th, he telegraphed in the most urgent terms to Gen. Hill at Grafton that he must cut off the fugitives. It was not done. Between 3,000 and 4,000 of a defeated enemy, in a disorganized condition, were in a position where escape did not come within the chances of war. Garnett had been left dead in our hands, their teams had been abandoned, and they were encumbered with a battery. Their route was never in the condition of a good road; now it was soaked and gullied by powerful rains. From the evening of the 11th, when they left Laurel Hill, they had not enjoyed a night's repose.

Whoever succeeded to the command after the fall of Garnett, displayed the energy of a determined officer. The straggling mass he was striving to save displayed the highest qualities of soldiers. It is twenty-five miles from Corrick's Ford to Red House, which is a good day's march on good roads for troops in good marching trim. The rear guard was on the banks of Cheat River until noon of the 13th, and it left Red House at 5 A. M. of the 14th. During that day they made twenty miles more. They escaped by two hours' time. The circumstances of the escape are now under discussion, and affect the reputation of several military officers.

As our map shows, the Cheat Mountains are parallel with the Alleghanies; but they are lower, more irregular, and with frequent gaps or passes. Cheat River concentrates its upper branches five miles south of St. George, at Corrick's Ford. Garnett hurried along through the night of the 12th of July over one of the mountain crests, into the valley of the Black Fork of Cheat, down it northerly to its mouth, and across the main river at the ford. Ordinarily he would have had great difficulty in crossing, and would have been caught by the pursuing forces, but the rains of the preceding morning had not then swollen the stream. It was not anywhere a special barrier at that time to either party; but all streams in this region represent deep and narrow valleys, with steep rugged sides, covered with thick standing timber and rocks.

Our map shows the main features of the region at a glance. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, passing out of the valley of the Potomac, through a gap in the Alleghanies, across the heads of the Youghiogheny, across the Cheat River at Rowlesburg, pursues nearly a west course,

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along precipices, through gorges and tunnels, across Tygart's River at Grafton, through Clarksburg to the Ohio at Parkersburg. From Rowlesburg through Grafton to Wheeling and to Parkersburg, it was in custody of Gen. Hill and the Ohio troops. Nearly parallel with the railroad is the great northwestern turnpike from Richmond to Parkersburg, through Romney and a gap of the Alleghanies east of Red House; crossing the Cheat by a bridge five miles above (that is south of) Rowlesburg, thence to Tygart's, three miles below Grafton, thence to Clarksville and Parkersburg. From Stanton, Virginia, another turnpike had been built at the same time by the State, supervised by a French engineer, Gen. Crozet, in 1824, which crossed the Alleghany Mountains at the next practicable gap, fifty miles south of the Red House, near Huttonsville, and led thence over Rich Mountain through Weston into the northwestern pike.

These were the only good roads of the country, and of necessity drew upon these lines the military activity of both parties. Away from public highways, the paths, trails and routes in that region are impracticable to armies with transportation. The inhabitants use them with horses and mules, or with oxen and sleds; but few of them are practicable to loaded wheels. It is very little these people know of them, beyond their immediate neighborhood, and in our case they were not inclined to tell what they did know.

To Garnett's fugitives they were more communicative. Reliable road-maps did not exist. As chief military engineer to the Ohio troops, I devoted four days, from the 3d to the 7th of July, to the investigation of routes between the upper Cheat River and the gap at Red House; on which the present question turns. From St. George to that point, there had once been a passable mud road, then sadly dilapidated, but not impracticable. Chisholm's mill is on the Richmond turnpike, four miles west of Red House. Four miles farther west, on very high ground, where frost is imminent every month of the year, but not as high as the Alleghanies, is the neat German hamlet of West Union. From thence to the east and southeast, the mountain range is visible like a straight and lofty wall projected upon the sky, without gaps or passes, even for a body of stragglers.

On the 4th of July, with Major Frothingham, chief engineer to Gen. Hill's Brigade, and Adjutant Marshall, of Col. Irvine's staff, I reconnoitred to West Union, and reported to Gen. Hill that that point should be occupied at once. Col. Irvine, whose head-quarters were at Cheat River bridge, immediately sent Major Bailey of his regiment and two companies forward.

There is a road north from St. George lying west of the river, on which Major Bailey had erected a barricade, expecting the enemy by that route. There is no practicable road down the valley on the east bank from St. George through the gorge to Cheat River bridge. Where the turnpike ascends Porcupine Mountain easterly from the river to West Union, a hundred men could arrest the progress of a regiment. It was evident that this part of the road should be in our hands. About a mile and a half west of West Union, in a comparatively level country, the first road from St. George comes in from the south, and here in a log barn, which answered the purpose of

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a block-house, we spent the night of the 4th–5th of July. In the morning we examined the country and the people to the south and east as far as Chisholm's Mill. The St. George road has three branches besides the one coming in at the barn where we were quartered. One enters West Union; another comes direct to the Mill; and the most easterly, or right-hand branch, strikes the turnpike at Red House. Most of the inhabitants concealed themselves from us, but those who would communicate denied that there were other roads between this and the mountain. As we expected that Gen. McClellan had already attacked Rich Mountain, we had a lively interest in all roads between Cheat River and the Wilderness Mountain barrier, which rose grandly in our front. Oakland was in our possession, situated on the railroad, twenty miles east of Rowlesburg, and only nine miles from Red House by a passable road.

On the 6th I reported that there was no route nearer the mountains along which the retreat from St. George could be effected; and recommended that not less than a regiment be posted at the Maryland line, near the mill, four miles east of West Union. During the next day, I was ordered to fortify Clarksburg and Parkersburg; and I therefore rely for what follows upon sources of information that are now public. These are principally Gen. Hill's report, July 22, 1861, Gen. McClellan's narrative, 1868, and Gen. Hill's rejoinder, November, 1864. On the 9th, Col. Irvine suggested to Gen. Hill, Red House as "the proper position for our troops"; to which he (Hill) replied, giving him discretionary powers.

During the attack at Rich Mountain, on the 12th, six companies of the 8th Ohio, Col. Dupuy, and the same number from the 15th Ohio, Col. Andrews, were sent to him. Col. Irvine responded that he should move easterly along the turnpike to Chisholm's Mill, placing an advance of two hundrd men at Red House. Gen. Hill was advised from headquarters of the retreat of Garnett by way of St. George, about noon of the 13th, the message having been nearly twenty-four hours on the way. Irvine was at once advised of the state of affairs, and the urgency of the commanding general's orders.

Attention had not yet been called to any other road than that from St. George. Lieut. Myers, of Capt. Key's cavalry company, was scouting on this road and its branches from the 8th to the 12th, when he was ordered in to West Union. He speaks of this road and the Horse Shoe Run route as one; and states that he reported to Col. Irvine on the afternoon of the 13th that the enemy was retreating along these roads. About sundown that day a man came in from Rinehard's School-House, and stated that the Rebel troops would pass there that night, and suggested a scout; to which Col Irvine replied that "there were other points of more importance." What Col. Irvine's information or his theory was, there is nothing to show.

His report states that he was not aware of the farther or "Horse Shoe Run" road from Corrick's Ford to Red House, till about midnight of the 12th–13th. Both himself and Col. Dupuy reconnoitred to the east and southeast on the 12th, without discovering that route, a fact so fortunate for the enemy and so disastrous to us. He despatched scouts to the Horse Shoe Run road, and

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ascertained that the fugitives had already passed, at 6 1-2 P. M. What point on the road they had passed we have no means of knowing; but it was probably to the southwest of West Union, ten or twelve miles from Red House. The whole affair now hinges on these distances. Major Walcott, with three companies of infantry from Oakland, reached Chisholm's mill at 4 A. M. of the 14th,—before the head of Col. Irvine's command arrived. Col. Irvine and his command started for Red House, but at what hour is not stated, hoping to intercept the fugitives there. They had reached there during the night, rested a short time, and, at 5 A. M. of the 14th, pushed on towards Romney. Gen. Hill supposed that the Federal troops were already there on the night of the 12th–13th. He arrived from Oakland on the morning of the 14th, and followed Col. Irvine's command, which was then in hot pursuit, and which he overtook six miles to the eastward. The Federal troops numbered about 1,800, and the Confederate about 3,000, some cavalry, and a battery of three to five guns. Some stragglers were picked up who had fallen out of the column through exhaustion. Under the circumstances pursuit was useless; the Union force was without teams and without rations. The B. & O. Railroad to the east of Oakland was cut, and with it the telegraph wires. With the greatest exertion it required all that day and the most of the next to concentrate the command, numbering 2,400 or 2,500 men, on the pike, and to supply it with rations. Nothing possible was omitted to push the chase; but the movement had no chances in its favor, and was soon recalled by General McClellan.

The question recurs, Was there ground for military censure, and if so, to whom does it apply?

The pursuit from Laurel Hill to Cheat River was unrelenting, and if that stream had been high would have been successful. Beyond the river it was impossible to continue it in the condition of the troops, the roads, and the weather. The condition of the enemy was desperate, and the position of our troops on the turnpike was such as to quench in them all reasonable hopes. To suppose that their presence and condition was unknown to the Union troops, would be to presume upon fate. Probably they expected an attack every mile of the way to Red House, and had determined, in that event, to scatter towards the mountains.

I have endeavored to present the material facts of the situation which bear on the charges of neglect of duty. Gen. Hill might have *surmised* a battle and a retreat across the Cheat River, but should he be censured for not *knowing* those events prior to the receipt of the despatch at noon of the 13th? Before that time he could not determine on what point to concentrate his command, which was very much scattered. Gen. McClellan had required the line of the railroad to be guarded from Oakland to Parkersburg, — over 100 miles, — and had also required to provide for a *retreat*. The theory was, that in case of a defeat on our part, there would be at once a dash for the railroad by the Confederates at some point west of Grafton. Gen. Hill and Col. Irvine, who held the responsible place at the front, were both of this opinion. After the retreat was known, they had good reason to conclude that the entire rebel force was across (viz. east of) Cheat

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River. Although the facts, as now developed, show that during the night of the 13th–14th, one regiment could have captured or dispersed the remnant of this army, those facts were not then known.

Was it *culpable negligence* that the "Horse Shoe Run" road had not been discovered? Viewed under the later experience of the war, this would probably be answered in the affirmative. It was certainly within the possibilities of the case that between the 8th and 13th, a more extended reconnoissance should be made to the east and south, extending to the foot of the mountains. But Col. Irvine does not appear to have regarded this as the most important point. His judgment was at fault in this respect, or turned in the wrong direction, but was that *culpable neglect* — a criminal failure in duty?

Having determined on receipt of the last despatch, or perhaps before, to move to Red House, why that movement was not executed with more quickness is nowhere explained. When Major Walcut reached Chisholm's mill at 4 A. M. of the 14th, the rebels were at Red House, four miles east, and Col. Irvine was yet on the turnpike, west of the mill. At that hour the escape was complete. It can easily be accounted for by a series of events which favored the Confederates. 1st. The delay of the first telegraph from McClellan to Hill. 2d. The late hour of the receipt of the second despatch relating to Corrick's Ford. 3d. The belief up to that moment that the line of retreat would be north, instead of east. 4th. Incomplete information as to the roads from Cheat River to the turnpike.

If a court of inquiry had been convened, as Gen. Hill demanded, it is now plain that it would have refrained from censure.

If Gen. McClellan should now go over the facts of the case, unaffected by the disappointment of the moment, he would doubtless come to the same conclusion.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, July, 1873.

AT THE MEDIUM'S.

It was the same old place. A room rather musty; furniture and chairs of the hopeless order, showing at least that the resident would not be likely to refuse bank-notes for honest service.

The ornaments of the room were of a low type, as to taste; a little flourish of make-believes, such as expatriated sea shells on the mantel, a child with a lamb in lithograph, so pink in the cheeks and with so innocent a look in its saucer-blue eyes, that it gave one a fresh peep into Arcadia and the age of gold.

Then, too, the cruel photographs: looking like caricatures without their fun. So unlike were they to human beings, that we looked on them with awe, as possibly intended to represent spirits.

It was the same old circle too. Not all individually the same, but the types were. There was the same poor woman, more than half a spirit herself, with a face of chronic enthusiasm. Submissive to all the heavenly powers could ask of her, and believing her Henry was appealing to her in every creak, whether of

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the furniture, or a rap of the spirit knuckle of her beloved one. She would have posted that night to Nevada, if such had been Henry's bidding; and any rubbish that haphazard or some tricksy Ariel could concoct, would pass with her for the mandate of heaven.

And then there was the clumsy-minded, definite man, who believed there was something in it, but who desired a proof of his own contriving. For instance, if the mustard-spoon could be removed from the cruet, he was satisfied, though he looked coldly on any disturbance of the pepper-pot. He would recount to you how he had come for ten consecutive evenings, in the hope of seeing a particular book moved, or a particular thing said, unknown to any one but himself, and at last got it, and retired hilarious.

Then there was the shamefaced visitor, repeating little paternosters to himself, and only there to oblige a clerical friend, who was sure it was diabolism, and wished his opinion. His opinion! As well ask the opinion of one in the presence of the midnight assassin as to Darwin's conjectures, as his, under his prescribed formula of spirit and matter. Inexpressibly revolted at the cheapness and simplicity of the whole thing, perhaps what most revolted him was the levity and frolicsomeness of the so-called spirits. An immortal soul to return to its place of probation for no nobler end than to rap noise and joggle tables, — it offended every higher instinct. In vain could you suggest to him that people are not so much changed by going into another room; that laughter and fun are what here most distinguish us from the brute creation, and that perhaps a little of it may survive death; and that the spirits were not there laden with a message from the Most High, nor, apparently awkward as it sounded, were they there to enforce Christian doctrine, or strew around them many a holy text. Why they were there, if real and not illusive, we might never find out, but certainly never could by leaving them severely alone.

He retired to his home, more than ever convinced that news and precepts from *outre tombe* were forbidden and objectionable, and he found in his somewhat time-worn and faded ritual all the manna his soul needed. He considered the hierophants of this sad delusion as the very people referred to by the prophet, as those who "peep and mutter," though what those words may mean, as so applied, he was puzzled to say.

And then there was the average Bostonian, clever, quick, steeped in no reverential shadows, — thinking his foot-rule a very fit instrument for measuring Cosmos, — knowing everything, yet believing little, with a sort of short-handed logic in favor of matter over spirit; my friend Doughty was there to represent many of his respectable city.

We had not much to instruct or amuse us. Certain St. Vitus convulsions of the table, strange currents of cold air, the feeblest of responses to most ardent questionings, and yet

> "Over all there hung a cloud of fear,
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted."

Slips of paper were written on and tossed to individuals. Strange pushes were made against our legs, as from the paws of Newfoundland dogs, and seeming as if they could traverse bone and flesh as if they had been air. I watched the cold eye of

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Doughty. Its quick disapprobation was for a moment changed to a glow of wonder and interest, as suddenly a slip was tossed before him, and on it written, "Don't forget Helen and the moss agate."

Doughty swiftly rose from his chair and was lost to us in the room for a few minutes. There was a look of struggle and pain in his face when he returned, but he took apparently little further interest in the proceedings.

Soon the spirits tapered off into incompetency, and the meeting broke up.

We put on our wraps and overcoats, and were composed and quieted by the soft trouble of the snow. It fell so directly down, windless, silent, like a benediction after the heat and anxiety of the Medium's room. As we trudged home we talked the thing over, somewhat after the fashion of the following dialogue.

Trusty.—Well, old fellow, what do you think of it?

Doughty—Rubbish I should say—nothing for a man's mind seriously to take hold of. Vulgar and offensive to every delicate instinct. And over and over the same thing Could you not see how demoralized, even idiotized, that poor woman, who believed everything, was always growing? For a matter of curiosity, a man may go once, but no sensible man could try it twice, and if he did, he soon would become a *cretin*.

What do you think of it yourself?

Trusty.—I think it the most interesting and suggestive thing I have met in my life's pilgrimage.

Doughty.—Indeed? I knew that you often went on these spirit hunts; but I thought it with you partly habit, and the rest kill-time.

Trusty.—Those, and something besides. You are not in the charmed circle, but a critical outsider. In that you resemble the outside world; but I am steeped in it, and it educates in me a new power, something mixed of all our powers; it stimulates my imaginative intellect, and even gives my scientific curiosity hopes of a solution.

Doughty—Science! I thought that it and spiritualism were in irreconcilable opposition.

Trusty.—Yes, till now, and for a while yet. You notice how the public turn to the men of science for solution of the wonder; no churchman or bishop is invited. What do you think Cotton Mather would say to that?

Doughty.—Having made such a mess with his witches, he might not like to burn his fingers again.

Trusty.—But it is a sign of the times, this reference of all unexplained things to science. She tried the explanation, and ignominiously failed. It was not merely that the savans brought prejudice and disgust, heavy weights in the scales of the imponderables, but there was a factor in the sum, namely, man's mind, which science cannot handle. They are physicians, not metaphysicians. Faraday was explaining by unconconscious pressure a fact which included tables whirled to the ceiling and about the room, with no one touching them. Of course, like the tables, his explanation came at last to the ground.

But the public are right in going to the men of science. They are our rulers now, and know so much, they might know everything. Besides, it is a pet theory of mine, that through these attempts the world will finally see a reconciliation between the man of faith and the man of knowledge.

The line is sharply drawn now.

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The prayer test is a rather impious expression of it; and there are scientific books as bare of religion and faith and hope, as your hand. All that is as it should be.

The parson has bullied us so long, it is well for another to try a trick at the wheel. And how coy and submissive Boanerges and all his thunders have grown, before these valorous Tyndalls and Darwins!

It makes one think that before long the churches will be turned into lecture-rooms, and on the sacramental table may be carried on physical and chemical experiments.

It looks odd, does n't it, that on all sides fine churches are going up with us, when the thoughts of the congregation turn to the institutes of science for the key of this world, and perhaps even of the next. By the bye, why did you leave us so hurriedly?

Doughty.—I was rather cut up by so unexpected a reference to one of the dearest, most vital passages of my life. It is not a thing I should care to talk about; it is too sacred. There either was some lucky guesswork about me, or some care in getting information; though, even so, I don't see how the medium could find it out.

Trusty.—Why not say coincidence? The word explains nothing, nor does one believe it; but it serves to get rid of an awkward difficulty. What with the cheating of mediums, their exposure, and the clever coincidences they accomplish, we really get to think that there is little in this new matter but rascality. Now this will not do. No sensible man who has examined it, believes in the rascality, or finds cheating to explain anything. Why, I have seen at midday, near a window, with a curtain up, hands — children's, women's, old men's — playing about the face of a person sitting opposite me; the medium, a country boy with a red head, having both his hands holding that person's arm on the other side.

All as clear as day, and only four of us in the room. Now I know that no apparatus could contrive that; you know it, or should; and after that, do you suppose I am detained with stories of cheating as a serious explanation? I grant there is something in the accusation which suits the denying, sly, prosaic spirit of our people well. Let them enjoy their stories, but not come to me with them as satisfactory explanations. Is it the imperfection and shortcoming of the spirit efforts which trouble you; the thinness of the messages; their want of any information we desire; the use of earthly metaphor to describe heavenly things; the failure of the spirits to accomplish their promises, or to do the things they should, as we think? If these things trouble you or me, it is no wonder; but let us think it over.

If spiritualism is a true thing, it is at its beginnings. To be sure, it has had its forerunners, hints and glimpses of what was coming, from the earliest time.

It is cousin-german too, and related, to all priestly practices in all the religions of the past. The same indefinable something is appealed to in the New Testament; it is this: namely, the hope of the life to come. But as a complete thing, presenting itself now all over the world, it is very young. It is only a toddling baby. Perhaps it does not know what it wants, what it can do. It seems, like a baby, to be trying constantly new efforts. It seems to

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learn by practice, and it begins to give hints of its purposes.

Then again, we are putting it on its trial, when it may care little about that. We are surprised and offended; but is the author of it and all things surprised, or careful to make our inapprehensive brains comprehend it at once?

Perhaps it is Diabolism. This is an awkward hypothesis, just as all Christian sects are purifying their old superstitions, and treating old Nickie Ben even worse than did the faithful of the Middle Ages, who only made fun of him and overturned his trick; but now he is historically explained away, — improved off the face of the earth. Wickedness and suffering remain, and if diminished do so so slowly, that one must believe in evil, as did our ancestors; but the personal Devil seems fading; nor is his reign likely to be recovered through the ugliest help of spiritualism.

But what suggest to us the most of comfort and hope, that it all may not be a snare and a delusion, are the new conquering theories of the solidarity of creation, at least as to our world, and the dogma of evolution.

By the bye, did you know that the father of the theory, Wallace, avows, when reviewing Mr. Owen's fascinating book, that he cannot withhold his assent from Mr. Owen's conclusions, *i. e.* spirit agency, if Mr. Owen's facts and statements are reliable? and that they are so, he gladly admits. The same inquiring method into the hidden things of nature which had led Mr. Owen to his belief, the same logic which forced him to the conviction of spirit agency, Mr. Wallace avowed he employed in the studies of science, nor could he refuse them to another.

Of course, Mr. Wallace is said to have deteriorated in mental power since this.

Connu! the old dodge! We remember it in brave Dr. Hare's case, and in so many others, and smile superior.

Remembering this, the theory of evolution, of development and progress, is it too wonderful that man should be taking to himself a new power, a fresh relation with nature?

As the soul must have been evolved somewhere along the line of travel from the ascidian to Newton, as the bark in dogs got created some day from his silent ancestor, — so a sixth sense, a sensibility to occult forces, is growing in man, and its misty and mysterious beginning is called spiritualism.

When it shall have fully unfolded itself, may we not hope to find the key to all the intrusions in the world's history from the realm beyond, — one of easy explanation; one consistent ever, and law-abiding? Can He who is law, be lawless in his highest things?

It is the grandeur of the sweep, the range of the orbit, which confuses. Like the comet, so hard to measure and compute, and yet whose shattered fragments may be the only visitors we know from the worlds above us, — so the trails of this spiritual meteor may have dropped to earth from their fringes the aerolites men call miracles, and the intelligences men now call spirits.

Wait fifty years, and you will see the new antennæ of the soul grow and strengthen till an added sense shall have been gained, — new relations between the law of love and the laws of matter; and then perhaps we may begin to know the new heaven and the new earth, of which we have heard men speak, but not intelligibly.

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And if spiritualism turns out a failure and a mistake, it is no matter, — we did not make it, and are not responsible for it. Trust Him who did; and as the last of His gifts is not likely to be unworthy of Him, let us confide in Him, in confidence and faith.

Doughty. — Well said. I must think of these things more seriously. Come now, we are just at my house, let us go in and soothe our speculations with the blandness of the weed of the philosopher. Come in!

T. G. A.

THE ASSYRIAN CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.

BY G. A. SCHMITT.

It is nearly an hundred years ago since the great traveller, Carsten Niebuhr, in his "Travels in Arabia and the Surrounding Countries," published the cuneiform inscriptions found in the ruins of ancient Persepolis. Ker Porter and Rich, Westergaard, Rawlinson, and others, added new inscriptions and corrections of those already published. These inscriptions were written in three kinds of characters, representing, probably, three different languages. When Layard discovered and described the ruins of Nineveh, as found in the villages of Nimrud, Chorsabad, and Kuyyundshik, innumerable inscriptions came to light, evidently identical with the third kind of those tri-lingual cuneiform inscriptions of Persepolis.

The first of these three kinds of characters gave the least trouble in deciphering, especially after a German orientalist had succeeded in finding the names of Xerxes, Darius, Hystaspes, in the texts. The alphabet consisted of about forty characters, and the language seemed to be the Old Persian. It was not, however, until after the simultaneous discoveries of Burnouf and Lassen, and afterwards of Rawlinson and Westergaard, were made, that these inscriptions could be deciphered satisfactorily.

Encouraged by these successes, many orientalists in England and France turned their attention to the third and most difficult kind of characters. It soon became probable that the text of the tri-lingual inscriptions of Persepolis was the same, and a comparison of the names occurring raised this probability to a certainty. The orientalists deciphered and read the inscriptions assiduously, though with more boldness than caution and thoroughness. Nevertheless, Henry Rawlinson, Norris, Hincks, Talbot, Smith, and, quite lately, Sayce in England, and Julius Oppert, Menant, and Lenormant in France, deserve high praise for the ingenuity and zeal which they brought to this work. As early as 1856, Johannes Brandis, the son of the historian of Greek philosophy, collected and specified the historical outcome of these labors; and in 1857, Marcus von Niebuhr made use of the researches, especially of the English orientalists, in his "History of Assur and Babel."

But the greater number of German orientalists remained sceptical. There were two, perhaps three, reasons for this. It was unfortunate

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that the phonetic value of the various characters was stated differently by different philologists, a circumstance which was made especially evident by their disagreement in names of gods, princes, and countries. Now, a text surely cannot be translated before it can be read. To this was added, that the forms of the words, supposed to belong to some Semitic language, were rather odd, if not fantastic. A third reason for the want of faith on the part of the Germans, was the contents of these texts as deciphered by the English and French. It is well known how strongly English orientalists are interested in finding witnesses among the heathen for the authority of the Bible. Even Julius Oppert had found in the great Nebucadnezar inscription a confirmation of the flood, of the Babylonic confusion of tongues, even of biblical chronology. (Journal Asiatique, 1857; 5th series, vols. 9 and 10.) He was corrected in many points, it is true, by Henry Rawlinson and Fox Talbot. But confidence was gone, and it was not easy to restore it.

The enormous difficulties presented by that third series of characters, of which there were found to be over four hundred, warned the German orientalists to be cautious. The original supposition that they might be syllabic characters was soon found to be partly erroneous. Many groups of characters certainly did not furnish the word expected. Closer investigation proved them to be ideograms, — signs to indicate a word after the manner of abbreviations,— sometimes pointing out in advance what kind of a word might be expected, whether the name of a god or of a ruler, or a country or a river. It was a combination, then, of ideographic and syllabic writing. The next and most difficult problem was, to decipher the syllabic and ideographic meaning of these characters. One assistance was furnished by the fact that the same inscription was found in several places, but not always written with the same characters. It would happen that the same word was written in one in ideographic, in another in syllabic characters. Help came also from the ancient Assyrians themselves. In a palace of Kuyyundshik a great number of tablets was found, forming together a sort of glossary. It seems that it became more and more difficult for the Assyrians themselves to read the ideograms. King Assurbanipal, the successor of Assarhaddon, in the seventh century before Christ, therefore caused a great number of syllabariums to be composed on tablets, which contain an explanation of the ideograms in syllabic characters. These glossaries, together with the increasing number of parallel inscriptions, ensured so much insight into the phonetic value of those characters as to reduce the reading of them almost to a certainty. The discovery of these tablets completely vindicated the German orientalists in their former lack of faith. These helps diminish the difficulties essentially, it is true; but, unfortunately, the same character has three, often four, phonetic values, as appears from the tablets of the glossary. Not unfrequently ideograms are employed as syllables. Thus one character, when used as a syllable, represents the vowel "*a*"; but when used as an ideogram, it means "son." But often several characters in composition have only an ideographic value. Thus, in one place the word "*din-tir-ki*" occurs; according to the syllabic texts, the meaning of

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the word unmistakably is "*Babilu*," Babylon. In line 37 of the great Behistun, or Bisutun, inscription, is found written, "*an-pa-sa-du-sis*"; in this place the name Nebukadnezar is demanded. Since there is no reason to suppose that both Babylon and Nebukadnezar had those other additional names, the conclusion is natural that these groups are to be considered as ideographic and not phonetic. There is, consequently, great need of conjecture and careful analysis, in spite of the help afforded by those glossaries.

When the progress made in deciphering these inscriptions seemed to warrant a speedy solution of the question of their importance for linguistic and historic studies, Hitzig, one of the oldest German orientalists, for a short time retarded the zeal of philologists by declaring the entire method of deciphering employed by the English and the French to be humbug, — so far, at least, as their premature endeavors to read impossible things in those texts were concerned. His own hypothesis, however, which led him to consider the third series of characters as originally Indo-Germanic, though they might have been used for a Semitic language, was not considered tenable. The whole question for a while seemed to be enveloped in doubt and uncertainty again.

To have ended this state of affairs is the merit of the young German orientalist, Eberhard Schrader. Thoroughly conversant with the various Semitic idioms; imbued with the exact method of German philology; perfectly indifferent as to the concordance or non-concordance of his results with the historical statements of the Old Testament; only inspired by the desire to find what seemed to him true, and being thoroughly independent, he seems peculiarly qualified for his task. In a paper published in the first volume of last year's transactions of the German Oriental Society,[1] he proved that the third series of characters indeed expresses a language, the Old Assyrian, of Semitic origin; that it does not entirely agree with any of the Semitic idioms known heretofore; that those characters can be read and deciphered with a high degree of certainty. His thorough knowledge of the Æthiopian enabled Mr. Schrader to determine that the grammatical form of the Assyrian is that of the Semitic family, and to find parallels for almost all its peculiarities in other members of the family. It was a fortunate circumstance that he could prove the exactness of his method in deciphering by a number of bi-lingual inscriptions, the text of which was Assyrian and Aramaic, lately published by Rawlinson and Norris, on table LXX of the second volume of their great work on inscriptions.

Granted that all these inscriptions cannot be read with the same degree of accuracy, there is yet no objection to examining the historical results to be drawn from them. But here we meet with a great variety of opinions. With some show of probability it is maintained that it was passing strange that in the annals of such an immense empire as the Assyrian, such diminutive states as Israel and Judæa should be mentioned so often. But it may be urged with greater force that the vanity of princes would delight in enumerating as long a list as possible of conquered

[1] Reprinted with the title: Die assyrisch-babylonischen Keilinschriften. Kritische Untersuchung der Grundlage ihrer Entzifferung. Leipzig, 1872.

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kingdoms and cities and of the booty made. Indeed, in these inscriptions the kingdoms of Damascus and Hamat, of Tyrus, Sidon, Byblos, Arvad, the Philistine cities of Gaza, Ekron, Asdod, Askalon, of Edom, Moab, and Arabia, are mentioned as often, if not oftener. In the great inscription of Sargon the statement of the conquest of Samaria fills only one line and a half. Again, it was objected that the concordance of these inscriptions with the biblical statements was altogether too surprising. But it is not at all as great as seemed at first, when such concordances were published mainly in order to excite the interest of the public at large, unlearned in oriental philology. Only the general outlines agree; many particulars are contained in the inscriptions that are not found in the books of the Old Testament; not unfrequently chronological data disagree entirely.

Mr. Schrader therefore deserves our thanks for publishing a second work, in which he gives an excellent critical *resumé* of the relations between the statements of the Bible and the inscriptions.[1] It would be impossible to afford an approximative insight into the wealth of his investigations. A few glimpses must suffice.

The enigmatical, much commented upon "Ur Kasdim" or Ur of the Chaldæans most probably was a city south of Babylon, on the right bank of the Euphrates River, the ruins of which are near the present town of Mughir. If the fathers of Israel moved from there to Haran in Mesopotamia, they must have gone north and then southwest, just as is reported of the Phœnicians, a road which Canaanite tribes may have passed over before them. The name Abraham occurs in the form of Aburamu, making it probable that the shorter form Abram was really the older one, as is stated in Genesis, and not a contraction of Abraham, as has been supposed thus far. Of infinitely greater interest, however, is the new chronology here offered. It was the custom in Assyria to designate each year by the name of a high dignitary or by that of the king. There are several lists of such eponyms, extending from the beginning of the ninth to the middle of the seventh century, B. C. An eclipse of the sun, most probably that of June 15, 763, enables us to fit these lists into our present chronology; another assistance is offered by synchronizing the Assyrian king Sargon or Sorgina with the Babylonian ruler Arkaianos as mentioned in the Ptolemæan Canon. It is true that the adoption of Assyrian chronology causes considerable modifications of the chronological tables of Jewish and Israelite kings. Both the above sources, however, state the conquest of Samaria to have taken place in the same year, 722 before Christ. On the other hand, the great expedition of Sanherib, which so very strongly affected Judæa, cannot possibly have taken place in the fourteenth year of Hezekiah. It must have happened about 701, thirteen years later than is stated. Mr. Schrader endeavors to prove by subtle combinations, somewhat finely spun, it must be confessed, that there must have been an ancient misunderstanding concerning an Assyrian Phul (2 Kings, xv : 19). Phul, he reasons, could only have been Tiglat-Pileser, to whom the tribute of Menahem of Samaria was delivered, probably about the year 738. If this

[1] Die Keilinschriften und das alte Testament. Giessen, 1872.

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be true, then Uzziah would not have died in 759, but 740. According to the statements of those lists of eponyms, the expedition of the kings of Damascus and Israel against Juda did not take place in 743 but in 734, and the time of the kings Jotham and Ahaz of Judæa would be shortened considerably. Biblical chronology could scarcely be used to invalidate these statements, since it has been proved conclusively that it contains errors, in spite of its minuteness. If Assyrian chronology be adopted, the times and deeds of the prophet Isaiah will appear in a more natural light. Thus far, according to Is. vi: 1, he was believed to have been active in 759. The earliest of his prophecies of which we know refer to a time almost fifteen years after that date. Following Assyrian chronology, there would be a difference of only two or three years.

In connection with these two works by Schrader, a third one, by Signore Finzi,[1] professor of Assyriology at the Royal Institute of Florence, may be mentioned. While Mr. Schrader pays particular attention to the Old Testament, Signore Finzi's work collects the results drawn from the cuneiform inscriptions, as far as they affect geography, ethnology, and mythology. One fact is evident: the author is perfectly familiar with the literature of his subject as published in Germany, England, France, and even in Sweden and Russia; he makes as careful use of it as if his lecture-room were in Utrecht or Leyden instead of Florence. The author gives us, in his extensive introduction, a summary of Assyrian history, principally based on the deciphered texts of the tablets. As a matter of course, it is quite different from, especially more vivid and lifelike than, the statements of former historians. The first book treats of the geography of Babylon and Assyria, and of the other countries belonging to the Assyro-Babylonian monarchy. We are informed that the geographical horizon of the Assyrians extended in the east to the Indus, in the south far into Arabia, towards the west to the Mediterranean coast of Asia Minor. All of which is illustrated by a map.

The statements of the author concerning the nations settled in those countries give us a great many facts, but do not satisfactorily explain where in those countries the three races indicated by the cuneiform inscriptions — the Arian, Turanian, and Semitic — were settled. The second book is most rich and interesting in its treatment of the religious and mythological ideas of the Assyrians, though greater critical acumen with reference to the views entertained thus far would be desirable. His statements, though quite praiseworthy, inform us rather what may be expected of future researches, than what has been secured critically thus far. The comparison of the contents of our Assyrian sources with what is known to us already, offers opportunities for a countless number of different readings, opening up a wide field to ingenuity and combination. Here many things remain to be explained, many facts to be proved. For, unfortunately, the premature interlarding of historical combination with the results of philological investigation, too often has led to error, and is therefore justly open to suspicion.

At all events, these latest inves-

[1] *Finzi*, Felice: Richerche per lo studio dell' antichità assira. Roma, Torino, Firenze. 1872.

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tigators deserve our acknowledgments for what they offer, which are due in no less degree to the pioneers who broke the ice, and enabled the former to take the first safe steps. Henceforth the very numerous cuneiform inscriptions will take rank with those Phœnician, Himyaritic, and Egyptian monuments which constantly shed new light upon the history of the ancient eastern countries.

THE NEW ENGLAND SPHINX.

BY DR. V. G. SMITH.

I.

I AM going to tell you the story of Hally Bird. You may say it is no story at all, or you may believe you know Hally herself, for it is a very common story, so common that we never think of it, and therefore it is that it must be told.

Hally lived in New England. Elsewhere, no doubt, her life would have been very different. She was proud, conscientious, benevolent, passionately fond of music, pictures, poetry, but without an atom of genius which could have enabled her to sing a song, or paint a picture, or write a sonnet to the moon. She was quick to see a joke, not so quick in replying. She was, moreover, ambitious and poor. If she had not been, I think her fate might have been different; and yet, knowing what she was and where she lived, any observer of human life might tell the rest of this story without reading it. Unfortunately, there are few observers, and I write accordingly.

Shall I tell you how Hally looked? You will think you have seen her, there are so many like her. She was not tall, but her body was long in proportion to her arms and legs. That gave her great endurance, you know, since the vital organs received the largest share of nourishment. She had a full head, and it tapered rather too suddenly at the back of the neck. A girl with such a neck should have been careful not to exhaust herself. There was a firm, heavy curve behind the small ears which a phrenologist would have attributed to combativeness, the invincible determination to put everything "through." Fine, light hair, strong blue eyes, pale face, unconquerable mouth. I can think of half a dozen among my own acquaintances to whom this general description would apply equally well, and indeed their lives have been marvellously like.

Hally lived in a country village, where her father was overseer of a manufacturing establishment. It was not an æsthetical place. The schools, as usual in factory villages, were wholly devoted to arithmetic and algebra, and on these Hally was accordingly brought up. Of course she practised the piano, — from Bertini's Instruction Book, — and at sixteen she could rattle off a hundred marches, and could not play a scale straight to save her life. She had drawing lessons, too; and with the teacher's aid, and that of the eraser, she had drawn half a dozen dismal landscapes which she had too much good taste to frame. There was no High School

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in the place, but she had studied Latin and recited out of hours to the various college students who had taught the village school each winter. She had had a term of French, too, with the minister's daughter, and when the teacher married, she determined to study Greek with the minister, that being the only available opportunity to accomplish herself.

In this way Hally stumbled along; and, though very far from being a superficial girl, she had, at sixteen, an exceedingly superficial education. She saw the immense distance between herself and those she was in the habit of calling "really educated people," yet she did not adequately understand the innumerable small, careful steps to be taken before she could reach them. So she was, perhaps, rather conceited; and yet, I think, the most unfortunate thing for her was that she often realized how painfully little she knew. She was bent upon having an education; so she taught a primary school for a term, and earned a little money, studying Greek at noons and recesses. In the morning or at night she had dish-washing, etc., to do, for they "co-operated" in the Bird family, — not precisely after the "We Girls" plan. Her father said to her that if she would earn enough money to make a beginning, he would do his utmost to help her, and so she went to the L—— boarding school for two years, in which time she did three years' work. I will do her teachers the justice to say that they remonstrated at first, but Hally was so anxious to try that they could not refuse; and when, after a few weeks, she proved so quick that she did not need to study in recreation time, they were very glad, and said that, after all, she had not undertaken too much. But when growing girls are compelled to rise at five o'clock every morning, and study all the time, except half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner, till four in the afternoon, and then have their evening study-hours to observe in rigorous silence, it would hardly seem certain that a girl was not over-studying, because she did not have to employ her recreation time with her lessons. It is true, many of the girls were obliged to eke out the time for their studies by rising an hour earlier, or by shirking the half-hour's walk which the rules of the school demanded of them every day. So, because Hally was *less* overworked than others who were not doing extra lessons, it was supposed she was not overworking at all. But the correlation of forces applies as much to mind as to matter; and if Hally did twice the work in an hour which another did, she surely needed twice the recreation. That her mind worked so easily that she seemed to put forth no effort, made it all the more dangerous; for it allowed her to draw on her reserved forces. Any one can see that by and by there would be no reserved forces. It is "queer" that *nobody* thinks of it.

Hally and her friends came out triumphantly at the end of every examination, though questions were asked backwards and forwards by teachers, trustees, and visitors, though they were asked in public to be answered on the spur of the moment, or in private, to be written out in the most elegant and rigid language.

So Hally and the other girls, and all their friends, and the teachers, trustees, and community in general, thought the L—— boarding-school

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a very thorough institution. It had been endowed by those who really wished to do good with their money; it was taught by kind, conscientious teachers; the trustees were really interested in educating the girls,—everybody, in short, meant well, and yet it amounted to little. Hally forgot regularly each term all the facts she had learned in the preceding one. Luckily, the school dealt more in principles than in facts, so the girls did get discipline and cultivation from it, and a thirst for knowledge which would have been better than either, if they had not all been New England girls, with quite too burning a thirst for everything already. There was an advantage perhaps in their forgetting facts, for they *believed* that when oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen had driven calyx, corolla, and stamens out of mind, they had forgotten everything; so they left school with less conceit than is sometimes the case.

Some of the girls broke down at L——; Hally did not. I have said she had a long body and a strong brain, which accounts for her safety. She was, indeed, very sleepy when she left school. For the first few weeks, she slept from twelve to fifteen hours in every twenty-four; and when the first fatigue was over, she still found it barbarous if any one suggested mildly that she ought to be ready for breakfast by eight. Now there is nothing which a New England villager cannot excuse sooner than lying late in bed. To a Yankee, laziness, as it is called, is the unpardonable sin. Mr. and Mrs. Bird, though very much ashamed of Hally's sleepiness, were too kind to say she *must* rise earlier; so nature had her way, fought it out on that line, and delayed the final catastrophe by so much. This did not last very long, however. Of course Hally began to teach the moment a school could be procured. She taught a public school in the country, not because she liked it, but because it was accessible. She had fifty scholars of all ages and acquirements. They studied everything and learned how to do every example in the Arithmetic; that is, Hally did every one herself, and showed the scholars the processes. They were rather hard children to manage, and after six hours of it, combined with the home dish-washings, Hally was tired. Still, as she said, there was not much mental labor in her school, and she *ought* to be able to cultivate her mind, which she perceived more and more was a very waste tract, and accordingly she rose early and sat up late, and studied German and Italian with much enthusiasm. She was no less tired than when she had declined to breakfast till eight, but she believed the others were quite right in calling her lazy, and she said to herself one night: "Hally Bird, are n't you ashamed? What kind of material are you made of that you cannot give up your morning nap? Exercise a little will, before you lose all self-respect."

After this speech, she rose every morning the moment the clock struck five. She accomplished something, more than you would have believed she could do without a teacher. Saturdays she did house-work, and sewed and wrote letters. Sundays she had a feeling of "giving out"; but she said reproachfully to herself, "What do you mean by wanting to cheat the Lord of his day?" So she went to church twice, taught in the Sunday-school, attended the prayer-meeting in the evening, and read

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theological books the rest of the day. By this course her theology got dreadfully askew after a time, but with that I have nothing to do; I merely wish you to take notice that Hally was not idle, though her Aunt Jane called her "naturally lazy," and even her kind mother thought she had a sluggish temperament, since she wished for so much sleep, albeit she did not take it.

II.

In process of time a vacancy occurred in the L—— Seminary, which Hally was glad to fill. She hoped she would like teaching young ladies better than children, but was not very sanguine. "At any rate," she said, "I shall have more time to study. I shall only teach five hours, and I shall have time for my German, and how nice it will be to have a teacher."

"You can't do everything," said her cousin Em, who had broken down six years before, just on the eve of graduating, and who had been an invalid ever since; "but if I were you, I would go into Mdlle's French conversations. They are only two hours a week."

"And," said Pippin, her younger sister, "do have some music lessons. I don't think you play as well as I do."

"I know it," said Hally, with a sigh, "but I have not had any time to practise." She resolved, however, that she would *make* time now.

"I am glad," remarked Mrs. Bird, one evening, looking up from her mending basket, "that Hally is going to have less work to do. Now she will not need to call on any one else to finish her sewing."

"I never meant to do so, mother," said Hally, flushing, "but I can't find time to sew."

"Nor can I," said her mother, quietly. "One half-hour every day would keep your wardrobe in order, if you would persevere in it."

"I'll try," said Hally. (What a vicious little motto!)

"Be careful of your health, Hally," said her father; "be sure to exercise in the open air two or three hours every day."

"Well," said Hally, "I should like that, and then I could botanize, so I really should not lose any time."

"Now," said Hally's Uncle Fred, "you know what I think of a boarding-school education. *I* advise you, in the first place, never to let a day go by without reading thoroughly at least one newspaper. You can't read all the magazines, nor is it desirable. I think, if you choose, say three, of different styles, as the Old and New, Harper's, and the Eclectic, it will be enough for you; but you want an idea of the current literature, science, philosophy, and travels."

"How doth the little busy bee," thought Hally, with a little smile; "I really wonder how he doth." Nevertheless, she thought that all the advice given her was sensible, and so it was. Only it was impossible to carry it out. But Hally tried.

She found her position as teacher was not a sinecure. "Whatever you teach, Miss Bird," said the Principal, "I want the subject treated exhaustively."

Hally gasped. She thought in her secret heart that it might be difficult to *exhaust* any subject.

"For instance, in teaching History, make sure about every classical or historical allusion. You will hardly find any reference so obscure that it will not be explained by some book in our library. Remember it would not be time wasted if you

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should spend half a day in finding some little thing. You learn a thousand incidental items, and also, how to use books. Find the derivation of all new words, particularly philosophical and scientific words. O, by the way, I want you to take charge of the lower half of the school in composition. You can correct the themes at odd times, and I think it is a good plan to talk with each scholar separately, explain just why you correct every point, and tell her how the subject might have been treated to better advantage."

Hally was too conscientious not to make it the first object of her life to carry out Dr. Banks' wishes, leaving her own plans, as was quite right, to fill in the odd minutes, which did not come so often as she thought absolutely necessary. She thought of Dr. Franklin's maxim (they say it is his), "Six hours of sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." She was a woman, and healthier than most women she knew, — why would n't six hours answer for her? To be sure she wanted twelve every night, but that was laziness. Every one was obliged to rise at five. The girls went to bed at ten, for the regulation "seven hours." She was free to sit up till eleven, which she accordingly did, for the sake of studying German, — for just two weeks, — in which time she had looked out every word of Wilhelm Tell in the dictionary, and had no idea what it was all about. She closed the book at a quarter past eleven. Her head was thumping like a steam-engine, her eyes were red with the strain, and the skin under the ominously projecting back of the head was drawn tight as a drum, so that she found herself uneasily moving her hand to and fro upon it to loosen the pressure.

Do you think she broke down now? Not she. It takes more than this to break down a woman with a long body and those two protuberances behind the ears. But she said to herself passionately, "It is of no use. I have *will* enough to study when I am tired, but not capacity enough to learn. I may as well stop. I *must* stop." Thereafter she went to bed at ten. This was, however, the first cutting trial of her intellectual life.

> "The heights by great men reached and kept,
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

"And as I am incapable of toiling in the night," said Hally, with a whimsically literal interpretation, "I am afraid I shall never be a great man." Hally was religious; so, instead of crying over her disappointment, she said to herself, "I will be faithful over a few things. I will work as long as I can each day, and then be contented to let the rest go." Any one can see what she was doing. She was drawing on her "reserve forces." Those of you, however, who are doing the same thing, will be the first to say that I am putting an exaggerated case. Alas, I am like the Irishman who wrote home of the luxury of America, where they eat meat three times a week. "And why did n't you say seven times, Pat?" "An' shure thin, an it's that they would n't belave me."

Any extra work to be done in school was very likely to fall to Hally, — partly because she was capable, and, though I must admit she was not often willing, still she was too conscientious to appear unwilling. But really, to do justice to all parties, the principal reason why extra tasks were assigned her

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was because she was the youngest and hence the strongest teacher.

"What we really need in this school," said a trustee, "is a good, strong, healthy teacher, of at least ten years' experience."—"Yes," said the mathematical teacher, who was twenty-five, and had fainted away three times that week. "*Is* there a strong, healthy woman in the United States who has taught ten years?" A general stiffness diffused itself around the circle at this *mal à propos* remark. Everybody was sure there must be scores of such teachers, only, ridiculously enough, no one could think of one.

"Take care of your health, Miss Bird," said the older teachers, one by one, to Hally.

"Yes, yes," she would answer, with a smile. "The only difference between us is, that you are ill, and work all the time, and I am well, and work all the time."

As to the stereotyped expression, "Health is of the first importance," she assented to it, as everybody does, and believed it not one whit more than you do, sir, whose boy took a prize in the Latin School last quarter, and who dreams of declensions every night.

Heavens! how angry it makes me! my blood boils to hear people say sensible things, when they have not an atom of faith in what they say! Yes! I mean you, and you, and *you!* I know it is hopeless to ask anybody, who is good for anything, to take care of himself, though it is a burning shame that it is so; therefore, I only ask each one to make himself responsible that some one else does not overdo, and so the matter may some day be righted; unless, indeed, you worry your *protégé* into the grave by making him a hypochondriac. It *is* a riddle, say what you will; though if people only *could* learn that it is not selfish or mean to be careful — However, I am digressing. Hally's own weariness, which she stoutly denied, even to herself, led to a little dawn of consciousness as to the necessity of looking out for other people; and she perceived with dismay that the finest girl in school was breaking down. "My dear," she said, "don't you know your health is of the first importance?"

"No," said the girl, who was then holding on by mere grit, having no bodily force to help; "I know that ill-health paralyzes one's life, but I would suffer anything rather than miss a *certain amount* of education. I would not ask for much; beyond that health *is* of the first importance."

You perceive this is precisely what every one else thinks, though few are clever enough or frank enough to say it. Hally could not find out where the fallacy lay. How should a girl who leads such a life as she did, know?

Just then, Hally's cousin Ned took the valedictory at college, and died of brain fever; and Hally's mother, becoming uneasy, represented so strongly the disadvantages of overdoing, that the girl determined to be careful. She would not force herself, she thought, though only Heaven and a New Englander knew what forcing herself might be, if she did not do so. But she let some days slip by without reading the newspaper. She realized that she had curtailed at the wrong end, though, when she went home, and Uncle Fred inquired what she thought of the prospects of the Maine election:—

"You don't know much about it?" echoed he; "then I advise you to put your Goethe into the fire."

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"The fact is," said Pippin, who was now sixteen, and was preparing to go the next term to L——, where her sister was to pay her bills,—"Hally is a perfect blue. She knows nothing that is going on about her, and goes around looking like the Witch of Endor."

No girl of twenty-one fancies being called a blue, or a prig, or a school-ma'am, even if she is one.

"Don't you think I'm neat?" inquired Hally, exasperated.

"O, yes," said Pippin, "neat, but not gaudy. You look antiquated, my dear."

"Well," said Hally, "that's because I'm poor."

"So am I poor," said Pippin, holding up a garment into which she was putting artistic little stitches.

"I don't have time," murmured poor Hally.

"But would have if you did not take quite so much interest in Ontology, and Anthropology, and Philology, and the Encyclopædia in general," remarked Pippin, with composure.

"Ah," said Hally, dreadfully hurt, but not angry, "I could n't sew like you if I had time, and I *can* study."

"Very true," rejoined Pippin. "You are not to blame, my dear sister, only the fact remains, you *are* a blue, and you *do* dress like a country washerwoman."

Hally was silent. She was quite prepared to submit, when Pippin added, a few minutes afterwards, with an air of superior wisdom worthy of sixteen: "Really, Hally, it is n't so bad as I make it out; but is n't it of just as much consequence to look like a lady, as it is to know whether the Ichthyosaurus is living or extinct, which I'm sure I don't know."

"It is better to be a lady than a bookworm," thought Hally. But then, a poor girl must take much time and thought to look like a lady, and Hally lived in a hurry.

She tried not to do so. She had thought of giving up her music. She did not practise much as it was, and she knew she had no talent for it. She said so one day to her master. "Ah," said he, "if you only *could* manage to keep on a few years, your perseverance and appreciation would supply the lack of talent." So Hally could not give it up.

She met her old friend, Mary Harland, one day. Mary advised her not to work so hard, thought her looking pale, and so on, was glad to hear she was trying to spare herself.

"Ah," said Hally, "but I could cry every time I see my dear old German books lying unused on my shelves."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Harland, "it is nothing short of a sin to let *that* go"

The botanical professor, whom Hally assisted (he gave one lesson a week and she five), said one day, "I wish, Miss Bird, you would make a collection of the sedges in this locality. You would find it one of the most interesting things you ever did."

"O, I know that," said Hally; "but the sedges are so very hard to analyze, and I have no time."

"No time!" The professor was a benevolent man and fond of Hally, but he was primarily a botanist. "A woman as young as you ought to be ashamed to say that she has n't time for anything. Rise at four o'clock as I do, and get the inspiration of the first morning hours, and you will soon learn not to talk of having no time."

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But the day was past when Hally would follow all the advice given her which sounded alluring, though her incapacity made her very unhappy. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.

III.

PIPPIN's bills were more than Hally had expected. Pippin was generous; still it was hard for a girl as "taking" as she, to see that somehow the dresses she had "made over" at home did not look so pretty and effective at L—— as in her own village. Hally felt it, though Pippin did not say much. Hally felt it all the more because she herself could not dress according to her standard, which was not an expensive one either. So Pippin had the clothes, and Hally skirmished with the magazines. I hardly know whether to laugh or cry when I think of this. If Hally's articles had been so stupid as never to be accepted, it would have been better for her; for she had no great idea of their merits, and would have been easily persuaded that she had missed her vocation in trying to write them. But some were accepted, some were actually paid for. She had enough to discourage her, — publishers are a curious set, say what you will, — and then, though she had some talent, she was not a genius; but as long as the receipts overbalanced the paper and postage expended, she felt obliged to go on. She liked to write, too, but she was past the time when she did things simply because she liked them.

The main feature in her life now for several years was exercise. The Dio Lewis fever had reached L——, and the usual paraphernalia of dumb-bells and bean-bags had been introduced. Dr. Banks, who had over-studied himself and was a victim of dyspepsia, entered with enthusiasm into the new ideas. During the reign of this hobby, all the teachers were induced to adopt the "costume," and spend a great deal of time in the gymnasium. This was admirable, only, with the usual New England sophistry in such matters, this was considered as a case where "this ought they to do," but, by no means, oh, heaven forbid it, to leave anything else "undone." I wonder if any of the L—— people ever had to give an account of any unemployed moments.

One of the bad things about a life of routine is, that you can accomplish so much by it. Having once perceived this, you instinctively systematize every new thing you want to do, and so you do great things, only there are no odd minutes, and all the richness of life comes in the odd minutes. Poor Hally, who could not bear to be a *regular school-teacher* and nothing further, and who had never been allowed to go to dancing-school, hoped that gymnastics would supply its want in making her graceful, and devoted herself to their practice with such painful earnestness that grace, which is only another name for ease, was quite out of the question.

The girls at L—— broke down in greater numbers than before; and every one said, "It cannot be the school, for you know how particular they are about exercise at L——." But the simple fact is, more New England people break down from overhurry than from overstudy.

Hally read Higginson's "Out-door Papers" at this time. She learned that a healthy person ought not to spend more than five hours in mental labor each day. She saw the force

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of the argument,—but, bless you, she saw the force of so many arguments,— and endeavored to approximate to this time as her minimum. Of course, she only approximated, for her regular school recitations occupied five hours, and you can yourselves estimate the possibilities for her. With her keen love of beauty, she was bewitched with the book and delighted to feel that it was her *duty* to be out-doors. One must steer very carefully, however, to serve two masters. The maxim which was at this time invented to meet such an exigency was this, "One can use his brain any number of hours without injury, if he will exercise his body the same number." That sounds well, does n't it? Only, suppose he works his brain twelve hours, how would he prosper? I should think a New England mind must have originated that absurd little doggerel of "Taranto, my son," with his everlasting refrain,—

> "Mother, make my bed soon,
> For I am so tired,
> I fain would lie down—"

Oh no, it is, on the contrary, every New England street boy who inquires in stern accents,—

> "*Why* do you ask me to rock you to sleep—"

But, not to dwell too long on this subject, Hally's character began to soften. She had a true, sweet nature which had always kept her from going far wrong; but her intellect had waked up first, and its demands had crowded out everything else, so that while she was seldom unkind, she never had time to think of being positively kind, at least in little things. She had been brought to suffer in a thousand ways, was as morbid as a girl who is not sentimental can be, and she began to wish to save others from suffering. She was too good to be a pedant, and she saw at last with horror what a narrow life she led. If this part of her nature had only waked first, it would have been well; but now, it simply led to her assuming new work without laying aside the old. It was hard for her, too; for she had so long ignored her social duties, that she was as awkward as possible in their discharge.

"I make fun of Hally," said Pippin, who had just graduated, talking to her mother; "but what can you expect, when she tries to be what Dr. Banks calls a 'live teacher'? I sometimes think, mother, that any live teacher will soon be a dead one. She works from morning till night; then in the evening there is a prayer-meeting once a week, and a lecture once a week, and oh — oh — oh —" here Pippin broke off in a peal of laughter, "a *recreation evening* for the teachers and seniors, when they and the ministers, and the other literati of L——, meet and read! — guess if you can — Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy! We girls used to get some fun out of it, before the reading began and at the breaking up, with the young doctor and the minister's son; but, you know, on account of that evening study-hour, Hally never could come in till eight o'clock; and then, — oh, dear! she did look so tired and transcendental, that nobody but a German professor would have dared to speak to her. It is just so in vacation. What is the use of dragging herself out to sociables? She can't be sociable when she gets there, to save her life. She told me herself, after the last one, that she could never think of anything to say, even about the

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weather, except its probable connection with the sun-spots. The fact is, she is intellectual, and intellectual she must remain to the end; only she is n't *very* intellectual, and so it does n't amount to anything."

Thus and much more Pippin —

IV.

HALLY knew what she would have scorned to own, that she had tried her constitution too far. She said nothing, but gave up her music and her magazine-writing. Then she put out her sewing. Next, she deserted the gymnasium, to the horror of Dr. Banks. But Fate seemed to laugh at her efforts, and for her suspended duties substituted others which she could not avoid.

"We must be more thorough," said Dr. Banks; "I think it is not enough for you to collect minerals at random, and guess at their names till the professor comes and sets you right. I want you to analyze every mineral you find, by chemical and other means, and put it in its appropriate place in the cabinet."

Hally mentally determined not to find any. But he added, "And teach the pupils to do the same. One thing I 'm sure you 'll like, Miss Bird," he continued; "I know you think written examinations a great help to thoroughness, and we have determined to have them every fortnight in every class."

Hally shuddered as she thought of the piles of examination papers which would thenceforth adorn her bureau. Of what use was it that she had cleared away the foreign dictionaries, which Pippin remarked "hid, significantly, half the glass." "And," said he, further, "we think two hours a week too little for French conversation, and I think, if you will assist Mademoiselle in taking charge of it, that we can introduce it as the language at table. By studying with her a little every day, I think you could do nicely."

Hally plucked up a little spirit. "Your plans are all admirable, Dr. Banks; but the work will be so much increased, that it seems to me we shall need new teachers."

"We can't afford that," replied the doctor. "The new schools are making it hard for us to hold our own. But we shall distribute the work, and it will not bear very heavily on any one."

The doctor was a good man and a learned man; and the trustees, so were they "all honorable men"; but every individual among them had dyspepsia.

I hope no one will smile here, or suppose that the moral of what I write is pointed towards boarding-schools, or any schools, or professional men, or at anybody, but himself and everybody else in New England, simply because I have chosen, from numberless facts which my profession has furnished to me, those in regard to a boarding-school life, to point my moral.

To return, — why did not Hally find another situation? This is a more difficult thing to do than any one but a teacher guesses. Moreover, so far as Hally's experience went, she thought that, by a bitter paradox, a salary by which you could live could only be earned by killing yourself; and this does not mean the same as, "He that loseth his life, shall find it," either. I have sometimes thought that the antithetical text was true even in this connection.

Still you must remember, that up to this time Hally had overworked

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herself. If she had been obliged to do more work than she ought, it was also true that she had done a great deal more than she was obliged.

"Oh!" said Pippin, "if you only *would* shirk. You have the conscience of a Puritan."

The conscience of a Puritan is a sublime thing; yet I heard a phrenologist, a few days ago, remark to his subject, "You have too much conscience." Is that possible?

A good friend who met Hally at this time inquired about her music, etc., etc., etc. "I have given up everything," said Hally, sadly. "I was getting rather tired, and everybody said it was the music, or the German, or the Botany, or anything in fact but the one thing it is, — this horrible tread-mill of a school that I hate. When people are being killed, everybody always lays it to the thing they love best." — "Did you know," said this gentleman, calmly, "that people will kill themselves to do what they like to do?" — "O," burst out Hally, "how can anybody consent to give the whole life to what he hates?"

"You would not hate your school nor your scholars, if you were not overtired." And Hally perceived that he was right.

But, as we have seen, she was now trying desperately to rest. She even shirked a little; that is, she went on teaching upon her old fund of knowledge. So she just kept herself from sinking for a few months, when other duties arose which she could not shirk. Firstly, Pippin being no longer upon her hands, Hally had arranged to help her little brother Toodles, now a tall lad of sixteen, with his education. That cramped her somewhat. Then her father fell ill and was laid up all winter; and though Pippin taught a village school, the burden fell so heavily upon Hally that she could not refuse the offer made her by the editor of an educational magazine, to write a series of articles on methods of teaching. She struggled through the winter, and when she went home for her vacation, she found her mother worn out with fatigue and watching. What could she do? The usual dish-washing by day, of course, saying cheerfully, and even believing, that as it was a change from the brain-work she had been doing, it could not harm her. But then, who, without a heart of adamant, could see her overworked mother sitting up night after night, and not insist upon helping? So Hally watched two nights in the week, and went back to school totally wrecked. Her father was recovering quite rapidly now, and the pressure was in a great measure removed; but the mischief was done. Did Hally break down? Not a bit of it. There are only three ways for a person like her to break down. Some work till the last minute and "die standing," like Branwell Brontë. Emily Brontë consented to lie down the day before her death. These are the people who say, —

> "*I* prosper when I gain an inch,
> Though a nail then pierced my foot."

They are mostly geniuses. Hally, not being a genius, did not end in this way.

The second way of breaking down is to become insane.

The third course is pursued by those who are called "very sensible." Just before they are ready to die or become insane, they say, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and decide to take a little rest *to save them from breaking down.* I have never told you anything to lead

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you to think Hally was very sensible, yet she had her streak of common-sense, too. Firstly, she perceived something serious was the matter with her. Up to this time she had supposed she was not nervous. She was calm externally, but her nerves had unchecked supremacy in secret. I will not enter into the nervous details. Nine tenths of the people who read these lines could describe them as well as I. But I will tell you what Hally herself afterwards said about them: "It was as if I was originally supplied with millions of the most sensitive nerves, only that they were covered up with several inches of flesh. Instead of wearing them through at this point and that, till there were tender places here and there, I had, in my endeavor to cultivate myself uniformly, worn myself out uniformly, till, at last, the merest cuticle lay over the whole structure, and at any moment I was liable to reach the last capacity of endurance." How about the "one hoss shay," my friends? The person to whom Hally made these remarks was myself, for it was at this time that she came to me. It was not her suffering or her weariness that brought her, but Robert Collyer. She read his sermon, Omega.

"You are overdrawing your account, my friend." "There will come a day when you will find that nature has shut down upon you, and will not listen to any plea of necessity." "You may drift on to seventy; but you have done at forty, and the rest will be only one weary drag." Poor Hally! could it be that she had done at twenty-five?

But the appeal which touched her most was this, "I see men sometimes in society, who will let no pressure of business or care crowd them so that they cannot afford time for sympathy, and to give a helping hand in matters that are above the price of money, giving what money cannot buy, the *life and light of an unworn nature.*"

Poor Hally! there was no light and life left in her worn nature. Of late she was even beginning to be cross to her scholars, — though she was too wise not to know it did them no good to scold at them. Hally cried, and could not go to sleep, — she passed a good many restless nights now, — and the next day being a Saturday, she came to the city to consult a physician. I happened to be the man. I suppose I do not have the monopoly of all the broken-down ministers, lawyers, teachers, book-keepers, sewing-machine girls, etc., which this city afford; but I have been visited by a sufficient number of such to know, the moment I saw the little figure in black in my waiting-room, what to expect.

"You are quite worn out, I see?"

She started with surprise. "I have been working rather hard, and feel tired. I want to get some medicine to strengthen me a little."

I knew very well what medicine she needed; but I also knew that she would not think I understood what to prescribe unless I had heard the "symptoms." So I asked for them. She smiled as she replied, "I have no symptoms; I am merely tired."

But as the remedy I meant to give her was much simpler and more difficult to take than a bottle of medicine, I pursued my inquiries. She told me, not everything I have told you, to be sure, but enough of it for me to guess the rest. Her symptoms would not interest you. Suffice it to say they were very

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alarming, for they showed a frightfully benumbed condition of the vital forces, and a frightfully active condition of the nervous system.

"You need rest, Miss Bird," I said.

Of course she then explained how she was endeavoring to rest, and that it did not seem to answer the purpose.

"Because you are too tired to be cured by any half means," I replied. "Sleep twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, if you can; do not look at a book for a year, eat nourishing food, and at any time, when you are awake and really want to do something, take a little gentle exercise in the flower-garden, in the sunshine; but never urge yourself to do anything you do not actually wish to do."

Hally laughed. She thought I was exaggerating. So do you, no doubt. That is the reward which people receive who are deeply in earnest.

"I should never do anything, then," said she, "for everything is an effort; and I *must* work."

I knew my only chance was to frighten her. "If you *must* work, Miss Bird, you will soon be past working. I don't say you'll die, but you'll be past cure, and will be a helpless invalid, a burden on your friends." Hally winced. It was for the sake of her friends that she felt the necessity of working. I guessed as much, and by a few judicious questions drew out from her the circumstances, which I am quite sure she would never have divulged to anybody but a stranger and a physician.

"I see the temptation is strong," I said, "but you have reached the point where you *must* stop."

"How can we ever be too tired to do our duty?" she asked in dismay.

"It is the just reward for overworking ourselves, in doing what is not our duty," I said. "You have been doing Music and German and Metaphysics, and Heaven knows what; now you are to pay the price for all that fine stock of knowledge."

"Only I have n't it," said Hally, almost ready to cry. "You see I have had to give up, just as I was getting fairly started in everything."

"No doubt you are right," said I; "but if somebody sits on your new bonnet before you have worn it, you have to pay the milliner just the same. And if you could n't pay, it was foolish to buy the bonnet, don't you think? Your ambition to outshine your neighbors has led you to make a great mistake, Miss Bird."

I saw she was hurt, and I was sorry, but my patience has been tried beyond endurance with this class of people. They are so insufferably obstinate. "I never wanted to outshine my neighbors," said the injured Miss Bird, "but I did care so very much about knowing all those things, and then I felt it was really my duty to cultivate all my powers."

"Why did you not choose some one thing for which you had a talent and cultivate that? Perhaps you could have ventured so much."

"Because I have no talent for anything in particular," said Hally, "only I have just enough in ever so many directions so that I thought I was likely to succeed if I had patience and perseverance enough. And I felt it would be wrong to fail because I had not these."

O, the conscientious ambition of a New Englander!

"Why, Dr. Smith," said Hally, "if we did *nothing* but our day's work, we should be clods."

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It was almost irresistible, this aspiration and struggling towards a higher heaven and a purer æther, but, thanks to the good stars, I had presence of mind enough to say: —

"What are we, Miss Bird, when we have not strength to do even our day's work properly?"

She sighed. She saw the force of that argument. "Let it pass," she said; "I have laid aside any wish or hope I may have had of being a woman as well as a school-teacher. I only ask you for help in doing the work which Providence has assigned to me."

You see she was very morbid; but I could not help that. "What do you want me to do, Miss Bird?"

"I want some *strengthening medicine*," she said. "Of course, if my vital forces are low, they need something to stimulate them."

I confess I do not like to be instructed about my own profession; but I was really so sorry for the poor girl that I kept my temper.

"I also said your nervous system was rampant, did I not? That must be subdued, and the only way to bring that result about is to sleep, sleep, sleep, just as long as you wish."

"It is curious," said Hally, "I have always been thought rather sleepy, but I do not require as much sleep as I once did."

"Because you are too nervous to sleep, you think you don't *require* it," I thundered, now fairly enraged. "Lock yourself in a quiet room for a week with bread and water beside you — and we'll see if you would n't be sleepy after the first three days."

"Now, Miss Bird, confess," I continued, "you have already tried remedies of your own. Wine? Have n't you!"

She blushed. "And when that proved too stimulating, you tried ale, of course. And that made you sleepy; but you did not sleep, for you took your dose during school hours, when you felt your nerves getting beyond your control, and you were too proud to have hysterics before your scholars. You need no stimulant, but nourishing food. I suppose you get that even in that abominable school, there has been such a hue and cry about starvation diet. But your girls will break down till there is a reform about sleeping, too."

"Yet they are as well at school as at home," said Hally.

"O, yes," said I, "the poor girls are overworked at home, and the rich ones overdanced. I am not complaining of your establishment in particular. It is only a type of what goes on everywhere now, especially here in New England. There is 'so much to do,' there are 'such things to be,' and since the days of the telegraph and railroad, any given thing is so accessible that it is not strange that we believe it possible to be and do and know everything. The whole world has the temptation, but America especially; for Americans work quicker than others, and they naturally 'calculate' that if they work the same number of hours, they will accomplish more. But there is a fallacy here. Our school-books teach us that Momentum = Quantity multiplied by Velocity. If your Velocity is to be increased, your Quantity must be diminished, or else, I give you my word for it, the machine will break. The question of the day is more threatening in New England than elsewhere, because of the very best quality she possesses, — her conscientiousness. While working from

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dawn till midnight, one half a New Englander's mind is uttering a continual protest that he is not accomplishing more. It is the worry that kills him, after all. The Germans are as industrious, they work on the principle, 'without haste, without rest.' They accomplish much, but worry not a whit about what they can't accomplish."

"How much sleep do you think a healthy person needs?" asked Hally, recalling me to my text.

"How should I know?" said I. "No two people are made just alike. Sleep till you wake up, and then lie in bed till you would really rather rise than lie longer."

Hally laughed. She evidently thought this another of my exaggerations. She knew, and so did I, that if she applied that rule to herself, she would hardly leave her room for a month to come. *She* was wakened every morning by a bell, and had to summon every atom of nerve she had left to stagger out of bed.

"Well," I added, "for convenience, take the Mason's rule. "Eight hours for sleep, eight for work, eight for recreation." That is meant for healthy, mature men, who do physical labor, which always calls for less sleep than brain-work. I should say most women could not get on comfortably with less than nine hours, regularly. As for your school-girls, they are still growing, and I should say they ought to be required to take nine hours, encouraged to take ten, and allowed to go to bed as early as ever they please. Now, you say you had but seven hours while you were at school. At the least calculation you lost two hours a night all that time. Of course your system would remonstrate till it was made up. But instead of making it up, you have kept on losing ever since. I hate figures, but you can reckon it up and see how long you need to sleep now before you will be in as good condition as when you first went to school."

"But people say there is so much in habit," urged Hally, feebly.

"Very true," said I. "No doubt you could learn to live comfortably on half the nourishment your body requires per diem; but you must not be surprised if you are stunted. And, of course, it is out of the question for you ever to be mentally what you had a fair right to expect to become when you were sixteen."

I know this was cruel, but then it was true; my conscience is descended from the Puritans, too, and I would not have told her a lie to save her life; but I knew it was all up with her unless I could seriously frighten her.

I think she was convinced. She said she was, thanked me for my advice, paid the fee, and went away, after a three hours' consultation.

That was five years ago, and I have never seen her since. I cannot tell you what has become of her. She may be married. I hardly think so, though that would be a good thing, provided she has a good husband. But a girl who has overworked in a boarding-school from sixteen to twenty-five, who has thereby lost her taste for society, even if any society was open to her, — who is poor and not pretty, — such a girl is quite likely to be an old maid to the end of the chapter.

She may be dead or insane. She had will enough to bring her to either of those catastrophes, and not too much common-sense.

Yet she was rather sensible, too. I should not wonder very much if

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she followed my advice, and was by this time a happy, commonplace old maid.

V.

WHAT funny coincidences there are in this world! While this manuscript still lay in my desk, waiting for me to revise it, before I sent it into the world in search of a publisher, my young friend, Susie Benton, just returned from boarding-school, came in to see me. She was looking so fresh that I declared I did not believe she had been at school at all. "Oh, that's all owing to Miss Bird," said she.

Of course I pricked up my ears at this, and learned — that Miss Bird was a teacher, who, having once broken down from overwork herself, had determined that no one else could do the same if she could help it, and was constantly coaxing the doctor to shorten the study hours, and have the breakfast bell later, and give holidays. "She does not know as much as some of the other teachers," said the candid Susie, "and she is only a two-thirds teacher, that is, she does only two-thirds work, and has only a two-thirds salary; but you see that gives her time to be *perfectly delightful*."

Convinced that this could be no other than my old friend Hally, I took the next leisure day to pay her a visit. Could this rosy young woman be the cadaverous Miss Bird? She wore a cheap muslin dress without a speck of trimming. You cannot eat your cake, and keep it too; and if she could only earn a two-thirds salary, and would not oversew, how could she have flounces and furbelows? Nevertheless, Hally Bird, at thirty, looked ten years younger than she did at twenty-five.

I asked her how she had contrived it.

"I left school at once," she said, "though Dr. Banks thought it dishonorable. I had to be dependent on my father two years, a year that I thought it right to rest, and a year owing to the difficulty in finding a new situation. Poor Toodles had to leave school for a while. It was a great disappointment, but I think he has always been the stronger for the rest from study. Would you believe that, for weeks after I went home, I could not read a page of the simplest book to save my life, and for the two years I averaged twelve hours sleep every night."

"What has become of the Greek and Latin and German?" I asked.

"Dead languages, every one," she answered.

"And the music?"

"A lost art."

"I am glad to find one healthy, happy woman," said I. "You are satisfied now, are you not, to let the *extras* go?"

There was a sad change in her face. "I think I am doing right," she said, "and I hope to save others from suffering. But I pity a climbing plant whose tendrils must be lopped off. I realize painfully that I once had mind and body enough to make twice the woman I am. You were right. My mental powers have not deteriorated, to be sure, but they are stunted, however," — this with a pleasant smile. "I am well and happy, and feel like blessing you, Dr. Smith, as 'the man who first invented sleep.'"

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FARMERS AND RAILROADS.

BY EDWARD STANWOOD.

THERE are undoubtedly many people who rejoice at the present warlike attitude of the western farmers and the western railroads. They look upon the contest simply as a means of advancing their own personal and political fortunes. Both to disinterested spectators of the battle, and to those who are sincerely and actively engaged in it, the necessity for hostilities must be a source of profound regret.

To the first class it is a warfare between interests; interests that should be friendly and harmonious; a warfare that, of necessity, disarranges values all over the country, interferes with and checks business, and sets up a local issue to be fought over in a manner that promises anything but an increase of political purity in the country. To those among the combatants who reflect seriously on the situation, and on the possible results of this transportation war, their course must seem like a "justifiable assault" upon the man who should be their best friend. It is as impossible for the railroads to get along without the farmers as for the farmers to get along without the railroads. The two parties cannot prosper if they are to remain permanently hostile to each other. The railroad managers should desire anything rather than a complete victory; for such a result would leave a spirit of hatred in the defeated that would rankle, and by and by break out again in a new way and a new place. The farmers, too, should be careful lest they go too far, for if they make the railroad business unprofitable, they will be in a worse position than they have been in heretofore.

There are two sides to this question It is the purpose of this article to state as briefly and concisely as possible the facts and the arguments on both sides.

What is the matter in controversy? The most general statement would be, that the farmers believe that the railroads charge too high a price for freight. There are various forms of the allegation, but this statement covers it. It is especially objected that discrimination has been made in favor of some points and against others. Some of the farmers believe that railway managers of the lines east of Chicago, where competition is keen, recoup themselves by high charges west of Chicago.

Now to say that railroad charges for the transportation of grain to the distributing points, and to the markets of consumption, are excessive, is to say that farming is made impossible, or, at all events, unremunerative, in the great interior. If the production of breadstuffs in an eastern state is possible, every addition to the cost of grain imported from the west renders it more probable that an effort will be made to produce a supply at home. If grain production is difficult, there will be more economy in consumption. Either result is injurious to the great cereal-raising states.

The question will naturally resolve itself into several branches, which it is proposed to examine in turn: Is it true that the railroads have charged excessively for the transportation of grain? Are the causes of the diffi-

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culties under which the farmers labor what the farmers suppose? Is the remedy which the leaders in the new movement propose likely to be effectual? Is there any other remedy that promises better?

Of course, the right or wrong of the controversy depends largely on the answer to the first of these four questions, but after all it is not the most important practical question. But as it is the starting point of the present agitation, it deserves a serious and careful consideration.

There are not, as some suppose, two theories in regard to the nature of railroad charters. Those charters are contracts which require the companies to perform a given service, namely, to serve the public at reasonable rates; and which confer upon the companies certain specified privileges, namely, to acquire property as for public uses, and to make money out of the service they perform. There may be exaggerated ideas of the service required of the companies, and erroneous views of what are reasonable rates, as there certainly are wrong notions of the powers of railroad corporations and unsound theories of the character of the privileges secured to them by their charters. But practically the only theory is that just stated. The public acknowledge the rights of corporations; the railway managers admit their obligations. The definition of both may very well be left to the courts, which must ultimately decide the question in spite of argument on the one side or the other. For the purposes of this article it will be assumed as conceded, that no railroad has a right to charge an excessive rate for transportation, and that on the other hand the public, as represented by its legislators, is not justified in interfering with the management of such roads until they violate their obligations to the public.

A great deal is said in these days about its being a question whether the state shall control the railways or the railways the state. This is a superficial way of stating the question. The trouble arose in the first place because, after the contract had been made, a sensitive public began to demand new conditions before it had been ascertained whether the contract would be kept. The corporations, in self-defence, adopted the plan of manipulating the legislatures to prevent the imposition of the new conditions. And, as a general rule, the requests of railroads before the legislatures, to which they have often secured favorable answers by the most corrupt means, have not been for new privileges, but that they should be allowed to avail themselves of the rights granted them at the beginning. In this matter the railroads cannot justly be blamed for the mere fact of having put themselves on the defensive, while, in the manner of their self-protection, they have laid themselves open to the severest censure. It would be greatly to the advantage of the companies, and not less beneficial to our political morals, if the railroads should be told what would be expected of them during the next ten years; that during that time there should be neither further restriction nor enlargement of their privileges, but that the law should be rigidly enforced. However, as no one in a responsible position is bold enough to bring forward and urge such a policy, it is useless now to discuss its advantages and disadvantages.

It would be impossible in the brief limits of a magazine article to ex-

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amine thoroughly the question of railroad rates. The most that can be done is to lay down certain general principles and make some suggestions which may help readers in deciding the question for themselves. It is, or should be admitted, in the first place, that the railroad corporations have a moral right to charge such a rate as will enable them to pay a fair, — say ten per cent, — profit on money actually invested after defraying legitimate expenses. Further than this they have not a moral right to go, whatever their charters or the law of the states creating them may permit. Wasteful management, extravagant expenditures and stock-watering, as well as excessive dividends, would be condemned by this rule. But who is to decide what is wasteful and extravagant? Stock-watering can be absolutely prevented, as it has been in Massachusetts. Excessive dividends may be discouraged, as they have always been in the same State, and a restriction may be wholly put upon all roads hereafter chartered. Errors of management and squandering of money cannot be dealt with in the same way, nor is it easy to see how a law can be framed to put a stop to them without a complete assumption of the management of railroads by the government, — a policy that, in spite of its attractiveness, should never be adopted by an American state. When the great evil of stock-watering has been abolished, we may safely trust the stockholders with their own property. When it is necessary to look after the pence in order to make out a dividend-paying profit, the pence will be looked after.

On the other hand, it is not to be assumed that all apparent extravagance is really extravagance, or that all of what is called stock-watering is actually so. Money has been wisely spent in making passenger cars elegant and comfortable, and large sums have been expended in advertising, — two examples of what some would wrongly call wastefulness. It is not properly a watering of stock when a great company buys a branch and issues stock below the market rate to raise money to pay for it. It is not to be denied, however, that many roads have been guilty of both forms of wrong-doing, and it will grieve few people to observe that their subsequent history almost invariably contains experience that seems very like retribution.

Again, it is to be remembered on the part of the anti-railroad men that the fancy calculations of the possibility of bringing grain to the seaboard at a rate of half a cent a ton a mile, by a succession of slow, equidistant trains, have no application to existing roads. On any road doing a mixed business, passengers and freight, the former must always dominate over the latter, even when three-quarters of the revenue is from freight. The proposed system could admit of no derangement of freight trains by the interference of passenger trains; and as the calculation is only made on the basis of regular uninterrupted freight business, no existing road can be expected to put down its charges to the extreme low figure mentioned.

The chief complaint is of local charges, of special rates, and of undue favoring of "competing points." With reference to local charges, the interests of the railroads draw them in two opposite directions. Selfishness and short-sightedness dictate high prices to and from small stations. It costs more to handle freight at those points. It costs as much to

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stop the train to take one car load as to take six. The proportional cost of labor will be greater where the business is smaller. These considerations, were there no others, would lead every company to make the small places pay dearly for the service they get. But there is another side. In a great farming country every station is capable of large growth. What may be good temporary policy may not be good permanently. It is the highest interest of the railroads to encourage, by special privileges, the growth of the smaller stations. It is not asserted that all the companies have followed the wiser course in this matter, but some of them have done so, and have found their great reward for their good sense.

Special rates are given in some cases to large shippers. We have never heard it charged that favor was shown to one person and denied to another, who was in an equally favorable position to ask a special rate, though this may occasionally have been done. In general, special rates are no more than a wholesale price, which is given in all trades.

In considering whether any given charge is reasonable or not, a great variety of circumstances must be taken into account. In the first place, if the price of grain transportation is in question, we must know whether the company has an opportunity to do a large business, taking all branches together, and particularly whether there is a large amount of grain to be carried. Again, we must know whether at the point of shipment the business is large or small. Thirdly, we must be told whether the freight is to be carried through, or only locally. These are the main points to be decided, but there are others hardly less important Of course, the question of capital is to be considered, to some extent, but a distinction must be made, which we mention here, although it interrupts our line of thought for a moment. The corporations have a right to charge a price that will yield a fair return on their capital actually paid in. They have no right to make the public pay the same dividends on their diluted stock they might reasonably demand on their legitimate investments. How is this rate to be ascertained? Perhaps it cannot be accurately determined, but an approximation can be made. All roads keep an account of gross receipts and gross expenditures. The net earnings vary, somewhat; but it would be easy, by taking an average of a dozen roads whose stock was not watered, of a character as nearly as possible like that of the road under examination, to ascertain what should be a proper proportion of net earnings to gross receipts, and the excess would be a measure of the extortion practised. Or, it could be determined what would be a fair amount of net earnings to a mile of road, and the excess would again be the measure of the extortion.

It follows, necessarily, from what has been said, that railroads are not all alike any more than men are. Some companies have abused their privileges shamefully, and deserve not merely punishment but extinction, if it were in the power of any legislature to condemn them to death. Others have obeyed not only the law but the dictates of pure consciences. They have neither been extortioners, nor corrupters of the public morals. But the goodness of the few, — or of the many, if you will, — is not so

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much of an argument as some railway managers appear to think it. Honest men are included with rogues in the legal prohibition of theft; and the law against murder is for the mildest tempers as well as the most violent. It is, therefore, not a forcible argument against a general law prohibiting extortion that some railroads have never practised it.

These facts will help us in considering the question of rates at "competing points." In the first place, such points are usually at the outset, or very soon grow to be, important stations and places of large shipment. They partake more than way stations do of the character of terminal points, even if they are not so in fact. All these considerations tend to make rates low, even though there were not the additional reason that two roads are endeavoring to get the same business, and lower their charges in order to do so. Now there is a new distinction to be made, by which it will be seen that there may be fair discrimination at competing points, as well as unfair. If, for instance, it is forty-eight miles from A to B and fifty from A to C, on one line, and forty miles only from A to C by another line, it is difficult to see who is injured by the first named road offering to take freight between A and C as cheap as the second, and cheaper than its rates between A and B. It gives the people of A and C two routes, but the longer one will almost never be used, unless the shorter is badly managed. It may be that the first line could not do the through business at its rates, except at a loss. Very well; in nine cases out of ten it cannot get it at all. It merely makes an offer that is not accepted, or accepted to so small an extent that the result does not greatly affect the revenues or expenses of the road making it. B has the misfortune to be at a greater distance from A than C is,—by the short line which sets the rate. It would have had no better terms if the short line had not run to C, and it suffers in no way from the favor showed to its neighbor. On the other hand, if the distance between the two common points is not materially different by the two lines, and real competition is keen between the companies, it may, and often does in practice, happen that rates are put down to a point where neither line can make any money. They snatch the trade at whatever they can get for it. The business is carried on at a positive loss, from a sense of pride, or from a desire to crush out a rival. Then the other stations on the two lines do suffer. They are compelled to pay a higher rate in order that the dividends may be made good; and if it happens that the road they have to deal with is one of the watered lines, they suffer seriously by the extortion. The greater part of the dividends on ordinary roads does come from the local stations, and for them it is a vital question, whether they must pay interest on capital that has been created out of nothing.

The exceeding difficulty of enacting a law that shall prevent unjust and improper discriminations without interfering with necessary and proper distinctions, is obvious at a glance. Whether it is wise, in such a dilemma, to prohibit all discriminations, it is not the province of this article to discuss.

The self-interest of railroad corporations does lead them to some extent to reduce their rates generally from year to year. And this is true not only of the eastern railroads, of

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which there is less complaint, but of the western roads as well. A few figures on this point will be instructive. We take the reports of three lines leading out of Chicago to the west and south, made to their stockholders, and printed in Poor's Manual for different years. These reports were not, therefore, made for the purpose of proving innocence of the present charges against the corporations.

The average charge per ton per mile on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific road in 1862, was 2.69 cents. In 1865 it had risen with the general rise in prices to 3.45 cents. In 1868 it had fallen to 2.98 cents; and the average in 1872 was 2.49 cents.

The average tariff of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road also rose during the war and reached a maximum of 3.70 cents per ton per mile in 1866. From that time there was a decline. In 1868 the rate was 3.18 cents, which was reduced to 3 06 cents in 1870, and to 2.20 cents in 1872.

The average tariff on the Illinois Central was but 1.95 cents in 1863; it rose to its maximum of 3.19 cents in 1866; had fallen to 2 46 in 1868; to 2.31 in 1870; to 2.08 cents in 1872.

Now, it is to be observed in each of these cases, that the latest charge mentioned is lower, in gold, than the first named. For instance, with gold at 112, the specie cost of freight per ton per mile, on the Illinois Central railroad in the year 1872, would be 1.86 cents, or .09 cent lower than in 1863. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy charge of 2.20 cents, in 1872, would be 1.96 cents, which is .24 cent less than the tariff in 1864,—the earliest we can obtain. The Rock Island charge of 2.49 cents, in 1872, is 2.22 cents in gold; which is no less than .47 cent below the average tariff at the beginning of the war. It will be admitted universally, that prices of all articles that go to make railroad transportation costly, have advanced far more than the gold premium On the other hand, business has increased so much that it is equitable that a reduction, and a large reduction, should be made. These considerations are incidental, however, the main point being, that the self-interest of the railroads prompts them to accede to the demands for a reasonable reduction of rates. Whether they make a sufficient reduction is a question involving railroad economics, an analysis of the proper cost of transportation, and allied problems to such an extent that it would be wholly impossible to discuss it here.

Rail transportation of flour from Chicago to New York, June 1, 1864, was $1.50 per barrel. On June 1, 1873, it was 90 cents. Fourth class freight was 75 cents per hundred pounds in 1864, and 45 cents in 1873. To Boston the charges were $1.60 and 80 cents in 1864; $1.00 and 50 cents in 1873. The returns of the Michigan Central Railroad show that there has been a regular and continuous reduction of the tariffs, both through and local. The rate on through freight, which was 2.45 cents per ton per mile in 1868, and 1.98 cents in 1870, was only 1.57 cents during the year ended with May, 1873. There has been quite as great a decline in local freight, which began at 3.66 cents per ton per mile in 1868, and has gone down to 2.51 cents in 1873; the annual reduction varying only between .14 and .28 cent. Without citing the figures, it may be stated

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as a remarkable fact, capable of the fullest proof, that the average freight rates on the New York Central line have been diminished more than fifty per cent in the last seven years.

All these reductions have been made without any compulsory legislation, and, what is worthy of notice, the greatest decrease is noticeable in the very road of all others in the country which has probably the least to fear from unfavorable legislation.

The state of affairs which we see, then, is a general reduction of freights year by year, by the voluntary action of railroad corporations. To which it must be immediately added that the reductions are smaller than they should have been by just the amount used to pay dividends on stock and interest on bonds issued without an equivalent investment being made by the purchase of property. It may be that further reductions could be made without in the least diminishing the revenues or the profits of the companies, but that is purely a problem in railway administration which only experts can discuss intelligently. But, at all events, we may here say, with indisputable facts to support us, in answer to the first question we proposed to ourselves, that some roads, namely, those that have actually watered their stock, do charge and have charged more than they ought to have done for the transportation of freight, and their rates have therefore been excessive and extortionate. Not all roads have been guilty, and not all guilty roads have been culpable in the same degree, but on the whole the charge of extortion is sustained against a great many of them.

But is the real difficulty what the farmers have supposed? It is evident to everybody that excessively high rates of transportation will diminish exports, will cause such economy, and will so stimulate production in the less fertile centres of consumption, that it would be impossible for the farmers of the west to dispose of their crops. On the other hand, a very sudden and great reduction of freights would be quite as little for the general good. In the first place, it would prove a serious injury to agricultural interests in the middle states. The value of land there depends to a great extent on its nearness to market. The census of 1870 gives the number of acres of improved land in farms in New York at about fifteen and a half million; in Ohio, fourteen and a half million; in Illinois, nineteen and a third million. The value of Illinois farms, the largest in extent, was 920 million dollars; of Ohio farms, 1054 million dollars; of New York farms, 1273 millions. The same census shows that the average production to an improved acre was of the value of $10.92 in Illinois; $13.67 in Ohio; and $16.35 in New York. It needs no argument at all to prove that were the cost of transportation to become an insignificant part of the price of grain, it would assist distant producers at the direct expense of the nearer. Now, the farmers of New York, Ohio and Michigan might as naturally object to an artificial lowering of the freight charges as the farmers of the more western states demand it. We do not propose this as a fair subject for a fight between two sections, but to show that it is not primarily everybody's interest that freights shall be immediately and violently reduced.

Again, even if there might be a great reduction without injury to any section of country, is it certain that

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the result would be necessarily a great benefit to the grain producers? Let us trace out the successive results. In the first place, the price of grain at the seaboard would probably be reduced by about the amount of the decrease in freights. This would cause an increase of consumption and a larger demand for exportation, but at first it would only insure the farmer at the west that he could sell a larger part of his crop at the old price. If the enlarged demand should overtake the supply, it would raise prices. But would demand probably overtake supply? We have gone on increasing our production in spite of all the drawbacks at an enormous ratio; the wheat crop of 1860 was seventy-three per cent larger than that of 1850; that of 1870 was sixty-six per cent larger than that of 1860; and the crop of 1870 was 187 per cent larger than that of 1850, although during the twenty years our population increased only sixty-seven per cent. So that whereas in 1850 we raised but four and three-tenths bushels of wheat to the head of population, in 1870, we raised seven and four-tenths bushels for every man, woman and child in the country. Either we went hungry in 1850 or we had a great surplus in 1870. If prices continued low, then, after a reduction in freights, the farmer would not be benefited at all. If they rose, the increase would serve as a still further unhealthy stimulus to over production which, in turn, would speedily bring down prices.

But it may be said that the demand for export, stimulated by the diminished cost, would regulate the price and give a great impetus to the trade. It will be conceded that Great Britain is and must be practically our only market for the export of grain, for there is no other great purchaser of breadstuffs in the world. But Great Britain itself is a great grain producing country and is only dependent upon foreign countries for the deficiency. And this deficiency is an exceedingly fluctuating quantity. The importations of wheat and flour into Great Britain in 1853 were fifty million bushels; in 1855, twenty-six million bushels; in 1860, fifty-nine million bushels; in 1862, ninety-three million bushels; in 1865, forty-eight million bushels; in 1869, eighty-three millions; in 1872, eighty-eight millions. Now, if we were raising enough wheat per head in 1850, we have now 3.1 bushel per head to spare, and this, for our population, amounts to nearly one hundred and ten million bushels, — more than Great Britain has needed to buy of all the world in any one year. It is clear, in the first place, that we cannot afford to lay our plans solely with reference to the prospect of selling in a market requiring so uncertain a supply; in the second place, that we cannot compete successfully in the English market either with the proximity of France or the cheapness of production in the Baltic and Black sea districts; and, thirdly, that being already able to spare Great Britain all she needs, a constant stream of emigration to the west, and an almost equal addition to the grain production, are rapidly carrying the supply beyond the demand, and must do so for many years to come.

Therefore, although it is no doubt true that cheaper transportation would cause an increased demand, it is not at all certain that the reform would not add such a further stimulus to production further west than the present grain-growing centre, as practically to neutralize whatever

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advantage the farmers might at first derive from it. It is not to be denied that the cheapening of food at the east would prove a great blessing to consumers; but we take it that what the farmers desire is not so much philanthropically to benefit eastern mechanics, as to obtain for themselves a larger share of the prices now obtained at the seaboard.

The political adventurers who have been trying for the past few months to capture the farmers' movement, have endeavored to direct it into an assault on the tariff. This is not the place to discuss the question of free trade or protection; the only proper problem for us to consider is, whether the tariff on iron is responsible for the high price of transportation, assuming for the moment that the great evil is excessive freights. Let us take the case of freight transported over the New York Central road, furnished with double track weighing sixty-five pounds to the yard, which is considerably above the average of that road. Let us also grant that the iron in rails represents only half of the railroad's consumption; and finally, that all iron, whether American or imported, in reality pays the tax of sixty-three cents a hundred pounds.

The weight of iron in one mile of single track would be 228,800 pounds; for the 470 miles between New York and Buffalo, 107,536,000 pounds. Doubling this amount for double track, and doubling it again for all the other iron used by the road, we get 430,144,000 pounds. The tariff on this amount at 63 cents per hundred pounds would be $2,709,907.20. We will suppose that the company exacts enough annually to pay ten per cent on this sum, that is $270,990.72. Now we will further suppose that the whole of this extra amount is assessed on freight and none on passengers; to how much will it amount? The New York Central road carried last year 1,021 million tons of freight one mile. Hence, the dividend on the extra capital required to pay the duty on iron would increase the cost of transporting a ton of merchandise one mile by the sum of .0264 of a cent. For the whole 470 miles, this extra charge on a ton would be 12.4 cents. For a bushel of wheat weighing sixty pounds, the extra charge would be thirty-seven one hundredths of a cent. If, instead of the distance between Buffalo and New York, we take, say fifteen hundred miles, we shall find that the whole enhancement of the cost of transportation of a bushel of wheat, in consequence of the tariff, on the most liberal allowance, is less than one and one-fifth cents; to be exact, it is 1.188 cents. We fancy that no intelligent farmer who examines these figures will allow himself to be persuaded that protection of the iron interest has ruined him.

We have now to propound what we believe to be the real cause of the state of things which has so properly alarmed western producers. They may be stated under two heads: a vicious currency, and too general attention to one branch of industry.

Few who have not studied the philosophy of finance carefully, can be aware how great a derangement of values our still depreciated currency causes. One of the aptest illustrations of our condition was made a year or two ago by one of our keenest amateur economists. Our currency, he said, is a bay shut in by gates, at a higher level than the ocean beyond. Until the level

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is the same, we can neither go out if we are in, nor in if we are out. Our efforts have been to raise the sea to our level, instead of, as ought naturally to be done, to open the gates and let ourselves down.

Although only a small per centage of our products is exported, the export price determines the home price. The price to the consumer is in gold. The farmer gets his pay in currency, which, after deducting the cost of transportation, is practically the gold price to consumer plus the premium on gold. But the articles which he must buy for his own use, as a consumer, have gone through the process of adding the premium on gold several times, and hence the money paid him for his produce has a smaller purchasing power than it would have were the currency reformed. This is but one of numberless illustrations that might be given of the injurious working of our artificial currency system. We do not discuss it further, first, because it is too intricate a question to be thoroughly examined within our limits; and secondly, because there is not the slightest chance that in the multiplicity of views upon finance, any person of influence in public affairs would deem it worth while to review his own theories.

We presume that few even among our western readers realize the one-sidedness of western and southern industry. In the nine most southern states of the Union, from North Carolina to Texas, the census reports 2,433,616 persons as engaged in some occupation, and of these 1,822,886 are employed in agriculture, being practically three-quarters of the whole. The proportion is not quite so great in the west, but it is greater than the average of the whole country even though all the south be included. The following table, compiled from the census, shows how great a proportion of the people in seven states follow one occupation.

State.	Population.	All Occ.	Agricul.
Illinois,	2,539,891	742 015	376 441
Iowa,	1,194,020	344,276	210,263
Kansas,	364,399	123,852	73,228
Minnesota,	439,706	132,657	75,157
Missouri,	1,721,295	505,558	263,918
Nebraska,	122,293	43,837	23,115
Wisconsin,	1,054,670	292,808	150,687
Total,	7,436,274	2,175,001	1,181,809
Total for U. S.	38,558,371	12,505,923	5,922,471

It will be seen that fifty-four per cent of those who report any occupation at all in these states were engaged in farming, the proportion for the whole country being but forty-seven per cent. In Kansas, the percentage was fifty-nine, and in Iowa sixty-one. And it is an amazing fact that in these two states practically one person out of every five in the entire population, — men, women and children, — is actively employed in agriculture.

This, however, is only part of the story. These western states are not merely greatly devoted to one department of human industry; they are devoted to one class of productions in that department, — cereals, — and to two articles of that class, — wheat and Indian corn. The total value of other agricultural products in the seven states of the northwest beyond Indiana is by no means to be despised, but it is insignificant as compared with the vast amount of the two cereal productions named. The figures are so amazing that we give them in tabular form, although the deductions we are to make need only the totals.

	Produced in 1870.	
State.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.
Illinois,	30,128,405	129 921,396
Iowa.	20,435,992	68.935,065
Kansas,	2.491,198	17,025,[illegible]26
Minnesota,	18,866.073	4.743,117
Missouri,	14,315.926	66,034 075
Nebraska,	2,116.066	4,736,710
Wisconsin,	25,606,344	15,033,998
Total,	122,957.724	306,429,885
Total in U. S.	287,745,626	750,944,549

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These states have but nineteen per cent of the aggregate population of the country. They raise forty per cent of the Indian corn, and forty-two per cent of the wheat produced in the whole country. It is not practicable to go over the statistics of other agricultural products, but the census proves that outside the cereals, the northwestern states we have named raised less than the average.

The object of these statistics is to show that the people of the northwest have, to use a homely but expressive figure, put too many eggs in one basket. Agriculture is one of the noblest of employments, and the temptation to engage in it on the fertile soil of our western states, is exceedingly strong. But the difficulty is, that almost the entire population of those states is completely dependent upon selling an enormous crop of wheat and corn. A short crop necessitates contraction and economy throughout the northwest. A full crop is better, but owing to circumstances which have already been considered, it does not follow that the farmer will be able to sell it all, or to get a remunerative price for it if he is able to sell it.

We conclude, then, that as the difficulty of the farmers' position is not what they suppose, the remedy they propose will not reach it. The trouble is really deeper than the matter of railroad charges. It is a necessity of the one-sided character of the industrial pursuits of the northwestern people. But it is worth while to consider whether, even granting that excessive freight rates were at the bottom of the trouble, a forcible reduction would be effectual. Here it is necessary to remember that the fundamental maxim of political economy is that men are selfish, and are guided in their money-getting by selfish considerations only.

Railroad directors and stockholders are, perhaps, as selfish as any class of men engaged in any of the pursuits of life. Like other men, they have invested their money in a business and they desire to make it pay. If that business is interfered with they will resist, as other men would. This, however, is of no consequence, because, if they are in the wrong, they will be and ought to be beaten. It is of consequence, however, that if beaten, whether rightly or wrongly, they will naturally and inevitably take a course to which both selfishness — or rather self-interest — and revenge would prompt them, and which would inflict a vast injury on the producing and consuming classes.

All men abandon an unprofitable business if they can. Stockholders in railroads, especially if they are dividend-paying roads, are largely persons who are on the watch for better investments than those they happen to be in, and they are at all times ready and able to sell out. Capital is sensitive; and if any danger threatens an enterprise in which it is engaged, it escapes as soon as possible. It is, therefore, safe to predict, that whenever it becomes settled with regard to a certain railroad that the state will interfere to reduce its charges, the stock of that road will decline rapidly, that all solid capitalists will sell it as quickly as possible, at any price, and that the road will pass into the hands of speculators. As an ordinary rule, it is safe to say, the best paying enterprises are those that are managed with the most prudence.

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To interfere with the management of a railroad is to drive the prudent men out of its directory, and that, of itself, is a calamity to the public.

Again, if charges are compulsorily reduced below a fair paying rate, — that is, according to the estimate of railroad men, — the more unprofitable kinds of business will be abandoned. Of course, if a schedule of rates were to be made by some man, or commission, in the western states, in the interest of farmers, the great point of attack would be the rates on grain. Then the railroads would naturally discourage the shipment of grain. As common carriers, they are required to transport all that is brought them; but in practice, as is well known, railroads often lose business by neglecting to provide for it; how much more could they discourage it by legal methods, if they were aiming to do so?

Once more, even that part of the business which the roads might be willing to do, under the circumstances we have supposed, they would do in the cheapest possible way. It is well known that the cost of running a train quickly between two points is greater than drawing the same train slowly the same distance. Under the new system, freight would be moved in the most economical way, and that would be excessively slow as compared with the present speed. At the stations where a small business is done, shippers would be compelled to wait until a certain amount of freight had accumulated. In every way the present discontent would be aggravated ten-fold.

Now, this may be a very sad state of affairs, or the reverse, according as one looks at it from the side of the farmers or from the railroad point of view. Our only concern with it is as a matter of fact. Reasoning from what we see and know, and only assuming that railroad men are like all other men, selfish, and that they are gifted with the ordinary amount of shrewdness, we find that they are both able and likely to defeat hostile legislation by adopting a policy which no legislation can possibly reach. The farmers may claim a nominal victory when the railroads agree to accept the enforced schedule of rates; but the real victory will be with the corporations if they should choose the course above marked out as the one they would probably pursue. And at this point occurs the most dangerous phase of this whole question. For there is nothing more exasperating than impotence. It is not pleasant to contemplate the temper of the western people if they should discover that as long as railroads are operated under any charter heretofore given, there is no possible chance for any further regulation of their business than the corporations will submit to. Yet such is the fact, and in spite of legislatures and courts, such it will remain, and the substantial victory will always be with the railroads, while the legal status of the railroad charters and proprietary remains as now.

It is this fact, clearly perceived by a few, that has led to the advocacy of a system of government railroads by some of the ablest thinkers on the railroad problem. And it would be a complete remedy, if, first, cheap freights were the things most to be desired; and if, second, the government could operate a railroad more cheaply than and as honestly as a private company can do it; — but both these points remain to be proved. We prefer to point out what we conceive to be the fallacy of the present moment, in the hope that the people

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of the western states may not come, in consequence of having greatly mistaken the needs of the hour, to a point of exasperation at which they will insist upon a policy of general spoliation.

It only remains to answer our fourth question:—Whether any other policy than that proposed will remedy, not the evils complained of, but the real difficulty. Our view of the matter to be remedied suggests the answer. The trouble being too little diversification of industry, the cure is to diversify it.

In the western states particularly, everybody has a surplus of food to dispose of. Every community as large as the northwestern states ought, for mere convenience' sake, to be self-dependent. It is peculiarly necessary for the west to introduce a greater variety of industry and occupation, not only for convenience but to establish a home market. At present there is practically no market at all in the west, that is, no consuming market, for the articles which the west produces almost exclusively, because a great majority of the people have enough of these articles for their own wants and a good deal more.

If it is possible, then, the west should endeavor to attract capital to establish manufactures, and labor in the shape of operatives. Of the seven states we have classed together, two had, in 1870, no manufacturing industry whose product in that year amounted to five million dollars; another had but one; two had each but two such industries; and Illinois and Missouri had seven each. In all the seven, flouring mills were the leading manufacturing establishments, employing, however, only a few hands, and not largely enhancing the value of the raw material; and lumber, also a necessary industry, but not one that gives employment to a great many men, stood second. In the seven states, only 356,384 persons are returned by the census as engaged in manufacturing, mining and mechanical pursuits, and this includes every pursuit, from house painting to coal mining. The number just mentioned is less than a third of the number engaged in agriculture, and less than a twentieth of the population.

It is very certain that the tariff is just now unpopular at the west, and that free trade theories are gaining ground. It is no part of the purpose of this article to resist any such political movement or to assist it. But we have a piece of plain, practical advice for the people of the west, namely, not to allow the east to seize upon all the advantages of the tariff while it is maintained. If the protectionists are in the right, the tariff does enable manufacturers just starting in business to compete, on something like fair terms, with foreigners. If the free traders are in the right when they call the protection afforded by the tariff a wicked fostering of monopolies, they cannot hold that it is immoral to take advantage of the tariff while it is still law. Both parties agree, even if it is claimed that there is no gain in the policy of protection, that as long as it is the policy, manufacturers derive an advantage from it.

The tariff is quite as much for the west as for the east. The growth of our manufactures does no more than keep pace with our growing need of goods. Why should all the increase be made at the east? Some will say, because nature has intended the seaboard states to be manufac-

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turing states, and the west for farming. Bosh! If the census speaks truly, the manufactures of Illinois give a larger percentage of profit on capital invested than do those of Massachusetts, — which is a sufficient answer to those who theorize on the designs of nature. Ten years ago the same people would have said that nature designed that California should live by gold mines alone. Now she claims the seventh place among the wheat-growing states, and will stand first in the census of 1880. We cannot tell what are nature's intentions until we try her. Nature intends whatever it turns out that she does. As far as the western states have tested their aptitude for manufactures, they have not met with the failure that would indicate displeasure on the part of dame nature.

If we are on the right track for a solution of this great problem of the west, two questions will naturally arise: What shall we make? and, where shall we get the capital to begin with? To the first question we answer, everything that is needed for man's use. Why should the seven western states we have named send to New England the wool from their five million sheep and buy it back again in a manufactured form when they have already demonstrated their ability to engage in the business of making woollen goods profitably? Why should Illinois allow Massachusetts to be her superior in the manufacture of soap and candles, when the raw materials are so abunant and close at hand? There is no reason why all the states named should not be able to make anything in the shape of textiles, wooden, metal and leather ware as cheaply and as well as the same things are made in New England and the middle seaboard states.

In many parts of these states, we shall be told, there is no water power, coal is high, and wood for fuel there is none. Burn corn then. We occasionally find the fact that corn has been burned for fuel in Iowa, mentioned as a most lamentable fact. We cannot so regard it. There is perhaps no vegetable product more admirably adapted for fuel, and there is certainly no way of obtaining so large an amount of excellent fuel from a given acreage so quickly as by sowing it to corn. It has a higher use, to be sure, but there is nothing in its nature that renders it sacreligious to burn it if it can be so employed to the best profit. If such a principle were to prevail there would be an end to digging clams for bait in order to catch fish for their oil. In the east we use black walnut for ornamental cabinet work. It should be outrageous to split it up for firewood at the west. And a society should be organized to put a stop to the practice of Texan drovers of killing cattle for their hides and leaving the carcasses to rot.

As for the capital, that will not be lacking when once the western people resolve on engaging in manufactures. The eastern states believe in the future of the west. They have sent there some of the best of their citizens; they have invested there millions of their money. They have the same faith to-day. No well-considered and reasonably promising opportunity for investment in new industrial enterprises will be neglected. It may even be hoped that eastern manufacturers, so far from being jealous, or fearful that their monopoly may be taken away from them, will themselves aid in estab-

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lishing new industries on the lakes and the western rivers. At any rate, there need be no fears of opposition until the matter has been tested. And with or without protection, the west possesses one advantage for manufacturing over the east, arising from the very state of things of which the western farmers are now complaining, namely, cheap food, rendering lower wages practicable, and reducing by legitimate means the cost of that very important element, labor.

We shall at least be supported in our view that the prime difficulty is the one-sidedness of western industry, and that the real remedy is in the multiplication of industrial pursuits, to this extent; that if all men, or practically all, were not producers of a surplus of food there would be a larger market at home, and the procurement of cheap grain would become the problem for consumers at a distance, instead of its being a puzzle for the producer how he may give it to them; and that the establishment of manufactures would bring into the community the throng of consumers of food needed for the purpose. The single remaining question is, whether manufactures may be profitably introduced. It is not conclusive against this plan to say that agriculture is the natural business of the west, but it needs to be shown that manufacturing must be unprofitable and therefore unnatural.

Against this view of the necessities and the opportunity of the west will be arrayed, first, those, undoubtedly few in numbers, who are actuated by motives of revenge against the railroad corporations for real or supposed wrong; secondly, the more radical and honestly earnest free-traders who have perceived in the farmers' movement a means of advancing their favorite theories; thirdly, the political adventurers who scent out an opportunity for themselves, who desire that the antagonism now existing shall result in the formation of new parties, and who mean to be leaders of these parties; and, finally, many of the rank and file in the granges, who have been persuaded, or have persuaded themselves, that a railroad reform will cheapen freights, and that cheapening freights will give to the farmer his due proportion of the consumer's price of breadstuffs, — or who do not think at all about the matter, but accept the opinions of the self-constituted leaders and follow their advice implicitly. In spite of the strong interested opposition to our theory of the matter, and notwithstanding the natural inertness of the great mass of the people when asked to revise or wholly to reverse their opinions, we believe that this theory will gain favor the more it is candidly examined. It is the only view that goes below the surface and proposes a thorough remedy.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR. — A combination of causes has prevented the September part of "Scrope" from appearing. It will recommence in October.]

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The Examiner.

By the side of what we may call the larger literatures of the world, there are a series of other "literatures," exciting local criticism and enthusiasm, of which the people of the larger nations hardly know. It may almost be said, that if an author value fame, it is a misfortune to him to be born in a country whose language is not widely known. On the other hand, it may be said that no genius triumphs so thoroughly as in victories like that of Dante, which compels the world to recognize the Italian language, — or that of Cervantes, which compels it to read the Spanish.

At the present moment, the diplomatists of the world, not to say its professors and teachers, recognize the "four languages" as being necessary in all training of men who are to deal with the larger affairs of the world. These languages are English, French, Italian, and German. The events of the last ten years in politics are following up the influence which the literary triumphs of half a century before gave to the German language. And although, at this moment, there is no living poet who commands the enthusiasm of all Germany, nor any philosopher who commands her general sympathy, her language is more important than ever to the men of culture of the world. The awakening of Italy has given a new stimulus to her literature, and surely we may say that there never was a moment when the mind of the English-speaking races, and of those who use French, was more active than it is now.

Around these larger literatures, as we have called them, there cluster the works of men using languages which, alas! for them, the world at large will not learn. The Finnish ballads command universal attention in Sweden and Norway. Bishop Tegnèr and the Swedish novelists have compelled Europe to translate their books into its languages; all of us have laughed and cried over Hans Andersen, and wise men have profited by the translations of the sermons of the late Primate of Russia. On the other side of the world, in every one of the South American States, there is a group of accomplished men using Spanish or Portuguese in the growth of an infant literature. And in the Peninsula itself, the republican revolution is largely due to the men of letters.

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In speaking of the literature of Spain, we do not say all that is to be said of the literature of the Spanish language. In Cuba, in Mexico, in Peru and Chili, and, to a less extent, in the other states founded by Spanish colonists, there are men and women of culture and intelligence, where each, from time to time, adds to the volume of that literature. There are literary monthlies and quarterlies in most of their states, and their academies and other literary societies, in the volumes of their transactions, have fairly gratified the natural curiosity as to their interesting history. The late Emperor Maximilian, in his short career as ruler of Mexico, collected a considerable library of books printed in Mexico, — which at his death were scattered. The catalogue of that collection revealed to the literary world the existence of many books of interest, which had not been widely known before, which were the work of modern Mexican authors.

The literature of the East also earns, with every day, some claim to be considered in contrast and comparison with the four leading literatures. There is undoubtedly considerable activity of the press in India, and much more in China and in Japan. But the East Indian press, when it produces books or papers in the vernacular, can hardly be said to add materially to the literature of the world. Some translations from the English — and those, alas, not always or often have the best of the English — are its longest issues. China has probably sent us all that we shall need to receive from China. Of dramas, and novels such as the Chinese of to-day produce, the specimens we have are all that we need. Indeed, it is more and more certain, as that profound observer, James Dickinson, remarked twenty years ago, that the Chinese have long since achieved all that they can achieve with a machine so cumbrous, and so ill adapted to the processes of active and delicate thought, as is their present language.

It is said that no nation in the world has the desire to read more general than Japan. Golovin observed, in his time, that sentinels read as they stood on duty, a remark which he would certainly not have made of the Russian sentinel of that day. Japan is now quickened by the tonic or elixir of sudden intercourse with all the world beside. Her people, from low to high, study under the tremendous impulse of a revelation of the achievements of Europe in the two thousand years in which the brain of Europe has been achieving. It is perfectly natural that under this impulse there shall be for a generation, and even more, a passion for the study of foreign authors. To relieve the new-born nation from the necessity of translating all these authors into a language not particularly copious, and by no

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means ready to express their ideas, Mr. Mori and other Japanese scholars propose their bold plan, that every child in the Japanese schools shall learn to read English. The boy or girl can learn to read English in a year, — to learn to read his own language takes at least fifteen years, — to read it well takes thirty. "What is the use," these gentlemen ask, "of trying to translate anything into Japanese, when, if translated, it is in a language so difficult of acquisition?" It is certainly easier to bring the children to the great mines of science and literature, than it is to bring the mines to the children. There seems but one answer, therefore, to the question which they state, — and we may expect, that for the next generation, the native literature of Japan will show its best results in the languages of western Europe.

In none of the smaller states of Europe is there a literary activity so intense as in Hungary. The academy at Pesth is reconstituted, and on its scientific and literary sides shows all the vigor of a new birth. Of the political enthusiasm of the country, we have elsewhere spoken. In the lines of moral and religious enthusiasm, in the enlargement and organization of universal education, and in the pursuits of pure literature, there is equal vivacity and fire. We have before us the numbers of a handsome journal for women, published by the Sisters Vohl, at Pesth. This is but one of a hundred journals which are conducted with energy and spirit, and give the tokens of a healthy literary life.

We know of no living novelist whose books are read in his own country with the enthusiasm with which the tales of Jokai Moritz have been received in Hungary. He is at once politician and romancer, and in his seat in the Assembly he uses, and seems to use well, the respect and regard which he has earned by his pen. It is said that the circulation of his novels in Hungary is larger than that of those of Dickens in England. We certainly know no modern display of loyalty which seems finer than Jokai's great refusal to write in German where the world would read him, rather than in Hungary, for the people whom he loved; but in the enthusiasm of that people he certainly has his reward.

We shall take an early opportunity to lay some of Jokai's shorter tales before our readers.

THOMSON & TAIT'S ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.[1]

THE splendid pile on Gilmore Hill is one of the grandest and most recent structures which Scotland has reared in proof of her zeal for the cause of Education. And among the many able teachers there employed in educating the Scotch youth, the events of recent years have given to

[1] Elements of Natural Philosophy, Part I. By Professor Sir W. Thomson and P. G. Tait. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

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Sir William Thomson a position of which he may well be proud. Known to the world as one of the leaders in the great enterprise of ocean telegraphy, and associated in this employment with many others equally able and equally successful in their own departments, he has long been known to the students of physical science as a patient and laborious investigator, especially in those branches which relate to the ancient history of our earth and the changes through which it has passed in the course of its development. We find him now coming forward, in connection with Mr. Tait, to issue a book on Natural Philosophy, of which the first part is before us. The present volume is only introductory to others intended, we presume, to bring down the record of progress and investigation in every department of science to the present day. The first part contains two divisions, one of which consists of a preliminary dissertation on first principles, in four chapters. At the outset, the subject of Dynamics (often called Mechanics) is arranged under the two heads of Statics, or the investigation of the action of forces maintaining rest, and Kinematics, or the study of the action of forces which give rise to motion or change of motion The subject, however, of the first chapter, is Kinematics, — a term which may be Englished by the expression, The pure mathematics of force or of motion; just as geometry may be called the pure mathematics of matter. The new name expresses a new reality, and well illustrates the rapid progress made in the study of the physical sciences during the last few years. As language preceded grammar, as thought preceded logic, so, without doubt, mensuration was before geometry, and dynamics has but lately been followed up by kinematics. Every subject had its predicate before those names for these two were coined and their laws laid down.

It was well known that the squares upon two sides of a right-angled triangle were equal to the square on the hypothenuse, long before Pythagoras made his immortal discovery and offered up his hecatomb. In like manner, the fact of dynamics was known and machines constructed, long before their principles were discovered and their general laws elaborated. Kinematics, therefore, is the last developed branch of mechanical science. It is unnecessary to add, that though standing first in this series it need not, indeed should not, be taught in the same order. A certain amount of acquaintance with extension, and experience with the use of language, is necessary before a child can commence the study of geometry and grammar to advantage. So a certain amount — indeed a very considerable amount — of familiarity with matter and the action of forces is necessary, before a student can enter into and understand Sir William's chapter on kinematics, accompanied though it is with illustrations of much beauty, drawn from the higher branches of mathematics. Indeed, the treatment of this subject must be very much more simplified before it can possibly take its proper position as the fundamental department of mechanical physics. Much has already been done, and the simplicity of many of the demonstrations given in this first chapter is no small advance in the same direction.

The second chapter is entitled, "Dynamical laws and principles," and consists largely of a development of Newton's three laws of

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motion. Sir W. Thomson says: "We have heretofore assumed the *existence merely* of motion, distortion, etc.; we now come to the consideration of the *actual* causes which, in the material world, *do* produce them. The axiom of the present chapter must, therefore, be considered as due to actual experience.* We cannot do better, at all events in commencing, than to follow Newton somewhat closely. Indeed, the introduction to the *Principia* contains, in a most lucid form, the general foundations of dynamics. The definitions and axioms and laws of motion there laid down require only a few amplifications and additional illustrations, suggested by subsequent developments, to suit them to the present state of science, and to make them a much better introduction to dynamics than we find in even some of the best modern treatises." Throughout the chapter the author brings out, in a striking light, the acuteness of Sir Isaac Newton's mind; shows how he often expressed, and oftener still implied, a knowledge of facts that have not unfrequently been brought forward as later discoveries. He says, "The axioms are given in Newton's own words. The two centuries which have nearly elapsed since he gave them have not shown a necessity for any addition or modification."

The rest of the second chapter consists of a statement of some of the principal laws of dynamics, with illustrations from almost every branch of science. Among them may be found Sir William's own investigation, published as a paper some years ago, into the effect of the tidal wave upon the velocity of the earth's revolution. In that, he showed that the tidal wave, lying as it does behind or to the east of the meridian on which the moon is found at any given moment, exerts, by its friction, a retarding influence upon the earth; that the secular accumulation of this retardation must ultimately slacken the earth's revolution until every rotation occupies a whole lunation, that is, until the day, instead of being only twenty-four hours, becomes as long as a month; that the tide upon the moon produced by the attraction of the earth, has already accomplished this upon our satellite, who performs one rotation upon her axis while she makes the revolution around the earth, and consequently never presents her other hemisphere to our view; and lastly, that the same effect must ultimately ensue upon the sun, also, and others, — "earth, moon, and sun, which rotate round their common centre of inertia, like parts of one rigid body." Speaking further of the resisting interplanetary ether, he says: "There can be but one ultimate result for such a system as that of the sun and planets, if continued long enough under existing laws, and not disturbed by meeting with other moving masses in space. That result is the falling together of all into one mass, which, although rotating for a time, must, in the end, come to rest relatively to the surrounding medium." We may be excused for adding that, in this fate, Sir William's own germ-bearing meteorites must, of course, share when their missionary work in space is completed.

The third chapter treats on "Experience." Under this term are in-

* "An axiom is a proposition, the truth of which must be admitted, as soon as the terms in which it is expressed are clearly understood. And as we shall show in our chapter on experience, physical axioms are axiomatic to those who have sufficient knowledge of physical phenomena, to enable them to understand perfectly what is asserted by them." p. 64.

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cluded both observation and experiment, — the two means of becoming acquainted with the material universe around us; and in the fourth, is an account of the various standards of measurement and modes of measuring, with the instruments used for this purpose. It is impossible not to notice, as the author indeed points out, that we thus anticipate the future in employing instruments not yet explained, and this plainly shows that the best order for a writer is not necessarily the order most adapted for use by the teacher or student, who must always employ the concrete before he can advance to explain or study the abstract.

The second division of the book is entitled "Abstract Dynamics," and explains the method of solving mechanical problems by removing from them numerous complicating elements whose effects are small, and often, to a large extent, mutually compensatory. "Take, for instance, the very simple case of a crowbar employed to move a heavy mass. The accurate mathematical investigation of the action would involve the simultaneous treatment of the motion of every part of bar, fulcrum and mass raised, and from our almost complete ignorance of the nature of matter and molecular forces it is clear that such a treatment of the subject is impossible. It is a result of observation that the particles of the bar, fulcrum and mass separately retain throughout the process nearly the same relative position. Hence the idea of solving, instead of the above impossible question, another in reality quite different, but, while infinitely simpler, obviously leading to *nearly* the same result as the former.

"If, however, we go farther into the question we find that the lever bends, some parts of it are extended and others compressed. This would lead to very serious and difficult inquiry if we were to take account of the whole circumstances.

"We may pursue the process further; compression in general develops heat and extension cold. These *alter* sensibly the elasticity of a body. By introducing such considerations we reach, without great difficulty, what may be called a third approximation to the solution of the physical problem considered.

"We might next introduce the conduction of the heat so produced from point to point of the solid with its accompanying modifications of elasticity, and we might then consider the production of thermo-electric currents, which are always developed by unequal heating in a mass not perfectly homogeneous. Enough, however, has been said to show, *firstly*, our utter ignorance of the true and complete solution of any physical question by the only perfect method — that of the consideration of the circumstances which affect the motion of every portion separately of each body concerned; and, *secondly*, the practically sufficient manner in which practical questions may be attacked by limiting their generality, *the limitations introduced being themselves deduced from experience.*

"The object of the present division of this work is to deal with first and second approximations." "In it we shall suppose all solids either rigid or elastic, assuming in the latter case the law of their elasticity and leaving out thermal and electric effects." "We shall also suppose fluids to be either incompressible or compressible, according to known laws." "We shall omit fluid friction, but consider the friction of solids."

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We have thus given, in Sir W. Thomson's own words, the intention of the latter part of the volume, and it only remains to add that its two chapters contain the investigation of the statics of a particle, with a long digression upon the subject of attraction

In the course of this digression we are struck by the enunciation of the general law of gravitation, as given by the author. It is as follows: —

"Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force whose direction is that of a line joining the two, and whose magnitude is directly as the product of their masses, and inversely as the square of their distance from each other."

The former part of this statement presents no difficulty, but the latter is less easy to comprehend. What is meant by the expression, "The product of their masses"? In the first place, we doubt if it is correct to speak of masses at all. The sentence began with particles, which, though not defined, so far as we recollect, in the work, are understood in physics to be so small as to have no appreciable bulk. If not synonymous with chemical atoms, they imply very much the same as chemical molecules, that is, the smallest portion of a substance that is not obtained by resolving it into its elements. Such particles cannot, without straining language, be spoken of as masses. But passing this, what is the signification of the expression, "The product of their masses"? "Product" is a result obtained by multiplying abstract numbers, not concrete quantities. One substance cannot be multiplied by another, or one mass by another. The ideas are incongruous. But even if we suppose that there is a looseness of language, for the justification of which common parlance might be pleaded, save in a scientific treatise, and if we take it to mean that which alone it can mean, namely, the product obtained by multiplying together the abstract numbers representing the masses of the two bodies (not particles), the difficulty is not removed. The magnitude of the force with which one body or particle attracts another body or particle does *not* vary as the product of their masses. It varies directly with the mass itself, or quantity of matter in the attracting body, as Newton's law expresses it.

How so ambiguous and incorrect an expression was allowed to appear in this important passage, it is difficult to understand.

The seventh or last chapter treats of the status of solids and fluids.

One great requisite in a work of the kind now under consideration and intended for students, is a good index, itself often half the value of the book. This is entirely wanting, and its lack is a serious drawback. We must also remark, in conclusion, that the nature of the book is not such as to adapt it in any degree to accomplish the end at which in the preface the authors tell us they have aimed. They say "it is designed more especially for use in schools and the junior classes in universities." It is doubtful how far this work is suited for indiscriminate use even among the latter, but for the former it is eminently unsuitable. Though the proofs are for the most part based upon "elementary geometry, algebra and trigonometry," yet the language is intensely technical, the reasoning often refined and elliptical, and the illustrations drawn from branches of

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mathematical science which, however familiar they may be to the authors or to advanced college students, are certainly far beyond the range of the ordinary or extraordinary schoolboy. At the same time, the teacher may gain from its perusal and its study valuable hints and generalizations which will be of use to him in teaching the mathematical branches of Physical Science.

E. W. CLAYPOLE.

SAINT CLEMENT.[1]

ALTHOUGH the worthy father is not skilled in the use of the best written language, he has made a book of marvellous interest, because the subject of which it treats is so wonderful. Placed over a church long supposed to be one of the oldest edifices in Rome, he discovers that what has been said about it does not pertain to it at all, but to another building *beneath the one in which he worships*, whose existence was so long ago forgotten that no one had the slightest suspicion of its existence twenty years ago. Some frescoes and paintings were spoken of in connection with the present church, which were not found, and it was supposed that in some unknown way they had disappeared. About sixteen years ago, in making some repairs to a neighboring monastery, an unknown wall was hit upon, when further excavations were made, revealing the existence of a subterranean church below that in which services have been held for 800 years. This subterranean church was built undoubtedly as early as 530.

But what is still more marvellous, further explorations have revealed another edifice below these two. When I first visited the place I was inclined to regard this as a basement of the lower church. But subsequent examination induces me to believe that this is really a part of a Pagan temple erected to the worship of Mithras, as there were pretty clear indications of an altar at which the bull was sacrificed.

Taking the occasion of the interest excited by this discovery, Father Mullooly has prepared the book whose title is given here, in which with most charming *naïveté* he proceeds to give a history of St. Clemente's life and services in behalf of the Catholic church, and to relate the marvels attending the discovery of his relics, now so sacredly preserved in his church. He takes occasion to say a word about those who have doubted the presence of St. Peter in Rome, and most summarily to dismiss them as unworthy of consideration.

This book has some value as an illustration of the way in which the Catholics are accustomed to deal with questions which seem incredible to less trusting souls. Weary Christians are forced to carry water long distances under a burning sun. St. Clemente causes a limpid stream to gush forth from a rock miraculously pointed out to him. No argument is needed, the "*fact* is best shown by the Antiphons of Lauds."

He then goes on to speak of the effects of this wonderful *fact*, and says that no less than seventy-five churches were founded on the ruins of Pagan temples reduced to ruins through the beliefs excited by this miracle, and that Clemente was put to death in consequence, by order of Trajan. This order was executed by throwing Clemente into the sea with an anchor about his neck. For a long time the place where he was thrown

[1] St Clemente, Pope and Martyr, and his Basilica in Rome. By Joseph Mullooly, O. P. Rome: G. Barbera.

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was unknown; but by prayer, "The sea miraculously retired from the shore: the disciples followed the receeding waters, and, having gone three miles, they found, to their astonishment and consolation, a marble temple, and within it an urn containing the holy pontiff's body, while near it lay the anchor, the instrument of his martyrdom."

Our author then goes on to describe how each year, on the anniversary of his martyrdom, the sea used to recede for a period of seven days, until the influx of barbarians drove out the Christians, two hundred years later, and the miracle ceased and the place was forgotten. This statement is attested, as the Father with delicious frankness says, "by many trustworthy authors." It was not until about the year 860 that these relics were again found, and this time miraculously, also, by St. Cyril. After describing the wonderful event, the excellent Father adds, with charming simplicity, "If any one should suppose that this account is fabulous and incredible, he would betray his ignorance of church history."

The book contains in addition to a great deal of this sort of stuff a good deal of valuable matter concerning the Basilica, and the worship of Mithras, and ends with an account of the imposing ceremonies with which the bones of St. Clemente were deposited in the Basilica bearing his name. A. A.

CURRENT GREAT FRENCHMEN.[1]

SHORT, lively, graphic sketches of the characters and lives of twenty-six of the most eminent of the French of to-day, beginning with Thiers, MacMahon, and Gambetta, and ending with Victor Hugo. They are not only good newspaper writing, but good writing. We transcribe a few specimen scraps.

"He (Thiers) chiefly liked the liberty which is given to a people as a gold piece is to a child, with the injunction, 'Put it in a drawer, and don't spend it.'

"The fact is, M. Thiers had his opinions built for him about forty years ago, like a house, and he has never moved out of them since. . . .

"His (MacMahon's) courage, indeed, was a proverb. Having been ordered on one occasion to carry an order from General Changarnier to the colonel of his regiment, which was separated from the corps d'armée by a vast horde of Bedouins, he was told to take a squadron of dragoons with him. 'They are too few or too many,' he replied; 'too many to pass unseen, too few to beat the enemy. I will go alone.' And he went. It was he who led the famous assault on the Malakoff, which decided the issue of the Crimean war; and Marshal Pelissier, seeing his extreme danger, twice sent him orders by an aide-de-camp to retire from the perilous position he had taken up. 'Let me alone,' roared MacMahon, at the second message, 'I am master of my own skin.' . . .

"It is said and printed that his (Gambetta's) family were of Genoese origin; but as he would probably have done quite as well without illustrious ancestors as with them, his friends have various theories on the subject, some inclining to the belief that he is his own father . . .

[The elder and younger Dumas] "felt the gayest and most good-humored affection for each other; that of the younger man being very tender and protecting. 'My father,' he used to say, 'is a great child I had when I was little.' . . .

[Bishop Dupanloup] "was asked, some time since, if he thought that the conversion of Talleyrand was sincere. He replied, 'Yes, certainly. A man often dies impenitent, but he never tries to fool God.' Then he told how the old diplomatist had resisted the attempts of all

[1] The Men of the Third Republic; or, the Present Leaders of France. Reprinted from the "London Daily News." Phila.: Porter & Coates. 12mo. Cloth, $1.75.

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the clergy in Paris, till he found a very simple way to that callous heart. A niece of the prince was about to take her first communion, and he caused her to be led in her white frock to the bed where he lay dying. The child knelt down, and her tears rained fast upon the withered hand he stretched out to her. A terrible sigh of anguish and remorse burst from him. 'Go, my child,' he said, 'go and pray for me'! He was an altered man after that. He confessed and received absolution very humbly, asserts Monseigneur Dupanloup."

The judgment of the writer once or twice fails him; as, for instance, where he prophecies that the next French President after Thiers, if any, will be "a Republican, in the pure radical sense of the term,"— a prediction oddly contradicted by MacMahon's character; and where he says, that "Dickens and Leech introduced pure wit into literature and art in England." Pure humor, he should say. But there are few such blemishes; the work is, on the whole, remarkably sensible as well as lively.

MICHAEL FARADAY.[1]

This contribution to the life of "Professor Michael Faraday, Member of all Academies of Science, London," gives a pleasing and interesting sketch of several aspects in the character of this quiet and genial man, the predecessor of Tyndall and successor of Young and of Davy, at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. Faraday was one of those few fortunate philosophers with whom life went smoothly almost from the first. Though poor at the outset, the honest, steady work to which he devoted himself, and yet more the happy chance that threw him into connection with Sir Humphrey Davy, soon gave him all he needed; and in the pursuit of science especially, and of his favorite electricity, he "kept the even tenor of his way" from March 1st, 1815, when at the age of 22 he entered the Royal Institution with 25 shillings a week, until a short time before his death in 1867, when old age compelled him to pass his office over to Dr. Tyndall. With the pen of a friend, Dr. Gladstone has given in five chapters, entitled "The Story of his Life," "The Study of his Character," "The Fruits of his Experience," "His Method of Working," and "The Value of his Discoveries," with a few "supplementary portraits," among which not the least beautiful is that contributed by "Punch," from which we take the following: —

"One rule his life was fashioned to fulfil:
That he who tends Truth's shrine and does the best
Of science with a humble, faithful will,
The God of Truth and Knowledge serveth best.

"The cosmic heart-beat it was his to list,
To trace the pulses in their ebb and flow
Toward the fountain-head where they subsist
In form as yet not given e'en *him* to know.

"Yet living face to face with these great laws,
Great truths, great mysteries, all who saw him near
Knew him for child-like, simple, free from flaws,
Of temper, full of love that casts out fear.

"Such lives are precious: not so much for all
Of wider insight won where they have striven
As for the still small voice with which they call
Along the beamy way from Earth to Heaven."

The truth of these verses is a great deal more remarkable than their poetry; for few men have ever presented a brighter example of the union of high abilities, purity of character, and kindly goodness, than Faraday. The example of his sweet and manly virtues will live as long as the reputation of even his brilliant discoveries.

[1] Michael Faraday. By J. H. Gladstone, P. H. D., F.R.S. Macmillan & Co., London, 1873.

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NEW GERMAN BOOKS.

HUNDERT TAGE AUF DEM NIL.[1] Enthusiastic and pleasantly written pictures of all that is to be seen in that delightful journey. The book will be read with ardor by the people who have been over the same ground, and will bore the rest of the world. The description of Karnak by moonlight is accurate and poetical at once.

TOKAI UND JOKAI[2] is a series of sketches of Hungary by a man who travelled, and staid there long enough to become interested in the people and the land. A very pleasant book. Several of the chapters are imitations of Hungarian writers; and one of them, "EIN UNGAR IN FRANKREICH, 1870–1871," is very funny, although a bitter satire. It professes to be the journal of a denaturalized Hungarian, — a young fool, who despises his country, and affects every thing French. This book, like several of the others here mentioned, is printed in Latin type like ours. It is curious how much more it tries the eyes in a German book than the more familiar German type.

DEUTSCHE LEHR- UND WANDERJAHRE[3] contains six papers previously published in magazines, mostly many years ago. They affect to be little autobiographies of distinguished persons; but, as far as I can find out, are not really written by those persons, but all imagined by one and the same writer. The sketch of Richard Wagner's youth is interesting and *vraisemblable.*

[1] Hundert Tage auf dem Nil. Franz Wallner. Berlin, 1873.

[2] Tokai und Jókai, Bilder aus Ungarn. By Karl Braun Wiesbaden. Berlin, 1873.

[3] Deutsche Lehr- und Wanderjahre. Berlin, 1873.

SCHWARTZ-GELB[1] is a romance in four volumes, by Meissner, who writes a great deal for magazines, and otherwise. This is a political novel ("Schwartz-Gelb" are the Austrian colors), of which the scene is laid in 1850, — a time when all Europe was pretty well shaken up. It deals with so many political intrigues and conspirators, and skips about so from Vienna to Paris, and all over the Continent, that it is out of the question to keep the thread of it, at least without a slate and pencil. There are oases where the reader meets a pleasant pair of lovers, and enjoys their society and surroundings for a space: but they disappear suddenly, not to recur before they are forgotten; while he (the reader) is too often unpleasantly left alone in rooms where the most interesting characters in the book lie dead with daggers in their breasts. This is the confusion of ideas incident upon reaching the end of the second volume. Further, my leaves are still uncut. Possibly those who endure unto the end may be saved.

HERRN DIDIER'S LANDHAUS[2] tires the brain not half so much, and pays very well to read. The heroine is French, and the hero is German. They meet, and are actually betrothed on the very day when the German troops approached Paris, after Sedan, in the "Landhaus" of the title, — a villa in Boissy. This lying-down together of the lamb and the lion is rather surprising; but it is cheerfully described in a light and natural manner which averts criticism. We get hereby a life-picture of the exciting events of that time from a moderate German's point of view. S. H.

[1] Schwartz-Gelb. By Alfred Meissner. Leipzig, 1872.

[2] Herrn Didier's Landhaus. By Levin Schücking. Hannover, 1872.

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CHERBULIEZ.

A NEW volume by this author is always a treat. Whatever subject he discusses he makes brilliant by his sparkling wit. The present volume upon literature and art[1] contains his articles upon Lessing and Strauss, and upon some of the modern poets of Germany, that have already appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." These are somewhat imbittered by the gall of hostility toward the German nation, but are agreeable and entertaining. The latter part of the volume is taken up with "Lettres sur le Salon de 1872;" and it is astonishing to see how entertaining Cherbuliez succeeds in making his description of the pictures and statues on exhibition the last year in Paris. The pages are filled with bright, witty illustrations, which one does not care to call by so heavy a name as anecdotes. He has something sparkling to light up every point he wishes to make, evidently inventing his "anecdote" to suit his meaning. His letters are supposed to be written to some friend who is an inveterate admirer of the classic in art, and who is inclined to turn up his nose at any thing modern; for which Cherbuliez puts in his plea.

In the discussion of the much-vexed claims for the realistic or for the idealistic expression of art, Cherbuliez relates this story: —

"There was once a Hindoo princess, named Damayante. Her father took upon himself to find her a husband, never suspecting that she had already set her heart upon a prince in the neighborhood, named Nalus. The day when, according to custom, she was to proclaim publicly her choice, the suitors for her hand assembled in crowds; and among the number came four gods of distinction, deeply smitten with the princess; who, as they had been able to read the innermost secrets of her heart, had all four of them bethought themselves of an expedient. They put on the appearance and the likeness of the preferred lover.

"Damayante found herself in a predicament. Here was not merely one Nalus to whom she might show her preference; but five Naluses demanded her hand: and she could no longer recognize the one she loved. She guessed immediately what must be the nature of the impostors with whom she had to do, and supplicated the gods to take again their original form, representing to them that their incomparable attractions could not fail to produce an irresistible effect upon her feeble heart. Either through folly or compassion, her heavenly adorers yielded to her prayer. They rose directly three feet or more above the ground, august, majestic, beautiful as the day, radiant with a celestial splendor; while from their eyes, immovable and fixed, there beamed that glance of the immortals that seems never satiate of light. By the side of these, glued to the ground, the true Nalus made but a poor figure. Yet his soul was in his eyes; and these spoke with such an eloquence, that, in the very presence of the astonished gods, Damayante did not hesitate to proclaim him as her chosen husband.

"This princess preferred passion and character," continues Cherbuliez, "to what you call ideal beauty; and her taste is mine also. At the same time, I agree, that, if she had sacrificed her divine suitors in favor of some dull scullion in her father's service, we might accuse her of a false realism, and condemn her choice as an error. This gross sin has been committed by more than one painter, and sculptor as well, in our time; which proves that there is realism, and realism; and that one ought not to set one's self up against any doctrine from the mere fact of the misuse made of it by the lower class of minds, — *les petits esprits.*"

[1] Études de Littérature et d'Art. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris, 1873. Boston: Schoenhof & Moeller.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

THE SPECTROSCOPE AND ITS APPLICATIONS. By J. Norman Lockyer. Colored Plate and Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 16mo. Cloth limp. $1.50.

A SLIP IN THE FENS. A Novel. Illustrations. New York: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

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CRITIQUES AND ADDRESSES. By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

LIFE OF REV. A. COOKMAN; with some account of his Father, Rev. G. G. Cookman. By H. B. Ridgaway, D.D. Introduction by Rev. R. S. Foster, LL. D. Portrait. N. Y.: Harper & Bros. 12mo. Cloth.

INNOCENT. A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. Oliphant N. Y.: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Paper. 75 cts.

ROPES OF SAND. By the author of "Woven of Many Threads," etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 8vo. Paper. 75 cents.

EXPIATED. By the author of "Six Months Hence," etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 8vo. Paper. 75 cts.

THEY MET BY CHANCE. A Society Novel. By Olive Logan (Mrs. Wirt Sikes). N. Y.: Adams, Victor & Co. 12mo. Cloth.

A GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. By G. K. Bartholomew. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle, & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN. An Historical Romance. By Harriet Martineau. N. Y.: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Paper. 50 cents.

"'HE COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID." A Novel. By Annie Thomas. N. Y.: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Paper. 50 cts.

MOTHERLY TALKS WITH YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS. Embracing Topics of Home Interest, Receipts for Cooking, etc. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. Portrait. N. Y.: J. B. Ford & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $2.

PRE-HISTORIC RACES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By J. W. Foster, L.L. D. Illustrations. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 8vo. Cloth. $3.50.

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK: or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife. By Hannah Widdifield Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

CHRISTIANITY THE SCIENCE OF MANHOOD A Book for Questioners. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 12mo. Cloth.

THE UNITY OF NATURAL PHENOMENA. A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Forces of Nature. From the French of M. E. Saigey, with introduction and notes by Prof. T. F. Moses. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

THE LIBERAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN. The Demand and the Method. Current thoughts in America and England. Edited by Prof. James Orton. N. Y.: A. S. Barnes & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

DIMITRI ROUDINE. A Novel By Ivan Turgénieff. N. Y.: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth $1 25.

FOODS. By Edward Smith, M. D., LL. B, F. R. S. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

INGO. The first novel of a series entitled "Our Forefathers." By Gustav Freytag. Translated from the German by Mrs. Malcolm. N. Y.: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. N. Y.: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1 25.

[NOTE TO ALL PERSONS WHATEVER —Any book named in "The Examiner," or any other book that is to be had, will be mailed to any address, free of postage *both ways*, on receipt of the retail price.]

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Record of Progress.

MASSACHUSETTS REPORTS.

THIS title in libraries is well understood as embracing the hundred volumes, more or less, of cases decided and reported in the highest court of Massachusetts, involving all sorts of legal points concerning every variety of matter that has come up for litigation during the present century. "There are but three things," said Cicero, "that can possibly fall into controversy, — the past, the present, and the future." But these three include all conceivable earthly things in countless subdivisions; and there may be a lawsuit about every conceivable thing: hence the multifariousness of the Massachusetts Reports. And of late years, say for the past ten or twelve, the name has been acquiring a like significance and cyclopedic comprehensiveness as applied to the documents annually issued by the different branches of the State Government. Beginning with Horace Mann's Reports of the Board of Education between thirty and forty years ago; then taking in the Registration Reports, which began in 1843; the yearly pamphlets published by the State establishments for the insane, the poor, the criminal, and the unfortunate of all sorts; the volumes on insurance, agriculture, railroads, charities, labor, health, &c., the Massachusetts Reports of this description now comprise thousands of pages every year, and, in the course of ten years, make a library in themselves of curious, interesting, often dry, sometimes windy and empty, but generally useful publications, the like of which are not yet published by any other State Government in America. Concerning two of these volumes lately issued, something more specific may be said.

The Ninth Annual Report of the Board of State Charities is an octavo of six hundred pages, about half of which are occupied with statistical tables, in all stages of condensation; while the other three hundred are given to information and reasoning, more or less convincing, on the subjects of pauperism, crime, disease, insanity, immigration, reformatory treatment, charitable institutions, and the general application of justice and benevolence to the dependent and dangerous classes. The authors of the book are numerous; for there are five distinct reports bound up in the volume, namely, that of the board itself, and those of its four departments: and, moreover, quotation is freely made from other reports and books on these subjects; so that we have the wisdom of many men exhibited in the volume. Much of what is said is too technical to interest the ordinary reader; and we find the tables of figures too diffuse and unmanageable, as such tables are wont

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to be. But there is a great deal of interesting matter between the two covers; and it will not be time wasted for any one to read it all. The report of the whole board comes first, and is the most general in its character. It is written by the chairman, Dr. S. G. Howe, and signed also by his six colleagues, Messrs. Allen, Earle, Kimball, Sanborn, Wrightington, and Pierce; the last named being secretary of the board, and the author of more than half the pages in the volume. Referring to the list of "past and present members of the board," we find that three of the present members were first appointed in 1863, a fourth (the chairman) in 1864, and that none of the seven have served less than three years. There is, therefore, no lack of experience, and presumed acquaintance with the subjects treated, nor is there much indecision or hesitation in stating the conclusions reached. We can, perhaps, detect traces of a compromise between different opinions held by individual members; it being etiquette in this board that every member should agree to the conclusions of the whole; and no minority report has been made during the ten years of its existence.

Without descending too much into detail, and avoiding the allurements of Arabic numerals so attractively scattered through these pages, we find from the reports of the board and its departments, that while crime is increasing in Massachusetts, and has apparently doubled in frequency since the close of the civil war, juvenile crime has diminished, and pauperism has remained stationary, if it has not decreased. Insanity has apparently increased; but the board doubts whether the increase is out of proportion to the growing population. The report gives the whole sum expended by the State Government, by the counties and the municipalities, for "purposes of charity, reform, and correction" (that is, for paupers, prisoners, neglected children, the blind, the deaf, mute, &c.), as $1,536,000, besides $515,000, paid for State pensions to disabled soldiers and the families of those slain in the civil war. This amount is all raised by taxation, and is in the aggregate about nine per cent of the whole sum raised by taxation in Massachusetts in 1872; some $ 23,000,000. The amount paid, exclusive of pensions, is just about a dollar each for every inhabitant of the State, which now contains at least 1,536,000 people. Of this money, that portion paid for the maintenance of prisons of all sorts — some $250,000 — does little, except to restrain the prisoners from crime while they are shut up. But about half the same amount, say $150,000, expended in reformatories and schools for neglected children, and their supervision in families, seems to do a great amount of good. This department of the State charities, including the so-called "Visiting Agency" (which looks after all neglected and vicious children brought before the courts, or gathered in public establishments), is the most hopeful part of the board's field of activity. This Visiting Agency, and a similar agency for visiting the State poor in sickness, and providing for their relief at or near home, are the creation of the board, and the fruits of a steady policy towards the dependent classes, which has now been pursued long enough to produce well-defined results. This policy has by no means reached its full development, and of late years has gone forward more by its own momentum, formerly acquired, than by the united efforts of the board; but it has gone far enough to show what

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it can accomplish; and we trust it may be continued and perfected.

The separate reports of the special agent for the sick poor, Dr. Wheelwright, formerly a member of the board; of the secretary, Mr. E. L. Pierce; the general agent, Mr. S. C. Wrightington; and the visiting agent, Mr. Gardner Tufts, — follow the board's report, and bring together a great mass of information. Those of Messrs. Wheelwright and Wrightington are the most condensed; the former dealing chiefly with the small-pox epidemic, and the distribution of pauperism through the State, and the latter with immigration, and the laws of pauper settlement. The secretary's report is far the most laborious and comprehensive of all: it discusses in an able manner the recent legislation and the public establishments of Massachusetts, and the statistics of crime and pauperism, which are fully given in an appendix. It also devotes some pages to the imperfect statistics of the United States census of 1870, concerning the defective classes in Massachusetts. The visiting agent makes his report needlessly long, and expands his tables to greater bulk than is necessary; but he communicates much that it is important to know. Few readers of the volume, perhaps, will appreciate the patient industry that has gone to the preparation of the whole volume; the work of some ten or twelve persons for a whole year being expended upon it. On the whole, the impression which it leaves is this, — that Massachusetts has her full share of the evils that accompany a high civilization, and is doing much, though not all she ought, to alleviate them.

This impression will be painfully deepened upon reading another and shorter report, — that of the State Board of Health, the fourth annual volume published by this commission, at the head of which is Dr. Henry I. Bowditch. The other six members are Drs. Robert T. Davis, now mayor of Fall River, and George Derby, who is secretary of the board, and Messrs. Richard Frothingham and Warren Sawyer of Boston, P. E. Aldrich of Worcester, and G. V. Fox of Lowell. Their general report, of only sixteen pages, serves chiefly as an introduction to four hundred and fifty pages of special essays and correspondence upon important sanitary topics, nearly all of which is valuable, and much of it highly interesting. The longest of these essays, on "Sewerage and the Water Supply of Towns," was written by Prof. W. R. Nichols and Dr. Derby, and is an exhaustive paper on the subject, a very disagreeable one, but forcing itself more and more upon the public attention. The difficulties and dangers of house-drains, sewers, contaminated rivers, and the general water-supply of large towns, are here fully set forth; and some of the best ways to overcome them, and get the most advantage from them, are pointed out. As a part of this paper, we have a statement made by Mr. Walling, the map-publisher, of the size and locality of all the Massachusetts ponds and lakes having an area of more than ten acres. The whole number of such ponds is but little less than twelve hundred; and they contain an area of 92,938 acres of fresh water, — some 145 square miles. This, with the rivers, and the ebb and flow of the tide about the crooked shores of the State, ought to keep Massachusetts clean for some centuries yet, if the good advice of the Board of Health is heeded in respect to drains and sewers. Another paper, by Judge French of Concord, an authority among

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farmers upon drainage, discusses the smaller and more manageable topics of house-drains in the country towns, and shows how frequently the water of springs and wells is corrupted by the ooze and filth of cess-pools and sinks, with proper instruction for avoiding such evils. Some of the pictures drawn by this writer are no less droll than appalling, as witness this description of an old farm-house cellar: —

"In it have been stored all the potatoes, turnips, cabbages, onions, and other vegetables for family use. The milk and cream, the pork and beef, and cider and vinegar, have all met with various accidents, and from time to time have had their juices, in various stages of decay, absorbed by the soil of the cellar bottom. The cats, so neat and peculiar in their habits, have slept there to fight the rats and mice, who have had their little homes behind the walls for a half-century; and the sink-spouts have for the same term poured into the soil close by their fragrant fluids. The water rushes upward and sideway into the cellar, forming, with the savory ingredients at which we have delicately hinted, a sort of broth, quite thin and watery at first, but growing thicker as the water slowly subsides, and leaves its grosser parts pervading the surface of the earth, walls and partitions, and the floors above fully saturated. All this time the air rushes in at the openings of the cellar, and presses constantly upward, often lifting the carpets from the floors, and is breathed day and night by all who dwell in the house. Does it require learned doctors or boards of health to inform any rational person that these conditions are unfavorable to health?"

This is suggestive, to say the least; and not less so are the details given by Dr. Derby, the secretary, in another paper on "The Food of the People of Massachusetts," in which an attempt is made to describe the dietary of various classes of the inhabitants, with a glance at some of the ill consequences thereof. Dr. Derby regards air, water, and food as "the three great influences, which, more than all others, affect the health of the people;" and, of these, air and water are more important than food. In bad air, and using bad water, man's health will surely suffer; with good air and water he may eat even bad food with much impunity. Very few articles ranked as food, he says, are absolutely unfit to eat; but they may become so by the other circumstances of a person's life; "One man's meat is another man's poison" being a true proverb. Still, Dr. Derby thinks the daily bread of Massachusetts comes very near being unfit to eat. He is almost ready to believe that "the art of making good, honest, leavened Bible bread is lost in Massachusetts," and that the place of the scriptural staff of life is taken by "pies, fried doughnuts, sweet cakes, and other meretricious substitutes." Still the food of many lacks variety; though this spice of life seems to be increasing. "It is to be feared that our cooks have a fatal facility in the use of the frying-pan. Pies are eaten twice a day by most people in Massachusetts above the age of five; and, if a lunch is called for, it is generally pie, and nothing else. Country bakers often distribute more pies than loaves of bread. Pies are the most constantly recurring form of food to the traveller throughout the State." In short, if we may believe Dr. Derby, it is pie, and not tea (though tea is too much used), which the Orpheuses of Massachusetts call for and consume.

Pie dulcis conjux, *pie* solo in littore secum,
Pie veniente die, *pie* decedente canebat.

And "the average Massachusetts

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pie" would be consigned by Dr. Derby to a darker doom than that of Eurydice in Virgil's Georgics, — to Pluto's stomach, no doubt, which we may suppose capable of digesting even Massachusetts pie, since his lachrymal glands can secrete iron tears. Yet the interviews of the Yankee with his darling, though frequent, are hasty, like his ancestral pudding. "The usual or average time occupied in the process of taking food by the people of this State does not exceed from twelve to fifteen minutes for each meal. Eating in this manner, we do not know when we have had enough." There is also an excessive use of tea and coffee, of water, of pork and beans, of salt fish, and of the other staples of a Massachusetts square meal. But when these are abandoned, and the people take refuge in flavored food, another paper, by Dr. Oliver, shows us how injurious are the oil of bitter almonds, and other substances used for flavoring; while Dr. Nichols and Prof. Babcock expose new dangers to infant stomachs in the adulteration of milk. And then Dr. Bowditch publishes a valuable abstract of his correspondence with two hundred physicians on the causes or antecedents of consumption, the most fatal of all Massachusetts diseases, by which it would appear that this form of death (quite independent of pie, milk, or other articles of food, except pork, which promotes it) may be helped on by hereditary influence, by *drun*kenness, by total abstinence, *over*study, overwork, marriage, &c., and that it is communicated by contagion. Finally Dr. Draper, in a most painful paper concerning "The Homes of the Poor in our Cities," exposes the shocking condition of many tenement-houses and of whole streets in Boston and other Massachusetts cities. As we read on in the volume, and find that small-pox prevailed last year in some two hundred cities and towns in the State, most of which derived it from Boston, we cease to wonder that the death-rate is increasing, and experience a slight surprise that there are healthy persons enough left in the State to take care of the invalids, and bury the dead.

It is therefore great comfort to read Dr. Jarvis's paper on "Infant Mortality," and to learn therefrom that Massachusetts is, after all, one of the places in the whole world where life is the least in danger, and where fewer children die than in any European country, except Norway. To be sure, infant mortality is gaining ground, especially in Boston; and it may be that Massachusetts, in general unwholesomeness, may one day come to rank with England, with Austria, and even with unhappy Bavaria, where more than twice as many children now die. Like most of the papers in the volume, Dr. Jarvis's is well written, and of much interest, though somewhat too statistical for light reading. The whole book, though rather a collection of medical essays than a report in the ordinary sense of the word, is, on that very account perhaps, more sure to be widely read, and must prove of great service to the public, in Massachusetts and beyond the borders of the State.

LIVERPOOL CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL.

In 1862, when great distress prevailed in the cotton districts of England, in consequence of the rebellion of the Southern States, a public meeting was convened in Liverpool for the purpose of organizing subscriptions for the relief of those who were

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suffering from the distress prevailing. At this meeting, £15,645 were promised; and an appeal to the town resulted in the handsome sum of £97,216, to which £5,852 were added as interest; making a total, less expenses, of £102,678. Remittances were made, from time to time, to the Central Executive Committee in Manchester and other manufacturing towns, of £61,999; the last remittance being made in 1864.

It was believed that the Executive Committee had in hand, at that time, a very large sum unapplied. After a sufficient time had elapsed, and it was found that there would be no farther claim on the funds, the question naturally arose as to the disposal of the balance remaining; amounting to about £40,500, including interest. There had long been felt in Liverpool the need of a convalescent hospital; and, the matter being brought to the notice of the Executive Committee in 1867, a resolution was passed, unanimously recommending the subscribers to consent to the application of the funds to the erection of such a hospital, with the necessary consent of the Court of Chancery. In 1868 a bill was filed in chancery, setting forth the facts; and the resolutions of the Liverpool Executive Committee passed on the 6th of June, 1867. The following are extracts from that resolution: "None who have considered the laws of health and disease entertain a doubt that the centre of a large town like Liverpool, noted for its high death-rate, is not the most advantageous place for the cure of disease, still less for the restoration of convalescents to full health and vigor. In all our hospitals, there are many patients who are weeks or months in attaining a state of health to fit them to undergo operations, or in recovering after operations, who, in purer air, would reach the same point in as many days. What is urgently needed, then, is a convalescent hospital in purer air, — not a separate institution, but in connection with our three existing hospitals, — to which they might send patients to gain strength for operations, or to recover from them; or patients in whose cases pure air forms an essential part of the medical treatment required. For all cases of long-continued, incurable disease, there is now in Liverpool, practically, no other hospital or refuge than the workhouse. Consumption, cancer, chronic rheumatism, and similar diseases, send into our workhouses, to be associated with their ordinary inmates, — with the degraded class who have been brought there by idleness and vice, — a certain number of persons, who after a life spent in honest labor, and perhaps in exemplary thrift, find themselves disabled by incurable disease, or physical debility; their savings exhausted by the long continuance of disease; and their remaining years without any other shelter than the dreary, often the dreariest, ward of a workhouse hospital in a large town. They have no friends; or the means and patience of their friends are worn out. With respect to the convalescent hospital, its only necessary expenditure, beyond that at present incurred for the patients in the city hospitals, would be limited to the salaries of its officers. The patients would cost no more in the new hospital than they cost at present. They would require the same food, medicines, and comforts wherever they were; but their transfer into purer air would not only benefit themselves, but leave additional space for those remaining in the hospitals."

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When the matter came under the notice of the Master of the Rolls, authority was given to spend ten thousand pounds of the fund in the purchase of a suitable site, within easy distance of Liverpool, and to devote seventeen thousand pounds to the erection of a convalescent hospital; the balance to form a fund for the future necessities of the hospital. The committee appointed to carry out the scheme succeeded in procuring a site in every way suitable for the purposes. It is situated in about the centre of the village of Woolton, not more than three miles and a half from the town of Liverpool. The hospital itself stands upon about two hundred square feet of land, with nearly twenty acres of ground surrounding it. It is in one of the most picturesque spots near Liverpool; has a most charming and varied prospect, and for salubrity is unequalled. One feels as if he were thirty miles away from the close atmosphere of the town, instead of little more than a tenth of the distance. The hospital is built in the Gothic style of architecture. It has been arranged evidently more with a view for utility than elegance; though it forms an interesting and attractive object. Like all English buildings of this character, it strikes one at once with a sense of substantial and satisfactory work. It is built of gray brick, with the red sandstone dressings so commonly seen in and around Liverpool, with bands and figured work of blue brick; the walls being all cavity-built, to insure perfect dryness. The hospital consists of a large central building with wings; the whole containing basement, ground-floor, and one stair-floor. Capacious corridors run round the back and the two sides of the ground-floor, and unite the wings with the central portion of the hospital. By this means, as in the Boston City Hospital, all the principal portions of the whole building are connected by a covered way.

The ventilation in these corridors is effected by means of glazed doors, which form the sides of the corridors; every alternate door sliding in a groove upon rollers, so as to be easily opened at any time. These corridors can also be used, in bad weather, for promenades for the patients. A hydrant is placed at the end of each corridor, with a sufficient length of hose to reach any portion of the building in case of fire; and outside the building are nine more hydrants similarly provided. The bathrooms and lavatories are very neatly and indeed beautifully fitted up. Each one has apparatus for hot and cold water, with douches, besides a separate supply of cold water for drinking purposes only. There are eight dormitories on the ground-floor, and eight above. The upper wards contain three beds each, and the ground-floor six beds each. The wards are equally divided between male and female patients. The rooms are twenty-seven feet and a half by twenty-two feet, and fourteen feet three inches in height.

The ventilation is very satisfactory; the admission of air being regulated by the Louvre ventilators over the doors, which are quite perfect in their arrangement, regulating the temperature with the greatest nicety.

The hospital will accommodate a hundred patients, allowing a thousand cubic feet of air to each patient. The committee have very wisely provided, however, for the probable extension of the hospital hereafter, by adapting the dining and recreation halls, kitchens, and storerooms to the accommodation of from two hundred to three hundred patients. The dor-

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mitories are so arranged, that the nurses or attendants have the opportunity of looking into two of them almost at the same moment. The walls are protected from the possibility of infection by a non-absorbent cement (Keene's Cement), which has been used in hospitals with satisfactory results. In each wing of the building there is a large sitting-room, comfortably fitted up for the use of the patients to read in or to lounge (thirty-eight feet by twenty-four), having access by glazed doors to the arcade running round the outside of the building. One almost wishes he were a convalescent, with the privilege of repairing here without the trouble of riding out three miles, if only to enjoy the delicious air, so pure and invigorating, and the exquisite scenery, with nothing to obstruct the view for miles around. The two wings of the building are precisely similar in construction and arrangements. The north wing will be occupied by women, and the south by men. The kitchens and storerooms are, of course, on the basement-floor. The arrangements of the kitchen are very complete, fitted with two large ranges and hot-water apparatus, by which the bath-rooms and lavatories are kept constantly supplied. The food is passed through a cross corridor into serving closets, or dumb-waiters, and by them conveyed to the dining-hall on the ground-floor, — a very spacious room, fifty feet by thirty in the centre of the building. The inmates enter the dining-hall from opposite sides of the room. With the exception of their meeting during meal-time and religious worship, they are to be kept quite separate and distinct. It is an open question, however, how far this may be good policy in the case of convalescents. The religious services will be held in what is called the "Gladstone Hall," situated over the dining-hall; of the same dimensions in length and breadth, but more lofty. The hall will be used not only for religious services, but for lectures and concerts and other entertainments during other days of the week. It will be fitted up with a rostrum, and convenient and easy seats for the patients. The naming of the hall as the Gladstone Hall is not the least interesting feature of the scheme. In 1868 Mr. Gladstone was defeated in the contest for the representation of South-west Lancashire. The working-men of this district of Lancashire originated a penny subscription to raise a testimonial in honor of the premier. Working-men from all parts of the kingdom desired to contribute their penny; and, when the list was closed, the sum had reached to twelve hundred and fifty pounds. It was invested at four per cent, and now amounts to somewhere about fourteen hundred pounds. After the money was raised, the question arose as to the best means of expending it. Mr. Gladstone doubly commended himself to the esteem of that class of men in whom he has always taken a lively interest, by settling the matter himself. This he did by requesting that the sum raised should be appropriated towards the erection or support of a convalescent hospital in the neighborhood of his native town.

When the Gladstone Hall is finished, a tablet will be placed in it, containing an inscription setting forth the circumstances under which it has been built. As the poor, languishing men and women read the inscription on that tablet, they will often bless the name of one of England's greatest statesmen and noble philanthropists, and one of the warmest friends of the

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poor working-men, — William Ewart Gadstone.

The grounds around the hospital present an inequality of surface, which has been very ingeniously utilized by Mr. Kemp of Birkenhead, a very skilful landscape-gardener. The lower terrace is to be laid out as a croquet-ground, not so much for the use of the officers and their visitors, — as I recollect certain grounds in a Soldiers' Home were once used, — but for the amusement of the inmates. The hospital is expected to be ready for inauguration at Easter, when it is confidently expected that Mr. Gladstone will be present.

The inhabitants of Liverpool are indebted very much to the exertions of Mr. William Rathbone, M.P., for the steady progress of the whole scheme. He has taken not only a personal interest, but a large pecuniary interest, in the hospital. His experience at West Kirby, where a smaller institution exists solely by has own efforts and at his own expense, his no doubt long convinced him that convalescent hospitals are one of the great needs of every large town, and that such provisions for the relief of the respectable poor is one of the most urgent and most imperative exercises of all truly benevolent men like himself. It is a great blessing to be able to say that Liverpool abounds with just such men.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

THE readers of "Old and New" for July, 1871, may recall an article upon "The Cambridge (England) Examinations for Women."

We have now to state the details of a like scheme about to be undertaken n this country, under the auspices and guaranty of Harvard University, with the co-operation of one or more local societies for promoting the better education of women.

The Woman's Education Association in Boston has taken the lead in the matter; and we quote from its Annual Report a brief *résumé* of the work in England: —

> "The Universities of Cambridge and London publish each year a schedule of subjects for study, accompanied with suggestions about books, &c., and the offer of certificates of proficiency (with honorable mention for unusual merit) to all women above the age of eighteen years who shall pass examination in the July next following.
>
> "The result of a four-years' experiment has shown, on the one hand, that women are anxious to avail themselves of this opportunity to *test* their acquirements, and, on the other, that persons holding university certificates are so eagerly sought for as teachers, that the demand far exceeds the supply."

With the prestige of this successful experiment before them, the members of the society applied to Harvard University to try the like here. The corporation responded with readiness and efficiency. An inquiry was made as to the amount and quality of work at present accomplished in the schools for girls, so as to fix the point at which the standard for the examinations should be placed. A careful selection of subjects was made. In many cases, the best books on these subjects were sought for; and, to give the best possible explanation of the kind of work desired, a complete set of specimen examination-papers has been made out, and printed in a pamphlet now before us.[1]

The examinations are of two grades:

I. The Preliminary Examination for certificates of attainment for young women not less than seventeen years old.

[1] Harvard University. Examinations for Wonem in 1874. Cambridge, University Press.

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II. An Advanced Examination for young women who have passed the Preliminary Examination, and are not less than eighteen years old.

None will be admitted as candidates for the second grade who have not passed the first.

I. The Preliminary Examination will embrace the following subjects: English, French, physical geography, either elementary botany or elementary physics, arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, history, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin, and Greek.

It will observed that the candidate must offer herself in at least two languages besides English. It is also to be noticed, that there is no encouragement of specialties in this work. It is the foundation for a liberal education. Success in it will imply that the candidate has done the best work in one of our best high schools.

The Advanced Examination presupposes that the young woman has reached a point in her education when she may suitably determine what kind of studies she prefers to pursue, whether because she feels herself better fitted for one than for another, or because some one may be more useful to her.

The subjects are therefore divided into groups, from each of which she may choose two or more studies.

"The Advanced Examination will be divided into five sections, in one or more of which the candidate may present herself. These sections are as follows: —

"1. *Languages.* — Candidates may offer any two of the following languages: English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek.

"2. *Natural Science.* — Candidates may offer any two of the following subjects: chemistry, physics, botany, mineralogy, geology.

"3. *Mathematics.* — Candidates must present solid geometry, algebra, logarithms, and plane trigonometry, and any one of the three following subjects: analytic geometry, mechanics, spherical trigonometry, and astronomy.

"4. *History.* — In 1874 candidates may offer either of the two following subjects: the history of Continental Europe during the period of the Reformation, 1517–1648; English and American history from 1688 to the end of the eighteenth century.

"5. *Philosophy.* — Candidates may offer any three of the following subjects: mental philosophy, moral philosophy, logic, rhetoric, political economy."

For both examinations, under each subject is stated the amount of work required, or the proportion of the book or books to be studied; and, in nearly all cases, the books themselves are indicated.

The *kind* of work may be inferred from the specimen questions. It is a subject for congratulation that a good general training is insisted upon in the earlier work; but throughout there is a steady aim at something better than mere memory-training or text-book work.

The candidate in botany must submit lists of (I.) seventy-five different species, or of (II.) two hundred belonging to thirty different natural orders which she has herself determined, and the structure of which she is prepared to demonstrate. In geology (II.) she must submit a list of minerals and fossils which she is prepared to identify and describe. And the chemistry questions presuppose actual laboratory work. In history (I.) the young woman must have done some thinking of her own, who can answer such questions as that in regard to the boundaries of the United States in 1783, in 1803, in 1821, in 1848; or about the respective positions of the Emperors, Charles I., Charles V., Francis II., Napoleon I., Nicholas I., and William I.

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It is a pleasure to find that the two periods selected for advanced study in history are the two dearest to the hearts of Protestant New-Englanders, — the Reformation-period, from 1517 to 1648, or that covering the history of both England and America from 1688 to 1800.

From first to last, there is no work set for effect, — for the sake of the name of it. Indeed, as to Greek, it is expressly said, —

"Candidates are advised, however, not to prepare themselves for this preliminary examination in Greek, unless they intend to present themselves also at the advanced examination; the amount of knowledge required at the latter being the least which would repay them for the time spent in learning the language."

The hints in regard to Latin will be of great value, not only to the student, but to many teachers. The description, "*exact and exacting,*" marks a type of teaching indispensable for the attainment of marked excellence in any language.

In fact, it may be said, in general, that the publication of the pamphlet might mark an era in teaching, even if no examinations came of it. The high standard it raises, the sterling value of the books it recommends, must have an influence upon the schools.

And it is not out of place here to venture the prediction, that, at an early day, it will be discovered that it is too late to begin to prepare for this work at fourteen. The young woman who is to present herself for the advanced examination at eighteen or nineteen must have begun *serious* (not hard) work at ten or eleven. Parents and teachers will begin to find out how precious are the years that are now idled away from eight to thirteen.

Upon the last page of the pamphlet are printed the certificates to be given to successful candidates. They are of such interest and importance, that we insert them in-full.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN.

A—— B—— has passed (passed with distinction) (passed with the highest distinction) the Preliminary Examination, held at —— on the —— of ——, 1874, under the direction of the faculty of Harvard College, and is entitled to proceed to the Advanced Examination.

President.

CAMBRIDGE, 1 August, 1874.

The list of subjects for this examition is added.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

ADVANCED EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN.

A—— B——, having duly passed the Preliminary Examination on the —— of —— 1874, has been admitted to the Advanced Examination in the section [s] of ——, and has passed (passed with distinction) (passed with the highest distinction) the prescribed examination in ——, held at —— under the direction of the faculty of Harvard College, on the —— of ——, 1875.

President.

CAMBRIDGE, 1 August, 1875.

Upon the probable market value of these certificates to young women wishing to teach are based the expectations of any immediate success of the plan. The amateur student may eventually be attracted by it; but at present the chief interest in it will be taken by those who mean to be teachers.

The difficulty of setting up or maintaining any uniform standard of acquirements for teachers has been one of the most serious problems in education. The school committee of one town will accept what another will refuse; and, even worse than that, the teacher who has proved her capacity in one town is not seldom exposed to a mortifying questioning in another, sometimes from men wholly unfit to judge of her ability.

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A certificate signed by the President of Harvard University will be at once a most potent recommendation and a defence.

It was this need for some competent authority not only to recommend good teachers, but to protect the public against poor ones, that has led to this work.

Its scope is very wide. The university stands ready to do its part, wherever societies can be formed to take charge of the local work. It does not ask young women to come to Cambridge; but it will send its representative, with the examination papers, wherever a properly constituted society will bring together a sufficient number of candidates. So far as intent or possibility goes, Portland and St. Louis are upon an equal footing.

The work of a local society would be, beside bringing together candidates, "to make the necessary announcements of time, place, fees, expenses, and general conditions, to provide proper board and lodging, to provide an examination room, to supervise the examination, to collect fees, and to assist young women who cannot afford to pay the fees and expenses."

The university supplies the examination papers, and a person to take charge of the work. The papers of answers are examined under the direction of the university.

The expenses are to be borne by the local societies, and consist, first, of the amount paid to the university for making out the papers. This will, of course, be less in proportion to the number of societies that may unite in the work. Second, the amount to be paid for examining the work of the candidates. This would be paid at so much for each student's paper; the whole depending on the number in any one study. Third, the incidental charges, — room-rent, expenses of the examiner from the university, salary of local secretary, &c.

A part of this sum, if not all of it, would be returned to the local societies in fees from the candidates, which might be different in different places, but would probably not vary much from fifteen dollars.

A further work may be expected to grow up for the local societies, as it has in England, in providing, in some places, special instruction for the candidates; but this is remote, and perhaps will never be so much needed here as there.

The Woman's Education Association of Boston have printed a circular for the use of persons wishing to be candidates, which can be obtained free, by addressing the secretary of their committee, Mrs. Charles G. Loring, No. 1 Mount Vernon Place, Boston. The pamphlet with examination papers will be forwarded upon the receipt of twenty-five cents.

There are, no doubt, people, not a few of them, who will find their own special theories about the education of girls either traversed or quite ignored by the scheme. From them it may be too much to expect for it an impartial judgment or a favorable reception; but, to those who are sincerely working for better things, it must commend itself as a "chance of doing something practical to improve girls' education, — not in some world which we could have devised if we had been consulted, but in the actual world in which girls are living." The examinations are meant to test the work that girls are now doing, and to offer a point at which more advanced work of the same kind may aim.

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THE FOREIGN SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

A FEW years ago an American merchant, travelling in Europe for health and pleasure, found the general desecration of the Lord's Day, and neglect of the child population, a great scandal to his New England conscience. He therefore returned as soon as he could settle his business concerns in this country, and, with his whole family, devoted two or three years to the inauguration of Sunday schools, and the promulgation of Sunday school ideas in various parts of the Continent.

The institution as it exists among us was at that time almost unknown. A few Methodists and Baptists had caught the idea; Protestant missionaries usually had a school connected with their missons; and "preachings to children," originating in Count Zinzendorf's movement, were common in Germany: but a Sunday school as we conceive of it, an efficient organization of lay labor, was utterly unknown. So the seed sown by our merchant friend fell into virgin soil. The difficulties to be overcome were great, arising, in large part, from the determined hostility of ministers and schoolmasters to allowing the laity the privilege of teaching religion.

Nevertheless the success was sufficient to warrant the formation of the Foreign Sunday School Association, which is composed chiefly of ladies, who, divided into committees of the four leading European languages, keep up a correspondence of sympathy and aid with Sunday school workers, or those who may be induced to become such, in all lands.

The committees meet separately for business every month; and a joint meeting of all is held the first Thursday of every month, at which time strangers interested in the work are often present, letters received during the month read, appropriations made, &c.

The society is now in communication with Spain, France, Germany, Holland, Austria, Greece, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Mexico, Brazil, and Japan; and the letters of its correspondents are at times of deep interest. In some of these countries the work is as yet in its infancy; but in others, especially in Germany, it has proved by its rapid progress to have met the exact needs of that community and church. A Sunday school missionary supported by its aid reports in that country 1,233 schools (exclusive of Methodist and Baptist), 4,720 teachers, and 80,785 pupils as the present results of the society's eight-years' work.

To carry on this agency *some* money is required; although, as there are no paid officers, correspondents, &c., its expenditures are on a very economical scale.

Ten dollars sent to Italy or France will establish a school there; and an occasional gift of like magnitude will keep it afloat until it becomes self-supporting.

There is also advertising to be done, postage to be paid, stationery to be procured, notices to be printed, circulars to be translated, &c. For these needs the association earnestly solicits the American public for a few thousands of its surplus abundance, and assures those who are willing to plant in this quarter of the Lord's vineyard, that the increase will be sixty or a hundred fold.

The President of the Foreign Sunday School Association is Albert Woodruff, 130 State Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.; the Treasurer, G. S. Scofield, 8 Bible House, New York City. Address Mr. Scofield with remittances.

M. E. WINSLOW.

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Fine Art.

HELIOTYPE.

THE pictures produced by the new process known as the heliotype differ essentially from the carbon pictures, which attracted so much notice on their first exhibition: they also differ as much from those produced by the photo-lithographic process, the photo-galvanographic, the photo-electric, or the photo-engraving. With all of these, the heliotype has been more or less confounded, because, in each of these processes, the use of bichromated gelatine is an essential feature.

Bichromated gelatine, which is simply common glue dissolved in hot water, with a suitable portion of bichromate of potash added to the solution, is a compound peculiarly sensitive to light, but in a different way from ordinary photographic paper. When a portion of it is exposed to the rays of the sun for a certain time, another portion being carefully covered, the exposed portion is found to have undergone a remarkable change, which makes it waterproof, and no longer soluble in hot water; while the protected parts are still soluble. This fact was generally known as early as 1839; and various attempts have been made to apply the knowledge effectually. From it have sprung two different processes, including, in the first group, pictures like the carbons, in which every impression is produced by a fresh operation with the gelatine; and in the second group the various forms of photo-lithography, in all of which the bichromated gelatine, in one form or another, is used as a matrix for forming the plate from which the printing is done. In the carbon pictures it is actually the bichromated gelatine, colored with carbon, which forms the lines, and the light and shade.

The first step in all these processes is to get a good photographic negative, and use the gelatine sheet as a sensitive paper. The picture having been printed on the gelatine, and, by a peculiarly ingenious method, attached to a plain sheet of paper, the soluble parts are washed away, and we have the remarkable carbon pictures. The fine copies by this method, from the Sistine Chapel, will recur to all. This is also the method used by the Autotype Company. The results are fine; but the process is comparatively slow, depending on the weather, and necessarily repeated in detail for every picture.

Photo-lithography, with its variations, is a transfer, with lithographic ink, on to stone or zinc, of the picture printed on the gelatine sheet; which is a picture in relief and depression, not in color. It was this which suggested to Mr. Woodbury its use as a

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mould from which to obtain a metal mould. This, in turn, being filled with a solution of colored gelatine, transfers to the paper a duplicate of the first impression; the result a picture resembling the carbons, obtained, however, by a different process, and independent of light.

Having said what heliotyping is not, we proceed to explain what it is. As early as 1856, Mons. Poitevin discovered that the gelatine unaffected by light, though soluble in hot water, became simply spongy in cold water, and swelled. The parts affected by the light, in proportion to the exposure, were more or less waterproof; those completely exposed having the pores entirely closed, those partially exposed, as in the half-tones, absorbing more or less water. In proportion to the waterproof condition, the greasy lithographic ink attaches itself to the surface of the gelatine, and an impression can be taken. If the gelatine plate were firm enough to print from, the process would be very simple; but the mass of swollen gelatine is too soft and spongy for any thing but the most careful usage, and soon becomes crushed and useless even when attached to glass plates. Many soft and delicate effects, however, have been produced by this process, as early as 1868; but it was not reliable. There was great risk of injury to the plates; and the pictures lacked force and vigor.

Mr. Ernst Edwards's improvement consisted in adding a portion of chrome alum to the solution of gelatine and bichromate of potash, sufficient to give firmness and toughness to the prepared sheet, without destroying its sensitive properties. The film is of the thickness of heavy paper, tawny in color, quite flexible, and will endure quite rough usage.

The process of obtaining a picture, for instance a copy of an Albert Durer or of one of the lovely engravings from the Tosti Collection, or a full-length photograph, is one and the same. A good negative having been secured, and an impression taken on the bichromated gelatine sheet (usually effected in about twenty minutes, when a faint copy of the picture can be seen), the sheet is taken to a dark room to protect it from the effect of the actinic rays of the sun, and, under cold water, brought in contact with a sheet of zinc. Being withdrawn, it is held firmly in place by atmospheric pressure. Absolute contact being essential, a curious little instrument is used, called a "squeegee:" it is a long strip of rubber let into a long strip of wood. This is passed rapidly and firmly over the plate on the gelatine side, forcing out the smallest air-bubbles, and giving perfect uniformity to the surface. The double plate is then immersed again in the cold-water bath long enough to remove the superfluous bichromate, and prevent further action from light. It is then ready for the printing-press.

To secure intensity of color, and sharp outlines, a stiff black ink is used first, followed by a second roller with thinner purple or brown ink, where peculiar half-tone effects are desired: in this way a bichromatic effect is produced. The plate being inked, a mask of thin oiled paper is laid over it, having an opening exactly corresponding in outline to the finished picture: this leaves the border of the paper white and clear; so that, in fact, the picture is already mounted when printed.

After every impression, the gelatine surface is thoroughly sponged with cold water, to renew the effect from the relative absorption.

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A plate can be used from five hundred to a thousand or fifteen hundred times, without apparent injury. A printer can produce from one hundred to five hundred impressions in a day In case of accident to a film, an hour will replace it, at a trifling expense. By using a tinted water for the sponging process, an India-paper effect can be produced, also the so-called pottery and enamel shades.

There seems no limit to the possible use of heliotyping, not only in reproducing, within the means of all, the most precious treasures of the past, and copying busts and statues, rare coins and medals, but for maps, plans of various kinds, architectural designs, and book illustrations, enlarging or reducing at pleasure the size of the original in the copy.

Every thing within the sphere of photography is within its sphere, adding thereto the special excellence of lithography. In fact, the heliotype is the application of photography to the printing-press, supplementing all previous known processes. The pictures are in effect photographs printed in printer's ink, on an ordinary printing-press, requiring no mounting, produced at a small cost, with great rapidity, independent of weather, and possessing all the permanency of a fine engraving.

Those who have seen only the copies from the Gray Collection, displayed by J. R. Osgood & Co., have little idea of the exceeding delicacy and exquisite finish of the copies from the Tosti Collection, or of architectural designs and botanical illustrations.

The finer the original, the finer the copy; for every thing is reproduced with absolute certainty, — the faults and disfigurements, as well as the merits.

A DRAMA ON BEETHOVEN.

WEIMAR, March 15, 1873.

DEAR EDITOR, — Did you ever hear of "Adelaide: Genre-bild mit Gesang," by Hugo Muller? Harriet and I saw it performed the other night at the theatre here, and cried buckets over it; or rather I did, and she wanted to.

It is a lovely, simple picture from life, played in a straight-forward, unaffected manner by these matter-of-fact Germans, who know no other law than that of truth and reality. That is why they can have a good theatre, which, you know, is no paradox.

Here upon the stage we saw a real German room, with old-fashioned, shabby German furniture; and a regular German *wasch-frau* was putting away the washing, while she carried on a voluble conversation with a thoroughly German landlady. To this babble entered — Beethoven [1] in the flesh: the statue from the Music Hall stepped down from before the organ, only not bronze, but living. He walked forward slowly, his head slightly bowed, his hand in his breast, murmuring to himself; too absolved, apparently, to heed the gabble of the women, although it now came upon him in a volley of complaints and remonstrances, to which he made no satisfactory answer, but finally turned his combatants out of the room with some violence of manner.

It is perfectly characteristic of Germany to have your room full of washerwomen and landladies.

Poor Beethoven was so irritated by this clatter, that all his musical ideas were driven from his head. Then came Clara, the pretty little daughter of the landlady, who soothed and

[1] They say *Beethoven* here, with the emphasis on the first syllable; and, as this is Germany, I suppose that is right.

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cheered him. From their tender talk it appears that she alone is the *confidante* of his terrible secret; she alone knows that Beethoven is deaf. She alone of all the world can make herself understood by him, for she has been his pet from childhood; and by the motion of her lips he understands the words she says, although he cannot hear them. Clara sits at his feet, and they have a pretty, loving interchange of confidence. He tells her many things about his early love for Adelaide, how strong it was, and how intense, but how she was forced to leave him, because he was only an obscure musician, to marry a rich and noble suitor. And Clara confesses that she has a lover, Franz Lachner, the young man who copies music for Beethoven, but they cannot marry, because her mother refuses to give her to any one who has not at least as much as two hundred thalers. When the dear Beethoven hears this, he exclaims, "I will go now and write a sonata for which I shall be paid two hundred thalers, and you shall have it for your wedding-portion.

When he is gone, comes Franz with a roll of music he has been copying for the composer.

"The piece is lovely, Clara!" he says. "It is a song, called 'Adelaide.'"

"'Adelaide!'" she exclaims. "That is the name: it must be written for the lady he loved so in his youth. Ah! sing it to me, Franz."

They go to the piano. She plays the accompaniment; and Franz sings the world-renowned, beautiful song.

The part of "Franz" was played by the tenor of the opera company, who has a beautiful voice, and is a very good actor. You see, although the opera troupe and the acting company are made up of separate members, they can be worked in together in this way.

As for the orchestra, it is *ausgezeichnet*, as we say here; and the accompaniment was charmingly played.

Before Franz finished the song, and was lingering over the last modulations of the name "Adelaide," the door opened, and a lady in a thick veil entered. She paused without attracting the attention of the others, and listened, apparently much moved. As soon as it was ended, Clara advanced to meet the stranger, who asked at once for "Herr Beethoven," and begged so earnestly to see him, that Clara at last consented to summon him, although, she said, he always refused to see anybody. Clara in fact fancied, from the emotion of the lady, that she must be some former friend of the composer, — perhaps even Adelaide. And Clara tried to prepare the other for the dreadful secret; but she did not dare, nor could she bring herself, to speak the words; and as Beethoven entered the room she left it. Franz had already disappeared.

Adelaide was veiled at first; and Beethoven did not know her, for her voice, alas! he heard not. He assumed her to be one of the many sentimental admirers who come to him for an autograph, an impromptu composition, or even ("but this Heaven forbid!" he says) a lock of his hair.

Every thing she said he answered mal-apropos, and grew more and more embarrassed; for of course he did not understand her. "As you are evidently English, madame, and do not make yourself well understood, perhaps you will have the kindness to write down your request."

Puzzled and surprised, Adelaide looks intently in his face; and now, at last, he recognizes her. In the

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first moments of delight and rapture at seeing her again, after twenty years of separation, he forgets every thing but the pleasure of seeing her; he forgets that this is all that is now possible to him. "How lovely, how unchanged, you are still!" he says.

But when, after a little while, she begins to unfold to him the history of these years of separation, he understands nothing. She tells of her loneliness, her longing for the past, he expresses no sympathy; she describes her sufferings, he shows no grief; when at last she declares that she is now free, that she has returned to find him, she receives no answering rapture. During her recital, all the joy has died from his face, and gloom has come back and settled there; for, while the story goes on that he cannot hear, he is struggling with the knowledge of the revelation he has to make: and when she pauses, and draws back from him, surprised and hurt, after a terrible effort he begins his confession.

"Yes, Adelaide," he says, "I see you; and your face, your motions, recall all our happiness of long ago: but I hear you not. The door between my inner being and the outward world is forever closed. Adelaide, I am deaf!"

Then, for a few moments, he complains bitterly over such a fate. He tells her how sensitive he is to it; how not for worlds would he have it known.

"This indeed," he says, "is the irony of fate. How would the world laugh at the idea of a deaf man, who cannot hear even the simplest song of the birds, pretending to write music! A painter might indeed be deaf, for he can always see the beauties of nature, and transfer them to his canvas; the poet, also, for his world is all within him, what he writes in silent stillness may others read: but for a composer not to hear the things he himself originates is too ridiculous. If it were known, all the world would laugh, and point its finger at the deaf musician.

"And now," he says, after a little interval of silent and mutual sorrow, "and now, dearest Adelaide, you must leave me, and leave me forever! To see you once more has been rapture; but to continue to see you, without hearing your voice, without the power of talking with you, would be intolerable."

Adelaide, overwhelmed and sobbing, endeavors to change his determination; but he is firm. To re-assure her a little about his loneliness, he tells her about Clara, the young girl who is so devoted to him, who understands him, and watches over him like a child. And after a few more tender words of quiet parting, after a few caresses, with intense emotion strongly suppressed, he tears himself away from her, and disappears into his chamber.

That is the end of it; and they never meet any more.

But Adelaide sees Clara, tells her to watch over the dear old man, for her sake (Adelaide's), as well as his own; and at parting she leaves with Clara a little handful of money.

It is much more than two hundred thalers; and Clara and Franz can now be married, and take Beethoven home to live with them, and watch over him and tend him fondly all the rest of his life.

S. H.

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Musical Review.

[Figures 1 to 7 inclusive indicate degree of difficulty; e.g., 1 very easy, 7 very difficult. Capitals (A to G) the key. Small letters without brackets, the range for the voice.]

JORDENS & MARTENS, Broadway, New York.

Rondo Capriccioso. E. 6, F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy . .75

A very fine edition of one of the most popular piano pieces Mendelssohn ever wrote. The foreign copies too often are blurred and indistinct, being taken from old and well worn plates. The engraving of this is accurate and careful, the impression exceedingly clear, and in addition, all difficult passages are carefully fingered by H. C. Timm.

Lieder ohne Worte. F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

The forty-two numbers differ in price as well as in key and degree of difficulty. The three now before us, *Confiance*, No. 4, in A, *Consolation*, No. 9, in E, and *Espoir*, No. 16, in A, are among the simplest, as well as shortest of the Songs without Words. Like the *Rondo Capriccioso*, the impressions are from freshly-engraved plates, and are remarkably clear and distinct; the music, that in the foreign edition is crowded on to one page, is spread over two. If, like the edition published by Russell, each number were carefully fingered, nothing further could be desired. However limited the musical library, however eclectic the taste, no music lover can afford to be without at least a few of the *Lieder*. If he is wise, he will own them all. Failing of that, the three mentioned are a good beginning.

VOCAL.

Jubilate. F. 4. J. Mosenthal. .50

A solo quartette and chorus by the well known organist of Calvary church, New York. The opening chorus is a spirited *Allegro*, with fine accompaniment for piano or organ. The second movement *Allegretto*, a duet for soprano and tenor with brief solo passages. The *Gloria Patri* at the close is very satisfying, both in the voice part and the accompaniment. Any choir of good average ability with careful training could easily master it, and both give and receive pleasure with it. The edition is quite attractive with its quaint rubricated title page.

Dormi Pure. 4. F (E to F). Salvatore Scuderi 50

Number 4 in a collection of favorite Italian songs rendered into English. In this case, the English version is by Fanny Raymond Ritter. A graceful serenade. Movement, *Andante un poco mosso.* Accompaniment quite musical, but not difficult.

WM. A. POND & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

Phi Kappi Psi March. 3. E♭ F. Muller 75

Dedicated by the New York Gamma to the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.

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The music would not impress any one strongly, unless played with great energy and spirit; but the engraving on the title page is quite a study. It is certainly mystical and rather awe-inspiring; probably pregnant with meaning to the initiated, as it is, without doubt, the secret insignia of the society, which should bring forth none but good works under the immediate supervision of such an all-seeing eye.

Zampa. 6. D^b Sidney Smith. .75

A *Fantaisie de Concert* on themes from Herold's well known Zampa. Mr. Smith is a prolific writer for the piano-forte, and understands its capabilities as well as any transcriber we have this side the water. Everything he treats is effectively and brilliantly arranged for the piano; we are conscious of a preference for his transcriptions above his original compositions. A brilliant concert or exhibition piece, with a simpler arrangement of some of the more difficult passages on another line. There are ten *andante* movements that are quite pleasing, with room for unlimited effect in the *Allegro vivace ed impetuoso.*

School for Octave playing. H. Mayer.
Book 1 75
" 2 . . . . . 1.00

The two books form a progressive series of octave studies, carefully arranged to include every form of octave passages, from the simplest to the most involved, interlaced legato, staccato, etc. It is worse than useless to attempt to practise octaves until the hand is sufficiently grown to reach the eight notes and strike them clearly. That point attained, no better books of studies could be suggested for the use of a conscientious, diligent pupil, than the two noticed above.

VOCAL.

Be still, oh Heart. 8. E (D . to E). John Zundel 30

A solo with chorus ad libitum. As sung by Miss Antoinette Stirling and the choir of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping. 3. B^b (F to J). John Zundel 30

Also a solo with chorus, as sung by Miss Stirling, etc. The words of the latter the well known hymn by Dr. Bonar. The former, the German *Beruhigung.* Both pieces are pleasing and melodic, not difficult in range or execution, and capable of good effect on serious occasions, such as the late Mr. Greeley's funeral, for which the second number was especially designed.

The Warrior's Return. 3. F. (C to E). Berthold Tours. . .50

So the Children Say. 3. C. (D to E). Berthold Tours . .40

The first, as sung by Mr. Charles Santley; cheerful and sufficiently sentimental.

The second, the legend of a little fay,

> "Who weary with a long day's flight,
> Nestled deep within a blue-bell bright,"

and wrought sad mischief when an innocent maiden plucked the flower and placed it in her hair. Of course there was a "miller's son" to make the story properly involved.

Linger Near Me Little Darling. 2. B^b. Violetta 40

Make Believe I'm Dreaming. 3. B^b. Violetta 40

Mildly sentimental ballads. Words

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by Geo. Cooper. Lithograph title page to each, of the tenderest type.

One Smile of Thine. 3. E minor (D to E). Fabio Campana 30

In the Time of Apple Blossom. 3. D (D to D). Fabio Campana 30

The first, an Arabian love song, with its burden Aika! Light and Joy! The second, one more of the author's graceful, musical songs, movement *andante*, accompaniments not difficult.

The Raft. 4. E minor (A to E). Ciro Pinsuti 50

A descriptive song, only acceptable when well sung and played; as much depending on the somewhat difficult accompaniment as upon the vocal part; a good barytone would be best for good effect.

Two Vocal Duets. R. Schumann.

1. *Come when the Soft Twilight falls.* 2. E. 35

2. *When Gentle Winds.* 2. F. .30

The words, and presumably the skilful adaptation of the Schumann melodies, are by J. E. Carpenter. Both are from the Schumann Album; for the first, the lovely Rondo, No. 22. The second, the well-known Joyous Farmer, No. 10. Scarcely a note needing change to make of the piano gems equally choice duets, for soprano, or tenor and alto, within the range and capacity of ordinary singers who are really music lovers.

Beautiful Dreams. 4. E^b (C to E^b). W. C. Levey. 40

A waltz song, with a clear rhythm, and simple accompaniment. Melody easily caught. English and Italian words also. Likely to prove attractive.

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A collection of new and standard music by the best composers, expressly selected and arranged for reed organs and melodeons. Can be used as effectively on the piano The index includes nearly three hundred well-known names, affording something for every taste, — "the grave, the gay, the lively and severe." Not a single piece can be termed difficult, a great advantage to many young musicians.

The Bell. 3. E^b. Gustav Lange. 50

Better known as the *Glöckchen Mazurka.* Bright and graceful, like everything we have thus far seen by the well-known author. Some octave passages present difficulties for small hands, otherwise the requirements are those of a light touch and a decided swing in the rhythm.

Aïda Waltz. 3. B^b. Verdi. .30

A simple arrangement of a waltz movement, from Verdi's opera, by J. S. Knight, who understands thoroughly the requirements of such a transcription.

Bacchanal. 4. B^b. Adolphe Golde. 65

A *Chanson Bacchique* for the piano. Played with energy, fire, and precision, would be effective. Includes a good deal of octave practice for both hands.

The Break of Day. 3. C. M. Arditi 40

Reverie for the piano. Theme in the left hand principally; constant use of repeated notes in triplets for the right. Would make a good study for that purpose.

Vocal.

The Dream. "*Send me a thought.*" 2. G (D to E). Haydn . .40

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A refreshing old time ballad, as unlike the ballads of to-day that load our music counters, as dear old father Haydn is unlike the sentimental song writers who furnish our love ditties. Accompaniment very simple; the whole effect charmingly quaint.

Cradle Song. 3. D^b (D^b to F). Hinton 40

One more in the series of songs and ballads sung by Mrs. J. H. Long. This and the preceding have each a lithograph portrait of Mrs. Long.

When into thine eyes. 3. E^b. (E^b to F). J. D. Kingsley . . .35

A genuine love song written with refinement and taste.

If I but think of Thee. 2. F. (C to F). J. Q. Hoyt . . .30

The words, by Elliot Ryder, are a tribute to "The Memory of my Father," and express a great deal of filial love and respect. The music is quiet, appropriate and extremely simple.

Ah! dost thou listen to my song. 3. E (E to F). Suppe. .35

Friends, but nothing more. 2. A^b. (C to E^b). Barnett. 40

Humming like the Bee. 2. F. (F to F). Blamphin 30

Sleep! I'm watching o'er Thee. 2. B^b (F. to F). H. Pontet . .40

Four average songs. The first a serenade; the last a cradle song, with a minor refrain and pretty accompaniment.

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A very fine edition of the first six studies in the well-known opus 25. Paper thick and white; engraving faultless. We wish for the sake of less-experienced players that some reliable teacher would add the most correct fingering for Chopin, as Czerny has done for Bach, and Moscheles for Beethoven, or later and nearer home, Mr. Leonhard for the *Lieder Ohne Worte.*

Lovely Women. 3. E^b E. J. Gray 50

A *Valse brillante*, dedicated to Miss Josie M. Sumner.

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A series of twenty Little Gems for the piano-forte, with varying themes and in different keys. Suitable for beginners and of value to the teacher. Carefully fingered.

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Dancing through the Leaves. 3. G. L. G. Clifton 50

Two reveries, of similar type, with many arpeggios and running passages, graceful enough if played with delicacy.

VOCAL.

Song of the Cricket. 2. A^b. Camille 30

A pretty little pastorale; very cheery, as a cricket's song should be; not in the least sentimental. Can one imagine a love-lorn Acheta Domestica?

"What a brave little heart must be shrined,
When it chirps on as gaily as ever,
In spite of the rain and the wind!"

Glorify thy Name. 2. E^b (B^b to E^b). Camille 30

The Day is Dark and Dreary. E^b (A to C.). 3. Camille, .50

Both contralto songs; the second decidedly the better of the two; quite unlike previous settings of the well-known poem, and worth learning.

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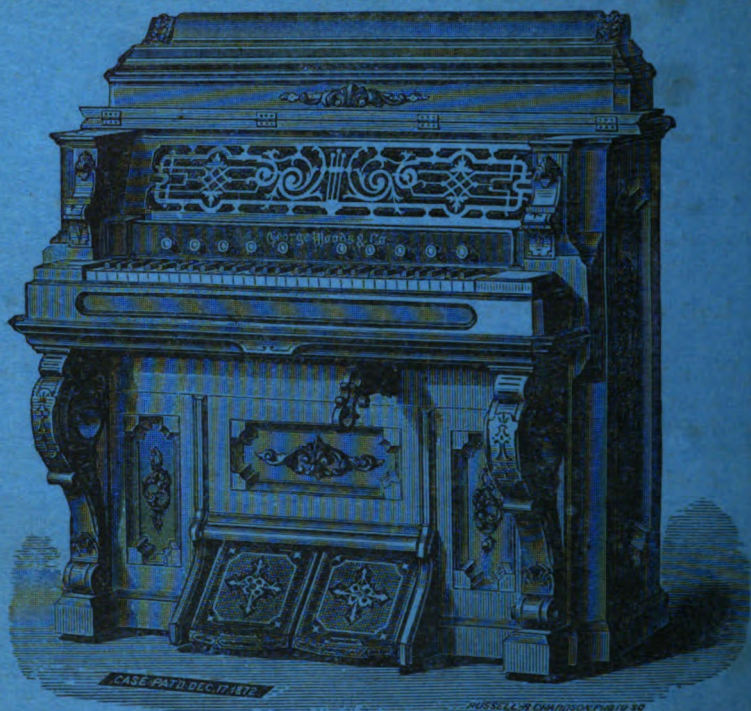

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OLD AND NEW.

Vol. VIII.—OCTOBER, 1873.—No. 4.

It is nearly seventy years since Gouverneur Morris wrote to Josiah Quincy, in a discussion regarding the machinery of the Federal Government: —

"Our mistake was in the beginning, when we united eight Republics with five Oligarchies."

His description of the original thirteen States is complete, — and the distinction made is the key to the difficulties in the machinery of Union, as they revealed themselves until 1865. By the victory of that year the nation was enabled to fulfil the obligation of the constitution, and to secure to each State a republican government, as the constitution of the United States required. The oligarchies came to an end, and weak and tender republics — with the same territorial boundaries — took their places.

Every American who has been trained in the national confidence in republican systems, trusts that these newborn republics of the South will succeed. Every one knows that the difficulties of their position are immense. But we have so great confidence in the systems, that the sanguine all believe, and even the more anxious hope, that these difficulties will be conquered. We are among those who both hope and believe.

It is but prudent, however, to acknowledge that there are difficulties, and it would be wise to make more inquiry than we are all making as to the removal of these difficulties; to inquire, indeed, what are the conditions of the permanency of republics. Here are the republicans of France and Spain, with less reason for hope as to their republics than we have for ours. Why is it that the world ridicules the prospect of permanent republics in these countries, and why is it that the best republicans in both these countries are themselves uneasy?

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We have here, through the States which were always republican, a series of constitutions admirably adapted for our purpose; harness light and strong, may we say, easily put on, easily taken off, in which there is little loss of power, and by means of which the people, who have the load to carry, carry it easily. The constitutions of America are well fitted for those who govern and for those who are governed. And they please those who govern and those who are governed, because it is the definition of a republic, that the governors and the governed are the same persons. For all this, however, this harness proves very worthless harness when it is tried on other roads, with other loads, or with beasts not trained to it. And at this moment, half the "leading editors" of the world are inviting the world to believe that it is not fit for Spain or France, — an opinion which may prove true.

There is, then, something behind the construction of a simple plan of government which is necessary to the success of a republic. That something is the training of all the people to a republic. And the sentence which we hear every day as to France and Spain, which is, alas! terribly true, is, that the people of neither country are trained or fitted for republics or republican institutions.

The question instantly rises, How were any of the American people trained to republican institutions? The answer is, that they were trained in their local governments, which did not attract the jealous attention of the monarchists of their day till the people were so well trained as to dispense with monarchy. The same might be said of the republicans of Switzerland. De Tocqueville called the attention of all the political students of Europe to the value of this training by local institutions in America, in his eulogy of the system of town-meetings and town governments. John Adams — the value of whose political writings the young men of to-day hardly understand — had done the same thing in his celebrated axiom regarding the "Four Corner Stones." The training of the American in the free discussion and personal supervision which belongs to the system in which towns are governed as pure republics, is the training which makes the whole of the great machine run easily and well.

So well is this understood by truly accomplished men, that every political traveller from England or France, who arrives in America, asks invariably that he may see a town-meeting. We could name one small town near the city of Boston, where the town-meeting has been studied half a dozen times in the last fifteen years, by strangers from Europe with this intelligent curiosity. Nowhere else in the world, indeed, so far as we know, can the moving forces of political life, in their naked simplicity, be seen, as in the spring town-meet-

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ing of a New-England town. We are reminded again of the fable by which Menenius Agrippa likened the organism of the state to the human body, — and St. Paul, remembering him, likened to that body the larger organism of the perfect church. At the town-meeting you see the organism at its work, as the surgeons who watched Alexis Beaumont saw the digestion of his food go on. Nothing is concealed. Nothing can be.

The warrant contains perhaps twenty articles. The people are summoned to meet, for example: —

"5. To see if the Town will lay a cross-walk from the front of the high school to a point marked by a stake near the widow Jones's barn.

"6. To see what amount the Town will vote for the highways.

"7. To see what amount the Town will vote for the schools.

"8. To see if the Town will buy a new platform balance to be placed at the Perryville cross-roads.

"9. To see if the Town will gild the hands of the town clock,"— and so on, till you come to

Last. "To do any other business which may be brought before the Town."

The stranger who goes "to see" if the town will do these things, finds, as he approaches the "centre," that the town is indeed assembled. As he takes his place where he belongs, on the outside, he finds himself in the midst of a group of eager boys and young men, not able themselves to vote, who are watching every step with interest, however, and, without knowing it, are studying social and political science. He hears the annual report of the selectmen to learn that those officers had, literally, no power in their hands to initiate any enterprise which the town has not ordered. The selectman may spend what the town has appropriated, — but beyond the appropriation, if he puts a nail in the shoe of one of the town's horses, he does it on his own responsibility. And before the town-meeting is over, any citizen who has any new enterprise to bring forward, has the same right to introduce it, and to persuade the town to carry it out, as the selectmen have. The visitor sees these town officers present in person to give account of their stewardship, and to answer any question which may be put to them. He sees a large body of men, not disposed to waste a moment's time in rhetoric, — who have often and often done the business of the year in three or four hours here, and who mean to do it so again; but who, for all that, do not mean to abate one jot of their privileges, or transfer a hair's weight of their power. He may well remain to the very close of this meeting, and listen even to the pros and cons regarding gilding the hands

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of the town clock. For he is in the best school which America has for the training of republicans. It is for the want of such a school that even the republicans of France and Spain to-day do not dare to say whether they will have any republic to-morrow.

It was such republics as these which defied George III a hundred years ago, — not waiting for any conventions of their delegates to defy him. Hundreds of towns in New England virtually declared war against him before a shot was fired at Lexington. What is it but a declaration of war, when the hill town of Paxton, counting perhaps three hundred people, orders its selectmen to provide a store of powder, balls, and flints, completes the enrolment of its militia, and orders that one in ten of them shall be ready to march at a minute's warning, equipped with thirty rounds of ammunition? Hundreds of towns — autocracies — passed such votes by way of preparing for the issue of blood with Great Britain. The vote was ridiculous, if one chooses to measure the strength of the defier and the defied. But it is sublime when one observes that the little town which defies is a complete political person, — that it is at every point ready to spend its last penny and its last drop and its last crumb in carrying out the defiance. That is, it has to wait for no one. It has to consult no one. It bids all its citizens arm, and they must arm. Nor has it to fret and waste away in its enthusiasm till the how and why of action are dictated from some central bureau.

Such schools of republicanism exist at this hour all through New England where the simple government of her towns remains. The principle of such schools goes into the whole detail of the civil life of America. Let the people of any newly-settled town on the frontier need a school, a road, or a bridge; let them need to try a horse-thief, or to express their opinion on an act of Congress: they meet and "organize" in the forms of a town-meeting. They choose a moderator and a clerk; and they ascertain the sense of the meeting by the forms traditional in New England. We have observed, with some regret, that a distinguished naturalist, born in Europe, has once or twice expressed his uneasiness at the delay which accompanies the first meetings of any scientific body in America. In Switzerland, he says, they would begin with telling of their observations. "But in America they begin with making a constitution and choosing officers." Yes, they do. It is a part of the national life for them to do so. It is to be hoped that one consequence will be that the newly-formed gathering will not break up in a row. However that may be, this is certain, that it helps to train republicans to their place in the republic. There is not a parish meeting, a railroad meeting, a temperance meeting, the meeting of an insurance company, or any meet-

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ing for any purpose, which is not a part of that training. But of all these meetings for the purposes of training, the town-meeting is clearly queen. The voter who only pays a poll-tax may then and there question the Tweed who has stolen thousands, — and the Tweed must answer. In fair discussion before their peers, the people of the town work out together its history for the year.

So long as the town-meeting lasts in a community, it is almost impossible that there should be "rings" in that community. Does the town vote fifty dollars for the cross-walk opposite the widow Jones's barn? Does the treasurer's report show next year that it cost fifty-one dollars? Somebody will remember what was voted, and somebody will ask where the extra dollar came from, and who expects to pay it. It would require more than the ingenuity of any ring New York has ever known to pass the argus-eyed criticism of a "March Meeting."

It is therefore, as we believe, a matter for great regret, that in the crowd of work pressing upon the farmers of new States, the people of the West, in working their constitutions, have so generally abandoned the New-England theory of the town-meeting. Outside New England, the division into townships has much less political value than it has here; and the first object of good government, namely, the management of schools, roads, and health, is left, in a large degree, in the hands of supervisors of counties, or other officers chosen by counties, who are not subjected to any regular personal interview with their constituents, and who have in practice very considerable latitude of powers, which, to the New-England "selectman," are wholly unknown. We do not believe that the local administration can be as well carried forward by such boards as when it is in the hands of men absolutely and personally responsible to their constituents, in interviews face to face. But we will consider the question of administration, which is of the less importance, at another time. The chief ground for regret, in any reduction of the autocracy of the towns, or of the responsibility of the town-meeting, is, that in such reduction we lose our noblest school for the training of the citizen. The citizens of the West, and, to a much less extent, those of the South, have other schools, to which we have alluded. A temperance meeting, a church meeting, a trustees' meeting, an insurance meeting, is such a school. But no school is at once so adequate, so comprehensive, and so complete in its details as is the town-meeting, where it has all its original forms, as in a pure democracy.

Whenever the American constitutions are discussed, this formation of the original cell, as we may call it, is spoken of, and the

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value of this school of training is recognized. It is, therefore, matter of profound regret, that this school hardly exists anywhere outside of New England. And for the men of courage and of foresight, who are trying to make republics in the Southern States, we believe that no duty is so evident as that of accustoming their people to the methods and principles of government by frequent meetings of the towns for purposes of local administration.

For reasons which it would not be difficult to explain, the constitutions of most of the Western States are based on the constitution of the State of New York, as adopted in 1821, rather than on the constitution of Massachusetts, as adopted in 1780. To these two types most of the American constitutions may be reduced. With the adoption of the New York model, there has come into most of the Western States the habit of carrying out the regulation of local affairs by the decision of boards of county supervisors, of one or another name, without that discussion in detail by the people themselves in towns, and of report in detail to the people themselves, which belongs to the New-England town-meeting. Even a village, however small, may be incorporated in these States, — and many villages are incorporated. But in the New-England plan, every township is incorporated so soon as it has people enough for the machinery of town government. There is not an inch of land in Massachusetts outside the limits of its town corporations. And in many of the towns of New England, there are not so many as ten voters; every voter has one or more offices in the town in such cases. This system, it will be seen, gives to every man in the Commonwealth a degree of responsibility for the affairs which interest him most; namely, the affairs of his own neighborhood, which he cannot possibly escape from.

In proportion as the towns grow larger, they find this system of pure democracy inconvenient, and they take, instead, the cumbrous system of city administration, so called, indirectly derived from English, and even Roman law. The inhabitants of "cities" lose, therefore, the sense of personal responsibility and of personal power which the inhabitants of "towns" retain. Each of them has one vote in the selection of the city officials. But it is evident that this vote is as nothing in comparison with the power of argument, or of personal presence, which the voter in the small town-meeting has and uses. The contrast is so distinct, that some well-meaning people in the city of New York, some years ago, set on foot an effort to establish little district meetings in all parts of that city, for the consideration of the affairs of the city, in the hope that they might thus revive the interest in those affairs which had so evidently gone.

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But this was but playing at town-meeting. And the town-meeting, which is a school of training, is terribly in earnest; it is a very serious reality.

Once more, the Irish, English, and German emigrants have never gone to this school of the republic. Their only idea of democracy, or republic, is the right to vote; a right which, in itself, is wellnigh worthless, as the Plebiscites taught us, had we not known it before. Give to those men twenty years' habits of American life, in the fifty "meetings" to which every year will call them, — best of all, give them the training of the frequent town-meetings, for the discussion of the matters most vital to them, — and they will find out what a republic is; they will learn that it differs from an aristocracy like England, or a monarchy like Prussia, not simply in the name of its chief and the manner of his appointment, but in every breath and pulse of its national life. They will begin to be competent to discharge the duties of citizens, and they will be jealous of any encroachment upon them.

Just the same thing may be said of "poor white trash" or emancipated negroes at the South. All the spelling-books or arithmetics in the world will not make them republicans, or teach them how to fulfil their duties in a republic. To make them good citizens, each of them should own land. Land is one great educator and elevator. Beside this, each of them must see his share in the duty of the State, by personal attendance and participation in the work of the local town-meeting. The more largely local administration can be intrusted thus to the meetings of the people, the better for them each and all.

The same thing may be said as to the training for liberal institutions of the people of France and Spain. The Spanish patriots, with admirable wisdom, have called on the local patriotism of their old kingdoms and provinces, which had never been fused into one, and have established, not an Elective Monarchy, but a Federal Republic. The same wisdom should teach them the value of constant recurrence to local assemblies for the decision of local matters. If a man wants to build a bridge across a brook, do not compel him to wait till a government engineer sends him the plan from Madrid. If six families want to establish a neighborhood school, do not make them wait till a Bureau of Inspection sends down a certificated master from Madrid, with a load of school-books approved by a commission.

It is seven months since the young Amadeus, whom every one calls a man of sense, found out that constitutional monarchy was an impossibility in Spain. The next day Spain was a republic.

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We earned for ourselves no little ridicule by venturing to suggest that there was no reason, in the nature of things, why she should not be a republic. We expressed the earnest hope that the republic would succeed, and we showed that there were in Spain some reasons for that hope. The demonstration was received with incredulity in our own country and with derision in Europe.

Poor Spain has had a hard time since, — has a hard time now. Yet every morning the leading journals of London, Belgium, and Vienna have to announce, with disgust unconcealed, that she is still a republic. The Duke de Broglie and his patron, the Pope, thought the opportunity a fit one to send Don Carlos into Spain to re-establish absolutism. With such assistance as they could send after him, he entered Spain, in the company of a "Herald" correspondent and three other persons. He has been there three months, and Spain is still a republic. And we see that the most sensible journal in England, in expressing undisguised amazement at this result, says that, what is strangest of all is, that Spaniards go on grinding olives into oil, and tying grapes to their supports, baking flour into bread, and putting corn into the ground, just as if Spain were not the theatre of an amazing political revolution. The truth is, that this is the most hopeful sign of all. When Spain is truly a republic, her people will be doing these things all the time, excepting a few hours spent in the "town-meetings."

Can this republic sustain itself? *Quien sabe?* With these two questions we had to satisfy ourselves in speaking of our hopes in April, and with these two questions, so far as immediate success or failure goes, we must satisfy ourselves now. It is a pleasant thing to see that somehow or other the republic has sustained itself for seven months, in face of the non-recognition of every monarchy in Europe, and in face of the hostility of reactionary France, and of the thunders in the field of the legate of the Prince of Peace. But there is hardly more reason for immediate prophecy of success than there was in April. For Spain, as for France, there is needed the long apprenticeship in the little republics which care for local institutions. A people which wisely builds the cross-walk from the widow Jones's barn, will not make great mistakes if it takes the charge of its own railways. And when the people of Spain have learned how to build their own school-houses in their own villages, they will not find it hard to multiply their revenue tenfold, — to reconstruct their navy, to do without an army, and yet to defy Don Carlos and the Pope, —and to live quite indifferent whether the governments of Europe do or do not recognize their existence.

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A TALE OF THE SIMPLON.

From Brieg to Milan.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

They had come down the valley of the Rhone in the most comfortable of voitures. It would have easily held six in the carriage and coupé, and they were but four. They had no courier, nor needed any here, for Antoine, the voiturier, was only too glad to talk, and Walter only too glad to try his German. There was no anecdote of adventure on the valley road but Antoine could tell it, no church but he could name, no snow-covered summit but he knew to what streams its brooks ran down; and as the three behind the coupé tested these revelations by the trusty Baedeker, they did not once catch Antoine tripping. To tell truth, half Antoine's facts had come from Baedeker, he himself unconsciously having picked them up from one and another tourist and courier who had hired his carriage in other summers.

The ride down the Rhone from the glacier is interesting; but, like all valley rides in summer, it is hot, and to-day it was dusty; and when Julia, on the back seat, made out the spires of the little town, and shouted, "Brieg! Brieg!" a little before anybody had dared to look for it, there was, it must be confessed, a unanimous satisfaction that even anything as pleasant as this ride had come to an end.

"How large a place it is! Had you any idea of such a metropolis up here in the mountains? I supposed it would be like North Conway. One, two, three, four — there are seven churches! Seven, there are eight! And what an oriental look! They might have been on the Danube!"

"But four spires," said Melissa, "if you see, are alike; they belong to one building. That must be the cathedral." Melissa is decidedly high, and knows the difference between an archbishop and a sacristan, which is more than can be said of most travellers from a land of equality. "Or *are* those all on one building? The two black ones are certainly, but I am not so sure of the others."

"Brieg; 2,244 feet above the sea. *Hotels, Trois Couronnes; Angleterre,*" — thus read the accurate Phineas from the unfailing Baedeker, — "a small town at the mouth of the Saltine, 1,076 inhabitants." "If there are eight churches," he added, "there can be only 134 worshippers in each, including babies, lame, deaf and dumb, bedridden people and priests, on the days when all the inhabitants assist in the service. Could you not take it down one half, Julia? Consider what Baedeker adds, 'with a modern chateau, the four towers of which are surmounted by metal cupolas.' Do any of the spires look like metal cupolas?"

Phineas, be it observed, was riding backwards, and was obliged to do some of his sight-seeing through the medium of the guide-books.

"I will neither be lectured nor hectored," said Julia, laughing, "and if I choose to have forty churches, I will have them. Any way, Brieg is

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a sweet pretty place, and I wish we were going to stay a month here. I do not see the use of rushing from place to place so madly." This was an observation which each of them made regularly, on their arrival at the pretty Swiss inn, of each successive evening.

So they dashed through the little village of Naters without stopping, made out the first chestnut-trees, as their guide-book bade them, crossed the wooden bridge on a walk, as directed by law, just as if they had been on the Passumpsic or Ammonoosuc at home, and then with a musket-like crack of the whip, and a trot which had been saved up for the occasion, rattled up through the picturesque, crooked, narrow streets of Brieg to the Trois Couronnes, — quaint, comfortable, and neat, poking its corners right into the middle of the public square, — and were welcomed by the whole force of landlord, waiters, maids, and grooms, who had known to a minute at what time the party was coming.

For the Swiss government telegraph is wellnigh perfect for promptness and economy, and the most fastidious traveller may now have any wish provided for before his arrival, if he will.

The hotel is a queer, rambling pile of two or three eras, and various floors. Corridors which you cannot account for lead you know not where, up stairs and down; stairs mystify you; rooms without windows, and rooms with windows on both sides, receive you, but there is comfort everywhere. Each bedroom was ready, and in fifteen minutes the four were comfortable again, and began to assemble in their parlor, around the white-clothed table, where the arrangements for dinner were in progress. Began to assemble, I say. It must be confessed that Walter, wild for "Tichborne," was already in the reading-room, and had discovered two later numbers of the "London News," in which he was working down through the 36th and 37th days of that wonderful trial.

The limits of this paper forbid my describing the ten courses of this dinner, as they advanced decorously from *potage* to *miel*, with appetites well earned. While they are eating, I must tell the reader who these are into whose company I have introduced him.

II.

Phineas the accurate, and Melissa the ritualist, had been united in marriage on the 20th of April, at the church of St. Botolph, in New Altona, in the presence of a company of real friends. I can hardly tell now whether the bride's side of the church outnumbered the bridegroom's side, nor whether the silver which these gave outweighed the silver given by those. One of the bridegroom's friends had presented the American Cyclopædia with the supplements, and one of the bride's had presented Pollok's Course of Time, with illustrations. I do not know which of these was the heavier. In every way it was a well-assorted match. They loved each other heart and soul, — they were not in the least like each other, — they never discussed their mutual rights, nay never even thought of them. But if Phineas could find anything to do which would please her, he did it; and Melissa, if she could find anything to do which pleased him, did that. For, with these two, marriage was not a bargain, in which they were trying to outgeneral each

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other; it was the inevitable union of two half lives fore-ordained for each other; it was the outflow of sincere passion with them both.

On the 22d of April they had sailed for England in the "Kamschatka." They had spent a few weeks in Wales and in the Isle of Wight. They had satisfied themselves, in their own experience, that shopping in Paris is hard work and not economical for Americans. And thus, by another of those inevitable laws which govern the young, the happy, the free, and the brave, they had drifted almost immediately to Switzerland.

This is not the journal of their life there, but only of one or two days of it. Suffice it to say that they had essayed the adventure of the Glacier of the Rhone, — of all the glaciers which men and women come at easily the grandest and most instructive, say the wise. They had slept in the Furka-Haus, two thousand feet higher than you sleep when you are on Mount Washington, — snow above them, snow below them, snow all around them. After breakfast, Melissa had girt herself for action, — Phin had found Jean Fahner, and he had agreed to be their guide over the face of the glacier, — and so they had used their Alpen-stocks for real service. Jean had taken them over and down this frozen waterfall, to the inn in the valley below; and thus these two knew at last, what no cushioned and horse-drawn traveller knows, what it is to jump across a crevasse, and how provoking it is to have to turn one. Jean was everything chivalrous, in leading, helping, and encouraging, — everything but lifting. When lifting had to be done, the stout Phineas took his pretty bride in his arms, not as if she were a feather, but as if she were a child; and she trusted him like a child, as she had a right to. So they had come, jolly and triumphant, to the hotel at the source of the Rhone, where five streams flow together to form it, some icy cold, and some warm from Erebus. They came in time for an early dinner, and a hearty nap thereafter.

After the nap, the sea of ice had tempted them again. As you look at it, from the road or from your window, it looks like a gigantic Niagara, if you had painted it rather badly, so that the water did not seem fluent. It looks like an exaggerated Cataract of the Ganges, as I have seen it at the theatre. A cataract of ice, observe, of which the summit is about 4,000 feet above you, and which takes three or four miles, and I know not how many years, in flowing towards you. Fascinating in its grandeur is it; and the young people found themselves approaching it again and clambering over the lateral moraine, — the gravel on the edge of the ice, which separates the moving monster from the cliffs between which he crawls along. As they drew near to the ice, they saw what they had not seen before, — a grotto cut into the solid mass, on which a party of Swiss workmen were even now engaged. Of course they went in. How lovely it is! The blue light shines down and around through ice so hard, so dry, and who shall say how clear? Auguste, their bright little guide, seized a broken piece of clear ice, rubbed it a moment on the roof, let go his hold, and lo, it was frozen to the wall! On and on, into the very heart of the glacier! At the end, they hear voices in their own lan-

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guage, and hurrying forward, they join two young Americans in the chorus of John Brown.

'John Brown in the depths of the glacier of the Rhone!

Of course they were all talking together in an instant. "How wonderful! How beautiful! Had you any idea of it before? Did you come over the Grimsel?" and so on, and so on. The two whom Phineas and Melissa found there, were Julia, the lovely girl whom we met first on the back seat of the carriage, and Walter, her brother. He had spent the winter at Zurich, at the Polytechnic School, and had sent out to America to her to persuade her to spend the summer with him; and this she had gladly done. Need it be said, that before the four young people had fairly returned to the inn together, they were all good friends. A day or two's rest there cemented this friendship, and thus was it that all four had joined in engaging the same carriage to cross the Simplon.

III.

This has been a long excursus, while our four friends were working through the elaborate dinner of the Trois Couronnes. Dinner well over, the tireless Phineas announced his intention of going shopping.

"Shopping in Brieg! What in the world do you want, Phineas?"

O, he wanted soap, and quinine, and thought perhaps he could find a better piece of india-rubber than he had left. It was still broad daylight, and a pity not to see Brieg.

"If you go, Phineas, I will go with you," said Julia. For these young people were already calling each other by their Christian names. "I shall feel better for a walk."

"And you will be glad to see the Stewarts and the Bon Marché of Brieg," said her brother. Julia scorned to reply, — and the two started together. The truth was, that Phineas knew that his little wife wanted some Berlin worsted, and he had surreptitiously possessed himself of patterns, that, if possible, he might find her some. In this enterprise he was not sorry to find that he had Julia's companionship.

The shopping was in part adjusted, and the two found themselves walking out of the little town up the first ascent of the great Simplon road, — which, as they knew, they were to begin upon in earnest in the morning. Every step they took gave a lovelier view of the valley of the Rhone behind them, and they gladly pressed on. Beyond them, just before the road turned, was a wide platoon of at least forty figures: were they women? were they men? were they priests, — men clad in long clothes like women? Are they coming down, — are they going up?

After a little speculation Phineas accosted an intelligent looking man, who met them, and in his choicest French asked who those people in the distance were.

"Pardonnez moi," was the reply, civil enough; "mais je ne parle pas Anglais." And poor Phineas returned rebuffed to his companion, and she screamed with delight as he told her the story. In a moment, however, another native who approached was more voluble. "Who were the people they saw? Why they were travellers. They were crossing the Simplon. This was the Simplon road."

Phineas asked if they were going on a pilgrimage, — they had seen so many people going on pilgrimages. "Not at all, they are not going on a

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pilgrimage. They were travelling to Italy together." Of all which, Phincas and Julia believed only the minimum, and they were right. People do not leave Brieg on foot at half-past six in the evening to walk to Italy in platoons of forty. A few moments more, as they sauntered down the hill again, wondering at the glories of the evening light on the mountains opposite, they in turn were accosted by a voluble fellow-citizen. Would they not like to see the Salvator Rosa in the church? The chateau? O, they could enter the chateau. "The Baron gives me permission to show to travellers the gardens of the chateau, — parceque je suis guide," — as if he had said, "Because I am the Duke of Bedford, or president of the French Republic." And he explained that the forty gowned people were women, pupils in a Catholic Normal School, who took their constitutional every evening after supper in this quasi-military order.

Of course they went to see the Salvator Rosa. An altar-piece by Salvator Rosa is not met with every day. A church beautifully situated, with wonderful views from the terrace, taking, in the rear, some of the very mountains which you see in front, so to speak, from the terrace of the cathedral in Berne, near sixty miles away, it must be. It seems that when the Jesuit fathers were driven out of Russia, they made this snug little Brieg one of their resting-places. That was before the Swiss had waked up enough to send them out of Switzerland also. And, by token of their gratitude to the Brieg people for their hospitality, they left behind them in the church six pictures, representing miracles in the life of Xavier. One was the picture of that wonderful shipwreck, where he lost the cross which he carried with him. But lo, a sea-monster rescued it from the deep, and brought it to the place where he was, so that he could celebrate such offices as required it! This sea-monster resembled a large lobster.

There was a tall, pretty young lady already with the guide, and a slight, hectic young man, who proved to be her cousin. They spoke French to the guide, as did Phineas; but there was that in the cut of their jibs which made it clear that they also were from America, and Phineas and Julia did not hesitate, therefore, to address them in the vernacular as they left the church, which is, perhaps, a cathedral. (The contemptuous guide-books do not choose to tell, and Phineas forgot to inquire.) All together, they then visited the castle of the Barôn of the Upper Alps, — nay, even saw the Baron cross the court-yard, — nay, he even spoke to the guide: "Parceque je suis guide." So they understood much better what is the meaning of a castle in ruins, from seeing one which is not in ruins, and is not very large, and is not very grand. When you see Raglan, or the castle of Adlerfels on the Rhine, or King Mathias's paradise on the Danube, all in ruins, you never form a fair idea of what they would all be if they only had roofs on. Now here was a castle whose roofs and floors had never been burned away.

All four were very good friends, as they walked down the streets and went into the worsted-shop together; it had been shut up before, that the keepers might go to supper. All four contributed their stock of German and pantomime to explain what was "Berlin worsted" in Deutsch,

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and what were lilac and scarlet and cherry-color and crimson. And, all in a frolic, they returned, as the light began to fade from the hills, to the Trois Couronnes. Phineas found out that their new friends had branched off from a larger party who were at Martigny, that they might cross to Milan and see the cathedral. This was precisely the object of our original four. Miss Burdett and her cousin had come by the diligence, and were to take it again by three the next morning for Italy.

Phineas said nothing then, nor did Julia. But as soon as they joined Melissa and Walter, — after they had exhibited their worsted, and a little india-rubber ball with the cross of Switzerland on it, which they had bought for little Rob at home, — after they had been fitly praised for their success, they told about their new companions, and proposed that they should be invited to take the two remaining seats in the comfortable carriage in which the four meant to start at seven o'clock, so that they need lose nothing of sleep and nothing of the view. Every one agreed cordially. Phineas and his wife went on a tour of discovery, and found the two reading in the salle à manger. Glad enough were they to give up their seats in the diligence, — and so all parties retired early.

IV.

Beautiful sunrise, beautiful morning hours. Our horses start long in advance of us, with Antoine. We go up with fast horses — or diligence horses, are they? — to save ours. But this driver is as well disposed to talk as Antoine was, and tells us all about Napoleon's road, and the new road, and names every "horn" of them all, — and does not let us lose one point of view. "Do turn round, Miss Burdett, — Julia, you must stand up just this once, — see that cloud-shadow on the Wreck-horn, — or is it the Schreck-horn? Neither? Well, I don't care what it is; but it is the most beautiful slope I ever saw in all my life!" — "Purple vetch, O yes, I see it!" And in an instant Phineas was out of the carriage, and one more flower was added to the herbarium. "One hundred and sixty-one," said Julia, proudly. So many had they entered on their list with provisional names since they left Dissentis. Up and up! The gentlemen walk most of the way. Far down in the ravine you see Napoleon's route, the original Simplon, which gave to the Simplon its fame. But on his road the more modern engineers have greatly improved. They seem to have taken a fixed grade, so many degrees inclination, and to have held grimly to that, let it take them where it will. Off, on one side and another, you see hamlets of chalets perched on the mountain-side. You wonder that they are there, — you wonder how they are there, — that is, how the people could go there to build them. But always there is the rich grass, that is the tempation, — and, practically, where a goat can go, a man can go, — and then he can make a road where a cow may go. Then he can build his chalet, and his children can live there forever and ever.

"The First Refuge!" How grand that is! To stop at a refuge and not at an inn. For Napoleon appointed that ten or twelve "refuges" should be built for storm-harassed travellers here. But this, only an hour from Brieg, not fairly out of the trees, — there is no need of it for a "Refuge" at all! None the

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less do we stop here. "The horses are used to stop in the diligence," says the driver. It looks as if the driver were used to stop to get his glass of beer. At the Second Refuge nobody stops, — for there is nobody there to welcome us. Higher and higher! how close we are coming to the snow again Here is the Fourth Refuge, — and here we take our own horses, who have been resting here for hours.

It is some sort of a fête day. See, the little chapel is open. And Phineas walks up the high steps and goes in. A few colored lithographs of the Virgin and her child. A few muslin flowers hanging above the altar. Seats — like the slab seats of a country school-house at home — for thirty or forty worshippers. As he goes out, Phineas finds a place on the steps of the church where he can sit and make a sketch of the lines of the mountains in the pass above. In a minute a pretty little Swiss girl appears, with a chair as big as herself, and in her pretty German asks Phineas to sit there. "And what is your name, my darling?" — "Al-ice." — "And this little puss, what name has she?" — "Trudchen." — "And have you been to mass this morning, Alice?" — "Ah, yes." — "And has Trudchen been?" — "Ah, yes." — "And here is a sous for Alice and a sous for Trudchen: good little girls, to be so kind to a traveller." But Antoine calls Phineas, and the half-finished sketch is shut up, as so many more have been.

Above the trees! above even Alpine roses! "See those great red patches, acres on acres of them, far below! Look up, right above us! That is the road. It doubles on itself there, and doubles back there, and doubles again there, and doubles back there, like a fox's trail, or like Crooked river." — "One could run up to that fourth turn in ten minutes!" — "As to that," says Julia, more placidly, "I had much rather run down." — "But look back! There is Brieg, ever so far below us! It looks like the model of Zurich we saw, or more like one of Rob's toy-villages." — "What is that peak, Antoine?" — "Is that the Leone?" — "I wonder if *Simp-lon* has anything to do with *Leone?*" — "Do see this parapet! What if all this should give away!"

For once Phin did not read from the knapsack guide-book: "This bridge is left uncovered. The terrific wind which accompanies an avalanche might blow the arch away if too much bulk were presented to its action." Nor did he read from Baedeker, "That portion of the road between the Fifth Refuge and the culminating point is the most dangerous during the period of avalanches and storms." For, in the presence of the timorous, Phineas could be prudent and silent.

The cascades, cold from glaciers above, over which and under which the road passes, are the wonders of the Simplon pass. Yes — "under which" it passes. As the party, more and more clamorous with wonder, approached the Kalt-Wasser Glacier Gallery, Antoine bade them all enter the carriage again, — they hardly understood why. In a moment they entered the gallery, as if it were a sort of tunnel; they saw that in fact it was more like one of the covered bridges of their own home. From the right-hand side, arched windows, large and generous, gave the most marvellous views of the gorge below; and the long reach of the valley down which they looked, mile after mile, even to the moun-

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tains beyond the Rhone, on which, the night before, they had seen the tints of sunset. Antoine drove slowly, rejoicing in their enthusiasm. And yet, it was of a sudden, and all unprepared, that they found themselves at another of the arches looking into and through the sheet of water beneath which the gallery had been carried. It was like driving in a carriage and four under the sheet of Montmorenci.

Wonders upon wonders! As they pass this gallery the snow is deep upon the road. "I must make one more snow-ball!" cried Miss Burdett; and she and her cousin, and Walter and Julia, all alighted, and were pelting each other in good earnest. Melissa did not dare to. Her boots were thin, and fortunately, as it proved, Phineas remained with her. The carriage went on slowly through the heavy snow-banks, higher and higher on each side. "See, see," cried Julia, "it is really a snow-tunnel!" and in an instant the carriage disappeared from their sight into the arch beneath the snow. The snow-ballers trudged on, sorry, perhaps, that they had let it pass them.

And then — in one instant more — one of those spectacles which only once in a man's life, nay, only once in ten hundred lives, are granted to any man to see! Walter seized Miss Burdett by the arm and held her to the spot. All eyes were riveted on the archway in the snow. It was — it was moving! The ice above had given way at that instant, the melting of the streams beneath had been too much, and acres upon acres of the white mass, — who shall say how deep or how heavy? — bearing with them the whole roadway, bearing of course the hidden carriage with its horses and its precious freight, slid slowly, faster, and then with a horrid speed, — in a whirl of white mist and frozen dust, — slid down into the chasm of the valley below!

[To be concluded.]

PUCK.

BY WM. W. YOUNG.

A smoky hostel cellar, strewn with all
  The wreck and ruin of a wassâil night;
  A taper flick'ring with a drunken light;
Beyond, a boar's head grinning from the wall!

With silly mouth agape, the serving lout,
  Beside his master's guest laid neck and heel;
  The clock at midnight with its hand of steel;
And, newly lighted on the fallen rout,

A dwarfish monster, sharp of elbow, thin,
  With greedy eyes uprolled, and lips askew,
  High perched upon a flagon, dim and blue,
Sawing upon a battered violin!

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MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MY VISITORS — I AM PUZZLED — A DIVERSION AND A POSTPONEMENT— LETTER FOR LEAVE — A PICNIC ON THE RIVER.

In my room, to my utter surprise, I found Uncle Van, and, of all persons in the world, Mr. Verney. This room was a very small one, of an unassuming simplicity. Uncle Clym seemed to be quite at home in it. Not so Mr. Verney. He was cabin'd, cribb'd, confined by my four walls, and was expanding his chest, and breathing with as much difficulty, apparently, as he might have experienced in a diving-bell.

I never yet saw the room that was not too small for Mr. Verney, or for which he was not too big. Yet in any new place his manner was courtly in the extreme. He bowed, so it seemed, reverentially to the easy-chair, politely saluted the ordinary chairs, was affable with the table, and would, on no account, ignore the presence of the fire-irons. The furniture were his audience, as was everything animate, or inanimate, in his world. In a looking-glass he was not himself, but himself in a new character, to be apostrophized, addressed, and appealed to. This reflection of himself in a mirror was invariably, to Mr. Verney, the creation of a sort of "Charles his friend," the confidant of the hero in a drama, into whose patient ear the sorrows of his chief have to be poured, and who represents the medium through which all the mysteries of the plot are to be made known to the spectators.

Mr. Verney, in my little room, reminded me of the Genie in the yellow copper vessel fastened with Solomon's seal. He was still more like the Genie when he subsequently emerged into what he styled "Heaven's own pure air," and expanded his chest in the College quadrangle, or, as we called it, the school-yard.

Thus, astonished as I was at the presence of my visitors, I was quite prepared for Mr. Verney's entire appropriation of the room, of Uncle Clym, and, in fact, of Holyshade College in general.

"Kee, kee, kee," snuffled and chuckled Uncle Van, shaking my hand, or rather letting me shake his, which then dropped helplessly at his side, like a broken pump-handle.

Mr. Verney saluted me in his most Louis Quinze-ish style, giving his back the graceful outward bend of a shoe-horn, and advancing his left leg in such an attitude as suggested, either that he was about to display pinions and soar through the ceiling, or that he was but waiting for the music, in order to walk a *minuet de la cour*.

"I am so glad to see you," I said, being in fact uncertain as to whether I was more puzzled or pleased by their visit.

Were they come to take *me* out, or were they expecting me to show them over the College? Lastly, when they had subtracted themselves from my company, would the remainder be one sovereign in my pocket? I knew I couldn't expect this from the exchequer of Frampton's Court, but I

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thought I might calculate on Uncle Van.

A schoolboy's table of relationship is graduated by a pecuniary scale. A father is worth so much per annum. A grandmother or grandfather, so much apiece; or the pair together a lump sum down, and have done with them. Bachelor uncles and spinster aunts are "safe tips"; while married ones are not to be relied on for a sixpence. Every relation can have his sovereign's worth, or half-sovereign's worth, of a schoolboy's affection, just as the schoolboy can go and have his fourpenn'orth, or twopenn'orth, of luxury at the "sock" shop. 'T is a mean-spirited world at best, and money is *the* power after all. You can buy guests, as you can buy dolls; you can buy opinions, you can buy friendship; in short, what is there you cannot buy, from a penn'orth of nuts to an Act of Parliament, if you have but sufficient money?

I am bound, however, to say that I liked my two visitors, apart from any valuable considerations into which Mr. Verney had never for a moment entered; but I should have liked Uncle Van more, could I have looked upon his bidding me "Good-by" as equivalent to twenty shillings, or half a sovereign.

"I tought tat I vouldt come to zee you — he-he-he," said Uncle Van, nervously playing a jingling accompaniment with halfpence and keys in his trousers pockets, "because ve 'ave a leetle tinner 'ere, ant ve go avays aftervarts. Your aunt —"

"Is Aunt Clym here?" I asked, rather astonished.

"He, he, he — O no," chuckled Uncle Van; "she is at 'ome, but as te Baa-lamps — it is our clup — come 'ere to tine tese evenin' — I tell your aunt tat I vill take te occasion to zee 'ow you get on, and vat you tink of it all."

"Thank you, uncle."

It occurred to me that he had not satisfied either himself or his nephew by this account of the origin of his coming down to Holyshade. Why with Mr. Verney as a companion? Not at my aunt's request, I should imagine. My countenance betrayed my question, which Mr. Verney proceeded to answer. Before he spoke, he waved his right hand in his most elegant manner, as though clearing the air of a cloud of objections, which might be floating about, like dust motes in a sunbeam.

"Your uncle and myself," he said, "belong to a society called the Baa-lambs, whose aim and object —"

"I know," I interrupted, rather rudely. Then, remembering what was due to my guest, I added — "I mean I recollect your telling me all about it at Ringhurst. You dine together and sing. So do we. We go up the river to Sulky Hall —"

"A place or a person?" inquired Mr. Verney, who could not, all at once, recover his accustomed suavity, after having his address thus ruthlessly mutilated by me. A sharp frost seemed to have suddenly nipped the flowers of his oratory in the bud, leaving nothing above ground but jagged and stunted stems. Where he had been diffuse, he now demanded precision of others. This was a momentary phase in his conversational life, but it showed that he had been as completely upset, as would have been a lame man whose crutches had been unexpectedly kicked away from under him.

"Sulky Hall is a place," I answered, "up the river. We pull up to there. Sometimes we dine, and have songs; but there's not always

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enough time for that. I'll get leave, and take you up now."

"No, tank you, ve 'ave not te time now. Te Baa-lamps vait at te 'Otel. Mr. Verney is going to stop, and zo to-morrow, if your father does not send for you — he-he-he, you could take him to — he-he-he — Zulky 'All — he-he-he."

"I should indeed enjoy a blow on the river," said Mr. Verney, who had now regained his usual manner, "especially in such a neighborhood, where we are on classic and historic water, which meanders through the verdant pastures like a silver-backed serpent in a basket of mulberry leaves. My daughters, Carlotta and Julie, who are here fulfilling a professional engagement, would enjoy such a trip amazingly, and we could halt at some little inn by the riverside, take our modest refreshment, a draught of home-brewed ale, with a head like the full bloom of a cauliflower, and the scent of the hop still lingering in its bubbles, served in a neat brown jug, with a handle fit for the grasp of a sturdy yeoman; then on the table, covered with a cloth as white as snow and as sweet as lavender, would be laid the clean old willow-pattern, a white wheaten loaf, a bright cheese as glossy as a new hat, and, perhaps, a plateful of last year's pippins, wrinkled, but pleasant as the physiognomy of a virtuous maiden aunt. Yes," said Mr. Verney, coming to the end of his part, as it were, and drawing a long breath, just to give him himself the chance of going on again easily, should any fresh simile occur to him, "yes, I shall enjoy it very much, and so, doubtless, will they."

During Mr. Verney's speech, I had been considering Uncle Van's remark as to my father sending for me, and having concluded that this was not one of my relative's "Jox," but the prediction of an event which was, for some reason or other, evident to him, not to me, far from improbable, I determined to examine him on the subject.

For my father to send for me was so very unlikely. I never had had, during my school-time, any holidays, save at the regular times. My father had never been to see me, even on our Holyshadian Festival Days, when boys in knee-breeches and buckles made speeches in Upper School, using their arms like those on the railway signal-posts, and with about as much grace; and other boys, dressed up in boating costumes, drank bad gooseberry wine at Sulky Hall, cheered Catherine-wheel rockets, and other features of the pyrotechnic art displayed on the Eyot, and returned more or less the worse for the liquor and the excitement, to answer to their names at "lock-up," — on neither of these Festivals, there were only two, had my father, as yet, honored me with his company. Yet all the world and his wife were there, and fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and aunts and uncles, were about all day with Holyshadians. The boy who had no friends on this occasion was a melancholy exception. The exceptions, unless invited out by more fortunate companions, became cynical, retired to the river, hid themselves in the playing-fields, murmured at the giddy throng, or lounged into "tap," and consoled themselves with somniferent malt. Perhaps Uncle Van meant that my father was coming down, and would want me to meet him at the station. "Was that it?" I asked.

Uncle Van elevated his apologies for eyebrows, took off his spectacles, and stared at me blankly.

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His conduct was so odd that I really began to think the society of the Baa-lambs, and the companionship of Mr. Verney, had had some effect on his watery brain; had made it boil, perhaps, as he seemed to be steaming gently, like the outside of a silver urn at the first breath of the heat below, and was obliged to use a pocket handkerchief to his forehead. Then he replied, —

"He — your father — come 'ere? O, no. Vy shouldt he? He cannot."

"Cannot, uncle?"

"No, you know zo well as I. He vouldt not go avay now; he is zo busy."

"In the city?" I asked.

"No — tat is nothing — Cavanter toes all tat now; it is ott, very ott." He meant "odd."

I thought it was too, for we seemed to be talking at cross purposes.

Mr. Verney referred to his watch.

"We have," said the last mentioned gentleman, "only half an hour to walk to the hotel, to prepare ourselves for the conviviality of wine, with a libation of water — and soap, which we should find at its best in the neighboring Royal town, whence this most useful commodity derives one of its most honored titles." Here he took up his hat. "We must not keep our worshipful Bellweather Pipkison and the Gregarious Lambs waiting. Perhaps Master Colvin would accompany us some way upon our road."

Uncle Van appeared so embarrassed by my questions, and so glad to be relieved from further conversation, that I did not acquiesce in Mr. Verney's suggestion.

I accompanied them only as far as the bounds in that direction would permit, and for once, and only for once, I took advantage of their existence, and my uncle's ignorance of their unimportance, to excuse myself from going into the town. As we were quitting my tutor's, Uncle Van said, —

"You 'ave not ten 'eart from your father? No?"

"No. Nothing particular. I had a letter three weeks ago, I think."

"Um — kee —" Here he made a noise which with any other person would have resulted in a whistle, expressive of being utterly perplexed. Uncle Van's noise nearer resembled the swearing of an angry kitten than anything that I can call to mind, only without any of that intensity which a kitten throws into this peculiar sound. But I knew what it meant. He was bothered.

"Tit he say noting?" he presently inquired.

"Noting."

"Verrry ott. Ten per'aps I am wrrrong to mention it. I vill not. It vill come in time."

"What will, uncle?"

"Te news — he, he, he —" Here he laughed nervously and snortingly, but seemed to be putting himself more at his ease, as the prospect of parting from me grew less distant.

"He vill sent for you, ant you vill 'ave a holiday. Sholly, eh? I vill not tell noting. Only your aunt tought tat you —" here he checked himself and laughed — "he, he, he — I shall not let te cat out of te back. Atew."

"Good-by, Master Colvin. I shall see you to-morrow," said Mr. Verney, waving his hand to me.

I stood looking after them for some time, then, revolving many things, I walked slowly back towards College. What could I be wanted at home for? I felt I should not be sorry to go, although I was enjoying myself to

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the full at Holyshade; which means that I was spending my time and my money with small profit to myself, though I have no doubt as to the benefits which my open-handedness conferred on the Holyshadian tradesmen, small and great. I was rather more my own master at home than at school; a state of things which was, I found, reversed in the case of most boys of my own age. Therefore, the prospect of a holiday in London, with the theatre, or perhaps even the opera, with which to finish the day's amusements, was something to boast of to other boys, whose parents, being less anxious than was my father to force their manhood upon them unreasonably, treated them at home during the holidays on the prineiple, properly applied, that "boys must be *boys*," to be dealt with accordingly, and not to be allowed the license of their elders.

On the evening in question, I should have expatiated to my companions on the subject of my probable leave, had I not received a letter from Austin Cumberwood, who was still abroad, and who had filled several sheets with a graphic account of his recent tour. He said he had written to his mother and sister at Ringhurst, and had told them that they must invite me for the summer vacation, as he was sure I should tire of London. He told me about the peasants of Brittany, their quaint customs, their ancient churches, and the striking scenes of various religious solemnities he had witnessed. "I do not understand much of what I see, nor, I believe, does Mr. Gwynn, my tutor (an M. A. of Oxford, to whom Mr. Venn was charged to resign me when he left), though he attempts to explain them to me. I miss our dear English Sundays at home, and the old church at Whiteboys, where nothing is done as Alice would have it. I write to tell her she should be here and see what I have seen; I fancy she would be less anxious for show and prettiness in church. You know I am intended to be a clergyman, and if I get quite strong and well again, I shall go up to Oxford in another year. I don't think, Cecil, you ever cared much for these things. We like much in common, but I'm afraid that as we grow up we shan't see so much of one another. Your letters have been very short, but I suppose you have so many amusements, and so many friends at Holyshade, that you can scarcely spare time to remember your old story-telling companion. Do you read Scott now? I do always." And so the letter went on. Austin forgot no one of our former school-fellows whom there might be a chance of my meeting. He would be remembered to the Biffords, and asked if I had seen Percival Floyd, of whose going into the army he was evidently unaware. It was a coincidence, this letter of Austin's, on this night when I had seen Alice without being able to speak with her and had met Floyd.

I began a reply to Austin, but bed time, and the removal of the light put an end to my scribbling; and the next morning, on my return from school, I received a letter from my father, briefly requesting my presence in town that same afternoon. I was to come ready dressed for dinner (which sounded, my tutor said, as if they wanted to eat me), and with a portmanteau supplied for a few days' stay in London.

A Holyshadian obtaining leave had generally several very important necessaries requiring his instant attention. He must see that his "going

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home things," his hat, his tie, his gloves, and so forth, are a credit to himself and his school. In the middle of a half there is generally a falling off in these respects; and therefore, instead of being able to go up to town, not only for dinner, but for the best part of the day, I was obliged to pass part of the forenoon, and the afternoon, in getting myself properly rigged out, for this evidently very exceptional occasion.

These things, though, could not be collected at a moment's notice, and the tailor, who had had certain indispensable articles of clothing in hand for the past week, now protested that it was as much as he could do to let me have them by four o'clock. Such was the wretched state of my wardrobe (from my London Rotten Row and Piccadilly points of view), that I could not have ventured to appear in the metropolis in any ordinary school suit. I was sensible of the fitness of things, and so was the tailor where they were made.

Waiting anxiously about Tom Jubb's, the tailor's, and looking in every quarter of an hour, to inquire after the state of my trousers, I came upon Mr. Verney, or rather Mr. Verney came upon me. He had been suffering, he said, all day from headache, owing, he fancied, to the Baalambs having, on the previous evening, lighted candles rather earlier than was necessary, which, he explained, threw a glare down upon his eyes like the sun upon a snow-ball, and the effect of which was invariably to make him very bilious next day.

"Jane, too," he added, removing his hat and pressing his hand to his forehead, "suddenly took it into her head to appear on the scene, and when I returned to my daughters' lodging last night, she let me in. We sat up talking for some time, which didn't do me any good."

"Nurse — I mean Mrs. Davis — is down here?"

"Yes. I think little Julie wrote and asked her. There's been something going on, but domestic affairs are seldom interesting to a third person. I have just stepped down here in fulfilment of my promise to visit the college to-day. Perhaps you were proceeding to the river when I met you?"

I explained how matters stood with me; and on Tom Jubb's assurance, that, if I came back in two hours, he would be ready for me, I accompanied Mr. Verney to the raft where our boat was kept, and here we met Carlotta, Julie, and Nurse Davis, about to go out in a waterman's wherry. They had a basket of eatables with them, and were going to make a sort of picnic.

"Why, Master Cecil, what a man you have grown, to be sure!" exclaimed Nurse Davis, who was only a trifle stouter than heretofore, with the same good-natured brown face that had tenderly bent over me night after night, years since, and had smiled on me with a mother's smile, and taught me to kneel at her knees and pray for a blessing on my father.

"I suppose," she said, "you're too big to give me a kiss now?"

Too big! not a bit of it. There was only Shiny, the boating cad, looking on, and Ben the boatman; but there were Julie, Carlotta, and Mr. Verney, and though I blushed at the notion of Master Cecil Colvin, getting on in years, his own master, and a man about town, stooping to kiss his old nurse, yet I am glad to say (not having much good to mention of myself generally), that I did

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salute her heartily; and what is more, having done it once, insisted upon a repetition of the ceremony.

"Go along, do!" she exclaimed, pushing me away, "he's becoming quite obstreperous!" which highly pleased Mr. Verney, who otherwise seemed to be strangely out of sorts with himself and every one else. This I attributed to the Lambs' candles, though I knew enough about Sulky Hall dinners and similar convivial gatherings not to be aware that a mixture of champagne cups and other liquids had perhaps a trifle more to do with Mr. Verney's complaint than the whole contents of the largest chandler's shop.

After the first greetings, indeed, we were all more or less gloomy.

Presently the reason became evident. I was to be treated as one of the family, and as Nurse Davis would have no further opportunity of speaking to her brother-in-law, she would do it on the spot, and have done with it.

It occurred to me, then, that Mr. Verney, having foreseen the outbreak, had craftily sheltered himself under my mantle as it were. He knew Jane Davis would be only too delighted to see me, and in that emotion he saw his way to the introduction of a more charitable frame of mind with regard to himself and his misdoings. To Mrs. Verney he would not have listened; before Mrs. Davis, his sister-in-law, he was dumb. I have frequently noticed this in families. The unmarried sister-in-law is the peace-maker, the adviser of husband and wife, and the best friend of the children. The sort of divinity that, as Shakespeare says, "doth hedge a king," seems to envelop the person of a sister-in-law. I never knew an instance where this relative by marriage was in the wrong. Mr. Verney, away from Frampton's Court, with the fragrance of the Baa-lambs' tobacco-pasturage still pervading his coat and hair, at once unpleasantly self-conscious and very bilious, could only hold up his hand in the dock, plead guilty, and beg to be dismissed, with only a claret stain on his shirt front, and a gentle reprimand.

But, not for the first time in his career, Mr. Verney was on a false scent. Conscience had made a thorough coward of him for the moment; and as he sat in the cool shadow of a bush, watching the vain efforts of the boat to escape from its moorings (we were landed in a creek running into one of the little eyots off the Thames), he had very little anticipation of what vials of wrath were about to be emptied out on his aching head. Not a word about the Lambs, but on a subject which, as it concerned the present and future welfare of his family, and especially of little Julie, was no less interesting to me to listen to, than it was absolutely necessary for him to hear.

Without more preface than might be conveyed by her decided way of talking, Nurse Davis, after eating some pickled salmon, spread on a slice of bread and butter, and taking the slightest taste of some corrective mixture out of a stone bottle, commenced emphatically,—

"William."

Carlotta and Julie looked up from their plates, frightened; so did I.

As for Mr. Verney, he seemed so scared at being thus addressed, that he positively looked about as if to ascertain whence the voice had come, it being impossible for him to realize the fact of any one styling him "William," after so many years of happi-

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ness as Charles Mortimer. I fancy he still hoped that his sister-in-law might by chance be addressing herself to the boatman.

Nurse Davis having produced this effect, spoke again, and this time there was no question about it; she looked straight at Mr. Verney (the boatman had wandered away to search for nothing in particular, and observe the stream, which was a delicacy on his part hardly to be expected of him at eighteen pence an hour), and said,—

"William, I have something to speak to you about, and for once I beg you'll not talk but attend. If you don't, it may be the worse for you, and them as are your own flesh and blood."

We were all attention: Julie sitting next to me, pale; Carlotta flushed. Their father held his breath, and stared from me to the others.

"What is it about, Jane?" he gasped.

"It's about your girls, William. It's time to speak."

"Do you mind calling me Charles?" he asked, humbly.

"No, I don't. I'll call you Charles. Only I think, as William, you're yourself, with sense about you, and as Charles Mortimer you ain't. But you've woke up now, and are likely to mind what I'm going to say."

Mr. Verney raised his eyebrows and waved his hand with as little of his usual majesty as I had ever seen him reduced to.

He was evidently at a loss to know on what charge he had been thus solemnly arraigned.

Not to keep him longer in suspense, Nurse Davis proceeded with what ought to have been his indictment, but which turned out to be his sentence, his case having been previously heard, and a verdict arrived at in his absence.

Both Carlotta and Julie seemed somewhat embarrassed, as their aunt commenced her harangue.

CHAPTER XXV.

NURSE DAVIS'S CHARGE — MR. VERNEY ARRAIGNED — JULIE AND LOTTIE — A BIT OF NURSE DAVIS'S MIND — MR. FLOYD'S PROPOSITION, HOW RECEIVED — RIGHT AND WRONG INSTINCTS — MR. VERNEY'S VIEWS — I START FOR HOME — THE JOURNEY TO TOWN.

"CHARLES," nurse commenced; whereat Mr. Verney, hearing himself thus professionally styled, already appeared to be considerably relieved; "I don't often interfere in any family matters whatever, whether yours or any one else's."

Mr. Verney bowed acquiescence, and evidently wondered more than ever what on earth was coming next.

"When my sister and you had a tiff, years agone now, about a subject which shall be nameless before present company, no one to be excepted in this present instance"—Nurse Davis interpolated this remark under the oppressive consciousness of there being a proverb somewhere about which she had somehow failed to introduce correctly—"I made it up atween man and wife, as I would ha' done, if I'd ha' been asked, between any two others, as I should be loth to see quarrelling; and now and then I've set you right when you was wrong, and done the same by Letty too, and with a little sweet oil for local irritation, applied when required, I've on occasion made things go a bit smooth and comfortable for all parties. I don't mean to say as you've had exactly an easy

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life of it altogether, as who has, I'd like to know? and I don't mean to say as you have n't had difficulties to contend with not of your own making; but so far you've done well, and your girls are getting on well in the station as you've seen fit to call 'em to, though whether better might not have been done I'm not altogether so sure; and at all events it's small matter now, when they're so far on the road."

"I have done all I could for them," Mr. Verney began, but Nurse Davis cut him short.

"Let me go on and finish."

Mr Verney bowed.

"You've been fortunate in getting them on. Beatrice is provided for, at least so you say —"

"So I understand," interposed Mr. Verney. "We seldom see her." Mr. Verney was gradually reviving, as it became more and more evident that he was not brought up to receive judgment on any Bacchanalian charge connected with the Baa-lamb festivity.

"Well," continued Nurse Davis, "she's provided for by Mons. Nemmyrang, or whatever his name is," she added, in order by anticipating correction to prevent interruption; "and I sincerely hope it will turn out well, though for my part I'd rather not have trusted her to foreigners — but that's done, and she's getting on in her profession — and what I've to say is about these two here, Lottie and little Ju, whom you seem inclined, Charles, to let take their chance in life, hap-hazard, anyhow, the good with the bad, and they to pick and choose for themselves."

"Aunt!" cried Carlotta, blushing, yet impatiently shaking her hand free from Julie, who had taken it imploringly.

I looked from one to the other, with a kind of guilty feeling stealing over me, which, had I seen so much as a tear trickling down Julie's cheek, would have resulted in weeping. There being at the moment no demand upon this expression of my sympathy, my attention became fixed on a party of flies executing an intricate quadrille figure about Mr. Verney's head. One of these insects I noticed occasionally sat out, as dancers term it, and rested on Mr. Verney's brow, thus momentarily diverting his attention from the subject in hand, and relaxing his nervous tension.

"You have let these two girls come down here alone, and neither you nor their mother has ever been down to stay with them, or even to look after them. You'll say you could n't, and that Letty could n't. And I say you could — that's my answer" — here Mr. Verney missed one of his tormentors, and hit his forehead — "and if you could n't, then you ought n't to ha' let 'em come here, two young, good-looking, simple girls like this, without sending to me, and if I could n't ha' managed it, then you ought n't to ha' let 'em come at all. There!"

She threw down her "There!" as though it had been a champion's gauntlet. Finding that her brother-in-law evinced, as yet, no disposition to take it up, she, having become uncomfortably heated with her discourse, shook her bonnet-strings loose, and after a brief but general ruffling of her plumage, thus continued: —

"There's a regiment quartered here, Charles, or some part of it — how much ain't no matter — and the young officers — and *you* know what that means, Charles — naturally find

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the theayter very amusin' in the evenin'; and where's the young girl that don't like being flattered and made a fool of? Carlotta, my dear," she addressed her elder niece, who seemed to be nearly as much surprised as Mr. Verney himself at the turn the lecture was taking, and far less able to control herself, "it's for your good I'm speaking, or I should n't say out what I have to say, and what has to be said had better be said out once and for all and have done with it. It's not your fault if you listened to a parcel of nonsense which a gentleman,—and he ought to have found something better to do, I think, and I only wish he could hear me—" she added, raising her voice, apparently under the impression that the object of her indignation might n't perhaps be so very far off after all, there was no knowing these snakes in the grass, they were so cunning,—"I'd let him have a bit of my mind, and welcome. Of course, Lottie, you thought yourself all that Sir Frederick Sladen chose to tell you you were."

"Julie!" here impetuously broke in Carlotta, her eyes flashing, and turning on her sister, "this is too bad. You've told aunt this."

"I have, Lottie dear," answered Julie, calmly.

"I don't thank you to meddle with my affairs," Carlotta went on, excitedly. "I don't tell of you. And it's not true, you know it is n't. It's a shame! It's—it's—"

Her passion had been most violent for a second, and had utterly scared Mr. Verney, who witnessed such an ebullition as this for the first time; domestic broils having generally taken place in his absence. Now she burst into a fit of almost hysterical sobbing, and threw herself on the grass. Julie was kneeling by her side in an instant, bathing her temples with eau-de-cologne from her little scent-bottle.

"Dear Lottie," she whispered, "I only acted as I thought was right and best."

"You did n't!" sobbed Carlotta. "Don't touch me!" and she pushed her away. Julie sat down, waiting patiently.

"Now," said Nurse Davis, quietly, to Mr. Verney, "you have seen, and can judge for yourself."

Now this, at that particular moment, was the one thing of all others that Mr. Verney was totally unable to do. He was incapacitated for action; he could n't lift his hand to a fly. He was as dazed as if he had just been shot out of a balloon into a new world. A wasp on his knee aroused him. I believe that, but for the insects, which were certainly very troublesome, Mr. Verney would have lain down, put his face under his pocket handkerchief, slept on the affair, and awoke to let matters right themselves as best they could. But Nurse Davis was on the spot as well as the flies, and Mr. Verney was not allowed time for deliberation. He clearly felt that now was the opportunity for his appearing in the character of a venerable and highly moral parent, and to speak with a dignified gravity befitting the occasion. It was probably with some idea of this kind, and as a protection against any interruption on the part of the flies, that he put on his hat, fitting it carefully to his head, as though it were a new one, and then with a deft shake giving it that peculiarly knowing cock, which of itself would have been sufficient to have destroyed the influence of the most saintly patriarch.

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"I am really most pained and grieved," he commenced, "at what has just come to my ears. Your mother was able to take care of herself when she was a girl, and playing the lead in the Northern Circuit, with a pair of eyes, not unlike Carlotta's now, which went right through you like a brad-awl, and such a style, and such a firm and beautifully rounded leg, — which she displayed with the most perfect modesty and the utmost grace, when she played Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' and Viola in 'Twefth Night,'— that when she first walked on, like an Amazon among the pigmies, and came down to the flote, the conductor of the orchestra, a very sensible little fellow of the name of Jackson, — Puffy Jackson, we used to call him, — was so completely electrified by her appearance, that he gave one shriek, threw up his bow, and tumbled off his seat in a sort of ecstasy. Lætitia pitied him, for he was ill for weeks afterwards; but when Jackson — Puffy Jackson— recovered his equilibrium, and reason once more resumed her seat in his brain, and he his in the orchestra, we were married."

"Well," said Nurse Davis, "I don't see what that's got to do with Lottie and Julie."

"Excuse me, Jane," returned Mr. Verney, deprecating the interruption, and showing signs of having perfectly recovered from his recent shock. "Excuse me. I was going to say that their mother had admirers everywhere. She was always called in the bills by her maiden name, and I had to explain, with the most thorough politeness and good breeding, to several gentlemen, that the talented young actress, at whose feet they were ready to pour out their choicest flowers and jewelry, was my wife; but she had offers from, well, I'm afraid to say how many of the nobility and gentry, and might have been a duchess now, had she not preferred plain Charles Mortimer Verney, — with a head, mind you, on his shoulders, — to all the brilliant coronets that might have adorned her brow."

"Sladen has given me a ring," blurted out Lottie. "He said it was because he thought so much of my acting, as Leyolin, in the 'Idiot of the Glen.'"

"You should not have kept it," said Nurse Davis, decidedly. She had not had much experience perhaps, but she felt she was right.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Verney, to whom a ring was a ring. "Why not? If a gentleman entertains a high admiration for the work, whatever it may be, of an artist, why shouldn't he testify it by a present? And why should the artist return it? No, I do *not* see it. I remember when I played Mercutio for the first time at Melbourne, Australia, all health and fervor, with a wide, open shirt front, a pink silk fall, and a property pin that shone with the brilliancy of the genuine article, a lady sent me, the very next day, a massive gold ring with a diamond in the centre, like a dew-drop on a buttercup, expressing, in a neatly turned note, written in a gentlewoman's hand,— none of your pothooks and hangers, begad,— the great gratification she had experienced, and —"

"You returned the present?" asked Nurse Davis.

"No, I did not."

"It was very indelicate on the part of the lady, whoever she was, that's all I've to say," observed Nurse Davis; "but we're not here to talk about what you did in Aus-

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tralia, and the less of that said the better —"

"My dear Jane," interposed Mr. Verney, but with apparently decreasing confidence.

"Never mind that *now*," continued his sister-in-law, emphatically; "that's done with and gone I want to hear what you know of Mr. Floyd, in London, and what he's said to you about Julie; for she wrote to me chiefly about herself, and most about Lottie I've learned afterwards. Now."

Thus interrogated, Mr. Verney replied: —

"Mr. Floyd called on me at 'The Portico.' He said he'd taken a fancy to Julie; that he was probably going abroad on foreign service, and in his absence would I allow her to be educated and brought up at his expense, so that when he came back, or at all events after two or three years, he might make her his wife."

"He said this, did he?" said Nurse Davis, nodding.

"Yes," answered Mr. Verney. "He seemed to be quite in earnest. He will be a baronet one day."

"What did you reply, father?" asked Julie.

"Well," answered Mr. Verney, looking as wise as he possibly could, "I said — I said — we'd see about it."

"Mr. Floyd told me this," said Julie, in a low voice. "I asked him whether, supposing I had such an education as he meant, he really thought I could be his wife? He answered that he loved me very much; that he had done so since the first moment he saw me; that during his father's life-time there might be some difficulty — 'as to your marrying me?' I asked — and he replied, with hesitation, 'Yes.' I then told him that I had only asked him these questions so that I might judge of his sincerity, and that I had never for one moment any idea of accepting his offer, as I was too young to know my own mind. He told me he spoke by your permission," she said, turning to her father, who had appeared very uncomfortable during Julie's speech, "and I begged him never to mention the subject to me again. I learnt from him that Sir Frederick Sladen was engaged to be married to the young lady we saw at Ringhurst — you remember, father, don't you?"

"Alice Comberwood," I said, proud of assisting at so important a discussion.

"I saw him for a few minutes last night at the theatre," said Julie, firing up, "and I gave him something that he will not forget in a hurry. He won't come pretending to make love again and so glad to take tea with us, I'll be bound."

Lottie was silent. Julie had been so entirely the little mother, had shown herself so prudent, so good, so strong for herself and others under temptation.

"You recollect," Julie went on quietly, addressing her father, but evidently for her sister's benefit, "you recollect the Birkets who used to be in Frampton's. The four girls were in the ballet at Covent Garden, and were all so dirty and so untidy at home. I remember one after the other their coming out in such dresses; and when I walked up to Madame Glissande's with Lottie, I saw two of them, Loo and Fanny Birket, in a carriage and pair, with a coachman with a cockade, and we thought it so grand."

"Ah!" said Mr. Verney, shaking his head seriously, "they were a bad

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lot. But they had n't got a father and mother who could look after them as you have."

"Very good," said Nurse, coming to the practical point of all this conversation, "then let it be understood, Charles, that when they go in the country again, their mother goes with them if *you* can't; and if neither of you can manage it, then they must have their engagement in town."

"There 's the difficulty," observed Mr. Verney.

"Is it? Well, then, when they 're out of an engagement, they can come to me. I'm saving up a bit, my dears," said Nurse Davis, "and it 's all for you and yours, as I 've none of my own, and I think it proper to tell you this," with a look at Mr. Verney, who waved his right hand, and shut his eyes, as though to intimate that, personally, he could have no sort of interest in this financial statement, but thought that possibly the younger ones might, "just to show you that you won't be in want, even though things should not go altogether so well as one could wish in this hap-hazarding sort of profession."

Becoming at this point anxious about my clothes at the tailor's and about my own domestic affairs generally, I interrupted the debate to observe, that I now must return as quickly as possible, so as to catch the train without showing myself at my tutor's.

It was arranged that Nurse Davis should stop there that night, and that Mr. Verney should accompany me to town, whither he was summoned by his professional duties.

My tailor was faithful to his promise, and within less than two hours I was on my way to London, being entertained, during the journey, by Mr. Verney, who soon entered, in an affable and slightly patronizing manner, into conversation with the four strangers sharing our compartment. Though at the time much occupied with my own wonderings, I remember noticing the apparent ease with which Mr. Verney opened up such general subjects as the state of the country and the crops, the probabilities of the weather, and the advantages of being a Holyshadian. Somebody looked up from his book to ask him if he had been brought up at Holyshade; whereupon Mr. Verney admitted that "he himself had not," as though he wished it to be conveyed, that, having been unable to go himself, he had sent a substitute, and had been educated by deputy. However, Mr. Verney's interrogator with the book was not, from that time forth, allowed to renew its perusal. Mr. Verney fixed him, talked him down on education, allowing him to say just so much as served Mr. Verney for a text, whereon he went to work and slid, naturally into questions of elocution as a part of the educational system; thence into the drama, theoretically, then into it practically, finally introducing himself and family to his audience, descanting upon the genius of his eldest daughter, whose play some London manager would no doubt soon produce; bringing me in, too, occasionally upon collateral issues, giving my name, address, prospects, and present position of my father, with whom, Mr. Verney seemed to imply, he was himself remotely connected.

We smoked all the way, and I fancy I remember offering one of our fellow-travellers a cigar. I don't think I cared much about the taste of tobacco, but it was a free, indepen-

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dent, and manly sort of thing to do, and it kept up the Holyshadian character.

"There," said Mr. Verney, on descending at the terminus, "we've passed a very pleasant three quarters of an hour,—cheerful companions, and an interchange of the amenities to beguile the journey. That gentleman in the corner appeared to be possessed of considerable information."

Mr. Verney must have judged of this by the size of the book. The poor man had begun by asking a few questions at starting, but had not had an opportunity of uttering a syllable when once Mr. Verney had fairly commenced; and, indeed, none of his audience stood a chance of throwing in a word, unless one among them was showing signs of weariness, when he was at once appealed to by Mr. Verney, and his answer cut short and twisted into the thread of Mr. Verney's conversation, which thereupon ran on again with fresh vigor.

"Our roads lie in different ways," said Mr. Verney, wishing me goodbye, "but we shall meet anon."

He shook my hand stretched out to him from the cab window, as I was starting from the station.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARRIVAL AT HOME—FAMILIAR FACES—THE PORTRAIT—THE MEETING IN THE STUDY—THE SIGNATURES—BLISSFUL IGNORANCE—THE PROCESSION TO DINNER—CHRONICLE OF THE GUESTS—THE CAVANDER INTEREST—MRS. CLYM ASTONISHED BY ME—SHE ASTONISHES ME IN RETURN—A GREAT GRIEF—A LAST CHANCE—THE PORTRAIT AGAIN.

It was more than half-past six when I reached home. As I had expected, there were all the signs of a large dinner party; a much larger one than any at which I had as yet been present. My father was evidently considering me as having become much more of a man than formerly, and I felt gratified at the implied compliment.

There was, after all, something "jolly" (this was then our Holyshadian word) in being summoned for such a festivity. Besides, I should perhaps go to the opera the following evening, and not back to school again for three days.

In the hall there were our own servants, and many new faces shining with recent soap, and representing respectability and gayety, in their clerical white ties, and second-hand white waistcoats. There was a stir on my arrival, and our brave Pemdale (a butler who had the air of a retired corporal of the Life Guards with his mustache off—not altogether unlike the cook's cousin in uniform who used to applaud my performances of Der Freischutz) welcomed me with much impressiveness, informing me that my room was all ready, and I'd better get dressed at once, as dinner was to be on table in half an hour.

"Sir John," he added, "is engaged just now. You were expected before this, Master Cecil."

I ran up the back stairs, so as to avoid some ladies, with whose brilliant toilettes my rumpled hair, dusty boots, and grimy hands (the effect of travelling by train) would not, I felt, be at all in keeping. Besides, I did not want strangers to be asking "Who's that boy?" in our own house. As for ladies, at that time of my life, unless with true Colvin impetuosity I fell in love with them, no matter what their age, I pre-

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ferred, in a rude, shy, hobbledehoyish way, their room to their company; and in this instance, had I met Aunt Clym on the staircase, her nose would have detected the tobacco (it had settled upon me as if I had been bathing in it, and I was haunted by it myself), and she would have made the commencement of my holiday a little unpleasant.

In order to free myself entirely from the tobacco, I had recourse to my father's dressing-case. I stole into his room. It was on his table. I took out the eau-de-cologne bottle, and, as I turned, I found myself under the sweet influence of my mother's eyes, as they seemed to regard me from the picture over the mantel-piece. I have before alluded to the effect of this portrait on me. This night it had a mysterious attraction for me, for which I was utterly unable to account It was with difficulty I withdrew myself from its influence. I crept from the room, as though fearful of waking a sleeping person and found myself murmuring softly, "Dear Mother," as on quitting the apartment I gazed once again, with a yearning heart, upon her picture.

In another five minutes I had finished dressing, and Pemdale, knocking at the door, summoned me to attend my father in the study.

This was unusual, and not at all the preliminary to a festivity.

"What for, Pemdale?" I asked.

He did n't know, only I was to come quick, as dinner was just ready.

This solemnity made me feel very nervous. I descended the staircase, passing the drawing-room, where I heard reassuring laughter, and the buzzing of the guests like that of flies round a cold joint in summer.

What had I done? Ought I to have come up earlier? Had Dr. Courtly, or my tutor, heard of my remaining at Holyshade, and avoiding school when I was supposed to have gone away on leave? and had I been sent for by special messenger — perhaps Fiddes, Dr. Courtly's own body-servant, had been charged with the mission? If so, this was serious, and — but here my imagination failed me. It never could be that the murder of the swan had cropped up again! Impossible. The daylight had now been excluded, and on entering what was called the study (a small room at the back fitted up with some nearly empty book-shelves, a writing-table, and a few chairs), I found several gentlemen gathered round the table, apparently deeply engaged in examining, by the aid of a couple of wax candles, some object of interest laid out before them.

At first I did not see my father, who was leaning over the shoulder of an old gentleman seated at the table. My uncle Herbert Pritchard was the first to observe my presence, and announce me. I was always glad to see Uncle Herbert, and I felt that if I had been summoned to receive a lecture (once more it occurred to me that it might be the old charge about the swans turning up in London after a twelve months' oblivion), he would stand by me.

"He-he-he!" snuffled Uncle Van, emerging from the shadow like a flabby ghost; "'ow are you, eh? Shust come? He-he-he!"

There was a forced heartiness in the manner of both my relatives that I could not help remarking; but it was nothing compared with that of my father's, who now called me to him, shook my hand warmly, and clapped me on the shoulder.

Mr. Cavander was here too, and

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stretched out *his* hand to welcome me. I took it, and, as it were, made for a time a truce with him, for I was puzzled by the proceedings.

Mr. Comberwood, too, was there in an arm-chair; he nodded at me in the middle of some good story which he was telling to a long-legged gentleman with weedy whiskers, whom I recognized as one of the *habitués* of my father's office.

"And how do *you* do, sir?" said a little wizen old gentleman with a high waistcoat, a frill, spectacles, and a large ring on the third finger of his right hand. He was seated close to the table, and before him, spread out, was a formidable-looking parchment, ornamented with quaint characters, flourishes, seals, and little bits of riband.

It was round this strange document the party was gathered, and catching sight of it for the first time, the meeting seemed to me to be a modernly-dressed representation of King John surrounded by his Barons, signing Magna Charta.

"This is Mr. Crukley," said my father, indicating the little wizen old man. I had a vague recollection of his name as connected somehow with my mother, with law, and the Pritchard interest generally.

"Very like his mother," said Mr. Crukley, regarding me under the shade of his hand. "Very. Takes after you, too, Sir John. I remember your mother, sir," — this to me — "when she was — ah, let me see — very little taller than you are. Eh, Mr. Herbert?"

"Yes," returned Herbert Pritchard, in a light and airy manner; "and *you* don't seem to get any older, Mr. Crukley."

This pleased Mr. Crukley immensely, who looked at his watch, and remarked that he was afraid the dinner was waiting.

The introduction of my mother's name in this manner sounded once more the chord that had been already struck up-stairs.

Again the tears rose. I bit my lip, and, luckily, the urgent appeal to the gentlemen to "sign here, as we're keeping dinner waiting," had the effect, at all events, of diverting their attention, especially my father's, from me.

What they were doing I had not the smallest idea, and even now it would puzzle me to give such an exact account of the proceeding as should satisfy a lawyer.

Mr. Crukley called on me cheerfully to sign.

"I need n't read it, I suppose," he said, looking dismally at the parchment, and referring to his watch.

"O, no," replied my father; "he may be quite sure that I should n't ask him to sign anything to his own disadvantage, eh Cavander?"

"Of course," chimed in Cavander.

Uncle Herbert and Mr. Comberwood were of the same opinion, for dinner was quite ready, and ought to have been served fully half an hour ago. If Esau sold his own birthright for a meal, he would not be likely to use much delicacy with regard to anybody else's inheritance. It might have been mine that we were all signing away so comfortably. Heaven help me, I did not know, and as long as my father was pleased, it was all one to me.

My Holyshadian bringing up had made me far too much of a gentleman to trouble myself about business in any shape, and as this parchment evidently came under that head, I laughed as cheerfully as my nervousness would allow, and wrote my name

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in the space left for it, surprised to find that my signature was of any value whatever.

There was no time for any questions, as dinner was immediately announced, and the gentlemen, led by my father, ascended the staircase to offer the ladies their escort. I wanted to get at Uncle Herbert or Uncle Van, and ask them about the transaction in which we had all been engaged. But each was occupied in making himself agreeable to his companion, and I saw no chance of approaching either of them. I was standing at the foot of the staircase as they descended.

My father came first, with Miss Cavander on his arm.

She was looking her best, and on seeing me, nothing would satisfy her but she must stop, shake me by the hand, ask me if I would not give her a kiss, and pay me so many compliments on my growth and appearance, as to cause me to feel quite abashed, and really very uncomfortable in the presence of such a party.

Besides, Miss Cavander had been, whenever I had hitherto seen her, so very mild and unenthusiastic.

My Aunt Clym, who was on Mr. Comberwood's arm, looked I thought as sour as if she had been tasting bitter aloes, and I began to be afraid I had done something to offend her.

On coming up to me, however, after the van of the procession had marched into the dining-room, she was peculiarly gracious, and addressed me in such kindly tones as I had never before heard her employ, not even towards her own children.

Mrs. Cavander was on Uncle Van's arm, and recognized me good-humoredly. The pair resembled a fatuous codfish taking an amiable dumpling into dinner. Mr. Comberwood took down Mrs. Van Clym. I was placed next to her at the bottom of the table, facing my father, on whose right was seated Miss Cavander, sharing the head of the table with him. This arrangement struck me as unusual, but I had never yet, when at home, met the entire Cavander family at our house.

As the remainder of the guests consisted of my father's most intimate city friends, with their wives and daughters, all of whom I had known since I was eight years old, the party, on the whole, assumed the aspect of a family gathering.

We were accustomed to annual meetings of this sort at Christmas time. But this was not Christmas time, and as it was neither my father's birthday, which I never remember being kept as a festival, nor mine (which I was accustomed to celebrate by writing to, or calling upon, my relations to remind them of the happy event), I was not a little puzzled to know why all these familiar faces were gathered together, and why I had been specially summoned. Also, Uncle Van's mysterious manner on the previous evening recurred to me, and I determined, that, when I could conveniently engage Aunt Clym's attention, I would ask her to satisfy my curiosity.

By way of opening the conversation, I took the first opportunity of inquiring of Uncle Herbert (who was on my left), during a pause in his conversation, how my Aunt Susan and Grandmama Pritchard were?

He replied that the latter was far from well, that Aunt Susan had been lately married, and was now out of England.

"Married!" I exclaimed, for somehow, even at that age, I could not realize the possibility of my favorite

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aunt having married any one except her favorite nephew. Though I had not seen her for a year, yet there was that traditional feeling still remaining from my childish days.

"Married, yes," returned Uncle Herbert; "she's Mrs. Shenbrook now. You've got a new relative — Uncle Shenbrook. So you see you're adding to your relations in more ways than one."

I noticed that this answer of Uncle Herbert's seemed to interest some of the guests on the opposite side, who began talking about me (I was conscious of its being about me) in an under-tone. Generally, at odd times, I became aware that I was the subject of conversation. I felt that I was turning red, and becoming hot and uncomfortable.

Herbert Pritchard was again occupied with his fair companion, to whom he was expatiating upon the pleasures of yachting in somebody else's yacht, of riding somebody else's horses, and on living without anxiety or responsibility, when it struck me that his last phrase required explanation.

Aunt Clym was disengaged and sitting silently.

To her I turned with the query, "What did Uncle Herbert mean by saying I was adding to my relations in more ways than one?"

"Well, are n't you?" answered my aunt, interrogatively.

"No," said I, "I have n't any new relations."

"Not yet," replied my aunt, severely, "but to-morrow you will have. Tell me," she said, stooping down and sinking her voice, "how do you like her?"

"Like *her?*" I replied, in the same tone, for I saw that secrecy was demanded. "Her? Who?"

"Miss Cavander," answered my aunt, with a searching glance at me.

"O, pretty well," I returned, carelessly. "I don't know her much."

"But you ought to like her more than pretty well *now*," said Aunt Clym, still in the same subdued voice.

"Why, aunt?"

"Why!" she repeated, with an air of extreme astonishment. "My dear Cecil, how can you ask *why?*"

My blank look evidently puzzled her considerably, as she leant towards me sideways, so that no one should see her face or hear her question save myself, and asked me, slowly and impressively, —

"Do you mean to say that John — that your father has not told you?"

"Told me what?" was all I could say, for her manner began to frighten me. It occurred to me suddenly what a dreadful thing it would be were Aunt Clym to go mad, there and then, and bite my ear.

She sat up suddenly, looked about, caught Uncle Van's eye, who was sitting four places from her, raised her hands in most expressive pantomime, regarded her neighbors right and left for a second, then exclaimed, in a voice audible only to those immediately about her, —

"Good gracious! He's never been told! He does n't know anything about it!"

Such guests as were thus appealed to smiled wonderingly, said "Indeed!" looked at me, looked at my aunt, seemed not quite at their ease, and resumed whatever conversation my aunt had interrupted as quickly as possible.

Then she turned once more to me.

"Don't you know why you've been sent for?"

"No. Except to dine here, — for this party."

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"And don't you know why we, the family, are all here, and why Miss Cavander sits at the head of the table, next your father?"

"No, aunt." And indeed I had not the faintest shadow of a suspicion.

"Why," replied my aunt, moving her words as cautiously as though they were pieces on a chess-board, "she is to be your *belle-mère*."

French was not a Holyshadian accomplishment, and I was as wise as I had been previous to this information. Being unwilling to exhibit my ignorance, I said, "O, indeed, is she?"

This seeming apathy on my part was evidently a fresh puzzle for Aunt Clym, who, however, went on—

"That is a prettier name than step-mother."

Suddenly, as if by a shock, I awoke.

"Step-mother!" I exclaimed, startled out of myself.

"Hush!" said Aunt Clym, satisfied that my surprise was genuine. "Don't you know Miss Cavander is to be your step-mother?"

"No!" I replied, indignantly.

"Yes, she is; and you are asked here to-night, so as to be present at the wedding to-morrow."

"Papa marries Miss Cavander to-morrow!" I gasped.

"Yes. You must be very great friends with your step-mother—*belle-mère*, we 'll call her; it is, decidedly, a prettier name."

Call it what you would, that woman sitting there was to be my step-mother. I had, I think, at that moment some vague idea of rising to protest against the marriage, and forbidding the banns there and then. I had always a dread of the word step-mother; at that moment I detested it—I detested *her*. My holiday had lost all its pleasure. It seemed to me as if I no longer had a place in my own home; henceforth I could only be there on sufferance.

It seemed, too, so hard and cruel of my father to be laughing and joking with his friends, and with the lady who to-morrow was to be his wife, while he had not a word or a smile for me.

Why had he not told me in his letter? or why had he not visited Holyshade and informed me of it, pleasantly? No, I had been counted for nothing; my self-importance was wounded; I had been treated as of no consequence in this new arrangement—I, who of all should have had the most to say to this!

Well, I had been brought up to be selfish, and so on this occasion it never occurred to me to ask what was best for my father's happiness; I only considered how it might affect that of my father's only son. Of any mercenary consideration, however, I entirely acquit myself.

And she, too—she was alienating my father from me. I should cease to be regarded as his son. I should have no part nor lot in his future, nor he in mine. He would not care for me any more. I should be snubbed and controlled at home—

At this moment, as I sat at table and heard for the first time that I was to be presented with a step-mother, such confused thoughts as these—of anger and malice, and yet of a kind of pity for my father, who, it seemed to me in some vague way, had been duped by those whom I hated—whirled through my brain, suddenly to be checked by the remembrance of my mother's picture, which had arrested my attention that same night, and then—I could no longer withhold the great, big, burn-

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ing tears that oozed slowly from my eyes, and trickled down my cheek.

I struggled fiercely with myself, and hoped I was unnoticed. I need have had no fear on that score. I was almost unnoticed; I was entirely unheeded.

My father was in high spirits. He ushered the ladies from the dining-room. Miss Cavander stooped to kiss me as she went out. I felt that this show of affection was the merest artificiality. I knew, instinctively, that she must dislike me, and I only hated her the more for what seemed to me her hypocrisy.

I would rather have heard her say to me, defiantly, as she went out, "I hate you!" that I might have returned her defiance with a will. But to be obliged to accept a caress from a person whom at that moment I absolutely loathed, of whose deadly enmity I felt assured, was revolting to a boy whose disposition was impulsive, frank, and open; who liked and disliked with equal warmth, and who, where "self" was involved, was inclined to speak his mind without reserve.

Could I have prevented that marriage that night, I would have done so.

I stole towards Uncle Herbert as towards my only friend in that company. I mistrusted them all, save him. He talked to me of boating, of Holyshade, of our fun and amusements, and used all his tact to interest me, and revive my spirits. He saw at once that I was sad and unhappy. My father apparently was not troubling himself about me. He knew he had procured me a holiday, and was of opinion that his marriage, somehow or other, was for *my* benefit. I had not entered into his calculations. I was being "made a man of," and I was provided for. So he was gay and happy, and laughed and talked; and Cavander, too, was livelier and more brilliant than I had ever seen him. The party broke up late. My father saw his *affiancée* to his own carriage, which he had lent the Cavanders for the night.

I noticed our coachman on the box, and this excited in me fresh feelings of anger.

A gentleman whom I had seen in the city at the office (and have here previously described as being remarkable for legginess and luxuriant whiskers) was staying in our house for this night, as he was to be my father's best man on the morrow. He sat up with my father to enjoy "a quiet cigar" before retiring to bed. I entered their room to say "good-night."

My father was standing on the hearth-rug, knocking off the ash of his cigar as I went in.

I paused for a moment, and looked at him wistfully. His attitude before the fire-place reminded me of our first meeting in Aunt Clym's drawing-room. The idea seemed to cross me that I would, as it were, give him the last chance of changing his mind, and making it up with me again, once and for all. I felt that we had quarrelled, without a word having been uttered on either side. A gulf had been opened between us, and by whom, or how, was it to be filled up? I put down my candle hesitatingly.

"I didn't know you were going to be married," I said, timidly, and with the old choking feeling coming up again in my throat.

As I spoke I did not dare look at him, but at my candlestick.

"Didn't you!" he replied, in an

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off-hand, careless manner. "I thought I told you in my letter."

"No, papa, you did n't."

"Ah! I thought I did."

Then, turning to his friend, he observed, alluding to me, "It won't make any difference to him, will it? He's provided for."

"O, of course," returned the gentleman with the whiskers, in an easy, assenting manner, "it don't make any difference to him."

I smiled. I could master myself for no more. I felt that this off-hand answer only implied that my father's marriage would make no difference to the gentleman with the whiskers, that was all. It did not convince me.

"Good-night, Mr. Telderton; good-night, papa."

"Good-night, Cecil."

Sadly I left them, and went to my own room.

"It would make no difference to me," they had said. They were talking of money. I knew that, when they used the phrase "provided for."

I was not thinking of money; I was thinking of affection. Everything about me in my room that night seemed cold and cheerless. I had never before realized the loneliness of my position. Could I have had then my dear old friend, Nurse Davis, at whose knees I could have bowed my head, and poured forth all my sorrow, I should at least have felt the consolation of kindly sympathy. Not the thought of Nurse Davis of yesterday by the river-side came to me now, but the memory of the honest, kindly face, when years ago she taught me to fold my hands and "Pray God bless papa," then far away in India; and as this softening influence crept over me, I stole, with a quickly-beating heart, from my room to my father's, where my mother's portrait hung.

Seized with an uncontrollable impulse, I once more mounted a chair, detached it from the wall, and, embracing it with both arms, returned with it to my own room.

Then I laid it gently on the bed, and falling down on my knees, I threw out my arms, and bowed my head over the picture till my lips touched hers. With the first kiss, the fountain was unsealed, and the passionate tears, flowing uncontrolled, relieved the parching fever of my grief.

"My darling mother! my darling mother!" I cried. Then, becoming calmer, I prayed against my wicked thoughts of hatred and anger; I prayed that I might like (I could not say love) the woman who was to be my step-mother. I could scarcely utter the hard word; and then, once again, I used the first prayer Nurse Davis had taught me, and used it with all my heart and soul.

"God bless papa this night — and always."

Then I laid the picture gently by my side, feeling as though my mother had only me to love her now, and so, kissing it once more, I fell asleep.

[To be continued.]

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SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

IN TWO PARTS. I.

THE extreme poverty of the lower classes in Europe is calculated to create discontent, and the vast difference between them and the rich to suggest a readjustment of the social relations. Here we have at once the ground and the motive of socialism.

The poor are miserable beyond anything that we of America can conceive. The workingmen, owing to the lowness of their wages, live from hand to mouth, feeling themselves fortunate if they can provide for the moment; they do not dream of laying up anything for the future. If they lose a day's work they are accordingly on the verge of beggary. In this misery, moreover, they have not the consolation of poor Americans, who, although they must begin poor, never expect to remain so long. Nor have they any hope that their children ever will rise out of their condition; for the son conventionally takes up the trade of his father, lives in the same class of society, and generally in the same town, for a whole decade of generations.

With this state of things they experience several very important evils. In the first place, the people cannot generally marry. Servants, waiters, coachmen, and persons of that class, rarely if ever think of marrying, believing themselves fortunate if they can support a single person. Most mechanics do not marry, and those who do, put it off till late in life, the usual age for marrying being from twenty-five to thirty years. The sad necessity which imposes this delay on many has given rise to it as a custom for all. The marriage of the workingman, when it does occur, generally entails more misery than comfort; for then not only himself, but a whole family, stands in perpetual fear of beggary. This evil, moreover, gives rise to a greater. The unmarried, and so all, during their early manhood are much given to licentiousness. The state of mistress is the common condition of servant-girls, poor widows, and often of shop-girls, who in this way alone can eke out a subsistence for themselves and their aged parents, or it may be orphan brothers and sisters. A poor young girl in Europe is generally allowed to be ruined until proved to be virtuous.

Again, the manner of living among the workingmen is equally deplorable. Their dwellings are the garrets, cellars, and back buildings, all of which are small, or else partitioned off into small apartments, dirty and unhealthy. Many take up their abode in cabins in the open square, or along the wider streets, where they sit during the day exposing petty articles of merchandise. In Rome, Naples, and other southern cities, they often live out-of-doors altogether, lying about in the sun, and sleeping at night in the squares and parks. In Sweden, Poland, and some other northern countries, they take up lodgings in the stables with the cattle. Those who carry on their own business, as shoemakers, often do all their work in the streets. This is especially so in the south. In Naples, for example, you can see them arranged with their tools along the pavement from one end of the street

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to the other. I have noticed whole squads of sewing-girls, sometimes with sewing-machines, thus stretched along the pavements; also, bakers, cooks, saddlers, coopers, coppersmiths, etc., all plying their business in open air for lack of shelter of any kind.

The dress and general appearance of this class are no better than their dwellings. Much of their clothing is second-hand apparel that has been thrown off by the rich. The general characteristic of a poor man's dress in Europe is good stuff in a bad condition. Here we see persons literally in rags. In Thuringia, the children often go entirely naked; in Italy, the poor children and beggars go nearly so. The common blouse of the workingmen all over Europe is what we would call a coarse shirt. They largely wear wooden shoes, and bind their feet with rags for stockings.

The food of this class is likewise bad, and rarely ever sufficient for them, there being much suffering and weakness from this cause. Cheese takes largely the place of meat in Germany, and fat of butter. It is not uncommon in the rural provinces for a man to come home after a hard day's work to a supper of unbolted rye bread and the salt water in which herring had been pickled. Only those in better circumstances can eat the herring. The stems and leaves of cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables are eaten by this class; also horse meat, blood, entrails, snails, and the like. In Italy, they feed on coarse mush, and are disqualified for any hard work whatever. This class do not generally eat at tables, but "take a piece," as we would say, each one eating when he feels like it, or can get it. They do not always eat in the house, but may be seen at all hours eating in the streets. A chief reason for so much beer and wine drinking in Europe, is, that with something of this kind the working classes can make out to swallow their dry crusts.

And all this is so, notwithstanding that everything is cheap, poverty requiring it to be made on an economical plan. The cheapness of things in Europe is astounding to an American, notwithstanding lands, buildings, provisions, and everything but labor are dearer than with us. The houses, especially of the workingmen, are generally built around open courts, so as to require but little land. They are high, deep, with many tenements, and generally in a poor quarter. From fifteen to twenty families ordinarily live in one house in a large city, by means of which huddling they can better pay rent. Articles of furniture and household implements, as bureaus, chairs, stoves, tubs, crockery, and glassware, are not one third the American price; so brooms, brushes, sewing materials, and clothing. A workingman can get an outfit for housekeeping for $20; a suit from head to foot for $3 or $4. They can get anything for any price, and live as meanly as they like. For it must not be supposed that these miracles of cheapness are wrought out of good materials, or wrought well. There is more shoddy work there than in the United States, but with the difference that it does not pass for good work or sell at high prices. There are also cheap meals served. A dinner may often be had for six cents. In the people's kitchen of Berlin, in which thousands eat every day, a dinner is furnished for two and a half cents, or one silver groschen. The ordinary breakfast of the workingman in Europe does not cost more than two

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cents, and consists of bread and soup, or else soup alone. Beer and wine, such as the working class drink, is served for two cents a glass. Amusements are likewise cheap. In Berlin, Leipsic, and Munich, the poorer theatres may be entered for seven and a half cents, and the poorer places of the good ones from ten to fifteen cents. In Vienna, Rome, and Naples it costs but little more. A whole evening's entertainment in a German beer garden, where one has his beer and agreeable society, does not ordinarily cost more than five cents. The highest ambition of many a poor wretch in Germany is to be able to spend at this rate one or two evenings each week. On the railroads there are always three classes in Europe, and on many of the German roads four classes, the last not being much better than cattle cars, in which the victims are required to stand, about forty in one coupé. In many of the inns on the continent, lodgings may be had at from three to ten cents a night, twenty or thirty persons — men and women — being sometimes put in one room. They not unfrequently sleep on straw, and often on the floor. These inns are sordid, infected with vermin, and not unfrequently with disease.

Economy is here pushed to a painful perfection in all respects. The people try to have as few fires as possible, and as poor ones as possible. In Germany they do not use iron stoves, but build a great column of polished brick or stone in which heat may be retained a whole day by building a fire but once, and with very little wood. In Italy they have no stoves at all, except a small pan with a handle to it, which they carry around in their hands like a lady's work-basket. In order that a lamp may give off as much light as possible, it is customary in many places to hang around it globes filled with water, which so distribute the light that several persons can work by the same lamp. In the country they have no fences. That would take up too much room. A thin strip of grass separates one man's land from another's, or more commonly several stakes along which the eye must measure off a bee-line for the boundary. In grazing cattle they keep a boy to guard them, which is cheaper than keeping up fences. The appearance of the land without any fences is accordingly not unlike that of our great prairies, except for the signs of cultivation. In their agriculture they produce only such grain and fruits as yield most abundantly or contain most nourishment. In Germany, Sweden, Holland, and Belgium, it is potatoes, rye, peas, beans, and lentils. In France, Spain, Italy, Bohemia, Poland, etc., it is wine, since this product brings in more by exchange than anything else. All through Bavaria, and in many other parts of Europe, they cultivate fish in great quantities, using up all the sloughs, marshes, and little streams, and also damming off parts of the rivers for this purpose. That country has accordingly the appearance of being filled with little lakes; and a man's water crop often yields as much as his land crop. The mountain-sides of the Alps, the Apennines, the Pyrenees, and all rocky tracts that cannot be cultivated, are covered with herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. In Denmark, the bays and inlets are filled with ducks and geese, whose smoked meat and feathers furnish an important part of their commerce. There is the same economy, again, in the use of these productions. When

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any of these folks kill a pig, for example, they eat it from snout to tail, chewing all that is chewable, and working up the bones and bristles into toothpicks and brushes, not allowing even a grease-spot to go to waste There is the same economy in the use of forces; in appropriating all streams for water-power, and winds for windmills. They plough generally with oxen, and even with cows; and make use of dogs and sheep and goats for light draught.

All this misery and overstrained economy are because of the low wages of the people. Sixty cents is a good day's wages for a workingman anywhere in Europe. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy they often do not get more than ten cents In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Women there often get but five cents. In Sweden, men often work from four o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening, and do not get any more. During the late war many poor women in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profits of the poor who keep petty shops, sell trinkets in the streets, or act as sutlers, do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair-cutting, and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from three to eight dollars a month. Servant-girls in private families often get but ten dollars a year. Sometimes these classes cannot get work at any price. The most pitiable sights of Berlin and other large cities are of men hunting employment. The streets are daily filled with them; and at the corners of the streets there are often such crowds that the police must have a constant eye on them to guard against riots. They will sometimes beset strangers and all passers-by, if by any means they may get little chores to do. I have seen strong men crying, and others, with thoughtful, sad faces, waiting in despair for something to turn up.

Under such circumstances the people are naturally discontented. Some emigrate, going to the United States, Brazil, and other South American States, also to Canada, Australia, etc.; but some seek for a remedy at home. Some become corrupted and even criminal; but some bear up under the trouble, and seek for a reform.

In contrast to the poor, we see the rich live in great splendor, and under such circumstances of security as to perpetuate the difference between them and the poor, and to make the poor dependent upon them.

The rich own all the land, which is held in large estates, often by hereditary noble tenures, and cultivated by tenants, or more frequently let out in small sections to petty renters. There are no farms in the American sense. The people are not "farmers," but "peasants." They live not in isolated farm-houses on their respective tracts of land, but in villages, from which they go out, each to cultivate his little patch. This is especially the case in Germany. In one of these villages they are huddled up together in about fifty houses or huts, resembling the quarters of the negroes in the South. The whole, with the sheds and other out-buildings, does not take up more space than the out-buildings of an ordinary farm in Pennsylvania. In these villages they generally have a church, a windmill, and a beer saloon, as the only public buildings. If the proprietor has any residence on his tract of land, it is not in the village, but is in

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a palace or castle, with a park. But more commonly he lives in the largest of the neighboring towns, or else at the capital or royal residence.

The landed estates being thus large, and their limits fixed from time immemorial, it will readily be seen that the working class cannot own any land. Furthermore, the land generally descends in a direct line in the family of the proprietor, like the aristocratic titles. It is the same in regard to the dwellings. The houses are all large, there being, I presume, not one in Berlin or Paris costing less than $20,000, so that the lower classes cannot be property owners, in any sense, but depend on the rich for their lodgings.

Again, the rich carry on all the manufactures, commerce, and business enterprises, which are there on a large scale, and owned by long-standing houses or extensive corporations. The high cost of the raw materials, and the great quantity of machinery and implements required, will not allow those with little capital to enter into them. If the poor enter, they are crushed out by the competition of the great firms, which can accordingly master the trade and keep the monopoly. These great firms have always large profits, and are, indeed, the only class which have such; because labor is cheap, and the people cannot afford to work on their own account, as if no capital were required.

The rich in Europe live well, having their palaces, liveries, twenty courses and rich wines at their tables, spending the summer at the watering-places or in Switzerland,—and all this with little expense to themselves, since their great trains of servants cost almost nothing, owing to the cheapness of labor.

Thus, there is an immense difference between the poor and the rich in Europe, owing partly to the original establishment, in feudal times, of a few princes or knights over whole nations or departments. When these were afterwards united with the French kingdom or the German empire, the proprietors gave up their independence, but not their land. It is owing partly, too, to privileges granted from time to time by kings and princes, in the shape of rent-charges, exemptions from taxation, etc.; and partly to the start gotten by long-continued acquisitions.

This difference cannot now be removed. The poor cannot become rich, the rich need not become poor. Besides the reasons already suggested for this, the rich are specially privileged under the government. In the first place, there is a large class of them in the nobility, with their lands, factories, rent-charges, etc. When any one becomes exceptionally rich or influential in business, like the Rothschilds, he is commonly admitted to the nobility, and granted the exclusive privileges which they hold as a class, as against the poor. These nobility have in every country their House of Lords, where their interests may be specially taken care of. Again, property qualifications are generally required for holding office in the government, and even for voting. In Prussia, where the people vote, not directly for their representatives, but for electors, their votes count according to their wealth. Thus, the wealthy are not only given a start by the government, but they are put in the government to keep their start Therefore we say, that the difference between the two classes cannot be removed.

Hence we have the socialistic move-

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ment. Its ends are: 1. To relieve the poor; 2. To elevate the working class, and 3. To give the full advantages of labor to the laborer. Its more ultimate ends are, the sweeping away of the differences between the rich and the poor, and a general readjustment of society.

There are other reasons, however, for socialism, political rather than economical, yet allied to these.

First, there is the inequality in government, which itself first creates a difference between the lower and the upper classes, and then steadily widens and perpetuates it. The first it does officially; the second it does by its patronage, but no less surely.

Let us, then, consider next how the aristocratic governments work directly to create and preserve their advantages, and to make all classes, including the laboring man, contribute thereto.

Their patronage is so directed as to help those who are loyal to the aristocratic sentiment, and to grind down the others, and to establish in customs, morals, etc., the distinctions thus made.

The public offices which are at their disposal, are in part the same as those at the disposal of our administration, and are open to the same abuses. But this is not all. Besides the circumstance that administrations are permanent there, their patronage is far more extensive, and includes many kinds that the American government has nothing to do with. In the first place, the railroads of Europe are generally under the State, and managed entirely by government officers. This is especially the case in Germany. Many of the factories, especially the porcelain and iron works, are carried on by the State; so is the working of mines, and much shipping. Great tracts of land also belong, not to any individuals, but to the government, and are farmed under its direction. So that it will be seen that these governments have not merely high offices but *labor* to give, and that they hold the common people directly dependent upon them, as our administration holds the office-seekers. This employment they give to the loyal, and often as a reward of fidelity to the crown, or to some of its adjuncts. Nor can the people evade an expression of their principles, if they are hostile to those of the managers of these institutions, so as to obtain employment while concealing their opposition. For in Europe the people are generally required to vote by calling out the name of their candidate or elector, while the agents of the government stand by to threaten them with loss of employment if they vote contrary to their wishes. It is thus that even private corporations, and the rich generally, control the vote of the employees in Europe.

Again, the government has in all those countries a great army on which to lavish its patronage; and in some of them, as in Prussia, this embraces all its citizens. Now, it makes a great difference whether one in this army is to be a private or an officer, and the people accordingly compete eagerly for distinction in this service. Those who once become officers continue their rivalry, in hope of promotion, and those who are privates, in hope of elevation In various civil matters, too, there is no less patronage dispensed. To lawyers, physicians, ecclesiastics, teachers, engineers, etc., life positions are given, or at least life salaries; and since every one who passes the required examination (in Prussia, for

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example), and shows becoming loyalty, is ensured such a position, even students yet in the university have the strongest motives laid upon them to keep on the side of royalty. In this way a special class is built up against the workingmen; or rather, all the higher classes are consolidated in one interest against them.

Again, there is a vast household patronage wielded by the royal and aristocratic families. These have thousands of positions to give to servants, coachmen, attendants, porters, keepers of palaces and castles, and the like. They also must have their purveyors, or tradesmen. There is not a groceryman, baker, lace-dealer, jeweller, or manufacturer in Berlin who does not aspire to the honor of selling something to a member of the royal family or nobility, that he may thenceforth be known as under their patronage, and so attract more easily the custom both of the court and of the people. One can readily imagine the toadyism that this gives rise to, and how it shows itself on all suitable occasions. The noble families have also under their patronage the painters, sculptors, and architects, who bestow much of their time in making pictures, busts, and monuments of them; poets, who sing their praises; historians, who are tempted to adapt history to suit their ends; and almost every other class of talent.

It is well known, too, that the king of every country has innumerable orders, medals, etc., to confer, not only on persons of rank, but on all classes. Whatever may be the value of such medals, or of the distinctions which they create, they serve powerfully to fix in the mind of everybody the idea of rank or caste, and to interest him in preserving its distinctions. It makes everybody feel himself above somebody else, and respect the higher ranks to which he aspires. In complete harmony with this, everybody is known in Europe by his "profession," or "rank." He is always registered as "nobleman," "gentleman," "tradesman," "mechanic," etc., and is addressed as such and privileged as such. He has his place to observe, his manner of acting, his way of living. Everybody has a right to expect of him what is due to his position, and to treat him accordingly. To act out of one's position, either above it or below it, is in Europe the height of impropriety.

All this has a marked influence on the minds of the people. There is a general disposition to respect those above, and, in those above, to respect themselves. They have honors shown them by those beneath them, and are haughty. There is a general disposition to despise those below, and, in them, to despise themselves. They have contempt shown them and are humble. Accordingly the upper classes are respectable, honorable, ceremonious, and attentive to the proprieties, both in appearance and conduct. The lower classes are little respected, and soon become little respectable. They are privileged to be mean, just as the others are privileged to be "noble." Some of the traits which are thus produced in the lower classes are very deplorable. There seems to be no self-respect among them, no sense of honor, none of that high-mindedness which belongs to every decent American, whatever his circumstances. This shows itself in those contemptible little customs which every American traveller observes in European countries. Almost every man with whom you come in contact expects a fee from you. Waiters, coachmen, por-

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ters, sextons, guides, all expect fees in addition to their pay. If you ask a poor man in the street to direct you, he will expect something for it. Railroad conductors try so to demean themselves before you that you will fee them on parting. So steamboat attendants, and the members of a ship's crew. If you pass a workingman in the rural districts, he not unfrequently asks you for tobacco, whiskey, or a little money. Once, on the coast of Italy, I went out of my way to look at some fishermen hauling in a seine with sardines. Scarcely had they got through when one after another came to me for his fee. Girls in many cities will run along the streets and put flowers in your button-hole, expecting something in return for it. Travellers in the Alps are all aware how at almost every road-crossing they find somebody to offer them a glass of cool water, or an Alpine rose, or to make them an echo, or sing them a song. In Italy, it is one of the most common employments to get money out of foreigners by some such useless service. I do not speak here of the beggars. They descend much lower than this, and are an innumerable class. But the poor of Europe very generally live in the capacity of half-beggars. I might mention here also the littleness to which the people almost invariably descend in their business,—little quibblings, little fibbings, little dishonesties, etc. A shopkeeper or market-woman will go into a violent dispute over half a cent. They will lie and try to cheat you if they are only selling a peanut. In all their dishonesties they are in entire contrast with the Americans, who, however much they may lie, rarely tell little lies, and never attempt to cheat you except when something of value is at stake, — a dishonesty that may almost be said to command respect. The people in Europe, however, know that nobody respects them, or expects an honorable course, either of virtue or of sin, from them; so that they act low, just as they dress low and live low. It is the privilege of their poverty; and all they can gain in honor by a course of upright conduct would not outweigh the half cent which their necessity impels them to get by dishonor.

It need hardly be said that all who aspire, or wish to be thought respectable, not only ape the upper classes, but, to the same extent, show a contempt for the common people. They seem to measure their respectability by the strength of this contempt, and think it will be accounted good breeding if they show it on all appropriate occasions. There is in this a marked contrast with what our American system develops, where any one, to be popular, must profess to love the people whether he does so or not, and where our public men, from trying to seem to love them, are led ultimately to love them. In Europe we have *snobs* rather than *demagogues*. And, saddest of all, the common people themselves fall in with this state of things, and learn an awe for the high, and even for the snobs; and learn to hate those who are like themselves, like the slaves in the South who hated the poor whites who had "no niggers."

All this suggests to the people, if not to those most imbruted by this condition of things, at least to the free minds who can rise above and think over and beyond the evils weighing upon them, the need of a radical revolution; one that will not only destroy monarchy and aristocracy as the cause of these, but will

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change the institutions, customs, morals, and feelings into which their wide-reaching effects have found way.

We do not here consider the wrongs that the people suffer from special legislative enactments against them: as the fact that they cannot speak even in private conversation against the aristocracy or members of the reigning dynasty; that they dare not assemble or discuss any question in open meetings without police, or except at certain specified times of the year; that even then they cannot speak freely, but are under fear of saying something that will be construed into treason; that the students in the universities, who generally espouse this cause, as they do that of all radical reforms, dare not discuss political questions at all; that the people cannot unite in any organizations looking to a remedy of their condition, all such being condemned under the recent laws against the Internationals; that the press is not free, the censorship being established in every country, and fines and imprisonment and confiscation of issues and suspension of papers being of every-day occurrence; that the working class are not free to migrate at will from one part of the country to another, or to large cities; that they cannot practise any other business or trade than their own; that they cannot work without a certificate from their last employer. We do not, we say, discuss these matters, but only show how the people are controlled indirectly in social affairs by the spirit of the government.

Hence, we may say, arises the question of socialism from a political stand-point.

There are other causes of socialism, however. Those mentioned above are evils of society, or of government, to be remedied. There are also ends proposed, complete political or social ideals to be realized, which attract the people, while the evils repel them. Under this double inspiration they are carried forward, not only to revolutionize society, but to attempt to build it up after other models.

Such, then, are the causes of socialism: the miserable condition of the poor; the great difference between them and the rich; the inequality in the governments of Europe; and the desire of a state of social perfection in opposition to all this.

This subject, as will readily be imagined, has great attractive power, and draws to it especially workmen, including also the poor, the miserable, the discontented, and the class of vague theorists. It addresses the largest part of society, and those who from their sufferings are most readily excited, and who from having nothing to lose are most ready to act. It addresses a class, too, embittered by their actual or supposed wrongs, and who, in many cases, have been sunk into crime by the pressure of poverty and injustice, and who are ignorant of the difficulties of government, and even of the laws of revolutions. It will readily be seen, then, that there thus exists an inflammable, violent, and powerful element. We need not wonder, therefore, that the socialists are a great party now, attracting by the dangers which they threaten the governments which they could not soften by the evils they were suffering.

The principles of the socialists are of course determined by the above-mentioned causes, and by the character of the people which those causes are calculated to influence. These principles we shall discuss at another time.

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COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

BY M. H. HINCKLEY.

AN OCTOBER EVENING.

MASSES of dark flying scud, driven by the south wind, rush in wild, tossing confusion across the evening sky, now hurled together in mountains of mist, and then, when some current, catching the vapory mass, rends and separates it into feathery clouds that curl and dissipate like smoke, giving glimpses of the blue depths beyond, that look so peaceful and serene.

Skimming, wheeling, darting, but flying near the earth to-night, are the white-bellied swallows, who have congregated together, old and young, preparatory to their flight southward. Across the meadows they sweep by hundreds, now breasting the strong south wind, and again skimming before it, carrying destruction to insect life wherever they go. Flapping lazily up out of the misty east, with folded neck, and legs outstretched behind, comes a blue heron. Through the flock of swallows he moves, finding himself an awkward intruder in the midst of this graceful company; but giving a harsh, discordant croak, by way of passing courtesy, he holds on his course up the brook, until he reaches the dead oak on the high ground near the meadow. Preparing to alight, he lurches his long neck forward, drops those ungainly legs downward, at the same time giving two or three strokes of his wings to impel himself to the desired limb But it is no easy matter for this bird to gain his equipoise when he first alights. He tilts about, changes his footing, and with each fresh gust that comes, half spreads those mighty wings to gain his balance, until, turning around, he finally faces the wind, stands bolt upright, and begins to adjust his feathers against the coming storm.

The old oak on which he stands creaks, as it wavers and totters in the blast. Spring, for many years, has brought it no changing beauty. Each season has only stripped it of some decayed, worm-eaten limb, from which the bark and clinging mosses with which nature so kindly covers decay, have first cleaved off, and left the bare wood, like a withered arm, protruding from some tattered garment. This tree has been the resting-place for innumerable birds. The osprey, in the spring, soaring across from brook to river, halts here to dispose of the fish so tightly clutched in his claws. The crow chooses it as an alarm-post, from which to give warning to his fellows in the meadow and field below. The hawk here takes his observations of the farm-yards lying near; and the feathers that lie at the tree's base tell of his successful raids. When the chattering grakles flock together in the fall, this tree invites them, too; and as they settle by hundreds, the limbs look as if draped in mourning, till, moved by a common feeling, away they wheel with that rushing sound, the combination of wing and note, to the deep oak forest, where the acorns are most abundant. The woodpeckers have long ago deserted the old ruin as a nesting-place, but safe in its hollow trunk the squirrel still hides his winter store.

As the shades of evening approach, the heron launches forth from his

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perch, and scales to his feeding-grounds in the shallow pools of the meadow below. With slow and measured tread he strides through these shallows and along the oozy edge of the brook, with neck drawn back and beak pointed downward, ready to give a stroke to fish or reptile unfortunate enough to be found within his range. At each step he takes he draws together the toes of the raised foot, which, as he plants it again, are so gently spread that no splash or sound can be heard. This noiselessness of movement in so large a bird is wonderful.

Farther up the meadow the brook takes a large bend, sweeping around the edge of a dense wood. In summer, when the trees are in full leaf, the reflections of this wood in the water as night comes on, together with the gathering shades, wrap the spot in a strange, almost portentous gloom. One evening, when the twilight had faded out, so that objects were scarcely distinguishable here, and when through the wood and over the dark, shadowy surface of the water brooded that almost oppressive silence that causes the imagination to clothe familiar objects with a new and weird beauty, were seen, now and then, playing on the water's surface, glints of light. Not a sound could the ear catch; but as the eye followed these quickly-vanishing touches, they led along the brook's edge, and approached an opening where the last ruddy glow that still lingered in the west, was reflected on the water. Across this rosy pathway silently stalked a majestic heron. Suddenly he halted, suspecting himself observed, and stretching forward his long neck peered into the darkness; then giving a bound, and spreading at the same time those large wings, flapped heavily back to the gloomy wood.

But to-night the heron, intently searching for food, marches on with his solemn and cautious tread. A large frog, sitting and blinking in serene meditation in a tussock of grass, thinks to elude his sharp sight by drawing his limbs together more compactly and cowering close to the ground; but it is in vain; the heron sees him, and just as the frog attempts to escape by making a jump for the water, seizes him with that quick and certain stroke of the bill, and mercilessly beating and thrashing him against the ground, soon reduces the frog to a shapeless mass, and swallows him without any apparent effort. The beak of this heron is long, stout, and sharp, so that it can give a severe wound; and for this reason the bird, when wounded, is dangerous to approach.

It is usually in this month that the herons leave for the south, after congregating together in flocks. One fall morning, after a sharp frost, numbers of these birds, apparently old and young together, for they differed considerably in size, collected in this vicinity. They were along the brook's edge, in the meadows, and about the ponds in the pine wood. The day following, a southerly wind, driving before it low, flying wreaths of vapor, brought to them the breath of their southern home. In the morning most of them were gathered together in the top branches of the pine trees, where they stood stretching forward their long necks, and lifting their wings as if testing them for the weary flight before them. Two or three of what we supposed were the older birds, occasionally circled over the woods, as if marshalling the flock together. When all was ready

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for departure, away in a broad circle swept the whole army of herons. Over the woods they circled, occasionally giving this peculiar harsh croak, as if to summon all stragglers into the ranks, and at each sweep mounting ever higher and higher. They soon rose above the hurrying scud, and, gradually diminishing in size, passed out of sight.

Birds of passage seem to prefer flying against the wind. This, at first, seems strange; but it will be seen that an opposing wind lifts them, while a wind which would seemingly propel, only beats them earthward. Many sea-fowl cannot rise from the water without first turning about to breast the wind; and a snipe started from the meadow grass invariably rises towards the breeze, if there is any.

Although the mist and coming night are fast blurring into indistinctness all distant objects, we still trace the heron's tall form slowly moving up the brook. But hark! now we catch a whistling rustle of wings. It is not the swallows, for they have now vanished for the night; nor the heron, for he is still striding on. Soon, out of the mist and gathering dusk, sweeping in broad circles over the meadow, occasionally stooping as if to alight, then rising again, not quite sure that their safety is complete, we see five wood-ducks. After circling about several times, they at last settle down among the long grasses and reeds growing in the water, and we hear that peculiar spluttering sound which they make as they filter the water through their bills.

This is probably part of a brood reared in the neighborhood. The nest was about twenty feet from the ground, in the hollow trunk of an elm-tree whose topmost branches had been wrenched off in a gale, and on the soft bed of decayed wood fallen together within the decaying trunk, at a depth of three or four feet within the top, as if down a chimney, were laid twelve yellowish-white eggs. Mingled with this soft decayed wood, and partially concealing the eggs, were down and feathers. Both ducks were cautious in movement, rarely showing themselves, except towards night.

After the brood was hatched, the toddling little things were carried from the nest to the ground, but in what manner I do not know; and as the mother-bird led them from this nesting-place to the river, she came out on the public road as a carriage was passing. Aware of danger, the young darted among the briars and stones at the road-side, while the old bird fluttered on, occasionally alighting in the dust at the horse's feet, and then taking wing again, until, feeling that she had lured the danger from her brood, back she circled to where she left them, and by a peculiar coaxing note soon gathered them about her again. Then, following a stone wall, she led them through brambles, tall grass, or whatever could conceal them, until she reached the river. There they were often seen until they could fly as well as their mother. These ducks are fond of acorns, and are frequently seen at this season of the year feeding under oak-trees, especially those growing near water. Their plumage is very beautiful.

As we turn to leave the meadow, suddenly up start these five ducks, and with that whistling rustle of the wings circle away in the deepened dusk. Out from the tangled margin of the brook, where the ducks were

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feeding, silently moves what looks in this dim light like a small piece of dark wood. The gusts of wind as they sweep across the water ruffle its surface, changing the dark reflections of swaying flags and bending grasses into waving, crinkled lines. Through these comes, still noiselessly moving, that dark object; but as it crosses the brook where only the sky overhead reflects itself, we see by the wake made that it is a musk-rat pushing a collection of some material before him.

As he nears the foot-bridge where we stand, catching a glimpse of us, he gives a splash and dives under water. Soon something floats to the surface, and, a flaw of wind catching it, sweeps it back against the bank. We find it to be grass-roots and bits of rushes that the musk-rat had gnawed off and was pushing to the mud bar where the old willow and button bushes grow, to use in building his winter quarters.

As soon as the first frosts are felt, the musk-rats select a mud bar, or spot where the bushes grow in the winter, often near lilies, — as the root of this plant is a favorite article of food with them,—and proceed to lay a foundation for their house. In the first place they gnaw off at the water's edge a quantity of coarse grasses, rushes, and small bushes. Gathering this between the chin and fore-paws, as if carrying the material in their arms, they push it before them to the place where they intend using it, as this musk-rat was just doing The place where they have harvested their grass and rushes looks as if some one had mowed it with a scythe. After the musk-rats have brought together material enough to make a solid foundation, and have raised the structure to the water's edge, they dive below and tunnel underneath it, coming up through the middle of the mass. The work is then carried on from the inside; mud, decayed vegetation, moss, and other such material, is carried through this tunnel and pushed out from the inside until it is raised to the right height and roofed over; or, as Whittier poetically describes it, —

> "The musk-rat plied the mason's trade,
> And tier by tier his mud walls laid."

Inside this hillock a small chamber about a foot in diameter is left, and here, within solid, compact walls, sometimes two feet thick, the musk-rats have their comfortable winter quarters.

Their tunnel gives them access to the water when the brook is frozen over. In the winter a rap on this nest will bring one or more of its inmates out, and you will see them scatter away on the bottom of the brook, picking their way among the stones and roots, leaving wherever they go, if the brook is frozen over, a line of bubbles under the ice. When an open space is reached the creature gently rises to the water's surface, and just putting the nose and one eye above water, takes an observation and a breath of fresh air at the same time, but instantly dives again.

These nests vary in size, and look quite rough when first built and until the snow and rain smooths them off. If the nest is broken open they immediately begin repairs, working from the inside. When the meadows and brook are frozen over, the nests appear as if built on the ice, and sometimes, in the late winter or spring freshets, the upper part of the nest is lifted up and moved, which would

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naturally confirm this impression; but upon examination it will be found that the foundation always rests on the solid ground below.

Last fall the musk-rats, moved by some freak, built a nest in the boat-house at Punkapog Pond, after the boat was housed for the season. The foundation of the nest rested partly on the boat and partly on the floor of the house, which, owing to the high water, was submerged; and as the boat was not raised in the house, the space between it and the floor served the same purpose as the tunnel they, under ordinary circumstances, would make. All the fishing tackle, and everything they could manage, was drawn together to help form their structure. When the house was opened in the spring the nest was found. It was estimated that in building it about five bushels of material had been brought in. The tenants were loth to leave their comfortable quarters, returning again and again as the work of removing the material went on.

Every sound is now hushed except the rush of the restless south wind and the voice of the cricket, who, regardless of the gathering dampness, still repeats his sad note, that tells of fleeing bird and falling leaf. As long, however, as the swallows, which, earlier in the evening, we saw skimming over this brook and meadow, still linger with us, we cannot feel that summer has wholly vanished; for, as these swallows bring its spirit with them, so they seem to bear it away.

As the wind sweeps by, rustling through the yellow-leaved birches and maples gorgeous with their fall tints, which night now paints all in the same dark hue, a feeling of sadness creeps over us, until we remember that in the folded buds behind the flaming leaves, rests Nature's promise of returning spring.

Milton, Mass.

A FLOWER ROOM.

BY MARIE HOWLAND.

The growth of æsthetic culture among the people is signally shown in the ever-increasing passion for flowers. Private conservatories are no longer confined to the very opulent, and what the florists have named "window gardening," is pursued with enthusiasm. The sale of pot plants and cut flowers in all our large towns is a flourishing business; and it is safe to say that there is not a florist in the country, having an average capacity for his work, who is not making money. One of the great florists of New York wrote, in 1868: "For the New York market alone it is estimated that two acres, or nearly 100,000 square feet of glass, are now used for growing violets alone," and the demand has probably quadrupled since that time, not only for violets, but for roses, camellias, verbenas, tuberoses, hyacinths, heliotropes, jasmines, and many others.

At present there is scarcely a country home, however modest, which has not a small portion of the land, at least, consecrated to the culture of flowers and flowering shrubs; and though the marigold, the hollyhock,

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the mottled tiger-lily, the wooden-shaped, offensive-smelling dahlia, which has no charm but color, — although these still cruelly monopolize the space, still they are giving way yearly, more and more, to beds of fragrant mignonette, to stately, sweet-breathing white lilies, to verbenas and geraniums, to a multitude of darling roses, and other flowering shrubs; to pansies, and perfumed violets from England, France, and Italy, which are all superior to our native violets in fragrance. The new double violet, the *Marie Louise*, will exhale from a single flower a soft delicious odor that may be distinctly perceived across a small room by any one sensitive to odors. It is the loveliest of all the violets, but rare as yet, and little known.

There are two prime reasons why so many fail with their in-door plants: they do not know that most plants demand imperatively a season of rest during every year, and because their eyes so lack training that they fail to detect the first appearance of disease.

With regard to seasons of rest, all plants need them. When, after bearing many flowers, some of the leaves are seen to lose their color and lustre, the plant should have less moisture and less warmth for a month at least. Then cut back some of the branches, give plenty of water, and replant in fresh earth if the pot is full of roots. In repotting, quantities of dark roots may be nipped off, and the plant do all the better for it. One vital rule should not be neglected: if plants must be cheated out of their due amount of warmth and sunshine, they must also have less water, or the equilibrium is destroyed. In the autumn, when the nights are often cold, and yet the time for fires not fully come, more plants are killed by water than by all other causes combined. This is the natural time for house plants to rest. Water freely when a plant is growing vigorously or in its full blossoming; at all other times give less water.

As to the lack of training in the generality of eyes, the fact is well known to the scientific. Not one in ten of those who have cultivated house plants for years could draw the leaf of the calla, one of the commonest of house plants, so that any botanist or anybody else could recognize it: not from the want of knowledge of drawing, for the same hand could outline a vase, a lamp, a fan, so that any one would know what it was. Now if the amateur florist will observe attentively the aspect of the healthy leaves of his plants, he will soon learn to detect, not simply their fading or curling up, but the slightest loss of tone. Then is the time for examination, and the best eyes will often need the aid of a little hand-glass, especially for the red spider, which only very good eyes, if unpractised, can perceive. This is one of the direst pests of house plants, and many a lady has had her roses, apple-scented geraniums, pinks, heliotropes, and many other plants ravaged by it year after year without knowing the cause. The best remedy is to pull off and burn all the dead leaves, and then fill a large pitcher with quite warm carbolic soap-suds, or whale-oil soap-suds, and, tying a cloth over the earth in the pot to prevent its falling out, invert the plant in the suds and leave it there for a good hour. Then replace the soap-suds by pure water for a few minutes, or rinse the plant in any way. Possibly the tenderest

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shoots may be injured by the process, but it will strengthen the plant to lose these after it has had a long struggle with its enemy. A lady acquaintance, whose modest little conservatory in "South Jersey" will presently be described, keeps a tall vase of this liquid, to which she has added one of her husband's strongest old pipes. She has not renewed the water for more than a year, except to add fresh, or more soap, occasionally. One would think this strong mixture would kill the plants outright, but it does not; and her collection of plants and flowers is the admiration of all who have seen it. This prescription has been proved by over three years' almost daily experience.

There is a charm in cultivating flowers "under glass," as florists term it, which can hardly be overestimated. In the open air we cannot have them so fully under our control. Violent rains may drench them and destroy the bloom of their opening petals; cruel winds may lash them to death; drought we can hardly protect them against; while a scorching sun may fade them, or an untimely frost destroy them in a single night. Against all these dangers the florist is absolutely powerless, except in the case of drought, from which he may partially protect them. But when he has them in a world which he has created, he can shade them from a broiling sun, or even take them up bodily and carry them to a cooler spot. Drought cannot injure them, nor winds nor rains nor untimely frosts.

If it is the destiny of mind to rule matter, as we have always been taught, and if we are progressing, not retrograding, in the order of this control, surely we must believe that we are some day to control the weather so that vegetation may be calculated with certainty. Nature is not inimical to man; she is only inexorable in the matter of conditions. The oak will grow for him as vigorously and cheerfully in a two-inch pot as in a field of twenty acres, if only he will give it sun and water, and change it to larger vessels as it outgrows the smaller. At present we have only partially mastered the conditions that nature demands. During a devastating drought the farmer looks wistfully and hopelessly at the rain-bearing clouds passing directly over his meridian. O for the power to make them discharge their life-giving treasures! And then the insects that multiply by millions and destroy the labor of months in a single day! Surely we swagger too inordinately about our triumph over matter, when the whole scientific world is unable to grapple with the peach-borer or the curculio! As for the various insects and slugs that feed upon the foliage and flowers of the conservatory, the florist who understands his business is master of the situation. Closing the doors and windows, he lights a smoking fire of coarse tobacco, and his enemies surrender at discretion. For ladies who keep their flowers in windows, and in summer on verandas, this is not practicable. The more patient and devoted crush the slugs on their ivies one by one; brush the "green fly" from their in-door roses with a feather; while for the horrid beetle that fattens on the petals of the garden rose, they wisely attack him with a brush and a can of boiling water. If all would do this it would be effectual; but it is rather disheartening when your neighbor, less sensitive to the charms

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of a garden, leaves her rose-bugs to multiply by the million, thus ensuring you an increase of trouble for the coming year. Still your labor of love will not be in vain. The possession of a flourishing, well-kept garden will excite envy, if no better sentiment, and stimulate others to greater care. We may be encouraged also by the fact that the taste for the cultivation of flowers is rapidly increasing everywhere.

All over the civilized world to-day women save their flower-seeds with care, and by exchanging with friends and buying new plants or seeds, yearly increase or improve their stock. They lift their bulbs and tubers in the autumn tenderly, and preserve them from cold and moisture as best they may; and considering the very limited advantages most of them have enjoyed for obtaining a knowledge of the habits and conditions of plants, and the cruel failures that often follow their most careful efforts, their devotion is something noble and touching. Winter after winter they renew their attempts to preserve certain favorite plants in doors, often carrying heavy pots and boxes into the cellar when the night cold threatens them, and in the morning lugging them back again, notwithstanding their multifarious and ever-recurring household and other cares.

In the conservatory which has already been mentioned in this article, there is a magnificent plant with large crimson and rose-colored flowers. It is the *Hibiscus Cooperii*. Then there is the *Abutilon Thomsonii*, its rich green, maple-shaped leaves blotched with gold in angular patterns; the *Cerodendron Balfouri*, a marvel of beauty; the Japanese barberry, surnamed *Darwinii*, after the botanist who introduced it into England, the father of the present distinguished scholar.

Are not these names — Cooper, Thompson, Balfour, Darwin — more effectually immortalized than they could be by the biggest possible pile of stones? Even the pyramids are crumbling to dust, and the name of the man whose devotion to floriculture produced this magnificent abutilon is more effectually perpetuated than that of Cheops.

The private cultivation of flowers in winter, now that hot-air furnaces and base-burners are becoming common, is attended with more certainty, and is constantly increasing. For a long time it was said that flowers would not flourish in furnace-heated rooms; but this has been proved an error, at least where the furnace draught is supplied by a pipe leading to the outside air, and the hot-air chamber with water for evaporation; and without these no furnace is fit for warming dwelling-houses. Even then, the air may be too dry for a very small collection of plants. In a small room full, this is corrected by placing the pots on tables furnished with a little upright edge for holding wet moss. No room can be so dry as one heated by the common parlor-stoves. These exhaust the air of the room and create draughts through every crack and crevice, for how else can oxygen be supplied to the burning fuel? The draught of these stoves should, like the furnace heater, be supplied by a pipe connected with the open air. This has already been done with perfect success, and must soon come into general use.

When this taste for flowers becomes strongly developed, we feel a need for them that nothing else can satisfy. We must have them in winter, despite the trouble of taking care

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of them; and they are never so dear to us as when we see them unfolding their delicate petals and exhaling their delicious summer odors, separated from certain and instant death only by a thin sheet of glass. Indeed, it is doubtful if a true appreciation of flowers can be created by their summer cultivation alone. It is certain that the presence of a single pot of flowers in vigorous condition, across which we look into the bleak and barren winter, gives more keen delight, more solid satisfaction, than a garden full in midsummer. And the winter conservatory need no longer be considered a luxury attainable only by the very wealthy. One like that which I will now describe is within the reach of most families of moderate means who live in the country.

This flower room is in the sheltered angle between the dining-room and the main body of the house. It is twelve feet by ten: one longer side next the main building which is northwest of it, and a shorter one next the dining-room, opening into it by folding doors whose upper halves are glazed. The outer or southwest end is filled by three ordinary windows, which extend from the roof to within two and a half feet from the floor; and there is a large sash in the southeastern slope of the roof. All the rest of the roof is of narrow "tongued and grooved" boards, shingled over, and planed within, because the inside of the roof is exposed — though at present nearly covered by ivies. The outer walls are of similar pine stuff, over which, on the weather side, is laid felt paper, and over this again are ordinary siding boards, painted. When after a time the inside boards shrank, leaving cracks between them, the mistress of the house cut blue paper-muslin into narrow strips, which she pasted over every joint in both roof and sides, covering the whole with a double coating of nice varnish. As this was after the boards had just turned a golden brown by time, the effect of the blue — a color chosen because of the great scarcity of blue among conservatory flowers — is exceedingly striking. The floor is of pitchy southern pine, oiled with common coal oil about three times a year, so that the water from the sprinkler can do no harm, and is easily absorbed by a large sponge fastened on the end of a stick. Under the three windows to the southwest is a stationary table, or bench, for the flower-pots, covered with moss for them to stand in, and occupying the whole space except that in the western corner, where eighteen inches from the floor stands a barrel supplied with water from the rain cistern by a little iron pump. Both the barrel and the little pump-stand are painted blue. The front upright edge of this long flower-table is bordered by half a width of oil-cloth carpet covering, which, held up while sprinkling, drains the water back into the moss. Before this stationary table is another about ten inches lower, made very strong and set on large castors. This is also bordered with oil-cloth.

The roof is "tied" by two slight planed beams that extend across on either side of the skylight. On one of these is painted the quaint Hindoo motto, "Of all men thy guest is the superior," in old English illuminated letters; but the ivies bid fair to conceal them before long. The only artificial heat the room receives is through a single register of the house furnace-heater. In very cold nights, three screens, made of laths and

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covered with newspapers, are placed in the lower windows behind the plants. During the exceptionally severe weather of last winter, not a single leaf perished by the cold, and there was not a day when there were not some flowers in this charming room. The heat was not sufficient to bloom many of the plants, but it was a perfect bower of luxuriant green foliage, and foliage of many colors, during the whole time, — the delight and admiration of all who saw it. Every day there were scarlet and rose-colored geraniums and pelargoniums, and a luxuriant, blotched petunia, white and red, covered with scores of fragrant blossoms, that climbed to the very roof-sash, and helped the ivies to hide the illuminated motto. The *Abutilon Thomsonii* bloomed all winter, and from time to time there were beautiful roses, salvias, great Nile lilies or callas, the *Jasminum grandiflorum*, pansies, heliotropes, and some others, besides a marvellously beautiful poinsettia, a rare Australian plant with brilliant crimson bracts nearly a foot in diameter. A beautiful double carnation presented a constant succession of its most fragrant flowers, while some tropical plants forgot their new latitude and surprised their owner by blossoming quite freely. A little date palm, a pineapple grown from the rejected top of one purchased at a fruit store, and two large Mexican aloes (century plants), grew well all winter. The fuchsias and heliotropes furnished luxuriant foliage, but did not blossom much until early spring. In one corner stood a splendid oleander in a blue water pail or bucket. This blossomed late in the autumn. It stood about six feet high, a perfect tree in its proportion, and had eight immense clusters of fragrant rosy blossoms; each individual flower very double, and as large as a common rose. The room contains in winter over a hundred plants; yet they are so nicely arranged that there is a space in the centre and near the folding-doors for three or four people to sit comfortably. There is one little stand holding nine or ten pots for plants that need constant sun. This is moved daily, when not neglected, into the sunniest spots. There are two large hanging baskets filled with lycopodiums, vincas, Kenilworth ivy, lobelias, musk plant, trailing grasses, money-wort, the *Torrenia Asiatica*, and many others. Besides these, there are several hanging baskets made of cocoanut shells. These are suspended by fine wire, and are exceedingly pretty. "Plants seem to think it fun to grow in cocoanut shells," said the owner of this conservatory, and their vigorous condition justifies the odd conceit. These baskets are made by simply sawing off the end of the shell opposite the "monkey's face," and digging out the kernel. This leaves the germ hole open for a drain. Three holes at equal distances are then bored with a gimlet in the rim, and in these the wire is fastened. Nothing can be more graceful than one of these baskets in the centre of a parlor window, filled with delicate parlor ivy, which can, in three or four months, be trained over the bottom and sides and up the three wires, completely covering all. Ivies have the advantage of not needing much sun, and many of them do well without any, like the lycopodiums or mosses. Some of these mosses are exceedingly beautiful in hanging baskets. A standing and a drooping kind produce a good effect.

The whole cost of this flower room

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ready for use was not more than $150. When second-hand lumber and sash can be got, a great saving may be made, and they will often be as good as new for the purpose. Other savings may be effected by doing one's self whatever one is deft enough to do. Ordinary house windows will answer every purpose, though new hot-house sash costs only about two thirds as much per square foot as house windows.

The private flower conservatory, as generally ordered and managed, is very expensive, and frequently affords comparatively little satisfaction to any one. In the first place, it is so large that a "regularly ordained" gardener must be hired to attend to it; then it is at such an inconvenient distance from the house, and comes to be regarded so much the property of its hired keeper, that the ladies of the family soon lose all interest in it. Moreover, it is in almost every instance constructed after the conventional hot-house plan, where the flowers are raised only to sell, and an inch of space is of more consequence than the comfort of those who may visit it. It is crowded, damp, and dirty, and close and hot to suffocation. Ladies who would naturally enjoy sitting in beautiful flower rooms on bleak wintry days, will not seek the conservatory at the expense of making a journey through the storm, knowing well that when they arrive, there is no room to sit down, and the narrow, damp passages are not inviting to decent dresses.

There is a private conservatory of this description belonging to a rather showy family near New York. It must be forty feet long and about twenty feet wide. To warm it requires, I was told, a ton of coal a week. The space between the outside benches and the oblong central pyramid of shelves for plants is of the most cramped dimensions, and the plank walk is moist and slippery. The ladies of the family are gentle, intelligent people, and very generous. They would seem to belong to those who find delight in flowers; yet the costly vases in their drawing-rooms are empty week after week, unless there is a reception of some kind. Their need of the presence of flowers has not been cultivated by simply *owning* that great, crowded, market hot-house. Had it been instead a little bower, opening from some south room of the house, it could have been wholly managed by the young ladies, and would have proved "a joy forever."

When women learn to fully enjoy flowers, private conservatories will have fewer useless and more really desirable plants. They will, therefore, be comparatively roomy, and constantly resorted to. In a conservatory requiring no extra furnace, no assistance in taking care of it will be required, beyond that of the younger members of the family. If tropical plants will not blossom, there is the compensation of the new acquisition, the zonale geraniums, which do better in a room not overheated, and the green, rose, crimson, purple, and yellow colors of their foliage make an excellent substitute for flowers. In the very early spring the increasing warmth of the sun will bring out the roses, amaryllises, fuchsias, begonias, heliotropes, that have been resting during the winter. Later, the calladium bulbs can be planted for a summer display. More real, useful delight will be found in such a room, in watering, repotting, propagating choice plants, — aye, in

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the seemingly uninteresting work of destroying the green fly and the red spider, than in all the "netting," "knotting," "tatting," "crocheting," and embroidering in a whole volume of fashion magazines.

THE CHANGELING.

BY LATIENNE.

The night sleeps mute in the white moon's thrall,
The hour is haunted time,
When twelve slow strokes from the church-tower fall
With weird, unearthly chime.

On the greensward, pearled with the silver dew,
'Mid the shimmering shadows, bright
Shone a moon like the moon in the ether blue, —
'T was an elfin ring alight.

There circled the small sprites round and round,
Like a rainbow-wheel fast-spun;
All the sleepy-eyed grass-flowers waked to the sound
Of the frolicsome fairies' fun.

A pause, — and the butterfly wings were furled,
As a fluttering courier bowed
At his sovereign's feet; and her star-wand whirled
In token of speech allowed.

"O queen!" — his prayer, — "be a costlier gem
Than the diamond dews of even
The light of thy royal diadem, —
For a spark now falls from heaven.

"An angel hastes from the forge divine,
In his hand is a living coal;
I have traced his path by its meteor shine,
And to-night is kindled a soul!

"But the hour is subject to fairy spell
From immemorial time;
Then weave the charm of our circle well
With many a magic rhyme.

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"To crown a babe in its first repose,
And to seal with a vision's power
For our own, the eyes that have dared unclose
On life, in a haunted hour."

. . . . .

The sprites and their airy queen are flown
Like the eddying thistle-down
By a tiny madcap whirlwind blown,
That weaves for itself a crown.

And their troop sweeps fast as an ocean gale,
Yet soft as a soundless sigh, —
With a gleaming wake, like a reflex pale
Of the milky way in the sky.

By an open window the moon looked through;
They stole in on her slant, white beams,
With their acorn cups of the midnight dew
To drink to the baby's dreams.

And they danced with a sea-shell chorus fine,
And an incantation wild,
Over and under, with twist and with twine,
The cradled and slumbering child.

They sang: "We bring her the charmed chrism,
That seen the unseen may be;
We seal her brow with the wild baptism
Of the elves of the forest free.

"We'll fan and fan with invisible wings
Each quick-flamed fancy higher,
Till her eyes shine bright like our fairy rings
With the glow of electric fire.

"In the zephyr, thrilling the light leaves o'er,
She shall hear the caressing tone
Of our luring whisper forevermore,
And sigh for a joy unknown.

"With the winged flowers and the butterflies,
Spring-loosed from the winter's chain,
She shall see our subtler forms arise,
Like a sun-drawn vaporous rain.

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"When summer with spices perfumes the air,
And flushes it red with the rose,
Its fullest life be the Changeling's share,
Till robbed of calm repose,

"Nursed full of nature, her breast shall burn
With nature's passionate glow,
Till her life its barriers frail would spurn
In painful overflow.

"She is ours till life's vague vista close
Where the shadows wax and wane, —
Unless — speak low! speak under the rose —
She love — and she love in vain

"For the dual nature then set at strife,
Its mortal frame shall waste,
And the child shall ransom with her life
Love's fatal and fateful taste.

"But love is the passion from our ken
Remote; — and we cannot save
From those strong bonds that fetter men
More closely than the grave.

"Of chains more real than ours, O child
Of dream and spell, beware!
Too heavy for thy nature wild,
Their weight's corroding care.

"As stung and crazed by a strange unrest,
Thy wandering feet must roam
The wide world o'er, — no human breast
May be the Changeling's home.

"Roam on till faint with tossing far,
Thy life some gust shall blow
From earth, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp's pale star,
Or a white-winged flake of snow."

. . . . .

Passed like a pearl-mist backward rolled,
The fairies from the room,
And the babe, fast locked in slumber's hold,
Faint smiling, lay in the gloom.

. . . . .

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Can such things be? Ah! who can tell?
  For a world of wonder lies
About us all, and we fail full well
  Its secrets to surprise.

But years, close woven of good and ill,
  Have since like the vapor rolled
Away, and yet, with a secret thrill,
  Born never of reason cold,

But of something far more truly wise, —
  Some more ethereal thing, —
I have looked deep down into haunted eyes,
  And have known the Changeling.

THE FATHER OF ZEBEDEE'S CHILDREN.

BY G. HAVEN PUTNAM.

In my early Sunday-school days I remember to have once found myself staggered by the abrupt presentation of the question, "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" And since I have become sufficiently matured to master the first difficulties of the inquiry, and to place clearly before myself the image of Zebedee in his paternal relations, I have found myself interested in considering the deeper meaning of the question: What manner of man *was* this father, who is only mentioned by implication, whose very existence, as far at least as the narrative is concerned through which he is best known, depends, as it were, upon an inference?

The story told by Matthew relates, quite simply, that among those who came to the Great Teacher with petitions for blessings, was "the *mother* of Zebedee's children."

In an earlier chapter we are told that Zebedee was a fisherman. These two references are all that the record contains; but in the way in which they are given they are so suggestive, that it seems to me possible to construct from them a complete picture of the man, his nature, and his life; and it is impossible to do this without feeling for him a strong interest and sympathy.

The manner in which his name is mentioned, without comment or specification, shows, we think conclusively, that he was a prominent citizen, a man of note, about whom every one knew.

Just as here in New York, in speaking of Stewart or Cooper, we should find it unnecessary, in order to identify the particular man we meant, to add "Dry-goods, on Broadway," or "Glue, on Burling Slip."

We think, too, beyond question, that he was a man who had won the esteem of his fellow-men, and upon whom honors and responsibilities had been placed; for the mother of his children asks for high places for *them* as if such things belonged as a matter of course to the family, and it was

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only for its members to choose what kind of high places they would take.

On the other hand, although he had achieved a distinguished position in the community, and had probably also attained a competency, he evidently had *not* made use of his opportunities (as president, say, of the "Galilee Fish Exchange") to accumulate great wealth, and he had also retained the industrious habits of his youth; for we find him, when he first makes his appearance in history, himself engaged with his two sons in managing one of his own fishing boats. I say *one*, for a man in his position owned of course a small fleet of vessels, and it is possible after all that he was only accustomed to take an occasional pull at his nets as a matter of after-dinner exercise, and for the sake of seeing with his own eyes that everything was going on right.

He was past the middle age, for his sons were already young men, and we can picture him to ourselves as a man of stability of character and fixity of purpose, and with firm and decided conviction that caused him to be rigid and unbending in questions that seemed to him vital.

Some of his more speculative and less orthodox neighbors might call him narrow or bigoted; but his narrowness was associated with so much strength of character and simplicity of nature, that it was impossible not to feel for him respect and reverence.

He took pride in the fact that he had grown up in the community, and that the whole record of his life was before his fellow-men; and he had the gratifying consciousness that he owed no man a drachma, and that no firm stood better on 'change than that of Zebedee & Sons.

These sons, James and John, were doubtless the pride of his heart and the satisfaction of his life. We find no record of any daughter, and, as we shall presently see, Mrs. Zebedee, although a well-meaning woman, possessed a thin and superficial nature, and had tendencies for novelties, vanities, and empty display that were not at all in accordance with the tastes and principles of a substantial, simple-minded man like Zebedee. He possessed the old-fashioned opinion that he was responsible for the moral welfare as well as for the material well-being of his wife, and exercised over her the simple, unquestioned authority belonging to the husband of his time (which would, by the way, save much of the friction and waste of words with which our modern *double-headed* households are afflicted).

He had positively forbidden her to continue a member of the "Galilee Branch of the Married Woman's Association for the Embroidering of Phylacteries to assist in the Reconciliation of the Samaritans," because, he said, the society accomplished more talkee-talkee than phylacteries, and where there were so many words, there must be *some* mischief. This restriction of so necessary an outlet to her system may not have been a wise measure on the part of Zebedee, for it gave her that feeling of repressed force and undeveloped capabilities that has so bad an effect upon a woman of a certain temperament. Mrs. Zebedee came into the world too soon. In this nineteenth century, which may be called the period of *expression*, she would, probably, easily breaking asunder the attenuated bonds of marital authority, have frothed up to the surface of society with the notable women of our time; would have

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found her mission, made a noise, and lived happily.

Under the severe restrictions, however, of an orthodox Jewish household. in what she would have called the age of *oppression*, she fretted her own life into failure, and caused her husband to seek his happiness elsewhere. He found it in his sons, who seemed to be everything a father could wish; and in their society, and with the consciousness of the approval of his fellow-men, he felt that in spite of his one drawback, he might still call himself a happy man.

Some cynical philosopher has remarked that happiness is like the tide, in that it does not "stay put"; the ebb commences as soon as the flood is reached.

Even while Job was congratulating himself upon his prosperity, his ruin was at hand. To be sure, there was vouchsafed to him a second period of gifts and blessings, but we have reason to believe that even this was not without its alloy. Nothing is said of the death of those three tiresome friends (and, indeed, they belonged to the class of men that live forever), and they must often, in after years, have bored him at his newly-erected fireside, and have gone over the story of the manner in which *their* interposition and their personal influence with the Divine Providence, with whose ways they were so intimately acquainted, had restored him to favor and to wealth.

These men must have outlived Job, for we have all of us met them more than once. We find also that the wife of his earlier life was spared through the whole experience, probably for the very purpose of preventing him from falling again into a state of self-satisfied content.

With our friend Zebedee, also, a time of trial was at hand, and of a nature that he could little have anticipated.

We have already found that he was an upright, straightforward man, fixed in the faith of his forefathers, and with no sympathy for the intellectual mysticism of the Sadducees, or with the theological theories of any of the other sects that divided the church of the day. He did not see why there should be any differences of opinion or wrangling about commentaries. There was the law! What did people want more? These new-fangled notions about individual interpretations, and this transcendentalism of the schools, seemed to his plain, common-sense mind mere "verbiage and tomfoolery." "Hold fast to the law and the prophets," he was accustomed to say to his sons, "and you cannot go far astray."

His own household was perfectly ordered, according to the strictest observances, and all the appointed fasts and feasts were faithfully kept.

The young Zebedees, Messrs. J. and J. Zebedee, however, strictly brought up as they had been, were, nevertheless, fellows of considerable individuality and independence of mind, and had more knowledge of, and sympathy with, the current radical thought of their time than their good father would have supposed possible.

They had slipped away from business more than once, with others of the curious and inquiring, to listen to the preaching of the wild man from the wilderness, who was clothed in skins, and said he was a prophet; and in spite of the "common-sense view" of the majority of their fellow-citizens, that the man was a raving lunatic, they had found themselves

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listening to his words with rapt attention and growing conviction. And now there came word of another preacher, who was still more radical in his teaching, and who was exercising a yet wider influence.

Their own father returned one day from Jerusalem full of the doings and sayings of this "pestilential agitator," as he called him, who was turning the heads of the foolish, and inciting contempt for the law and the prophets, and who had even spoken disrespectfully of the high priest himself.

"Such fellows should be put down by law," said the old man. "They should be stamped out like any other pest. Why, besides the man's blasphemy against the faith, which, after all, cannot harm true believers, he is a nuisance to the peace, inciting people to leave their work and go gadding about the roads and fields.

"Would you believe it? The business at the exchange was entirely stopped to-day, and I could not get the currency I wanted for our remittance to Samaria, because the fellow had actually persuaded some of the idle ones who were with him to assault the brokers and drive them from the money court. To think of such riotous proceedings in the 'city of peace,' and within the walls of the temple itself!

"However, I am glad to hear that the best citizens are at length becoming aroused, and a committee of the 'solid men' are going to wait upon the king, and if he delays taking steps in the matter it will be referred to Governor Pilate himself.

"I supposed at first that the man was one of those philosophers (as they call themselves) from Athens; but it appears that he is a Hebrew, and of a good family. I am told that our neighbor's two sons, Andrew and Simon, have been beguiled into following him. I had considered them sensible young fellows, but this shows what young men will come to if they once commence 'gadding.' When they were allowed the other day to go off to hear that crazy Essene, I told their father it was a mistake. If I thought any sons of mine were capable of being led away by such folly, I should never want to see their faces again."

Poor unconscious Zebedee! He little knew, he could not have imagined it as possible, that his own sons, who had been under his eye for nearly every hour of their lives, whose every step he had watched, and whose every thought he had (as he believed) known, had been among the first of the listeners to the new teacher, and were already far advanced in the road of the new radical faith. And when the Master came, and passing by the boat where the father and sons were working together, called for the two whom he knew as his disciples, they left father and faith, work, duty, and home, to follow Him.

And they could not do otherwise. For each man there is some one work higher and more imperative than all else beside, and when the time for that comes, all else must be left. But it is very hard for those who are left, and whose claims, apparently so rightful, so indisputable, are thus set aside. Hard, even if they can, to any extent, appreciate the value of the principle or cause for the sake of which they are sacrificed. How much harder and sadder when it is to them from their very natures impossible to understand or appreciate it, when on the contrary it represents to them a hollow mockery or a sinful delusion.

Our Zebedee, standing in stunned

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amazement, holding out his hands in mute entreaty to the departing sons, who can never again be to him as they have been, is but a type of the conscientious father of every generation. The world moves; thought grows. What is organic, life-bearing truth for one century, is fossilized into inert mineral for the next, which requires a new planting and a new growth.

There must come a parting between the generations, bringing upon the children the strain of a divided duty, upon the fathers the great sorrow of what is to them the spiritual loss of their children.

We claim for these fathers, the Zebedees of every generation, the reverence and respect of their children that depart from them.

The new radical thought of each age owes its debt of existence to the conservatism from which it springs, and by which it has been nurtured. That conservatism was the product, the expression of its age as truly as was the radical thought of the age that succeeded it; nay, that conservatism had itself to the previous generation been a dreaded radical innovation.

Zebedee is too old to change his basis of thought or faith. Constituted as he is, he would be untrue to his own nature if he *did* change. He has worked out the inspiration that came to him into the creed of his life, the faith by which he proposes to live, and for which he is ready to die.

James and John must renounce this faith; though they cannot retain it, must honor it for this cause alone, if for no other, that it has been the support of their father, and the foundation of their own lives.

What we have to complain of in the radicals of all generations is, the want of this spirit of reverence, the unwillingness to acknowledge the filial relation and the indebtedness, the tendency to deride that which has been the parentage of their thought, because, forsooth, in the progress of mankind, there has been vouchsafed to them a little more light. But the sins of the children shall be visited upon themselves as fathers, and when it comes to them to feel the derision or oblivion of those whom they have reared, and who have gone on and left them clinging to their now antiquated creeds, they shall remember with renewed bitterness the thankless and useless mockery of their own youth.

In the long procession of creeds, Israel laughs Baal to scorn; Christianity puts her foot on outgrown and fossilized Israel, and as it grows in strength, crushes with derision and contumely the popular, deep-rooted Paganism; Protestantism can see in the Roman church, from which it revolts, only the scarlet woman and the Antichrist; Unitarianism mocks at the "antiquated rubbish" and "hideous necessities" of the orthodox creeds, forgetful of all that those creeds have expressed and accomplished. Even the most liberal are sometimes too ready to forget the real meaning of their liberalism, to forget that it is itself the outgrowth and result of all the faiths that have gone before, and to forget to have reverence for, and patience with, the sorrow of the Zebedees whose sons it is leading away.

We may picture to ourselves poor Zebedee putting ashes upon his head, and betaking himself sadly to his home. There, alas, he finds but little to comfort him. His wife first

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upbraids him for his bad management of the boys, *his* boys, as he had been wont to call them, and insists that if he had only held them under stricter discipline, as *she* had always advised, they could never have gone astray; and then, as she hears more of the new movement, and exaggerates to herself the growing power and influence of the new prophet, she inveighs against his narrowness and stupid, old-fashioned bigotry, and assures him that the new faith must be the true one, and that he ought to have known enough to have seen this at once, and should have kept himself more in sympathy with his sons, and have listened with them. "Why, it could not be very unorthodox, for some of the very best men spoke well of it. There was Nicodemus, whom they all knew as one of the most influential in the synagogue, and the rich Joseph of Arimathea, and —"

"There, that will do," Zebedee would interrupt: "if the whole city of Jerusalem, yea, and the high-priest himself, should follow in the steps of this radical agitator, *I* will abide in the faith of my fathers." And he would turn wearily away, and try to forget his grief in the cares of business. But, as is often the case, his great troubles were followed by smaller ones. Without the aid of his sons' strong arms and enterprising heads his business was no longer well directed; his rivals in trade got the better of him and undersold him half a drachma on the best Galilee mullets, and got up a "corner" in fresh-water mackerel, which cost the old man nearly all his stock to straighten out. Weary of trade, he closed up his business, and invested his remaining property in bond and mortgage in Jerusalem, saying to himself that "nothing was permanent but bricks and mortar." Fortunately he was not spared for forty years longer to see what became of his bricks and mortar. Returning after arranging his investments to settle up his affairs in Capernaum, he found his house deserted. His wife, too, had abandoned him. She had heard the great news that the new prophet was actually to be the King of Jerusalem, and no longer able to restrain herself from joining in what she felt was to be the "popular" movement, she had hastened to announce herself a believer, and to ask, not for forgiveness nor for truth, but for honors for her sons. We make this the test of her character. Radical thought she did not understand, conservative faith she did not know; but she wanted to believe with the majority of the best people, and she wanted to see in her family the rewards that belong to a successful faith.

In the narrative of this request, she is called, not Zebedee's *wife*, but "the mother of his children"; from which it is evident that the historian, Christian though he was, was also an Israelite and a man, and rightly felt that her abandonment of her husband for motives of more worldly vanity rendered her unworthy longer to bear his name. This last blow was too much for Zebedee. His wife had not been to him the partner and comfort he had required or deserved, but his affection for her had not been lost, and she was all that had remained to him of the family over which he had once ruled so proudly and happily. And now he was alone in the world. There seemed to him nothing more to work for or to live for. From this time Capernaum and Jerusalem knew him no more. We can only hope that, in whatever re-

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tired corner his last moments were spent, his sons remembered that there were other duties no less imperative than that of enlightening the world, and that they succeeded in restoring themselves into sympathy with him, and in so explaining to him their faith and their work, that, even though he could not understand, he could believe that they were working for good, and could leave the world with the consciousness that his life had not been wasted.

We all know the good work done by those sons; and we know, also, that as a warning to all women not to seek after faiths *merely* because they are new, nor to fall at the feet of teachers *only* because they can confer honors, and above all, to weigh fully the claims of what have been their first and nearest duties, before abandoning them for other aims, however tempting, — his wife, losing that title of honor, has been handed down through history only as "the mother of Zebedee's children."

SUSAN GOES TO THE DERBY.

Long before it was time to get up, I heard Sarah conversing with the milkman below my window on the subject of weather, and learned that, as the wind was north and it seemed likely to rain, he promised we should have a fine day. Nor was the milkman forsworn, for we could not have had weather better calculated for a "Derby." It had rained violently in showers the evening before. There was not a particle of dust; the air was fresh and cool; and those constant clouds which they keep on hand in England to drop at a moment's notice, on this occasion stayed up all day, and served to screen the Downs from the glare of the sun.

Soothed by the prophecy of the infallible, I turned to sleep again; but we were all up betimes (for us); for there were hampers to be packed, and friends expected, and everything depended on an early start. "An early start" meant a quarter before eleven, at which time the carriage was to be before the door. I have travelled in diligences since, when "an early start" meant five o'clock in the morning. However, we got through our breakfast really a little earlier than usual. Sarah and Mrs. Lambert were in great force, washing tumblers that had been twice washed the day before; rushing up-stairs with knives and forks when they meant to go to the dining-room, and running to borrow a jug from the green-grocer's to hold water, — which proved a wholly superfluous beverage. While Mr. S. superintended this excitement, and brought order out of confusion, Mrs. S. and I dressed for the day.

One must not be too fine for the Derby; it would be unpleasant to be conspicuous. The dust is generally terrific, so it is well to wear nothing that can be permanently injured thereby; and a veil is indispensable. Mrs. S. would not let me wear "my best things"; and I was therefore arrayed in her brown cambric "top" over my old black silk skirt. However ill suited my shoulders may be to bearing other people's burdens, you know they have a wonderful faculty for accommodating themselves to other peo-

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ple's clothes. None would have supposed that any "polonaise" suited to the figure of Mrs. S. would fit mine; but I may say that it looked very "nice"; and with a pink cravat, a new rose-bud in my bonnet, the whole toilette was satisfactory, — neat but not gaudy. So was that of Mrs. S., when she appeared. So was that of Mrs. M., when she arrived with the train.

For Mr. and Mrs. M., and Mr. H. S., and Harry, all came down from London by train to join us, and were tumbling into the house in a holiday state of effervescence, just as we appeared dressed from up-stairs. They all said they had had breakfast, and on no account wished anything to eat, and were all immediately found sitting round the breakfast-table, where a secondary meal was evoked, and in ten minutes we were all again discussing coffee and thin ham, and slices of bread and butter, which must have been to the surprise and confusion of Sarah and Mrs. Lambert, whose minds could not have been prepared for this turn in events.

Meanwhile, Fisher appeared at the door on the box of his open carriage, proudly contemplating his handsome pair of horses, with a peony in his button-hole; and after standing about quite a little while, under the impression that we were waiting for somebody, it turned out that everybody was entirely ready, and the hampers all under the seats. Then there was a rush for the carriage; but the carriage must be packed with consideration. It was broad and roomy, with full space for three on a seat. The three ladies fitted wonderfully well on the back seat; but the gentlemen are all broad shouldered. Mr. M. mounted the box by the driver. The two Messrs. S. took the front seat, and Harry was sandwiched between them. Harry was a kind of postscript to the party. It was Harry who, a fortnight before, when I arrived in London under precarious circumstances, by the back stairs, as you might say, rescued me from Catharine's Dock, and brought me safely to Surbiton for breakfast. Harry is a dear boy; his uncle told him to come to Surbiton on the morning of the Derby, and take his chance for a seat in the carriage. Of course there was room for him, a mere lath, between his father and uncle; and if they felt squeezed at all, they must remember that they should not have grown so stout.

Now we started, and drove through admiring crowds over the Ewell Road towards our destination. It was a lovely day. Not a suspicion of dust, and the hedge-rows fresh and shining from the recent rains. The "May" just in perfection of white and pink blossom, and the lilacs in purple masses, perfuming the air. All the inhabitants along the road were out before their houses, leaning on gates or sitting on stiles, to watch the train of carriages go by; for already they followed each other in close succession, and in some places crowded the road. Every kind of "team," from the swell drag, with four beautiful horses, driven probably by a lord, with his friends on top, — the ladies in light dresses, the men with floating blue veils, — down to the little tip-cart of two wheels, drawn by a lovely long-eared donkey, and crammed with half a dozen yelling men and girls. Great carts, with whole families in them, and half a dozen big boys hanging their legs out behind; decorous carriages like ours; high-stepping horses in light wagons that hold two only; every one shout-

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ing and talking across from one carriage to another in perfect good humor.

Mr. M., conspicuous for his broad back, from his seat by the driver got christened "the claimant,"—"There goes the claimant!" was shouted after him a dozen times, by different voices. The English wit runs in a groove.

As we drew near the Downs the crowds greatly increased, augmented by flocks of people on foot streaming towards the centre of attraction.

Now the scene began to look like "Fourth of July" and "cattle show" put together, only a great deal more so. The Downs are perfectly bare of trees; low, rolling hills stretch over the country for miles, I should think, with furrows between. Here stakes were up and chains across, and a constant stopping for permission to go through, and paying for the same, but the carriage kept on, spite of barriers, up and down on the uneven pathway, always in the direction of the "Grand Stand," whither so many hundreds of people were also tending. The way was encumbered with different encampments. Covered wagons, with the horses removed, served for a home for the day; tents partly concealed a heap of ragged men, women, and children, bustling about within as if they were setting up housekeeping for permanence under difficult circumstances. Groups of boys kneeled on the ground, prematurely examining the contents of their newspaper parcel, to taste in anticipation the delights of the dinner it contained. Little ragged children ran almost under horses' heels, and were rescued by voluble and vindictive parents. It was a scene of solemn confusion, of serious preparation for the day. They had come there for amusement apparently, but in their early hours, at least, found hard work before them to get comfortably established.

There was some anxiety about our position, that subject so important, yet so difficult; there was a good deal of taking the horses' heads by policemen, and some shouting out by persons in shirt-sleeves who supposed themselves to have prerogatives; but Fisher held his own. No temper or time was lost; only an amount of "h's" dropped which would have ruined any number of alphabets if it had been a case of types, not cockneys; we finally drew up in the "very best place on the Downs," directly opposite the Grand Stand, on sloping ground where we could see over all intervening carriages, and in the first row, moreover, where no carriages could intervene.

Afterwards a row of "Aunt Sallys" was planted between us and the course; but we looked quite over the tops of their heads, when, indeed, we were not amusing ourselves by watching the diversion they afforded.

So when Fisher turned and asked with an affectation of modesty, "Would that do?" he was assured it would do perfectly. The horses were taken out and led off, stones put behind the wheels to prevent their rolling; and behold us now *plantés la* for the day, at about twelve o'clock, or it may have been earlier.

The "Grand Stand" is a high structure looking like a house on the stage with the front wall taken out; there are tiers on tiers of benches from the bottom to the top of it, so that those on the upper seats must look down from a giddy height. It

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stood on sloping ground looking towards the valley where the race-course was. Directly across, the ground gently rises again, and here we were.

Carriages of all sorts kept coming, and soon we were thickly filled in with neighbors on all sides except the slope towards the course. Close by was a drag which arrived shortly after we did, covered with gentlemen. They were all on top; and the inside, looking just like that of a diligence, was crammed with overcoats and umbrellas, hampers and tables, all manner of things which were revealed to us from time to time, when one of the servants came with a key and unlocked for a moment the mysterious chamber. Directly behind us were two gorgeous young persons with marvellous toilettes of pale pink and pale blue, their hair of a suspiciously auburn shade, very fluffy on the forehead. They came, apparently, alone, except for their coachman and footman, and the postilion on one of the horses; but their hamper contained plenty of champagne; and before the day was over they had plenty of companions. In front of us was a nice orderly party, of pater and mater familias, with one or two children and friends. The lines of carriages stretched far back up the hill. Looking in that direction was a mixed vista of carriage wheels and tops, whips and coachmen's hats,—no horses, for they were all taken out and stalled somewhere. Between us and the course were the Aunt Sallys, rows of them, with awnings put up behind to catch the sticks; below them a mass of people; for one thick crowd of human beings filled the space over the whole course back to the Grand Stand and the row of other stands and the betting booths, I believe they are called.

Aunt Sally is now, generally speaking, a cocoanut, set up on top of a short pole in the ground. You have a lot of little sticks, and you pay for the privilege of throwing them. If you knock off the cocoanut, the cocoanut is yours. It is astonishing how many gloomy Englishmen consecrated themselves to this practice through the day; not, apparently, as a sport; not in gay companionship, but often solitary and alone, as if a sacred duty impelled them to the overturning of a certain number of Aunt Sallys. Towards the end of the day the proprietors brought out quantities of toys and cheap trifles, which they flung down in a heap, for prizes, to add zest to the thing. Instead of cocoanuts, jointed wooden dolls, tops of painted balls, were set up to be aimed at. I saw a determined man acquiring these choice treasures with wonderful success. He had his pile of missiles by his side; he scarcely ever missed. They threw over to him doll after doll, penny trumpets, and wooden whistles. He walked off, finally, with a mass of these trophies, enough to set up an Aunt Sally for himself, but otherwise a worthless collection. I never saw him smile or speak through the whole course of his triumph. The small crowd collected by his prowess seemed not to feel called upon to congratulate him upon his success, and no friend was there to help hold his dolls and trumpets.

A stream of vagabonds, so to speak, was constantly passing the carriage, intent upon turning a more or less honest penny. Men with baskets of beautiful fruit to sell on their heads, men with jackknives and whips and whistles to sell, men with collections

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of cheap toys like those with the Aunt Sally. Mr. S. bought me a sweet Jack-in-the-box for a penny. He is rude in structure, but just as abrupt as if he cost a shilling, in his manner of appearing when I open the lid. Hand-organs and harps and bagpipes by wandering musicians were there; and the absurd English imitation of a "nigger minstrel." I don't know anything in London I like so little as these wearisome creatures in swallow-tailed coats of striped red and white cotton, looking not at all like the thing they pretend to ape, with vile black cork on their faces, smutty hands, with the natural color showing through; and showing through, also, their English features, cockney accent, and imperturbable northern *naturel*, so unlike a real "nigger." It is all perfectly disgusting. If you must have a darkey imitated, get N. C. to do it. After a series of these loathsome creatures had passed, a real African from the Cape of Good Hope came by, and pleased us, by contrast, so much, that he got a good many pence from our critical American party for his absurd contortions and the revelation of a gleaming double row of teeth. That was really as good as N. C.'s imitation.

I was a good deal disappointed in the gypsies. I had announced early that I wished my fortune told by a genuine Bohemian; but was shocked to find that they have all taken to small hoops and stylish bonnets, and wear their back hair slightly *crépé* on the forehead. What a come-down from Azucena! We were besieged by quantities, who begged "the pretty lady" (that meant me!) to cross her hand with gold, etc., etc. Their jargon was rather satisfactory, but still, I did not want my fortune told by a lady in a draggly silk gown with ragged flounces, and a small bonnet of the fashion of '67, set on the back of her head. Finally, we accepted one with good wicked black eyes, and a pure gypsy cast of features, a scarf round her throat, and a bonnet rather less like a bonnet. But she told me a peck of rubbish not worth listening to. There was no fun to be got out of it; for she contradicted herself, and would not commit herself to any brilliant prophecies. The only thing at all interesting was, that the approaching seventh of June would be a day of great importance to me. We passed that day at Mannheim on the Rhine, the stupidest, sleepiest of uninteresting little towns. Except that June seventh is always the birthday of one of the best of brothers, her prophecy was quite at fault. It was amusing, but bewildering, to watch the throngs of people going by, in a constant stream, almost every one of them with some device of getting money out of the rest. At one time we became aware that a photographic instrument was being pointed at our carriage. "The claimant," Mr. M., to thwart the object of the amiable artist, put his broad back directly between us and the lens. Afterwards, when the persistence of the photographer made it necessary to buy his picture, we were sorry that the claimant's back formed the chief feature in view.

Meanwhile the races themselves seem to be only a secondary interest. There were two minor ones, I think, before the grand race of the day. When a great bell was rung to clear the course, it was wonderful to see the crowd, which had spread all over everything, compressed so as to leave a broad green path gleaming like a river between black banks.

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When the signal for the start came all watched breathless while the riders were at the back of the course; then all heads were turned in one direction to catch a glimpse of them. They come, they are gone in a flash; it is very pretty to see them; and a huge number, put up before the Grand Stand, announces the winning horse.

I was rather stupid about the great race itself. I had not a single bet, not even a pair of gloves. We were not a "betting crowd," and although we walked through the throng where men were rushing about with books, and getting ready, I suppose, to win or lose thousands of pounds, I was not at all interested in that part of it. It is perhaps a pity that I did not bet just a pair of gloves; but I never should have thought for an instant of betting upon Doncaster.

Before it was time for the race, we discussed another subject which was much nearer to all our hearts,—our luncheon. The gentlemen on the box opened the hampers, and threw down plates and tumblers to us in the carriage, skilfully caught, without once missing, by these hands. The veal and ham pie was more tenderly transmitted; the cold chicken and the lettuce, and with especial care, the salt; champagne and Capri and sherry were there. The jug of water went back unopened.

It would be a monstrous injustice to Sarah and Mrs. Lambert to pass over that pie without especial mention. There were things in that pie — hard-boiled eggs, and seasoning ingredients — which linger in my memory yet. It was a large pie; but none of it was left. And then there were doughnuts, and other cakes, and oranges, and plenty of chaffing and jokes to season the feast and give it an individual flavor. The American element in our party was strong enough to prevent us from consuming our meal with the solemn decorum of our friends on the drag above our heads, for instance. These had a regular table, or tables, set on the top of their coach, built of boards covered with baize which came out of the *intérieur*. They had, I doubt not, regular courses, served with due solemnity by the servants at their elbow. But I don't believe their champagne was any better, and I know their fun was not so good as ours.

Several times through the day Mrs. S. and I had noticed a pair of people who passed and repassed in the throng that was ever streaming by; a rather pathetic-looking man, rather seedy, but nice looking, with a pretty daughter, neatly and not conspicuously dressed in fresh summer things. They looked different from the ordinary Briton, intent on gain or plunder, which was the type of the crowd. They had an innocent look, as if they had really come to see the Derby, an aspect as if something apart, and almost shrinking from the strangers all about them. When the mass began to coagulate a little, as people began to choose their standing-places to watch *the* Derby, we saw them again, standing near our carriage; the father carrying the daughter's light shawl, and the daughter looking rather tired. Think of coming from London in the train, and walking about and standing up all day! We had a spare seat, for the gentlemen preferred to be rovers, leaning against the wheel, or standing up on the box, or going off on little excursions of discovery. At a sign of assent from Mrs. S., I asked the young

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lady to come into the carriage and sit down. She accepted very prettily and gratefully after a little hesitation; the gentlemen took the idea and soon installed the old man on the box We were just finishing our picnic, for which we were sorry; but we had not seen them sooner. However, although they accepted a glass of wine and a biscuit, they had evidently "fed" previously, so that was no matter.

They came from Valparaiso; and the girl had been in England only a few weeks. The father is English, but all his children were born in South America, where he has lived for thirty years; now the family has come back to look up his relations and settle down in London. The young lady was at once simple and unembarrassed; she seemed pleased when one of us exclaimed, "We also are, most of us, Americans!" The word made us feel as if we all belonged to the same family, in the midst of a strange race. Yet, at home, we do not consider ourselves very near Valparaiso. She talked pretty English, although "at home" she has to talk French and Spanish. She wanted very much to come to the Derby, because the people in Valparaiso would think it such a great thing, when she wrote about it.

Altogether, we liked our old gentleman and his daughter very much; their manners were gentle and cultivated, and talking with them seemed to bridge over the time until the great event of the day. Before we expected it, the bell rang, the course was cleared, the bright ribbon of green turf appeared, and "they were away." Every face of the enormous mass of people on the slope opposite was turned expectant to the point where the riders must first be seen. Just at that very minute, the sun, which had been veiled all day, burst forth and shone brightly on the Grand Stand. It lighted up every face and deepened every shadow. Then the little horses and riders, in gay dress, came galloping by. They looked as small, from that distance, as toys out of a box, the tiny jockeys pulling at the reins, bent over, and their legs sticking out. Every spectator said "O!" and there was a prolonged crescendo accompaniment of "Oh-h-h-h-h!" through the brief exciting rush to the goal.

You read about it in the newspapers. How the favorite was nowhere, and how "Doncaster," that nobody thought would be anywhere, came forward and won. It is so odd to have seen it happen all in a minute, the other horses striving their utmost; all going, apparently, just as fast as it was possible for human horses to go; and then this ignoble beast from behind flashing past the others at an incredible pace, and getting in first. Then they put the big number up at the Grand Stand. The crowd flowed in over the course again, and nobody seemed to think any more about it. Of the baronets and younger sons mentioned in novels, who, at this period, jam their hats down over their eyes, and gasping, in a thick voice, to the lady who came down with them, that they are ruined, rush from the scene, I saw nothing at all, but of course I don't doubt they were there. "They said" that a great deal of money was lost, but not so much won as usual, on account of Doncaster not having many bets. I wondered what became of the money that was lost which nobody won; but I don't pretend to understand it.

Now happened the marvellous thing that I'm sure I never heard

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of before. Instantly when the race was over, the air was thick with birds, and I was told, "O, those are the carrier pigeons." It seems it has always been the custom to send the news back to London by doves. The number of the winning horse is tied under their wings, and they are liberated; and after fluttering in doubt a while, start off for the great metropolis with their tidings, once anxiously waited for; formerly this was the quickest way to send the announcement. Now, of course, the flash of the telegraphic wire tells the tale long before the most agile pigeon can get to haven; but the dear delightful English, "to the manor born," continue to carry their doves down with them, and to start them off with the number under their wings as soon as the race is decided, although by the time they reach London it is an old story. I should think there were hundreds over our heads for a few moments after the race was decided, before the faithful birds decided on their course, and swept off into the misty air. How long do you think Americans would hold on to this custom of doves?

We did not stay much longer. The field was getting demoralized, the beggars and venders too aggressive, as their chances grew smaller, and the stream of passers set away from the stand. Fisher brought back the horses and put them to; it was rather a serious matter getting disentangled from the other poles and wheels and horses' heels; a little good English swearing, and a great deal of good English "self-control," brought all out right at last, and we joined in the compact cortége of carriages moving off the ground. And so back through the pretty English roads, gradually leaving the shouting, rollicking, rather drunken crowd behind us. At first the way was thick with vehicles; we were assailed with plenty of peas from pea-shooters, and some rough language; but in general, everybody was very orderly; we were smashed into by only one light wagon going at a riotous pace with a perfectly irresponsible driver.

So that was the end of the "Derby." I had had a perfectly good example of the way the serious British nation disports itself. With gravity and decorum, with an underlying sense of duty in keeping up the traditions of the race; with a due reference to comfort, and the support of the inner man; with a sharp eye to the main chance, and a determination to make all the money that is to be made, they set about the occasion and put it through; going home, perhaps, with a sigh of relief, and with each man his "rainbow in the soul," from a sense of "duty performed." I don't remember that any of them looked as if they were really enjoying themselves—except one carriage full, who not only looked so, but were enjoying themselves in the most thorough and spontaneous manner; but these were nearly all Americans. And it was *We*.

I remember a fête at Versailles, when *les grands eaux* were to be played; and all Paris, like all London for the Derby, turned out for a day of pleasure. They rambled about the stiff but pretty gardens; they sat in chairs and listened to an excellent orchestra; they chattered and babbled and laughed incessantly. They took no thought of the morrow, nor even of the next minute; there was no hamper business, or preparation for eating, but at any moment one was hungry he bought a *gateau*, or a *petit-pain*, ate it, and that was the

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end of it. Near the end of the day, the whole concourse collected about the basins where the fountains were to play. We had to wait for ages, really more than two hours. The crowd stood patient all that time, jabbering and joking in perfect good temper. The spectacle was lovely, and well worth waiting for. A rush of many waters, a wonderful sparkle and foam and brilliance. The crowd screamed "Oh-h-h!" like the crowd at the Derby; but the French "Oh" was two notes higher at least, I should think, like the shout of so many children. Then they all hurried from the garden to the train, shouting, laughing, chattering, to the last.

What a difference in the characteristics of the two nations! How strange it is, since the same hand made them, and since they are divided, physically, only by that narrow, though dreadful, channel!

S. H.

IS SEEING BELIEVING?

Mr. Maurice Bush's Account.

RECORDED BY O. S. ADAMS.

[The facts in the subjoined narrative were related to the writer by a casual travelling acquaintance, who may, for convenience's sake, be called Mr. Maurice Bush. He appeared to be a plain, straightforward matter-of-fact sort of person, — one in nowise likely to be imposed upon by shallow trickery, nor seemingly given to idle dreaming. He represented the tale to be a faithful account of an episode in his life, and as such it is given; the idea of the transcriber being that the events recounted are suggestive of certain queries and speculations that many thinking minds have (perhaps for lack of something better to do) repeatedly pondered over. O. S. A.]

Leslie Thorne (so ran Mr. Bush's story) had one of the most inexplicable countenances I ever attempted to peruse. My first and only brief meeting with him was at the residence of a friend, in a country village, whither I had gone to take a short summer vacation. Mr. Donelson was a man of large hospitality, and highly enjoyed the presence of guests under his roof; though I sometimes thought he was rather selfish in this enjoyment, for his keenest pleasure seemed to consist in "studying human nature," as he called it. Once with him, day after day, and he would worm himself into your confidence, draw you out by degrees in every conceivable way, and thoroughly acquaint himself with you and your foibles, your disposition, your weaknesses, your mental and moral atmosphere. This would be done without any appearance of undue inquisitiveness, and with entire absence of disagreeable intrusion. Indeed, he fascinated those with whom he came in contact, and rendered the operation of probing them almost as pleasant to the victims as to himself.

In the gratification of his peculiar propensity, — peculiar because it seemed to be devoid of any object or aim save the amusement of the hour, Mr. Donelson would frequently overwhelm an almost total stranger with urgent invitations to partake of his hospitality. Often a besieged one would be glad to visit him "to get rid of him." But then what an elysium of entertainment awaited the happy guest! Mr. Donelson could talk on any subject, play all games, join in any field sport, go from a

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church to a circus, from the field to the parlor, be grave, gay, lively, severe, solemn, frivolous, shallow or profound.

Some people called him a boor, others eccentric; a few pronounced him a lunatic, while he himself rejoiced in the self-bestowed title of "a student of human nature."

His wife was a little, inoffensive woman, and was a nonentity in the household. Her husband, of course, felt a sort of love for her, but she had been an open book to him for years. He knew all about her; she was not an object of interest to him. Yet his were sins of omission, for he cared nothing for other women and his wife had no cause for jealousy. To be sure, some people said it was scandalous when the old maid, Susannah Brim, spent a week at Mr. Donelson's, and rode and walked with the master of the house from morning till night. But there was no just cause for the many severe remarks that were made, and Mrs. Donelson would have said so too. She uttered no complaint, but sat in her room, as usual, with her knitting; her wrinkled forehead, elevated eyebrows, and meekly sad expression telling a pitiful story of long neglect, — like a broken pitcher on an upper shelf, seamed with cracks and coated with dust.

As I said, I met Leslie Thorne at the house of Mr. Donelson. I was a privileged guest, going and coming when I chose, and knowing well my host and his peculiarities. While I was there, a young man came into the village and stopped at the principal hotel. I had seen him once or twice from a distance, and was struck with the peculiar absent expression of his countenance. His face was pale, with deeply-set, bright eyes, and a brown curling mustache. I thought to myself, he has been ill, and so let him pass from my thoughts.

But one day, returning from a fishing excursion, I was surprised on approaching the house, at being met near the door by Mr. Donelson, who came hurriedly out, saying: —

"Hurry up and wash yourself, Maurice. Let Bridget see to the fish. He's in the parlor. I want to introduce you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You know," he said, impatiently. "Be quick!"

I was amused and mystified by his language and behavior, but did as he requested, and soon presented myself at the parlor door.

"Walk in, walk in!" said Mr. Donelson, arising from his chair. "This is Mr. Thorne. Mr. Thorne, my friend Mr. Maurice Bush."

The moment I looked at Mr. Thorne the thought struck me that he had a history. Not but that all people have histories, such as they are; but this man looked like one whose life had been one of out-of-the-way experiences. He was tall and slim, straight as an arrow, yet languid in his motions, with latent power lingering beneath his exterior.

His face was singularly attractive. The features were regular and firm, the eyes bright and clear, the forehead smooth and high, the whole face intelligent and expressive. Yet there was instability, doubt, and trouble in the lineaments, — perpetual inquiry and stern demand, mingled with furtive defiance. A queer admixture, certainly, and yet in keeping with his mental condition, as it afterward seemed to me.

He bowed easily, though gravely, as we were introduced, grasping my hand cordially.

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Mr. Donelson watched us, his countenance twitching nervously. It was his way when observing a stranger. I felt his glance, though Mr. Thorne was apparently unconscious of it.

"You are at Bloomfield on a pleasure trip?" I remarked.

"Yes," replied Thorne; "city air and this hot weather have proved almost too much for me, and I am endeavoring to recruit a little. A sojourn of two or three days in your village has already had its invigorating effect."

"Cities are dens," said Mr. Donelson. "They are dampers on men's natures. They are corrupting.'

"O, I'm not willing to admit that," laughed Thorne. "The city has its good points, as well as the country."

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Donelson, his eyes sparkling. "What are they? Tell me, now. Come!"

"Well, one can't get a knowledge of the world in the country—"

"The world! Pooh! It's all a fleeting show. I agree with the poet there. What next?"

"In the city we have music and art and commerce. We make books, and give you the refinements of life."

"Ah, my friend," said Mr. Donelson, shaking his head, "you have got the same false ideas that they all have. You can't appreciate nature undefiled. So have we music,—the music of birds, and the rippling brooks; we have art, too, more beautiful than human art: the tracing of the great master's pencil. I will show you a landscape and sky that will put to shame the daubs in your galleries. As for commerce, what is that? An invention of the enemy, sir! Yes, I repeat it. And you talk of refinement. It is shallow. It is an absurdity on its face,—wholly unnatural and corrupting!"

Mr. Donelson had apparently grown quite excited, but I knew by the twinkle of his eyes that he was only striving to work the feelings of his guest up, and draw him out. He succeeded.

Thorne smiled, and said, "That is all very fine, and you have a right to your own views. But there are two sides to the story. The country is well enough, in fact it is necessary,—I'll admit that,—but no more so than the city.

"The city is a grand workshop. It is there that men of great ideas flock together. There we have the quintessence of knowledge,—wisdom five times distilled,—brains concentrated. There is life in all its strength, in its whirl of energy and activity. The city is the embodiment of all the great ideas of the country. It is the climax of man's achievement. All eyes are turned towards it. If a man has a new idea he goes to the city, for there it will be appreciated and developed. In the country a dozen dolts might gape at him for a few moments, but they would soon return to their pigs and sheep, and vote a genius a lunatic.

"And our music,—this talk about the music of birds and brooks is humbug. It is n't music. It has neither rhythm, harmony, nor melody. What you call the singing of a bird may be curses and invective in bird language. The croaking of a frog may express far more Christian-like sentiments than the twitter of a sparrow. No: give me the human voice divine, or the sound of stringed instruments wielded by master-hands, bringing heaven down to earth. You never have listened to one of Beethoven's

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symphonies, or Mendelssohn's quartettes, or Haydn's joyous and sympathetic strains; if you had, you would n't chatter about the song of birds. And look at our commerce and trade and shipping. We get the best fruits of the world's experience all around us, and we contribute our mite in return. The city is where we make money; and money, whatever the moralists may say of it, is a power not to be despised. Yes, give me the city. The country is well enough in its place; in fact, I am willing to concede that it is essential to our well-being, but it could n't get along without the city."

Mr. Donelson had listened to Thorne with rapt attention and the greatest apparent delight. He had risen from his seat and watched the speaker intently, eyeing him through and through. His countenance betokened satisfaction, and it was plain to me that he wished to change the subject.

"Well, well, my friend," he said, "you 're quite enthusiastic. I did n't know I was going to wake you up so. You've undoubtedly a p rfect right to like the city, and I won't argue the question with you; but still, I can't help thinking that your tastes are in a very great degree artificial. Do you play chess?"

"Sometimes," replied Thorne, who had subsided from the excitement of his spirited defence into his usual half-indolent manner; "but Mr. Bush —"

"Never mind me," I hastened to say. "Nothing delights me more than to watch a game between two good players."

In a moment I had the pleasure of seeing my companions lose all consciousness of surrounding objects, and become absorbed in the contemplation of thirty-two little ivory images. Both were good players, and I, although inferior to them, soon became deeply interested in the complicated situations in which the forces of the players became involved. Both were experts. I soon saw that Mr. Donelson carried his every-day tactics into the game. He endeavored to draw his antagonist out, playing warily, and almost invariably on the defensive. But Thorne seemed to see through his designs, and acted accordingly. He would study deeply for a long time, and then make three or four moves without the slightest hesitation, apparently having determined on a vigorous attack. These would be met promptly by Mr. Donelson, and for a time would seem to presage victory for him. But Thorne would at such a juncture throw confusion into the enemy's camp by some unexpected manœuvre, at which Mr. Donelson would stare aghast. So the game proceeded, until it got far beyond my depth. I could no longer comprehend the situation of the pieces, and therefore my surprise was even greater than Mr. Donelson's when Thorne announced: —

"Checkmate in five moves!"

The game quickly closed, and Thorne rose from his chair.

"I don't exactly see how you did that," said Mr. Donelson.

"No," was the quiet reply. "If you had seen my plan you would have thwarted it."

Then the conversation took various turns, Thorne and my host seeming to find in each other congenial spirits. They discussed the origin of man, they speculated on theology, and at last began to talk on evidence and belief. Their argument was long and tedious. Mr. Donelson was always ready to argue for the sake of argu-

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ment, and took pleasure in meeting an adversary who was similarly inclined. Whether Thorne was of this disposition, or whether he was sincere in what he said, I could not determine. If the latter, he was a fearful sceptic. I listened for a time, because I had nothing else to do, being, in fact, almost irresistibly drowsy; but finally a few words enlisted my attention. Mr. Donelson said: —

"But you will at least admit that seeing is believing?"

"Not by any means," replied Thorne.

"What!"

"No; there are those that doubt their own existence."

"Ah, but theirs is a morbid condition of mind."

Thorne laughed. "That is a very convenient refuge," he said, "but not an effectual one. What conditions of mind are there that you can say are not morbid? You, for instance, will sit here and dispute with me, with no earthly object in view other than to satisfy your morbid disposition to argue, and to find out all you can about me." Mr. Donelson winced a little at this. "We see two men side by side; both profess to believe in the infinite goodness of God. One has perfect confidence that in the end everything will be made to bend to his will, which is, according to Scripture, the ultimate happiness of every living soul. The other thinks that God will fail to bring about this result, and that he will finally have to consign to everlasting punishment those who have thwarted him. Both these men are honest, and each thinks his faith is founded on a rock. One, evidently, is in a morbid condition of mind. Which it is I don't pretend to say. The conditions of mind which might be said to be morbid are numerous and various. No, that argument won't go down. I repeat it, seeing is not believing. Have you never been to a magician's entertainment? Did you not see him swallow potatoes, pull carrots out of boys' noses, cut holes in pocket handkerchiefs and mend them so as not to leave a blemish, and accomplish other impossibilities right before your eyes? You saw these things, and yet you did not believe them. And have you never had dreams, and seen strange visions, — seen them so vividly that on awakening you would for a time imagine them to be realities? And on the other hand, have not things actually happened of which your memory was afterwards so dim that you half believed them to be dreams? What do you know? What does any one know? Suppose you should go to sleep on the sofa there, and I should wake you up, and appear before you in some horrible guise, and immediately administer an opiate that should put you to sleep again. In the morning I could swear I had not been near you, and you could easily be convinced that you had been dreaming. The human mind is a great mystery, sir; it —"

He suddenly broke off, and after pausing a moment said: —

"I could tell you a little experience of mine that might interest you."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Donelson; and I, quickly arousing myself, repeated the question eagerly, for Thorne's manner was earnest, and over his brow rippled waves of memory, stirring up deep feelings, as we could see. We felt that he had a history to relate that would interest us both.

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He looked into our faces steadily for a moment, and then said: —

"Well, I'll tell you about it. You may laugh at it, and accuse me of making up the yarn, but I solemnly declare that I will not fabricate one iota in my narrative.

"Let me see," he said, smiling, and directing a searching glance at both of us, "I hardly know where to begin." Then, after reflection: "I will first state that I was always considered a nervous person — not a coward, nor one easily alarmed, but excitable on certain subjects, and given to dreaming, talking in my sleep, and waking suddenly. People called this nervousness, and I suppose it is as good a name as anything I will not, however, bore you with a disquisition on my peculiarities and temperament. People are too fond of croaking about themselves, as a general thing. I will simply state, as briefly as may be, the facts in the case of the finding of my grandfather's fortune.

"Our family lived, and still lives, in the ancestral mansion. It is a curious old structure, solidly built and irregularly planned. There are halls, passages, staircases, and interior rooms, in which a stranger, exploring the house, would inevitably lose himself in bewilderment. It was known, or believed, that my grandfather was a person of large wealth. But he was an eccentric old man, given to keeping his own secrets, and when he died his affairs were involved in obscurity. The only property that could be discovered was the family mansion, and a farm valued at seventy or eighty thousand dollars. There was some money in a bank — less than a thousand dollars. Efforts were made to discover something further, for this was not believed to be the extent of his possessions. These efforts were fruitless, however; and my father, being the only heir, settled down in possession of the mansion and the farm, which were by no means an insignificant inheritance.

"We lived in the mansion, which stands on Manhattan Island, within an hour's ride of the heart of the metropolis. The farm, which lies forty or fifty miles distant, was let to a tenant.

"My father's income was a comfortable one; and I, being the only child, enjoyed the best advantages. I had a private tutor, who found in me, I may say, a willing pupil. I was fond of study, and also found in the odd old house an unfailing source of amusement. I explored it until I believed I was familiar with every room, door, and closet. I was well contented with my rather quiet life.

"Time passed along, and my tutor's duties ended. I was approaching an age when it behooved me to set about choosing an occupation in life. This duty became more apparent when it transpired that my father was in embarrassed circumstances. A friend whose bond he had signed failed to meet his obligations, and my father was suddenly called upon to advance a large sum of money. This, owing to certain business matters in which he was concerned, it was impossible for him to do. At least he could not do it without mortgaging the farm for a large amount, and such a proceeding would involve the forfeiture of certain pledges, like those often given in cases of partnership, which he had made in connection with those same business matters. The situation was a bad one. For the lack of some thousands of dollars in

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ready money, disaster stared us in the face. I say *us*, for I was old enough to comprehend the condition of affairs, and my father's misfortune was my own.

"I lay down on the sofa in the parlor one evening, in a somewhat gloomy mood. I pondered over the prospect, and strove to devise some means of bringing matters right. It was, however, a task utterly beyond any resources I could bring to bear.

"As I lay thus meditating, I chanced to look up at the full-length oil portrait of my grandfather which hung against one of the walls of the room. The question suddenly entered my head: —

"'*Where is the portion of your fortune which has never been found?*'

"The idea came with such startling abruptness that I sat bolt upright.

"'O, if you could only speak,' thought I, 'in what a critical time the relief would come!'

"I stared at the portrait eagerly for a moment, and then, half laughing at myself, subsided again into a reclining posture. Then I fell again to pondering on the future and its apparent darkness. But at intervals I cast furtive glances at the portrait, and could almost imagine that my respected ancestor stood before me in all the warmth and vigor of the life that once animated the noble, commanding form.

"How long I lay thus I do not know. I only recollect that I became drowsy by degrees, and was at length almost ready to drop off into a doze, when something very startling roused me to full wakefulness, and stimulated to keen alertness all my faculties.

"The portrait was moving! I sat spell-bound as the form of my grandfather, after a slight, quivering motion, advanced from the canvas and stood in the room full two feet from the wall. I watched it with the most intense eagerness, but without fear, for the mystery of the thing impressed me far more forcibly than its frightfulness.

"The face of the apparition (shall I call it so?) assumed a warm hue, and into the eyes came a look of living light. Their gaze was directed towards me. I returned the look earnestly, and remained studiously motionless, for fear of breaking the spell.

"As if satisfied of having enchained my attention, my grandfather, without taking his eyes from me, turned towards the canvas from which he had emerged. He took hold of the massive gilt frame and moved it noiselessly from its place. This augmented my wonder, if such a thing was possible, for the frame was a very heavy one, and was securely fastened to the wall. He swung it around, however, with no apparent effort, and then pointed to the vacant space it had occupied. The wall there was in panels, like the rest of the room, from which it did not differ in appearance, save in its freshness and clearness, having been long covered. My grandfather now turned and placed his hand on an uncovered panel, as if about to press some secret door or hidden spring.

"This was too much. I made a sudden movement forward, to watch more closely what was to follow —

"But the spectre vanished; the massive frame appeared in its place again; and, in lieu of the moving form, naught but the grimly-solemn portrait remained, staring with cold, vacant eyes at the opposite side of the room.

"I was of course agitated. I rubbed my eyes, gazed at the por-

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trait, and finally approached it. Nothing indicated that it had been disturbed. I rubbed my finger across it, and ploughed a path through the thin coating of dust that had settled upon it.

"I need not dwell upon the state into which my mind was thrown by the occurrence, nor upon the impression produced on my father by my narration of it. By my earnest persuasion, he consented to have the portrait removed and the wall examined. This was done with considerable difficulty, as the frame was solid and heavy, and was fastened to its place in a peculiar and secure manner.

"*But the fortune was found!* The panel proved to be a movable one; and, in a small recess, the existence of which none of us had before suspected, were old gold coins amounting in value to about ninety thousand dollars. There was also a brief manuscript in my grandfather's handwriting, saying that the money was safe in its hiding-place, and that, should it ever be needed, its presence would doubtless be made known in some manner. The revelation was made just in time. The impending disaster that hovered over us was averted, and my father placed again in easy circumstances.

"This, of course, sounds like an imaginary tale, and you will doubtless disbelieve it. *I also disbelieve it.* That is, I do not believe that my grandfather's portrait was temporarily endued with life and animation, for my reason tells me that such could not be the case. But I *saw* what I have told you; and as for the finding of the money, that is susceptible of proof. No explanation of the thing suggests itself to me, and I believe that all attempts to explain it must be futile. Many might say it was a dream. But dreams come to an end in two ways. Either they fade away, and the dreamer subsequently wakes up, remembering them with greater or less distinctness, or else the awakening is in the midst of the dream, and the illusion is rudely dispelled. But in this case I neither closed my eyes nor opened them from the beginning of the strange phenomenon to the moment when I gave an account of it to my father. I have studied and pondered over the occurrence many times; all its circumstances are as fresh in my mind as the events of yesterday, and yet I am still incredulous. Do you wonder that I say seeing is not believing?"

Thorne ceased speaking, and I, seeing that Mr. Donelson was ready with an onslaught of questions, opinions, and suggestions, excused myself. I went to my room; and, being tired after my day's fishing tramp, was sound asleep very soon after creeping between the sheets.

I awoke in the morning refreshed, naught having occurred to disturb my slumbers save a dream, which I related at the breakfast-table. Said I: —

"I dreamed about playing chess last night. It must have been caused by the interest with which I watched the game between you two gentlemen. I thought I challenged Mr. Thorne, saying that I had studied out a reply to his attack on Mr. Donelson. We played, and I won! I wish I could remember the moves, for it is a feat I am utterly incapable of performing. But the dream is very vivid in my mind; in fact, it seems almost as real to me as the vision of Mr. Thorne's grandfather did to him. By the way, that was a

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singular experience of yours, Mr. Thorne. I am ashamed to say that I was too sleepy last night to remain and hear your and Mr. Donelson's discussion of it. Did you arrive at any satisfactory theory by which to account for it?"

Neither Mr. Thorne nor Mr. Donelson replied, but both stared at me with surprise depicted in their faces.

"What are you talking about, Bush?" asked the latter.

"Why, about Mr. Thorne's story of the finding of his grandfather's fortune, of course."

"You speak in riddles," said Mr. Donelson.

"I don't see why," I replied, rather impatiently.

"I should like to have you explain yourself; that's all!"

"And I should like to make the same request of you," I rejoined, with some warmth.

"What do you mean when you speak of Thorne's grandfather's fortune?"

"I refer to the story he told last night of the moving portrait."

"Moving portrait — grandfather's fortune! What can he be driving at, Thorne?"

"He must explain," was the reply. Thorne, as well as Mr. Donelson, looked puzzled; but on the face of Thorne there was also a singular, searching expression as he regarded me steadily.

"Do you deny," I demanded, "that you related to Mr. Donelson and me last night an account of the temporary animation of your grandfather's portrait, whereby the hiding-place of a large sum of money was revealed?"

"Did I relate any such story?" he appealed to Mr. Donelson.

"I heard nothing of the sort."

"You are both," said I, "in a joking mood this morning. Perhaps you want to impress me with some of your outlandish theories regarding evidence and belief."

"There is no joke about it," said Mr. Donelson. "It is rather you who are joking. The idea, too, of your calling your chess encounter with Thorne last night a dream!"

"But it *was* a dream," I replied, almost angrily. "What else could it have been?"

"I do not know what it *could* have been; but I know it *was* a reality. You did beat Thorne at his own game, much to his astonishment and mine too."

It is needless to say that I was amazed at the turn the conversation had taken. Both of my disputants seemed to be sincere. I was too mystified to reply for the moment, and Mr. Donelson proposed, the meal being finished, to adjourn to the library.

When we were all seated, I was compelled to go through the form of repeating Thorne's story in detail. Both my listeners displayed the most profound attention; and when, on finishing, I again asked Thorne if he presumed to deny having related the story, he said: —

"I do deny it, and Mr. Donelson supports me in my denial."

"I do," stoutly affirmed Mr. Donelson.

"And did nothing of the kind ever happen to you?" I asked Thorne.

"That is another question," he replied, in a reserved tone and with a guarded manner. "I will not deny to you two here — there are no other listeners, I believe?"

"No," said Mr. Donelson, as Thorne looked uneasily around.

"I will not deny that I did, some

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years ago, pass through an experience the events of which you have recounted with surprising accuracy. But I solemnly affirm that I never related the affair to more than two or three persons; in fact, it is a subject upon which I am exceedingly reluctant to speak."

"And the game of chess?"

"That was no dream," said Mr. Donelson, quickly.

I looked at Thorne inquiringly.

"You did arise from the couch last night and play a game of chess with me. And what is more, you utterly routed me."

The state of mystification into which I was thrown was fairly painful. Here was the positive testimony of two against the evidence of my own senses.

"There must be something in your remark, then, Mr. Thorne, that seeing is not always believing," I said. "But, perhaps, you will disclaim having said any such thing."

"O, no!" he replied.

"It is difficult, however," I added, "to say which of us three is deluded."

"You are the one," said Mr. Donelson, confidently.

"I have yet to bring it upon myself to believe that," I said, doubtingly. "My recollection of Mr. Thorne's narration is very distinct; and it is certainly strange that I should be so mistaken as to how I became possessed of the facts of the remarkable experience which he admits befell him."

"Yes, that is singular," admitted Mr. Donelson; "but see here: if the game of chess was not a reality, how comes it that all three of us have a distinct recollection of it? And, if Thorne's narrative *was* a reality, how do you explain the fact that you are the only one that has any recollection of it?"

I imagined, at this juncture, that I saw a quick glance of intelligence pass between Mr. Donelson and Thorne. Perhaps I was mistaken. If there was any such thing, it was so fleeting that I could not seize upon it, and I let it pass. But I began to distrust them both, and a reluctance to continue the conversation stole upon me. Accordingly, I withdrew after a short time and started off towards the brooks with my rod and line. The character of my meditations during the day I shall not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that I determined to cross-examine my host and his guest, and also to watch them closely, and make sure that if they had been playing a trick upon me they should do so no more.

On returning towards evening, however, I was surprised to learn that Thorne had taken his leave. He had departed about noon, not only from Mr. Donelson's house, but also from Bloomfield.

As soon as opportunity occurred, I engaged Mr. Donelson's private attention.

"Were you and Thorne imposing upon me this morning?" I asked.

"By no means," he replied, earnestly. "I was thoroughly surprised when you spoke of Thorne's story, and of your *dream* of playing chess. You must have got things turned around, for he told no story, and you did beat him at a game of chess. Were you never troubled with somnambulism?"

"No, not to my knowledge; and even if I had been, how can it be that I am laboring under a delusion in the matter, when the story I heard, or imagined I heard him tell, is really

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a faithful account of an episode in his life?"

"O, I don't pretend to account for it. You are certainly deceived, however But I will tell you one thing. While you were lying asleep on the couch last night, Thorne said to me: 'Keep silent for a few moments; I am going to try an experiment.' He then stood by your side, made a few passes over your face with his hand, and fastened his eyes on you with the most intense gaze I ever saw. He stood thus five minutes, I should think, and then came and sat down by me again. We talked about all sorts of things, but he told no such story as you claim to have heard. You finally arose and went to bed. Before that, you had played the game of chess. That is all I know about it. I don't know why he stood and looked at you so. He refused to explain. He 's a queer fellow."

"Where has he gone now?"

"Home, I believe."

"Why did he leave so suddenly?"

"For no particular reason that I know of. The notion seized him."

"Were you not sorry to have him go?"

"No, not particularly. I've had enough of him."

That was all I could get out of Mr. Donelson. He seemed desirous of changing the subject of conversation, and after that never spoke of Thorne of his own choice. Indeed, it seemed to me all along that he was singularly reticent or unconcerned, I could not determine which, in regard to everything connected with the short visit of his strange guest.

I never saw Thorne again. There was something unfathomable about him. I have sometimes thought that he and Mr. Donelson were in league to experiment on me, or that Thorne alone, by some manner of mesmerism or psychology, deluded both of us. But of this I know nothing. If I were a less matter-of-fact person, the affair might trouble me. As it is, I think of it as something strange, which in the course of time may possibly be cleared up. However, upon no such contingency does my happiness or peace of mind depend.

THE SPRINGFIELD REGATTA.

[*From the Papers of the Harvard Telegraph Co.*]

BY C. P. E. BURGWYN.

[The Harvard Telegraph Company consists of members of the college and scientific departments, who became interested together in telegraphing after the establishment of the Physical Laboratory, and when the Western Union Telegraph Company connected their wires with the Observatory at Cambridge to get correct time. After experimenting in the Laboratory in determining distances of faults, grounds, resistances of wires, etc., they put up some wires for themselves, very fine, and, in consequence, giving an enormous resistance. Their first wires were got up on the very night of the great fire in Boston, last autumn, and the announcement of that fire was the first, or one of the first despatches sent. Games of chess were then played by these wires; a connection was made with the college bell, so that at ringing (in the morning for instance) it struck alarms in the rooms of the telegraphers; and finally that experiment, at Springfield, was ventured, which is narrated in the following paper. But whether or no the faculty, who consented to the attempt, believed it would succeed, its actual success was a genuine surprise to the experienced telegraph officer who had very kindly urged them to use his wires on the east side of the river, instead of erecting their own. He was sure, he said, that they could not do it.—EDITOR.]

EARLY in the spring, when the numerous entries for the Annual College Regatta were first discussed, it occurred to the Harvard Telegraph Company that it would much increase the interest in the race if they were

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to run a wire along the course, and from stations at every half-mile keep the spectators at the Grand Stand informed of the relative positions of the crews.

This idea was discussed at a great many meetings, the chief argument against it being the difficulty of distinguishing the crews; but finally it was determined to make the experiment.

The two great difficulties to be overcome were: first, the actual placing of the poles, and stringing the wire; and secondly, the carrying out of a systematic course of observation.

That even the first difficulty would be overcome seemed doubtful to some of those most interested in its success; and accordingly the superintendent of the Western Union offered to the company to put up the wire on the poles along the Hartford and New Haven Railroad for them; but as the railroad ran on the wrong side of the river, this generous offer was declined, and the company set to work digging the holes and preparing everything on the west side. It was found, however, that to insulate the line the entire distance would probably be unnecessary, as the distance was so short, and there was little likelihood of wet weather. So, putting up large poles at the half-mile stations to withstand the side strain, and supporting on bean poles the weight of the intermediate wire, the company overcame the first difficulty by the Monday night preceding the regatta. The use of bean poles came very near being fatal to the undertaking, since, as luck would have it, the weather, after having been perfectly dry for nearly two weeks, on the day of the race changed, and sufficient rain fell to make each bean pole a "partial escape." However, this emergency was anticipated, and the day before the race some new instruments, far more delicate than any the company possessed, were sent down by Mr. Williams (a Boston electrician, from whom most of their sounders had been purchased), which, when adjusted, were found delicate enough to work "over the escape." These were tested at the single-scull race on Wednesday, and worked well on the first trial. The time, as given by the telegraph, was in this race four seconds shorter than that published in the papers; but, as the moment of crossing the line was determined for the latter by a person on the steamer, who judged by his eye when the boat crossed the line, and for the telegraph company by sighting from the shore across, it is probable that the telegraph time was more nearly correct.

The difficulty of actually running the line having been overcome, the far more difficult task of making systematic observations was next undertaken. For this purpose two sets of papers were made out and printed, the first being a table for the positions of the crews, the time of passing the station, number of boat-lengths apart, number of strokes per minute, and space for remarks; the other being a diagram of the river, also with a space for remarks. This diagram was drawn by Mr. Harris, the city engineer of Springfield (who also very kindly loaned surveying chains to the company to get their half-mile stations), and was intended to be used in noting fouls, other accidents, and the courses of the crews as far as they could be obtained.

The data for the second paper were meant mostly to be obtained by some one on the steamer; but at the half-

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mile stations some observations could be noted by a diagram better than in words alone. To get the data for the first paper was by far the most difficult, and required a large number of observers. For this purpose, the captains of the several crews — with the exception of the Yale captain, who was too far off, and the Bowdoin, who had not then arrived — were consulted, the object explained, and they were then asked if they could persuade seven men from their respective colleges to remain at these stations, instead of going to the Grand Stand, and as the crews passed, to single out each his own, tell the time-keeper when it passed, and then count the number of strokes per minute. The number of boat-lengths was then to be calculated from the difference in time of passing. To correct the time, a flag was to be waved at each station as each crew passed; and this time was to have been taken by three observers, who were to have been stationed on the referee's steamer — one to keep his glass on the flag and call time, the second to call out the time from his watch, and the third to write it down.

For perfecting these arrangements, the telegraph company asked for seven men from each college, and places on the referee's steamer for four of their men. All the captains but two said that they had no doubt that they could get the required men. As every arrangement had to be made beforehand, it was essential to know whether the men would come; but as the captains did not think sufficient interest was taken in the thing for volunteers from all the colleges to promise positively to come, the telegraph company then decided to employ Harvard men alone. The next disappointment the company received was in the action of the committee as regards the places for their men on the boat. The committee said that, as the reporters for the press expected places on the steamer, and as the steamer could only carry a few, they thought the press ought to have these places. As no set of men, working independently, can accomplish as much as if they worked together, the company proposed to the committee that it be put to the vote of the press, promising, on their part, to post all their papers in the press-room, so that the press should have the full benefit of all the information that they might obtain. This was done Wednesday night at the Haynes Hotel, when all the members of the Boston press that were present voted to withdraw and give the telegraph company their places. Several members of the New York press, however, said that unless they could see the race, their account would be worthless to the papers which they represented; and they, therefore, did not wish to withdraw. The committee then decided not to give the *four* places to the telegraph company, but said that they would give *one*, and then asked the company to still adhere to their promise of posting up their papers. As these arrangements were transacted by a representative from the company, he had no authority to say what the company would do. This arrangement would prevent their taking a double set of time observations; and, as it turned out, it was very fortunate that the company did not pledge themselves to give their papers immediately, as the observations were to have been made by Harvard men exclusively; and although the thing was undertaken as a scientific experiment, with the full intention of writing down fairly just what they observed, still it

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would have been difficult to give an unbiased opinion, and still more difficult to have this opinion accepted as unbiased. Moreover, as the river was so low that the steamers could not keep up with the racing crews, and as the referee withheld his decision as to the order of the crews as they passed the end line, it would have been unfair for the telegraph company to publish their papers before that decision; as doing so might have been supposed to influence it.

After it became known that these papers were to be withheld, several members of the company were requested to publish them; but as the referee still withheld his decision, it was thought best to keep them. Now that the referee has given his decision, and as in this he was only able to assign positions to the first three crews, this reason no longer exists. Still, it must be borne in mind that this is the account of but one set of men; and although they had opera-glasses at all their stations, notes of the colors of the crews, and observers who had been watching the crews some time before the race, yet still the chance of errors was very great; and it is idle to expect that at every half-mile they could determine the position of *all* the crews, when the referee, with the aid of the eleven college judges of the Springfield committee, and of reports from all the captains, was only able to determine the position of *three* of the crews, and that, too, when separated by a greater distance than at any other part of the course. It is further hoped that the account will be found as unbiased as possible under the circumstances.

The following abbreviations were used at the race, and will be convenient here: —

Agriculturals—Ag.	Amherst—Am.
Bowdoin — Bo.	Columbia — Cu.
Dartmouth — Da.	Harvard — Hd.
Wesleyan — Ws.	Williams — W.
Cornell — Co.	Trinity — Tr.

Yale — X.

Also, in taking time, the difference between the successive crews is put down thus: 0, 3, 5 means that the first crew was three seconds ahead of the second crew, and the second crew five seconds ahead of the third, and so on. So also for the boat-lengths.

FRESHMAN RACE. (See Diagram I.)

1st Station — Start.

West. | Am. X. Hd. | *East.*

All started together. X. immediately took the lead and steered straight down the course; Am. straight down parallel to X.; Hd. towards the west side, getting towards X.'s course, but behind.

2d Station — ½ Mile.

Order of passing,	X.	Am.	Hd.
Time of passing not taken, so close together.			
Strokes,	38½	40	40
Lengths (guessed),	1½	1	0

Remarks. After passing Hd. takes west position, but later steers out again across the stream; X. and Am. steer straight; Am. nears X.'s course a little.

3d Station — 1 Mile.

Order,	X.	Am.	Hd.
Time,	0	15	30
Strokes,	38	40	40
Lengths,	4	4	0

Remarks. After passing, Hd. spurts, X. pulls steady, Am. a little wild.

4th Station — 1½ Miles.

Order,	X	Am.	Hd.
Time,	0	20	13
Strokes, all about 40 (observed, however, by ½ minute).			
Lengths,	5	3	0

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DIAGRAM I. *Freshman Race.*

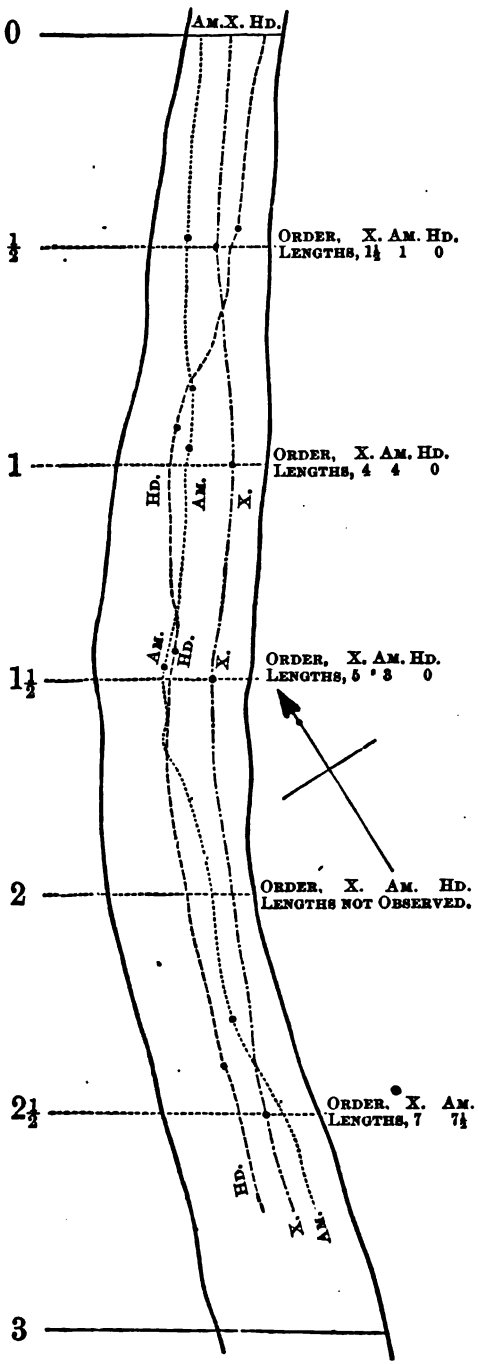
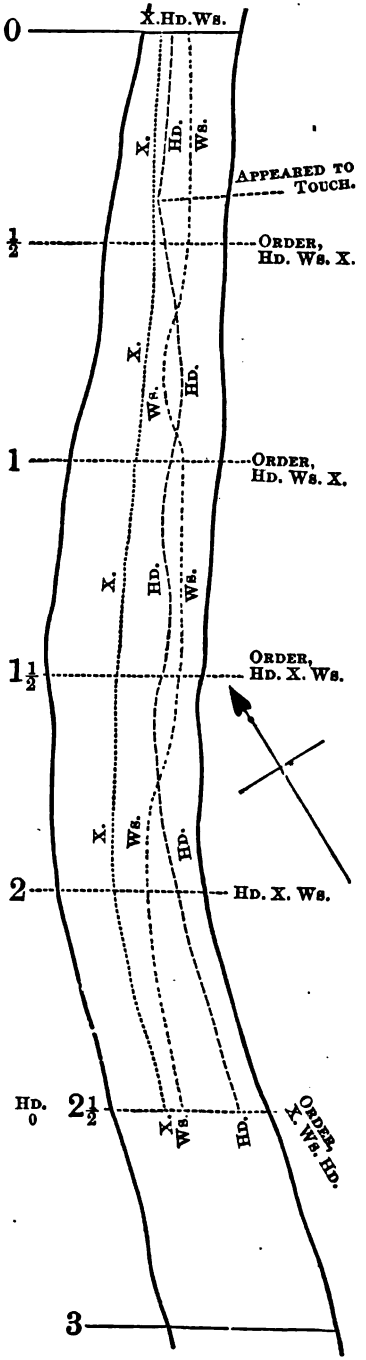


DIAGRAM II. *University Race.*



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Remarks. They pass about the middle of the stream, then cross to the bank.

5th Station — 2 Miles.

Order,	X.	Am.	Hd.
Time,	(not observed.)		
Lengths,	(not observed.)		

Remarks. All passed well over to the east bank.

6th Station — 2½ Miles.

Order,	X.	Am.	Hd.
Time,	0	29	31
Strokes,	37	36	40
Lengths,	7	7½	0

Remarks. X. pulling well and in form; Hd. pulling out of form and by jerks. They all pass close to the east bank.

In the Freshman race the telegraph company expected to obtain all the information that they at first proposed. It appears that, with some exceptions, this was done. The exceptions were: the half-mile station, where the boats were very close together; the time and consequent number of lengths at the fifth (two-mile) station; and the facts about crossing the three-mile line. The reason of the failure at the fifth station was that there were fewer observers than at any of the others. It was at this same station that the person who was to have marked the passing of the crews by dropping his flag in the University race, as soon as he perceived that Yale was gaining on Harvard, threw his flag into the river and rushed down the bank, shouting as loud as he could. With only three crews to deal with, the system proved sufficient to get a good account of the race. In the University race the case was different. The most important thing to be accurately determined here was the order in which the crews passed each station; for, as the time for each crew was to be given according to the order, it is evident that unless the order was correct, the time would be of no use.

To get this order was found extremely difficult, and was to have been determined by the Freshman nine and crew. The nine all came down and were placed at the different stations, and the crew also promised to go to the stations after their race. However, their disappointment in their race was too much for them, and accordingly none of them appeared at the telegraph stations. This again changed all the plans of the telegraph company, and that, too, at the last moment. It thus happened that at no station did the telegraph company have more than five observers, and at one station they only had two. Besides this, the colors of several of the crews were so nearly alike, that it was impossible to distinguish them immediately, and as all observations at each station had to be made within three minutes, the inability to immediately distinguish a crew proved a great drawback. Under these disadvantages the whole attention of the observers at the stations had to be directed to obtaining a correct order. Next it was found impossible aboard the referee's steamer to get the times from the dropping of the flags, as the steamer was too far behind; and thus, with the exception of the 6th station, *i. e.* 2½ miles, the only data obtained were the order of the most prominent of the crews. This was as follows: —

University Race. (See Diagram II.)

1st Station — Start.

W. | Am. Ag. X. Hd. Cu. Ws. W. Da. Tr. Bo. Co. | E.

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2d Station — ½ Mile.

Order. Hd. Ws. X. Am. Cu. Co. Ag. Da. Bo. Tr. } W.

3d Station — 1 Mile.

Order. Hd. Ws. X. Am. Cu. Co. Rest doubtful.

4th Station — 1½ Miles.

Order. Hd. X. Ws. Am. Cu. Ag. Da. —. Bo. Tr. W.

Remarks. The unknown crew was Cornell; for places were given to all the others. X. begins to draw ahead, leads Ws., and presses on Hd.

5th Station — 2 Miles.

Order. Hd. X. Ws. Am. Cu. Rest doubtful.

Remarks. Few observers here. After passing, Hd. steers over to the shoal water on the east side and looks as if they must get aground. X. steers straight down and passes Hd. Hd. and Ws. pass between the centre of the stream and east bank. Am. passes in towards the west bank very close to Ws.

6th Station — 2½ Miles.

Order.	Time.	Lengths.	Remarks.
X.	0 seconds	½	
Ws.?	2	¾	Ws. was originally Am. changed to Ws. in deference to the referee's decision, and the position assigned to Ws. given to Am. along with the corresponding time.
Hd.	3	1¼	
Am.?	5	11 ahead of Da.	
Cu.	not taken	not known	
Co.	"	not known	
Da.	45	1½ ahead of Ag.	
Ag.	5	10	
Tr.	40	0	
Bo.	0	not known.	
W.	not taken	not known.	

Total time, 1 min. 40 sec. X. 24¾ lengths ahead of Bo.

Here the record of the telegraph company ends. At one time it was proposed to have a set of observers at the end line also; but, as the result proved, nothing was more fortunate than that they did not. From the short intervals between the times of the crews in passing the 2½-mile station, it is hard to imagine that as great an interval as was recorded by the judges could have been correct for their passing the end line. All the crews agreed to accept the conclusions of the judges, and it would be very unfair, and is not intended, to raise any questions about the result of the race. The papers of the telegraph company give no clew whatsoever to that result. It is probable that the boats passed the end line in very nearly the same order as they did the 2½-mile station, but of this there is no proof; and the great discrepancy in the recorded times might be explained on the theory that they stopped rowing before crossing the line which they agreed to race up to. As to the discussion about the diagonal line, the writer of this article, to satisfy his curiosity, personally drove over the course with the engineer who originally surveyed it, and together they examined the position of the flags.

It was found that one flag (viz. the western one at the finish line) was not, at the end of the race, in the position which the engineer first designated for it, the flag being found 58 feet north of a certain rock when it should have been 60 feet north of a second rock, which second rock was one hundred and sixty-nine feet south of the first. The flag was probably taken up by some ignorant person, and replaced by one who mistook the proper rock from which to measure the 60 feet. The correct distance was then measured by the writer and the engineer, and calculations made. The result of these calculations is that the positions — X. first, Ws. second, Hd. third — were not, according to the official time, materially altered by this change in the position of the flag. The official time,

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as given to the writer, was: X., 0 seconds; Ws., 10 seconds; Hd., 37½ seconds. At the rate of 15 feet per second, X. was 150 ahead of Ws., and Ws. 563 ahead of Hd.; and hence X. was 713 feet ahead of Hd. The difference in the position of the flag was not enough to cover this difference of position in the boats; but, even were it enough and more than enough, this makes no difference with the published result of the race. The crews agreed when they rowed the race to abide by the decision of the referee, who was so placed that his decision depended on the statement of the judges. That decision has been made, and it would necessarily be improper to dispute it now. As this question might have been raised by some thoughtless person, the engineer was requested not to state the true positions of the flags, so that future argument might be prevented or nullified by the necessary ignorance about the facts of any writers who might undertake such argument.

It is fair to the engineer to state that the wrong position of the flag was due to no fault of his; to the referee, that he was correct in saying that the line along which the judges looked in taking the time was not the true three-mile line; to the captain of the Harvard University crew, that there is a good explanation of the reason why he thought his crew had won; but, above all, to the Yale crew, that, according to the last record of a Harvard account (viz. this account), they were leading all the other crews. It is to be regretted here that the papers of the telegraphic company were not more explicit in distinguishing between the Wesleyan and Amherst crews. The crew that was put down 2d at the 2½-mile station was Am., a question mark was put opposite, and the following note (see Diagram II) was added: "Changed to Ws. in deference to the referee's decision, and the position assigned to Ws. given to Am. along with the corresponding time."

The only question that now remains to be discussed is, whether it is possible, when so many crews are racing, to make these observations for all of them. It was done in the Freshman race, but was only partially done in the University race. It is true that there were unfortunate circumstances which caused part of the partial failure; but still circumstances were sufficiently favorable to demonstrate that the system on which these observations were made is not sufficiently accurate.

In the first place, it required too many observers, for it probably will be always impossible to get so many persons to do just as directed when laboring under the excitement that such a race occasions; and secondly, the system of taking time by a watch is far too inaccurate. It would require stop-watches for every observation, and a sufficient number could probably not be obtained. Also, taking time by a flag has the second objection that, as at the ½-mile station, the flag may go up and down so fast that one can hardly see it, much less note time by it. If the experiment be again undertaken, it will be necessary to use a chronograph. Several experiments have been tried to see if the revolution of a register's wheels are sufficiently regular to mark the time by that, and on the whole the results have proved satisfactory. To use this on the telegraph line would require that the register be switched on just before the crews were passing each station, and then off to let the order of the crews be

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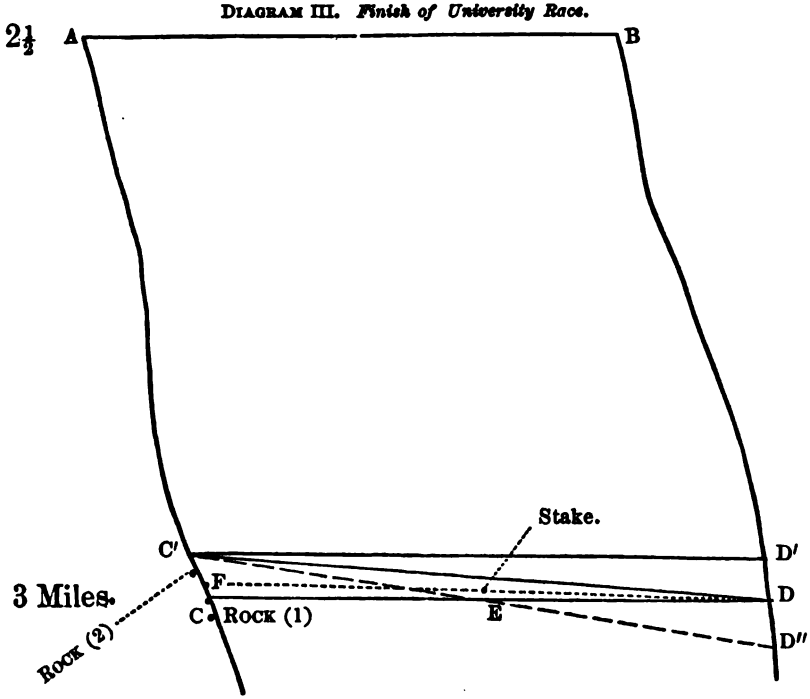
telegraphed; or else kept on all the time, and single marks made for each crew. This would be difficult for the operator to read, and would occasion mistakes in publishing for the moment, but could be corrected afterwards. By far the simplest way would be to run two lines, — one for the time, and the other for telegraphing the order, strokes, etc. After the order was once written down on paper, from 14 to 18 seconds were found sufficient for telegraphing the abbreviations. Allowing 2 minutes for each station, this would leave 1 minute 40 seconds for the crews to pass by; and as this was found to be the length of time in which the crews were actually crossing the 2½-mile line, it is probable that observations recorded on this system would do justice to as many crews as participated in the last regatta, and perhaps four or five more. With a double line of telegraph wires, a chronograph, either in the form of a register or of an ordinary astronomical chronograph, and with a marked difference in the appearance of the crews, there need be no further fear "that a crew should go into training for four months, and then not have its place assigned at all, or any means of knowing how well it did." In fact, if the Western Union Telegraph Company could spare their lines, the whole race could be posted up in all the cities just as quickly and just as well as at the Grand Stand.

Additional Memorandum by Mr. Burgwyn.

In a private conversation with the civil engineer, after the race, he happened to ask me where the end flag was. I said, about 900 feet below the Grand Stand, and expressed

Diagram III. *Finish of University Race.*



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surprise at the question; and then I asked him why he asked it. He said that the flag had been removed, and he had been asked what were the marks by which it could be replaced. (It appears not to be known how this flag in the first instance was thus removed.) He then told me that he had given a description of the rocks (1) and (2), Diagram III; and also of another rock below (1), which does not appear in the diagram. He then said that the true position of the flag was 60 feet above rock (1), half-way between the river's edge and some bushes. The distance from the bank to the bushes is from 15 to 20 feet. I then asked if he had put the flag down a second time, and on his saying no, that he had not been given the authority to do it, I requested him as a personal favor to myself to drive to the place with me and see if the flag had been replaced in the correct position. He did so. On our way down he said: "Suppose that the flag has been removed again, can you tell where it was? From my notes I can tell where it ought to be a year hence, just as well as I can to-day; but can you tell where the flag that the crews raced by actually was?" I said "Yes; because in running the telegraph line I stopped by the flag, and told two of the telegraph company to dig a hole *there* [pointing to a place behind the flag, about three feet from it, and in a line with the flag across the river], so that we could put an instrument there for the use of the judges, if they wished to send any messages; and even if the flag is not there, this hole for the telegraph pole is, and I can find the hole for the flag pole from it."

I then described the staff on which the flag was nailed; it was flat and not round as the other flagstaffs were. As we passed the Williams quarters I stopped and went into their boathouse to get one of the flags of the telegraph boat to put down in case the regatta flag had been removed, but not finding one, took the flag that had marked the beginning of the course, and went on. When we arrived at the end of the course, the flag we were looking for was nowhere to be found. I found the hole for the telegraph pole with the pole beside it, and then a hole which exactly corresponded to my description of the flat section of the flagstaff. Furthermore, the farmer who owns the land there, and who put up the seats at the Grand Stand, was asked to describe the flagstaff. His description was like mine. I then told the engineer that I thought this was perfect evidence that the flag had been placed there; and if similar evidence were taken in a court of law it would hold, even were it to condemn a man to death. He then said, "This is not where the flag ought to be." Then pointing to rock (2), he said, "They have probably taken the 60 feet from this rock instead of from that rock yonder," pointing to rock (1); "let us measure the distance and see." The distance from rock (2) to C′ was found to be 58 feet; 60 feet was then measured from rock (1) and that located the point C. The line from flag at D to the point C was, then, the correct three-mile line. I then looked up towards C′, and said, "On this side of the river they have placed the flags about 50 yards out of the way. Let us measure the distance. The distance (from C to C′) was found to be 169 feet. That is, on the west bank of the river the flag that the crews raced by was

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169 feet farther up the river than where the engineer actually placed it. The engineer next looked across the river to the other side, and said he thought the flag at D was right. At about the middle of the river he saw a stake, and asked me what that was placed there for. I said, I was told it was where the stake-boat was; but on inquiring who was on board the stake-boat on the day of the race, I was unable to find out anything at all, and concluded by saying that it was a very bad place for judges to be. The engineer said, "Why, that stake is not on the racing line." I said, "No; it is very nearly on the true three-mile line." We then placed ourselves on the line of the stake and the flag D, *i. e.* at the point F, and then measured the distance CF. It was 33 feet. The engineer then remarked that if the boat was fastened to the stake by a rope, and then allowed to swing with the current, it would bring the boat almost exactly on the true three-mile line. I said, "Let us assume that it is on the true line and in the middle of the stream [viz. at E in Diagram III], and that the judges in taking the time looked along the line C′ E, and then calculate if this would make any difference in the result of the race. If Yale were at C′ and Harvard at D″, this would give the *maximum* disadvantage to Harvard The Harvard crew would have to row the distance D′ D″ (*i. e.* 169 × 2 = 338 feet) more than the Yale. But when the Yale crew crossed the line they were 47½ seconds in time ahead of the Harvard crew" [viz. by the official record], "and that gives a lead of [47½ × 15 *i. e.*] 713 feet to them according to our method of calculation. This distance is only 338 feet; so that making the diagonal as bad as it could possibly be, it still did not affect the result of the race." The engineer then asked me if I thought that the Harvard crew were really 47½ seconds behind the Yale. I said, "The referee gave that as an official decision." We then put the regatta flag in the true position, and a stick in the hole where the flagstaff had been, and returned to Springfield.

I have not as yet been able to find out who put the stake-boat in its position, or who was in it, or on what lines the times for crossing the end line were taken, or by whom. In some paper, the "Boston Post," I think, I saw it published that "The time-keepers were Q. J. Powers and H. G. Gilmore in the referee's boat, and Thomas Fearon, of Yonkers, at *the lower stake-boat.* I do not know what authority the paper had for its statement. Below (at A) are copied the times of crossing as given to me by one of the judges, I think the Harvard judge. They are exactly the same as appeared in the "New York Herald," being quoted there as official over the name of Mr. William Blaikie. Along with these (at B) is another set of times which I have seen quoted in print as official, but signed by no one. I have not been able to find out what was the reason of their difference, or who took the two sets of times, or anything about them.

(*A.*) *Times.*	*M.*	*Sec.*	(*B.*) *Times.*	*M.*	*Sec.*	*Dif. Sec.*
1st Crew	16	59	1st Crew	16	59	0
2d "	17	09	2d "	17	01	8
3d "	17	46¼	3d "	17	11	35¼
4th "	17	50	4th "	17	27½	32½
5th "	18	06¾	5th "	17	32	34¾
6th "	18	15¼	6th "	17	53¾	21¼
7th "	18	26¼	7th "	18	07¾	18¾
8th "	18	31¾	8th "	18	19¼	12¼
9th "	18	49¼	9th "	18	24	25¼
10th "	19	35¼	10th "	18	42	53¼
11th "	not taken.		11th "	19	25¾	

Time of 10 crews in crossing 2m. 36¼ sec. | Time of 10 crews in crossing 1m. 43 sec.

(Signed) C. P. E. BURGWYN.

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[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The first of the two papers above is official, as from the Harvard Telegraph Company. The second is Mr. Burgwyn's personal narrative of his examination into the details of the muddle at the end of the University Race. It was given by him at the request of the editor, for the sake of making up the record of an interesting epoch in the history of American college boating. Both statements are cautiously made. They leave no escape from the conclusion that the trouble at the Springfield Regatta was the result of bad management. How otherwise could it happen. that one of the end flags should be displaced, nobody knows by whom; that nobody knows where the judges were while deciding; that if they were on a boat at the end line, they were in the middle of the river on that line, so as to be required to sight both ways at once, while the racing crews flashed by at either hand; that the line actually raced up to was, at one end, a hundred and sixty-nine feet nearer the start than it should be; that the referee gave no judgment upon the contested result of the race. being the very case for which he was appointed; that, instead, he published a major vote of the judges, the place and time of whose observations for deciding were not stated, if they were known; that an unauthorized person should deliver the victor's flags, before any decision was made, to those who were not entitled to it under the decision that was made, and who thus had to undergo the mortification of surrendering them to a competitor, when, after all, they had won them *by measure?* The Harvard crew won the race *to the real line.* Their acquiescing in the decision as given is a much more creditable victory than winning the race could be; for it shows the self-respect and self-control of thorough gentlemen. This is said, of course, without any implications against their competitors.

Mr. Burgwyn's own statement, together with Diagram No. III, definitely fixes the nature of the misunderstanding about the finish of the University Race. It is worth while to notice, with reference to it, the two sets of times which he has set down, for the sake of the singular jump between their second and third differences. Observe: while the two sets of times are the same for the first crew, and differ only nine seconds for the second, they jump to 35½ seconds apart at the third. The second series of times suits best with the Telegraphic Company's record at the 6th or 2¼-mile station, where Yale was five seconds ahead of Harvard. That Yale should gain more than thirty seconds in the last half mile, when Harvard was "spurting," and when no one disputes that they were so near together at the close that the Harvard captain thought he was ahead, is remarkable enough to justify doubt.

A programme properly laid out, and thoroughly adhered to, would have made everything go off well. There have been rumors that the unpleasant result of the Springfield Regatta will prevent an attempt to hold another University Race. It will be a great deal better to let it ensure another, and to prevent only the blunders and improprieties that destroyed the pleasure of this. It is a very poor doctrine that teaches to resign what it is difficult to accomplish; and it is not our college undergraduates who ought to be most forward in going backward in an enterprise so worthy of their spirit and strength; in an undertaking so singularly fit to exemplify the characteristic traits of American manhood — unfailing, youthful energy, early, manly self-control, and organizing ability, all together.]

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BY FREDERIC B. PERKINS.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADRIAN, with the unconscious good fortune of youth, slept as he usually did, one deep, refreshing sleep, all night long, and awoke, as one should awake; not with sticky eyes, a sense of having been slowly boiled, a sluggish, unwilling recognition of returning, conscious thought, and under an after-night or spiritual darkness of ill-nature, but altogether clean; as one rises promptly from a piece of work handsomely done and finished; bright; jolly.

Not that he sprang instantly out of bed, as the exemplars do — confound them! Is there anything so hateful or so impudent as a good example? The Duke of Wellington used to say, "When it's time to turn over it's time to turn out." N. B. He's dead. Adrian had more sense; he knew enough to lie still a little while and be comfortable. The moments between healthy waking and judicious arising are the honeymoon of the day; in them we welcome the sunlight and its life; rejoice with it before settling down to those sober, conventional utilities of the day's work which begin with clothes and breakfast. The soul is calm and

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happy; and the thoughts are either quiescent, while a mere sense of sufficient well-being, of sweetness and light, fills the consciousness, or they brood, with that spontaneous, lucid, unconscious evolution which belongs to the highest activities of the mind, over any subject that is present. Genius is simply the action of the mind, as in lying awake in bed before getting up to breakfast. Not that there are not other climaxes of genius. Perhaps it would be more accurate to turn the statement end for end. The action of the mind in bed while we lie awake in the morning before getting up to breakfast, is of the nature of genius. That is, sometimes.

What Adrian considered was, however, a very practical question: What is to be done about Civille? And his statement of the case to himself and his reasonings upon it ran somewhat thus: —

Civille herself, just now, is a spirit not quite sufficiently embodied. It is a case of extreme fineness of organization physically, and extreme spirituality mentally. The risk, therefore, is of over-activity and over-excitement, and of views and actions unpractical, visionary, but not selfish nor materialized; just the contrary, indeed; much too unselfish, much too disregardful of established opinions, of friends, of her own comfort.

Second, the influences around Civille. There is that sunless, ill-aired, ill-drained old house. Her wiry old father may not feel it, but it is steadily lowering the tone of her vitality; thinning down the outer wall, as it were, of her frame, so frail already that it is translucent (translucent to my will, thought the young man, with a distinct thrill as he thought it); so that all of a sudden the soul will quite slip out and escape us, if we are not careful. There are the doctrines and atmosphere of the *Solidarité*. But what are they? Only a clatter. Nothing there can attract Civille except what she believes to exist there, whether it does or not — an earnest wish for the good of humanity. Then the spirits. For her, this sort of thing is unsuitable. It is a tippling of the soul; as peculiarly dangerous for her high-wrought and already over-spiritual personality as the tippling of liquor for the already over-vivid life of Edgar A. Poe. Also, the Anketellical Universe. That's eliminated from the problem, thanks to the creator of it himself. Civille never will want to see *him* again. And this may help wean her from the *Solidarité*, too. Last of all, the detective, Amos Olds — the charge of theft — the men that Civille has repeatedly seen, or thought she has seen, following her, — doubtless on the part of Olds. This is the worst matter of all, because it is so dangerous to handle. With whom shall I advise about it? Jenks and Trainor? Olds himself? The central police authorities? Mr. Button? None of them seemed a welcome or even a safe counsellor; and the quiet and ready intelligence of Mr. Bird, the reporter, suggested itself to Adrian. So did the long and stiff figure of Doctor Toomston, — ungenial, conventional, conservative, but said to be kind-hearted and sensible.

Below or behind all Adrian's thoughts and purposes was a doubt, — obscure, not perhaps fully recognized — too painful to be fully recognized — by the young man himself, and which he certainly would not have hinted to another; such a

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doubt as comes into minds that reach after all the possibilities of a case; the doubt of a judge, not of an advocate; such a doubt as has tormented many a friend to some "good man struggling with the storms of fate," under specific slander or general evil repute; a doubt based, perhaps, upon a humble sense of the doubter's own weakness, or upon a profound apprehension of the weaknesses of humanity at large. It was simply this: Suppose Civille has done it?

Who has not felt such a question lurking, as it were, in the dark corner of his soul, when some near and dear friend has been accused? It is not suspicion; it is not wickedness. It is knowledge waiting for more knowledge. It is colorless of feeling meanwhile, and neither chilled by evil passion, nor warmed by that which is kindly. Not that the truth of the charge would have diminished one whit Adrian's regard for Civille; his was not a nature to forsake the unhappy. Indeed, the fact would have proved her, to him, not bad, but simply ill; more unfortunate, more unhappy, than she was already. For in spite of her ordinary calm and sweet and kindly composure of manner, and earnest seriousness of occupation, the whole impression which she had made upon Adrian was of profound sadness. If she were really under the dominion of the odious mania of which she was suspected, could she be in a greater misfortune? And did she not all the more need friends and help, poor lonely thing, the more unfortunate she was? The fact is, that to such a nature as Adrian's, and at his time of life, an actual demonstration of her systematic thieving at Jenks and Trainor's would have riveted his sympathy, his helpful affection, it may almost be said, more than any good fortune or good qualities in the world. Youth, for lofty natures, is knighthood. Adrian was riding abroad in his first knight-errantry. His shield was yet white; he was unconsciously longing to do some noble deed that might entitle him to an honorable escutcheon. And of all the incitements of chivalry, the sweetest and loftiest is that of a lovely maiden in distress; and again and again there floated across Adrian's mind, always full of associated ideas, always making pictures, the wondrous imaginations of Una in the forest, and of the gentle lady in Comus. It was this last, however, with whom he most naturally identified Civille; for all the vulgar surroundings and impositions that beset her — suspicious policemen, crack-brained reformers, low-bred visionaries, sensual, knavish delusionists — were singularly well represented by the bestial rout, — "a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women," — that persecuted the Lady. As for Comus himself, the part was right aptly filled by the great S. P. Quinby Anketell, whose arguments, indeed, fitted not ill with the sophistries which John Milton has put into the mouth of the son of Circe.

So Adrian thought and thought, and could resolve on nothing satisfactory. He reached one partial conclusion which was sound enough, namely: that for directly influencing Civille herself, the appeal must be made to her own strongest motive qualities, being indeed the same that were now carrying her wrong, if she were in fact going wrong, — the same longing for better things, the same keen desire for higher knowledge and clearer light, the same sweet, unselfish wish for the happi-

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ness of others, which were impelling her in her researches into what she believed reforms, and in her work about the charities connected with Dr. Toomston's church. If she was to be induced of herself to discontinue any line of conduct, and to adopt a different one, it must be by showing her that she would, by so doing, save suffering and afford happiness to others.

"If I could fill her mind full of some other and more real occupation," the young man thought, "that is the best thing I could do — that would bring her right. Just as they shake a rattle before babies that cry. I guess there's a good deal of baby in unconscious natures." But he could think of no such occupation, and he knew how difficult it is in this age to find good employment for a single young woman.

Whether anything could be done by the usual means of bringing to bear upon her the influence of friends, that is, a pressure of opinion, seemed very doubtful. But Adrian, with natural good sense, resolved to consult whomsoever should seem safest. He felt himself able to influence Mr. Van Braam, who, kindly and pure and visionary, had no "initiative," and could at most recognize and follow good counsel, but certainly would never suggest any. He finally resolved, as he was to pass the day with the Buttons, to try some hints upon the capitalist himself, whose coarse and rough nature did not necessarily prevent him from being an excellent adviser. Adrian was, however, displeased with himself for the reluctance he could not help feeling to speak to Mr. Button on the subject. He retained his resolution, however; it was a mannish resolution, formed from the conclusions of the reasoning faculties, against the wish of the intuitions

With this unsatisfying but definite purpose in his mind, Adrian arose, and after breakfast set out for Mr. Button's residence, as his day there must needs begin in good season, since it was mostly to be spent elsewhere. This paradox only requires that we take "house" in the antique sense of family. Thus: as for Mr. Button and his house, they served the Lord, to the very best of their abilities, and with a special exclusiveness on Sundays, — or Sabbaths, as they called them, — both they and the stranger within their gates; and much more, then, the near relative and intended member who might sojourn with them. Divine service in the morning, Sunday-school in the afternoon, divine service in the evening — such was the invariable programme, and at all three Mr. Button and his family were strictly holden to appear, "armed and equipped as the law directs," to use an ancient formula for notifying militia gatherings, and, therefore, one not unsuitable for the church militant.

Musing sometimes, sometimes looking about him, Adrian strolled along street and avenue, savoring with full breath the clear, bright, vitalized winter air; when, as he drew near the Buttonian regions, in a street of that peculiarly dreary and gloomy grandeur which belongs to the "brown stone front," — a street that looked indeed about as much like a deep cut through a quarry of old red sandstone as like a double row of human habitations, — as he wandered gazing along beneath the towering precipices of one side of this freestone Petra, he espied on an unobtrusive little tin sign over a basement window the words, "Dr.

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Codleigh Veroil." With an intuitional flash of vision, Adrian saw at once that the doctor was his right adviser about Civille, whose usual medical attendant he knew him to be, and that of Mr. Button's family also. He had seen the doctor once or twice, and remembered perfectly his handsome, intelligent, kindly face. "A physician is my man, of course," he said to himself, as he unhesitatingly turned in under the "high stoop" and rang the office bell; "the Protestant father confessor, now that soul and body are so much confounded together." And with his thoughts running upon the parallel or contrast between ancient religions and modern ones, he was shown into the office, where Doctor Veroil in a few moments joined him. Without waiting to be embarrassed, Adrian spoke: —

"I must beg your pardon, first of all, doctor, for troubling you so early, and on Sunday; and perhaps it is not a strictly professional errand, either."

The doctor bowed and smiled in his pleasant way, — whose manners are as comfortable and agreeable as those of a polite and successful physician? And Dr. Veroil's handsome, pleasant face, his singularly sympathetic manner, were unmatched even among doctors. Certainly they had made his fortune, for he was already rich. Not that his abilities were not great: they were: he was a trained and scientific practitioner of the very best order; a man of much breadth and strength of thought, and of high accomplishments, besides all his natural gifts. But his manners had secured his abilities a chance; for everybody that looked at him liked him, and nobody who employed him could like any other doctor so well. His practice might be acceptable or not; successful or not; at the death of a patient, the family of the deceased, as sometimes happens, might dismiss the doctor, as if he had killed their friend. They never think of dismissing their God, and trying another! But even in such a case, the man was surely regretted, though the physician might be changed; and he was usually recalled after one experiment elsewhere.

Adrian, encouraged by Dr. Veroil's good nature, proceeded to introduce himself.

"Very glad to see you, indeed," responded the genial doctor, shaking hands; "I remember perfectly — met you at Mr. Button's. Entirely at your service. What can I do for you?"

Adrian hereupon explained that he had ventured to call, for the reason that the doctor was family physician as aforesaid. He fancied that the doctor became very attentive after Mr. Button was mentioned. Valuable patrons, no doubt, he thought. He went on, however, to state as succinctly as he could the substance of his morning's reflections, about the character of Civille, the influences at present operating upon her, and in particular the motives — as he suspected — of some of those around her, namely: to make her a lovely mystic high-priestess of abominations, or at least of delusions.

"Now it seems to me, doctor," he observed at last, "all this amounts, not necessarily to an organization originally bad or ill-proportioned, but to one too good, if anything, and liable to manifestations not of organic defect, but of perversions temporary, I suppose at first; from external causes, and admitting of complete cure."

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"Very justly reasoned," assented the doctor, — "very well put; not a bad diagnosis."

"Well, the real question, the real trouble, is one that all these physical sensibilities and mental excitements lead up to." — The young man paused, moved his seat nearer to the doctor's, and glanced apprehensively round the room.

"Not a soul on this whole floor except ourselves," said Dr. Veroil, kindly. Adrian went on, his voice dropping of itself almost to a whisper, —

"The real question is, Can any positive mental disorder have supervened already? For, doctor, the police are actually watching her, on a suspicion — a charge, almost, of kleptomania — of theft from Jenks & Trainor's. And the question is: Is it possible? And if so, is there any remedy?"

It is not easy to startle an experienced physician. But Doctor Veroil positively turned white for a moment.

"Good God!" he said, below his breath; "then" — he stopped short. Something in his manner gave Adrian a horrible pain, and his heart stood still. "He knows about it," he thought; "he believes it!"

"Let me understand," said Doctor Veroil, as if doubtful whether he had not been on a wrong track; "whom did you say the police were watching?"

"Why, my cousin — Civille Van Braam."

"Ah — O — yes, — to be sure, but, I thought — beg pardon — you were engaged to Miss Button?"

"I am, doctor," said Adrian, surprised; "why?"

"Well," said the other, with some hesitation, "I believe I was for the moment confounding the two young ladies in my mind. They are cousins, and both patients of mine." He reflected a moment, and continued, more to himself than to Adrian, "I wish I could have her married, and with a baby of her own to take care of, within just twenty minutes from now; then she'd be all right. That's what balances a woman. She's very fond of children, too." Then he continued, to Adrian, "You'd think so, if you'd seen her cuddle that nigger baby, as Mrs. Button called it, the other day, at the Shadowing Wings. Pretty little thing! They kicked it out, too, I'm told! God Almighty!" exclaimed the physician, angered at the recollection. Upon Adrian's inquiry, Dr. Veroil told him about the Christian Expediency Infant Expulsion business; and if sympathy was of any use to him, he should have been much benefited; for Adrian, younger and less hardened, if not naturally more emotional, quite overflowed with pity and rage: —

"Why, doctor," he said, "that's the same kind of doctrine that says hell is paved with infants' skulls! I tell you what: folks that believe such things, or do 'em either, will have a chance to find out for themselves whether it's paved so or not, it's my opinion!"

"Tut, tut, young man! let them do their own damning, — they're ready enough. Besides, minds that are ignorant and essentially vulgar are always brutalizing the theories of their betters. Calvinism is n't necessarily so bad as that. The practice of it is n't, at least. Dr. Toomston is about the stiffest Calvinist left in New York, they say. But he's a good old fellow; he would n't do one unkind thing to a baby to keep his own soul out of hell, even if he believed God had predestined every

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baby in the world to eternal damnation."

Breaking off for a moment, he resumed: —

"But all that's none of my business, though theology was always interesting to me. It's a kind of intellectual translation of religion; there's something wonderful as well as melancholy in seeing great minds exhaust themselves in trying to express in the narrowest sort of human limitations, in stiff, verbal phrases, not merely emotions, which are all exactly the things that words cannot ever touch, — but exactly the highest, the grandest, the remotest, the vastest of all the emotions, — those that lift towards God! As a jackass undertaking to bray out the soliloquy in Hamlet, so, only infinitely more so, is a doctor of divinity undertaking to define and enunciate religion in sentences. But all that's none of my business — professionally. I'm a doctor of medicine. I'm glad you called, Mr. Chester; all the parties concerned are good friends of mine, besides being my patients. I will see Miss Van Braam, and advise you and assist you to the best of my ability."

"Thank you very much, doctor; you relieve me greatly. But there's one further idea of mine that I must ask you about. It is — "

Here the office bell was violently rung, and in a moment the servant brought in and handed the doctor a soiled scrap of paper. Glancing at it, he ordered his carriage instantly, adding, —

"Put in the bay — he's the quickest. Now jump!" and the man shot out of the door, electrified by the doctor's energy.

"Excuse me, Mr. Chester — business, you know." As he spoke, he took from the table a small case of instruments and another of medicines, slid each into a pocket in a heavy overcoat, and then slid the garment upon himself. Hardly had he done so when the impatient tramp of a horse and the pounding of heavy wheels smote sharply on the ear, as the equipage rattled round to the front door and halted.

"Come along," continued the doctor, smiling and peremptory; "you shall tell me the rest in the carriage; it won't put you ten minutes out of your way, and no matter if it does."

Adrian followed without a word. The two men entered the carriage; the doctor, reading a moment from his scrap of paper, gave his driver a number in one of the dirtier parts of the Eighth Ward, to wit, in Greene Street, below Houston; and the strong, high-fed bay horse sprang off at a speedy trot.

"I declare," said Adrian, who knew the difference between a clothes-horse and a trotting horse, — "I declare, how square he trots, and how he does get over the ground!"

"Yes indeed," said Doctor Veroil. "Very tough beast, too; take me two years to use him up, I expect. A man whose time is worth ten dollars an hour can't spare horse-flesh."

"But shall you kill him in two years?" said Adrian, startled.

"O, no; but pounding over these stone pavements will stiffen him up by that time so that he can't do my work."

"Ten dollars an hour," repeated Adrian; "but I didn't know the people in Greene Street could pay such prices."

"This one can't — nor any price, I expect, poor thing! She has been a patient of mine before; about used up, I guess. Physicians have to do a good deal of gratuitous work, you

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know. We make the rich folks pay for the poor, in part. I send a young friend of mine to a good many such cases, — capital practice they are, — but I know this poor girl depends on seeing *me*. I believe she thinks I could raise her from the dead." Adrian was surprised at the matter-of-fact and unmistakably genuine kind-heartedness of the busy, professional man — he did not know how full of it the medical profession is. But without waiting for compliment or explanation, Doctor Veroil went on:

"Well, now, about your idea?"

"I had a notion, as I am obliged to go back home in a day or two, to put my trust in one other man, who can help us, I think, in dealing with the police. To expose my cousin in either court or newspapers would certainly kill her father, besides inflicting inexpressible distress on herself, and others too."

"Is n't Mr. Button the best man to do that?"

"I had meant to consult him," said Adrian; "but" — he paused. Dr. Veroil smiled.

"I understand," he said. "Rather a heavy touch, his is. Well; I'll try him, perhaps. I think I know how to argue the case to him. But who is your man?"

"I 'm afraid it looks absurd; but he seems to me remarkably shrewd, and I am pretty sure he knows how to do it. A good-hearted fellow, too. He is a police reporter. Bird, his name is."

"A police reporter," repeated the doctor, with some surprise. "Exactly the wrong sort. Stay — Bird, you said?"

"Yes."

"Well, that alters the case. I know him. Patient of mine. Quite a character. Yes, you may do it. And I 'll tell you how. Send him to me; he and I will keep everything safe, at least until we reach the truth in the matter, and find out exactly where we are. And for the present, don't say a word to any one else."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE doctor's coupé, jumping vehemently along the rough pavement,

"Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,"

halted with a jerk, and the doctor sprang out. Turning back, he said, as the thought struck him, —

"Come along. You can pass for my student. It's worth while to see one of these Greene Street tenement houses for once."

Adrian followed instantly, observing, as he stepped across the sidewalk, that another carriage stood close by, among a number of drays, furniture vans, and tradesmen's wagons; and he also had time to glance at the front of the house they were entering: it was a lofty brick building, painted of a dark, dull, blueish color, of about thirty feet front, having its door in the middle, with one window at each side, and the floors were low "between joints," showing an unusual number of rather small windows all over the front. Following the doctor, Adrian passed into a very narrow hall or alley that led straight through the house from front to rear; midway, in the darkness, the staircase to the next floor could be dimly seen. Doctor Veroil hurried past this, however, out through the back door, across a narrow, gloomy, paved space, into the "rear building," as they call a favorite device of New York real-estate owners, for the slow murder of poor people; half-way through just

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such another dark narrow hall, smelling very close and nasty; up just such another stairway, but still more dimly seen; into the second-floor dark alley, and up another stairway; into the third floor, and up another; into the fourth floor, and up another. On the fifth floor Dr. Veroil, turning towards the area or pit between the buildings, stepped to a small grimy window, and once more closely scrutinized his bit of paper. As he did so, Adrian, who had with some difficulty followed close at his heels, heard a voice that he recognized,—a woman's voice, sharp, strong, practical, and decided.

"Never experienced a hope?"

Adrian's quick ear distinguished a very feeble rustle, as of one silently moving one's head on a pillow in reply. The practical decided voice went straight on:—

"My erring sister, it is my plain duty as a Christian woman to warn you that your time is short, and that you should in this awful hour repent of your sins, give yourself to God, and prepare at once to meet your Saviour and your Judge. The doors of hell are gaping for you; it is evident that you cannot live more than an hour or two—"

"Where's Billy? I want to see—"

The weak, frightened, longing cry—a faint, faint cry—ended in an awful choking gurgle; Dr. Veroil rushed into the room—it was that which he was looking for, though he had naturally enough hesitated a moment before interrupting; and Adrian followed.

It is without any special volition that keen perceptions take in the least as well as the chiefest details of a picture. Accordingly, the whole of this painful scene smote upon Adrian's consciousness, and impressed upon his memory things both small and great, as instantly as a die with one stroke smites every detail of its impress upon the metal beneath it. Heterogeneous accessories and awful central figure flashed altogether upon him, and the whole picture, keyed, like so many paintings, upon its one strong red spot, was indelibly printed in his mind. The small, hot, close room, with its dusky light; the sickly, medicinal odor; the dirty little flat-topped, black cooking-stove, its front in a dull, red glow from neglected draft; the poor array of feminine gear hanging on pegs at one side of the room; the scanty, worn-out, old ingrain carpet; the rickety, painted furniture; the two or three cheap, gaudy pictures, and a photograph or two, on the wall; the stiff, erect form of Mrs. Button, the frightened face of her daughter Ann at the other side of the bed; the frowsy figure of a young woman in attendance on the patient, and who was uselessly holding her head; and in the midst of all these the ghastly figure, with its wasted, chalky face, propped up against a pillow or two; the bright-red blood actually still flowing from the mouth; and in which Adrian at once recognized the poor girl who had waited on him at the concert saloon: all this seen so suddenly, made up of such unexpected constituents, and forming a group so grim, was felt by Adrian almost like something burnt in upon him with a red-hot iron.

As the two men entered, the women, startled, uttered a cry, and Mrs. Button and Ann looked at Adrian, quite confounded. Adrian stopped short, horrified. The physician stepped promptly forward, felt the pulse of the patient, dropped it.

"Dead!—and you 've killed her, you"—he continued, quite be-

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side himself, turning short upon Mrs. Button, who was too much astounded to feel insulted. The doctor, turning once more to the bed, tried the pulse, the heart, the mouth. But life was gone, and he laid the poor, wasted phantom back tenderly upon the pillow.

"It may be the poor thing would n't have lived long," he said; "but you finished her off suddenly with your infamous hell. Why could n't you let her die quietly?"

With a great struggle, the resolute woman manned herself — if one may say so — against the wrath of the doctor, and, fighting against her own agitation also, she made answer: —

"I only told her the truth. I did my duty in striving to save an imperilled immortal soul at the eleventh hour."

"Eleventh nonsense!" cried the doctor, in a fury. "Told her the truth!" repeated he, with angry scorn. "If you only knew it, it would have been a Christian deed to tell her a hundred thousand lies if they would have kept her alive. How came you here, anyhow, madam?"

"She sent for me," said Mrs. Button, quite cowed by the furious, disregardful anger of the doctor, all the more appalling from its contrast with his usual genial and pleasant manner.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Doctor Veroil, bluntly. The frowzy girl who had been crying quietly at the foot of the bed, here arose, and snuffling and drawing the back of her dirty hand across her eyes, drew the doctor one side and said something to him under her breath. As she was doing so, Adrian espied a photograph on the little mantel-piece, which to his surprise he thought he recognized, and stepping across to it, he saw that it was indeed a picture of his cousin Mr. William Button. He quietly slipped it into his pocket, with a feeling that the ladies had better not see it there, just as the doctor, in answer to the girl, nodded his head, saying: —

"Yes, that must have been the way, — I know all about it" Then he turned to Mrs. Button again, and fairly ordered her and her daughter off the premises.

"It's no place for you," he said, brusquely; "all the harm's done that can be, and I shall see to the rest myself."

The two frightened ladies retreated without resistance, and indeed why should they stay any longer? Nor did they recognize Adrian, except by one or two more half-conscious looks that only testified to further astonishment. And the swiftness of the small though distressing panorama gave no time for forms.

"Now," said the doctor, kindly, to the volunteer nurse, "you call in somebody to sit with you a little while. You're a good girl for staying with that poor child. I'll send the undertaker right away, and have everything attended to."

She obeyed, and upon her return in a few moments with a companion, Dr. Veroil and Adrian departed. Stopping at the first undertaker's they could find, the kind-hearted doctor arranged for all the business and ceremonial formalities of the occasion, telling the necropomp to send him the bill.

On their way home Adrian told the doctor about the picture he had secured.

"Yes," was the answer; "you heard the poor child ask for Billy? Her very last words. It was a strange enough coincidence, that after

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the son had ruined her, the mother should kill her! Yet it came very naturally, too; a mere mistake about delivering the message. Women must have — at least, a good many of them must — somebody to love. If they have nobody, they make one. That poor child, now, loved that miserable young beast — beg your pardon, Mr. Chester, but it's true — with all her heart. Never saw a lovelier little thing in all my life — a little sewing-girl she was — than she was four years ago, when she first came crying to me to help her in her shame. I would n't do what she wanted, but I tried to help her. She went desperate, however, as the sensitive ones are likely to. I could n't do anything for her. There was some pretty rough villany of some kind, for her health broke down at the same time, just as she jumped overboard into the street. My God! I wish such a man could inflict nothing except what he had to endure himself!" And the benevolent physician groaned in mingled anger and pity. Adrian quietly took the picture out of his pocket, and tearing it into small bits, sprinkled it out into the street.

When they had returned to Dr. Veroil's office, Adrian took his leave, and once more set out for Mr. Button's, now, indeed, only one or two blocks away. But whether for fear of being questioned by the ladies about his presence with Dr. Veroil, or for some other reason, he certainly sought excuses in his own mind for not going directly thither. As excuses are not as scarce as diamonds, any more than they are as valuable, it was not long before he remembered that Mrs. and Miss Button would have none too much time to get ready for church; and he accordingly turned his steps with deliberation towards the Reverend Mr. Toomston's church, purposing to attend divine service there, and then to go home with his friends to dinner.

The church in question was one of those shrewd real-estate investments whose success may be supposed to have furnished to the operators that contentment without which, the apostle seems to imply, godliness is not much of a gain (I Tim. vi, 6). Its site had been judiciously made so large as to include one or two even lots by way of churchyard, over and above both the church itself and the adjoining parsonage. Thus the rise in real estate in that very aristocratic part of the city was certain, whenever the time of removal should come (really it would be a great saving if they would build New York churches on wheels), to secure to the society, which of course paid no taxes on its real estate, another excellent building lot, and probably plenty of money besides to put up a new church and also to establish a church fund. The edifice, as becomes a Calvinistic organization of the stricter sort, was a very elaborate and magnificent structure of white marble. Church interiors are nowadays mostly on one of three plans: the jail plan, very gloomy and cold; the town-hall plan, like a barn with benches; or the parlor plan, a comfortable room with seats for listening to a friend's discourse. Doctor Toomston's church was a parlor, a little jailed. That is, it was splendidly upholstered, painted, and decorated, as a ritualist — beg pardon, a strictly Calvinist — church is directed in the New Testament to be; but the rich, dark, stained glass windows, very heavily mullioned and deeply set in the thick walls, and the dark colors which prevailed in all the

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interior finishing, greatly obscured what would have been the effect if the large and well-proportioned room had been finished, say, in white and gray, or white and lavender, with a very few high lights, and a very few dark lines, and with plain glass windows.

Adrian, entering, was accosted by a white waistcoat and accoutrements, with a trig yet serious young man inside of it, who, by one of those irresistible improprieties that sometimes torment the most devout, reminded the visitor of the undertaker at a fashionable funeral, but who, on request, politely escorted him through the gloom of the great building to Mr. Button's pew (the fifth from the front, middle aisle, right hand as you go up). It was just in time, as it happened; and Mr. Button himself, sitting next the pew door, looked round as the usher touched his shoulder; arose, bowed silently and gravely, motioned Adrian to enter, and then resumed his own place. Mrs. Button was already at her post, the inner end of the pew; Mr. William Button was next, and Miss Ann Jacintha Button next, so that the happy Adrian was between his intended spouse and his intended father-in-law. Short of heaven, few positions can be imagined more delightful.

The service was the usual one: two psalms or hymns, short prayer and long prayer, and a sermon. "A sermon," says some scoffer, "is that part of divine service which does *not* consist of the worship of God." How can it, indeed? Worship goes up, sermons come down. The worship of God must be addressed to God; sermons are addressed to men.

"My text, on the present occasion," said good Doctor Toomston, erecting his long and bony figure in the sacred desk, after the second singing, — it was Watts's version of the First Psalm, — "will be found in the Second Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, sixth chapter, part of the fourteenth verse: 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

It is a great pity that there is not room for a full verbatim report of this sound and seasonable discourse. But as there is not, a very few hints must suffice. The main point argued by the doctor was, the incompatibility of the objects in life — and in death — of the Christian and of the sinner; and from this he concluded that the psalmist and the apostle to the Gentiles both taught, agreeably, moreover, to common-sense, that there should be a distinct wall of separation between them. This wall, of course, was church membership. The practical application was an urgent appeal to those already in the church, to let their walk and conversation show their heavenly calling; so that "men should take knowledge of them," quoted the preacher, "that they had been with Jesus."

The discourse, as a whole, seemed to Adrian, from the very beginning, conventional, monotonous, and unimpressive. But he reflected that he had heard just such sermons twice a day on nearly every Sunday since he could remember; and with a natural instinct for complete judgments, he set himself to find the good of it also. This was easy to find; the sermon was translucent with sincere and unconditional piety, faith, and love. Merit enough, said Adrian to himself. How can it be so lifeless to me? Am I a vessel of wrath, fitted to destruction, — created on purpose to be damned for the glory of God? "Ah, I have found it," he said in a moment; "these good

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qualities are the doctor's own, and they 'shine up' his theology. Let me read that sermon in print," — and in spite of him, the irreverent comparison of Doctor Veroil popped into his mind, about putting religion into theological expressions.

There were, moreover, divers matters connected with the sermon which had for Adrian much interest. As he listened to one dry conventional phrase after another, he kept admiring the parallelism between the perfectly sufficient sense, clearness, and even noticeable strength and cogency of the statements, all, nevertheless, utterly without grace, eloquence, or proportion, and the personal appearance and bearing of the speaker: strong, homely, manly enough, but perfect in a long and wooden ungracefulness, which, if it had been conscious, would have been awkwardness even to agony. Then, he observed how exclusively the sermon was addressed to Christians; insomuch that he caught himself repeating a variation on a text — "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *Christians* — of whom *we* are chief;" and again, "For I am not come to call *sinners*, but the *righteous*, to repentance." This sentiment occasioned him, however, an astonishment all at once, when, at the very end of his discourse, the good old doctor, as if he had suddenly remembered that there was a sinner or two left, seemed to throw over a buoy into the dark waves of their guilt for them to catch if they could, while he sailed triumphantly away to glory with his shipful of Christians. He diverged, to speak without figures, into a brief appeal to sinners, by way of appendix or vermiform process; beginning with the words, "And now, a few words to you, my impenitent hearers, if any such be present," — and proceeding in sentences of admonition and warning, that, like a good deal of the previous discourse, seemed to have been used over and over before, as they build second-hand bricks into a new wall. Still more observable was an indescribable tone or sentiment or something, which seemed to Adrian as if the doctor was saying to himself, "It won't do a bit of good — you'll be damned anyhow, but it's proper and usual to say something of this kind, so, here!" Adrian's own reflection was, that Christ used to *begin* with these same poor fellows, the sinners.

Less excusable were the observations which Adrian made upon the gestures of the preacher. It was not that the divine seemed out of place. Quite otherwise; he always seemed out of place anywhere else. What it was could not easily have been stated in words; but there was certainly something, in spite of all his homeliness and woodenness of motion, that impressed the hearer with the feeling that the sacred desk was the only proper place for him; one might even fancy that he lived there, like an artificial man in his show-box. But his gestures were so original, so queer, so unexpected. In vain would you search for them in any book, or watch for them in any concourse or resort of orators. Indeed, certain of these manœuvres were almost contortions, as if the worthy doctor were wrestling desperately with some great thought, in his intense desire to body it forth through motion; insomuch that Adrian secretly indulged in a few hasty sketches of two or three of them on a fly-leaf of the hymn-book. Two shall be given here. Perhaps they may be the beginning of a wholly

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new school of pulpit gesture and expression — who knows? Toomston is as good a name as Delsarte, any day. The first of these (see Fig. 1) illustrated a striking comparison used by the doctor in the course of his appeal for the Christian life. He was enlarging upon the trifling and transitory nature of this life, and the uncertainty and blindness in which we poor human beings flit as it were to and fro in dark and purposeless ways; and wound up a period with the words, "We glide vainly hither and thither, like little fishes within the Stream of Time." At these words, holding forth his large and bony hands in the very fish-like attitude of Fig. 1, he brandished them back and forth from the shoulder, past each other, with an indescribable furious angularity, which the cut cannot show at all, but even more wonderfully opposed to the flexible, swift ease of a

Fig. 1. Little Fishes.

fish's movements, than were the rugged outlines of the hands themselves, to the subtle, sinuous grace of a fish's form. Again, in setting forth, by way of contrast to this vain and unprofitable activity, the steady progress of the consistent Christian, from one grade of spiritual attainment to another, he enforced the assertion of the final splendor of the believer's glory, at the end of the laborious ascent, in the words "until at last he attains unto the stature of perfect uprightness," which uprightness he at the same time pictured forth with the following noble manual diagram (see Fig. 2), but dancing the two fingers thus daintily conjoined up and down at arms' end, before the audience, in a manner that greatly strengthened the impression, and which, as before, the cut, most unfortunately, cannot give.

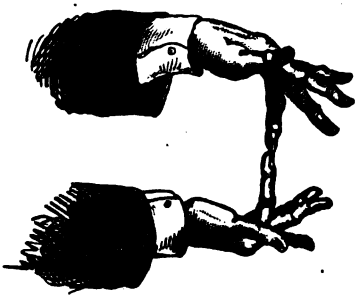

Fig. 2. Perfect Uprightness.

A third almost equally stirring appeal, was that in the afterthought to impenitent friends, where he cried out to the young men that were rushing to destruction, displaying at the same time a full front elevation of both hands as if to push the foolish fellows back again, "Pause, young men, pause!" A laugh that rises in church is always awfully hard to stifle; Adrian had to pretend to cough, and covered his mouth with one hand, and managed not to be openly indecent; he heard Mr. William Button snigger at the same moment.

Instead of filing slowly out along with ordinary people when the service was over and the benediction pronounced, Mr. Button and his family sat still until all that part of the church was almost empty. Then Dr. Toomston came gravely down from the sacred desk, and greeted several persons who had lingered near out of friendship or on some Sunday errand. Then Mr. Button arose, he and all his house, and stood in a group in the aisle, and the doctor came and talked with them.

[To be continued.]

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The Examiner.

Of those lesser literatures of the world, to which we called attention in the August number of Old and New, the smallest known to us is that of the Nukahivans, a tribe in the Marquesas Islands, visited successively by Krusenstern, Porter, Mr. Melville, and lately by the French missionaries. Ascending from this, we find many languages, which, by the efforts of missionaries, have a literature as extensive, at least, as the body of catechisms and other school-books requisite for their elementary instruction. Our friends, the Cherokees, publish their weekly newspaper in their own language, and have a few books beside.

There is, however, another set of languages, and of little literatures connected with them, which puts forward a claim to attention quite different from these, which are simply the handiwork of our own times. They are the languages which, by a certain hardihood in their structure, or by some patriotic zeal on the part of those who write them, have survived the absorption which has reduced the languages of Europe to a very small number of types; and they still stand out, not as mere patois or dialects, but as languages which have been formed by their own laws. One of the most curious of these is that spoken in the very heart of Switzerland, along the valleys of the Hinter-Rhein and the Vorder-Rhein, by people who are descendants from the old Roman and Italian colonists in those valleys. The tides of invasion—Gothic, Wend, Hun, or Frank—have turned aside from these valleys, and no wonder. In the fastnesses of the hills, where wheat is ripened at the height of 5,380 feet above the sea,—where towns are preserved from destruction by avalanches only by these forests which break the descent of the slides of ice and snow and earth,—there is not much temptation for conquerors. The Rustic Latin, therefore, as the grammarians call it, held its own here, with but little contamination from other sources,—and it still holds proudly to the name of the Romansch or Roman language. The Wallachian language, known as the Romouni, is another similar wreck of the Latin; and what we know as the Romance language, in which the Provençal romances were written, is a third. The traveller from

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Ragatz through Chur (Curia), either to the Splügen Pass, or by the Ober-Alp, passes up one or other of the valleys of the Upper Rhine; and he has the opportunity to read the newspapers, to examine the schools, or to talk with the peasantry in this Rustic Latin. The philologists, with precision, call it the Rhaeto-Romansch, having reference to the Rhaetian colony which first carried Italian words and customs into these valleys. But the people themselves, though they are proud of the Rhaetian name, do not use it in speaking of their language. And their own spelling is Romonsch, or Ramontsch. The language was at one time spoken through all Rhaetia, which included the Grisons, the Tyrol, and the adjacent districts of Switzerland and South Germany. At the present time you will find it spoken almost exclusively in some villages in the valleys I have named, while almost unknown in the next. It has of course received many words from the German neighbors of those who use it. The etymologists also find in it many hundred words relating to Alpine occupations, which they suppose to have come in from the Alpine tribes which the Rhaetian colonists found there. Livy says somewhere that these tribes were related to the Etruscans.

Fifty thousand people, at least, now speak this Rustic Latin. A newspaper is published in it, at Dissentis or Mester, — a point nearly four thousand feet above the sea, — which is, indeed, the literary head-quarters of the Romansch. One hundred and sixty-six printed books are known to exist in it, of which, I believe, the earliest book is an epic poem by Johannes Travers, himself the hero of his story. This was written in the year 1525. There are popular songs still older. In the Upper Engadine, another series of valleys, there is a kindred dialect known as the Ladin. There is a version of the Bible printed in this language as early as 1560. This is said to have had great influence in the spread of the Reformation in these valleys. Of the Ladin, I say nothing more, for a reason like that which induced Cousin to be silent regarding the Buddhists.[1] But having made some little acquaintance with the Romansch in the last summer, I am tempted to give here some little account of a language which would be curious if only as the vehicle of expression of the smallest number of people using one language in Europe. Besides this, the hints given by the Romansch on the history of the Latin language are enough of themselves to entitle it to attention.

There is a dictionary of the language by Conrad, a grammar by Palioppi, and a curious treatise on orthography and orthoepy by M. Carigiet, a decan at Dissentis. With the help of any of these books, any Latin scholar can make out the sense of the newspapers.

[1] "I say nothing of the Buddhists, because I know nothing of them." — *Cousin's Lectures.*

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The last named of these is an exceedingly interesting study of the euphonic changes which have brought the ancient Latin into the language of to-day.

Of those changes, one which interests an Englishman or American is this: that in the wear and tear of Latin roots high up in the Alps here, they have undergone, in many cases, the very same mutilations as in England; so that the words of to-day are our words. Thus the three grammatical terms, "Adverbs, Prepositions, and Conjunctions," are, in Romansch, "*Adverbs*, *Preposiziuns*, and *Conjunczíuns;*" the first, identical with our word, and the last two only differing in spelling. The grammar is an easy book to guess through, with these resemblances: "Vowel" is "*Vocal;*" "Consonants" is "*Consonants;*" "Diphthong" is "*Diftong;*" "Exception" is "*Excepziun;*" "Accent" is "*Accent;*" "Observation" is "*Observaziun.*" The change from Latin is often suggestive. "Questio" becomes "*custiun*," "Caput" becomes "*tgau*," dropping its last syllable through the midway forms, *capetel* and *cau*, while the initial letter retains all its hardness, or more. "Observaziun" and "excepziun" make one think that Jack Downing and Mr. Nasby knew more Latin than they thought they did, but that they kept their Latin in the Romansch form.

Some of the participial forms have a curiously English look. "Access, recess, congress, ingress, regress, progress" are all good Romansch. So are "*incess*, *concess*, *grass*," which we do not have, but which would not be bad words. "Fix, affix, crucifix, reflex, reflexiv, complex, complexiv, perplex," are all Romansch; but they are all participial nouns, — not verbs or adjectives.

Such resemblances as these to our own language come in in the midst of forms which look very oddly, but which almost always are solvable in the light of Comparative Philology. *Ditg* is an odd-looking word, but is only *dictum*, with the *um* worn off, and the last letters inverted. Similar words are *fatg* for factum, *dretg* for rectum.

Hodie becomes *oz;* homo, through humanum, becomes *um;* diabolus is *guivel;* quis is *tgi*, by a change like that in caput. *Bucca*, Latin for mouth, — which in Pliny's time had come to mean a *cavity*, — has come round here to be the regular negative of the language, *omission*, *emptiness*.

Such examples will show, that for a bold English guesser, who understands Latin tolerably, the Romansch language offers great opportunities. Take the following passage from M. Carigiet's grammar: "La dultschezia dil lungatg Ramontsch, l'inclinaziun de plidar spert e flessigond han introduciu biaras metamorfosas dils Vocals,

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assimilaziuns denter ils Consonants, sco era spessas parentesas meta tesas ed apostrofas de Vocals e Consonants, il qual tut ha bucca mo ambellia il lungatg, mobein era rendiu bia pli difficultufa l'analisa de quel en sias frequentas transformaziuns." Word for word this means: "The sweetness of the language Romontsch, the inclination to speak spiritedly [*peert*] and flowingly, have introduced various metamorphoses of the vowels, assimilations among the consonants, and also many parentheses, metatheses, and apostrophes of vowels and consonants, the which all have not more embellished the language than have rendered much more difficult the analysis of it in its frequent transformations."

Now, let the guesser who thinks it is quite easy to translate Romansch try his hand with these aphorisms.

"Affons pigns e pigns disgusts, affons grons e grons disgusts. — Pli car ch'igl affon ei e pli scharfa la torta.

We will send OLD AND NEW for a year as a prize for the best translation.

E. E. H.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA.[1]

MATTHEW ARNOLD, of all people in the world, has made the most interesting contribution to the English theology of the day.

We cannot but hope, what it is too early to say, that this little book will work its way where the treatises and sermons of the clergy fail to go. No one can charge Mr. Arnold with being the slave of a system. No one can say that he is fighting for an institution which has trained him into a prejudice in its own favor. No one can say that he has travelled so long in one deep-worn lane that he can only see what happens to be at its two ends. This is what people say or think when the clergy speak in enthusiastic terms of the Bible and of religion. But Mr. Arnold is a free lance, if anybody is. Mr. Arnold represents criticism and the critical school of thought, with a prominence at present which no other Englishman has gained. What man dares, he dares; and no fear of unpopularity, of present wrath, or of future punishment will deter him from saying what he thinks. He holds a pen, too, sharp as a bee's sting, and wields it with wit, not to say humor, which most people call ill-natured, but which seems to us only the exuberance of a vigorous life. When, therefore, Mr. Matthew Arnold comes to the front, and not only says but proves that "the Bible has such power for teaching righteousness, that even to those who come to it with all sorts of false notions about the God of the Bible, it yet teaches righteousness, and fills them with the love of it; and how much more those who come to it with a true notion about the God of the Bible," — when with all his wealth of illustration, he shows in a hundred forms, that men who care for righteousness and want righteousness must come to the Bible, as thirsty men seek a spring,— why, all sorts of peo-

[1] Literature and Dogma. An Essay towards a better apprehension of the Bible. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

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ple, learned and unlearned, the people of "culture" and the "masses," will be apt to heed the advice, as they can hardly be expected to when it is offered in the words of those whom they crave to think hired advocates or prejudiced advisers.

Mr. Arnold's theology is this, that there is an Enduring Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness. To this Eternal Power the English-speaking nations give the name of God. This God is revealed in Israel and the Bible as it is not by other teachers and books. For the essence of the Old Testament is, "To him that ordereth his conversation aright shall be shown the salvation of God," — and the essence of the New Testament is, "Follow Jesus," who took the individual human being, man by man, and showed to him the salvation of God. Mr. Arnold claims that at least three fourths of life, probably seven eighths of life, is, for any man, the necessity of ordering his conversation aright and seeing the salvation of God. And his book is substantially an argument to show that the man of sense who has determined to do this, will come to the Bible, to the Old Testament, and to Jesus Christ, and that no other teachers or books will do as well.

This simple statement is made up almost wholly, and, as we believe, with entire correctness, in Mr. Arnold's words.

For the proof of the absolute power, not to say the absolute necessity, of the Bible, Mr. Arnold is not satisfied, as so many of our critical friends are, to go to the Bible itself. That method is a vicious and small circle, and one would say that even a child in reasoning would see that it is. At all events, Mr. Arnold is quite too quick and clear-sighted a critic to commit himself in any such blunder. He trusts to the experimental proof, as all the great leaders of men do, — such men as Wesley and George Fox and John Baptist, — and all the men of insight, such men as Tauler and the author of the Invitation, — or as, once for all he might say, the Master of Life did. If any wide-awake and truly intelligent Methodist bishop found Matthew Arnold conducting a class-meeting, he would say, and say truly, that he believed in "experimental religion." It is the only religion which is worth believing in.

The object of the book is to free persons of culture on the one side, and the great mass of the laboring men of England on the other side, from the prejudice against the Bible which they certainly have. The author says, and as we believe he proves, that this prejudice has sprung from their seeing the vicious circle by which the Bible is made a witness for its own supernatural claim, — and from the persistency by which it is called into court as a witness to certain dogmas with regard to God and man, — which it has very little to say about, — and which, as the author maintains, have no reference to conduct. Now, as we have said, he holds that conduct, not culture, is by far the more essential thing in human life; that it may be said that seven eighths of life probably, and three fourths certainly, have to do with conduct. With bitterness — quite foreign, as we must confess, to the "sweet gentleness of Christ," in which he believes most fervently — Mr. Arnold eschews the systems of dogma in which the trained ecclesiastics take an interest so preposterous. He says that the Bible has very little to do with them. And he maintains that the aversion to it, which has

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been the steady growth of the last fifty years, has been in large measure the result of the process by which again and again — on every Sunday indeed, and in almost every printed tract and treatise — the Bible is summoned to testify in regard to them.

With reference to immortality, the plan of the book requires him to say but little. But Mr. Arnold knows that the habit of our time requires a man, in every book he writes, to state what he believes about everything. And before he finishes this book, in a terse but very strong chapter, he shows that in proportion as a man truly lives, or finds out what life is, in that proportion he knows, feels, or has confidence in his immortality. And he binds this view to his central theme, by showing that one of the "certainties" is "the sense of *life*, of being truly alive, which accompanies righteousness. If this experimental sense does not rise to be stronger in us, does not rise to the sense of being inextinguishable, that is probably because our experience of righteousness is really so very small. Here we may well permit ourselves to trust Jesus, whose practice and intention, both of them, went in these matters so far deeper than ours. . . . Here is the true basis for all religious aspiration after immortality."

It must be understood that Mr. Arnold does not, himself, group together what we have ventured to call his "theology" in any such severe condensation as we have made. He would himself be disgusted at such an abridgment. And he would be displeased, perhaps, if any one implied that he had a "theology." Such disgust has the mixture of dogma with religion awakened in him. But we must call it something. And as a man's notion about God and immortality, and men's knowledge of God and immortality, has popularly come to be called "theology," we venture to give this name to Mr. Arnold's views in those regards.

As we have said, we cannot but hope that the sincere views of such a man on such themes may have very great value among English and American readers, first among cultivated people, and then among those larger classes, less trained, but more enthusiastic, among whom the old superstitious interest in the Bible has so far abated. We must confess that we have been disappointed that the little book of the Duke of Somerset, which awakened so great curiosity in England, had so little influence in this country. But Mr. Arnold's book supplements that book very happily, and supplies, to a certain degree, its great deficiency. And we can well believe that many a thoughtful man, sick to the very death of religion as expounded in Calvinistic or in Formalistic pulpits, should take comfort not to be described from the study of these two books upon the Bible. The Duke of Somerset, in a clear, calm, and pitiless criticism, analyzed the New Testament. The deficiency to which we have alluded was one bred of the great deficiency of Western Theology, and it vitiated all the reasoning of a book of which the critical power was admirable. That is to say, to the Duke of Somerset, as to so many men like him, trained in mechanical religion, the great word "Faith" had no adequate meaning. Jesus Christ demands "Faith," he says sadly. "But what is it that we are to believe?"

Now this is only a relic of that convenient, but very pretty theory, which supposes that when Jesus

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spoke of "Faith," he spoke of assent to some formula; as a man may "believe" the rule of three, or "believe" the telegram in the morning's paper. The word itself, derived from *fides*, and allied to the Greek πίστις, is unfortunate, because it suggests such intellectual conviction. But Jesus Christ has nothing to say about intellectual conviction. He is always urging men to fall back on the essential law of their original being, — on the spark of divinity in every child of God: what we sometimes call "sense of right," sometimes call "sense of God," and sometimes "sense of heaven." "Trust this," Jesus says, "as I trust it, and you will live truly, — with abundant life, as I live."

Mr. Matthew Arnold sees thoroughly that the "Faith" of Jesus Christ was in no sort a Greek's intellectual conviction, — that it was wholly "spiritual certainty," or what the old English authors and the Scotch writers call "moral certainty." The Duke of Somerset did not see this. His book closes with a gasping appeal to somebody to tell him what was the statement which Jesus Christ wanted to have us commit to memory. The two books taken together, as we believe, will be great help and comfort, as we have said, to many a thoughtful man and woman who has been tangled, tripped, tired out, and all tattered and torn in the net-works of popular intellectual dogma which usurps the name of religion.

We cannot, therefore, but express our serious regret at the reception which Mr. Arnold's book has experienced from many of its critics. We own that he is very hard on the clergy of all sects, makes fun of them and theirs without stint. The book is materially injured, both artistically and practically, by its ridicule of the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, by the fun about Lord Shaftesbury, and by the attacks on Dissenters in general. To be sure that he "hit every head," Mr. Arnold has to rake up some forgotten tenet from a Polish Catechism, to taunt the "Socinians." We can see, therefore, that when his book is intrusted for review to a gentleman trained as a clergyman, there would be temptation enough to show the weak points in the witty writer's armor. And weak points of course there are. There are undoubtedly sheer misunderstandings of the text of Scripture, for instance. So we said in the outset of our war, that the regular West Point officer was more disposed, sometimes, to make fun of the blunders of a volunteer colonel, than to thank him for the thousand men whom he put into the line of battle. But four years of fight cured West Point officers of such professional delusions. We could have wished that the professional clergy—when they did find an ally, and such an ally, in the ranks of the laymen—should be more eager in acknowledging the positive strength he brought to their cause, than in pointing out his omissions, his negligences, or his failures. They would have shown more dignity and more consciousness of strength than the critics have shown of whom we speak, if they had been less sensitive to Mr. Arnold's barking and buzzing. If my dog takes my sledge along over the ice, I know I can afford to let him snarl a good deal on the way.

As we have intimated, the book shows once and again that the author has not himself gained the "sweet reasonableness" which he so eagerly commends in the author of Christianity. Nor is it simply that temper which the author has not gained. In

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his eagerness to trust everything to the "Great Experiment" of living the life which the Bible demands, he speaks so recklessly of much which the Bible tells, as to give great pain, we are well aware, to most serious readers. For there is in the world a large body of us, who, having looked in the face all that is said of Power, believe that Spirit is Master, and that Matter is Slave. We believe that Human Will or Divine Will are, one or other of them, the rulers in all that passes. We are not, therefore, disturbed or annoyed, as some other men are, with the traces of miracle in the Christian History. For miracle is simply the display of the power of Spirit over Matter. But we understand very well that, now that the Christian system is established, it is the Christian religion which makes the Christian miracles provable, — and we know very well that our adversaries will not be satisfied when we bring the Christian histories into the field, to prove, by the mere record of miracles, the present claim of the Christian religion. We therefore do not use them so.

Most of us, indeed, believe with Dr. Wayland, that "Christianity has no defensive armor. It must be on the aggressive or it is lost." But it has its principles. We will not conceal our satisfaction when these principles are stated by a man of Mr. Arnold's power in the world. It is not, alas, every day, that a critic of high reputation, and a man of the most careful literary culture, takes the pains which he has taken to come to the support and proclamation of the fundamental postulates of the Christian Religion.

We have ventured to say that his book maintains those postulates. Put it to an every-day test. Suppose that to any church in America, not involved at the moment in dogmatic controversy, some man or woman came and said simply this: "Brethren, I find that the Jesus Christ brings me personally to God, — that the Bible helps me to immortality and to true life as nothing else can help me, — that the one thing needful to me is to know God and his righteousness, — and to that knowledge, with the help of the Bible and the Christ whom I find in it, I consecrate my life." On such a confession, — which is so much greater than any profession, — the educated clergy of ninety-nine out of one hundred churches in America would be glad to receive an humble and upright man to their communion. The clergy know, what the "lay members" also are beginning to learn, that a creed should be of india-rubber, and not of cast-steel. They might have artificial hinderances to prevent them, but in reality they would be sorry for those hinderances and would try to get over them. Practically, in most cases they would get over them. Tried by a test as commonplace as that, Mr. Arnold's book recommends itself to the average sense of average well-meaning Christian men, when they are not blinded or deafened by the flashes or the thunders of dogmatic theology.

E. E. H.

SIBLEY'S HARVARD GRADUATES.[1]

No one can read a dozen pages in Mr. Sibley's volume without feeling

[1] Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. By John Langdon Sibley, M. A., Librarian of Harvard University, and member of the Massachusetts and other Historical Societies. Volume I. 1642–1658. With an Appendix, containing an abstract of the Steward's accounts, and notices of non graduates, from 1649–50 to 1659. Cambridge: C. W. Sever. 1873. 8vo. pp. xx and 618.

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that it is a labor of love in which the author has been engaged for nearly a third of a century. Nothing but an enthusiastic interest in his theme could have sustained him through so much of intellectual drudgery in the collection of his materials; and nothing but an equal and unflagging interest could have enabled him afterward to mould them into a satisfactory form. So long ago as 1842 he was appointed to edit the Triennial Catalogue, and in that year he began to collect the materials for these sketches. Three years later, he inserted, for the first time, in the Triennial, the dates of the deaths of graduates; and subsequently, in 1859, he began the preparation of a series of memoirs by writing sketches of the first four graduates in the class of 1701. The sources from which his materials have been drawn are so numerous and so various as almost to defy any attempt at classification or enumeration. Prominent among them, however, should be mentioned the memoranda made in interleaved Triennials by four graduates of the last century, — the Rev. Nicholas Gilman, of Durham, N. H.; the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap, author of the History of New Hampshire and of the American Biography; William Winthrop, Esq., of Cambridge; and the Rev. Dr. John Pierce, of Brookline. The only other person, besides Cotton Mather, who had done much in the way of collecting materials or writing memoirs, when Mr. Sibley began his labors, was the famous genealogist, John Farmer, of Concord, N. H. Subsequently, the late Dr. Joseph Palmer, whose Necrology of Harvard College was read with so much interest in the columns of the "Daily Advertiser" on the morning of the annual commencement, devoted much time to collecting facts in regard to graduates. "With the view of correcting and adding to the obituary dates," says Mr. Sibley, referring to Dr. Palmer, "he devoted nearly eighteen months to the examination of newspapers, numbering, during this period, no less than seven hundred volumes. Current deaths have also engaged his attention. He told me in 1855, that, in the course of the preceding eleven years, he had daily visited the Merchants' Reading Room, where about a hundred newspapers from different parts of the United States were received, and made minutes of all the notices of deaths and other information he could there find concerning Harvard graduates." From other persons information was obtained from time to time; and in describing the manner in which his collections are preserved, Mr. Sibley is able to say that the allusions to graduates contained in them have been "found by inspecting numerous periodicals and files of newspapers, and probably more than two hundred thousand volumes and pamphlets in public and private libraries in New England and New York." So thoroughly has Mr. Sibley done his work, that the future gleaner in this field will be fortunate to find anything in print which has escaped his keen search.

But thoroughness is not the only merit to which our author can lay just claim. His sketches are uniformly candid, impartial, and kindly; and if we cannot always, as in the case of Urian Oakes, Increase Mather, and perhaps some other instances, altogether concur in his views, it is only on subjects about which there will probably always be a difference of opinion among historical inquirers.

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The memoirs in the volume before us comprise the lives of ninety-eight persons, representing sixteen classes, — there being no graduates in 1644 and 1648. Among these are not a few men who filled important stations either here or in England. George Downing, the unworthy son of a noble mother, who went back to England, and held a conspicuous place in the diplomatic service of Cromwell and of Charles II; his classmate, Rev. William Hubbard, of Ipswich, author of the History of New England, and of the History of Philip's War; George Stirk, or Storkey, as he wrote his name, a noted physician in London; the Rev. Jonathan Mitchel, of Cambridge, called by Cotton Mather, with pardonable exaggeration, "the matchless Mr. Mitchel"; Rev. Urian Oakes, fourth president of the college; William Stoughton, chief-justice of the court established for the trial of the witches at Salem, and lieutenant-governor under the second charter; Rev. Leonard Hoar, third president of the college; Rev Michael Wigglesworth, author of The Day of Doom, and some other dismal poetry; Rev. Gershom Bulkeley, famous in Connecticut as a minister, a physician, and a politician; Rev. Increase Mather, the most active and influential minister of his day, and a man of unquestioned ability, however much some of his acts may be condemned; and the first Elisha Cooke, who was largely concerned in the political agitations of his time. It may be added, as a fact worthy of notice, that nearly half of the first hundred graduates "returned home" and sought congenial employment in England or elsewhere.

The memoirs differ, of course, greatly in minuteness of detail; some of them covering only a few lines, while others extend to more than twenty pages. At the end of each sketch is given a list of the works, in print or in manuscript, which the subject of the sketch is known to have left at his death. In the case of Increase Mather, we have a list of one hundred and sixty-two productions, filling nearly thirty-two pages. The authorities for each sketch are enumerated in a note, also placed at the end. In printing his citations, Mr. Sibley has followed the original with scrupulous exactness, even in respect to the use of italics and capitals; and he has generally named the writer from whom the quotation is taken. It would have been better if he had always done this, and if he had placed in a foot-note a specific reference to the volume and page in which the passage quoted may be found. These citations, most of which are from contemporaneous writers, are chosen with excellent judgment, and form one of the most characteristic and attractive features of Mr. Sibley's volume.

In preparing his sketches for publication, he has exhibited the same conscientious fidelity and the same unwearied industry which he had already evinced in the collection of his materials. How much labor he has bestowed on this part of his task might be inferred from the length of time in which the volume has been in the press. Affixed to the ninth signature, the first which is dated, is the date on which it was printed, April 21, 1871. The thirty-eighth signature bears date June 6, 1873, a little more than two years afterward. But from Mr. Sibley's Preface we learn some other suggestive facts. The memoirs of graduates from 1642 to 1720 "having been

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completed 8 February, 1867," he says, "a revision of the earliest classes was then begun with a view to publication; May 27, 1870, a Prospectus was issued; September 27, a proof of the first pages was received, the probability being that the work would be speedily published. I soon found, however, that much biographical information had been brought to light since the sketches of the early graduates were penned, and that without it they would be very defective. Moreover, an experience of many years had considerably developed the capacity for investigation, and suggested unexplored fields for research. Consequently, the entire volume has been carefully rewritten, chiefly by night, while it has been in press; and although, as the result, it contains less than half the proposed number of names, the information respecting these is more than double what was anticipated when the Prospectus was issued." Such long-continued and persevering industry in the discharge of his self-imposed task, which it is certain that no one else could have performed so well, should secure for Mr. Sibley the gratitude not only of every son of Harvard College, but also of every student of our early history. It is impossible that Mr. Sibley should ever receive any adequate pecuniary recompense for his labors, but we hope that there may be a sufficient inducement for him to publish still more of the fruits of his research.

Of the memoirs now printed, we have read with most interest the sketches of George Downing, and of the three presidents, Hoar, Oakes, and Mather. The estimate of Downing is by no means a favorable one, but it is sustained by all that is known of him, and each new fact that comes to light only confirms the opinion which his contemporaries had of his utter want of principle. In writing the lives of Hoar and Oakes, our author has to deal with their supposed rivalry, and he dissents from the unfavorable judgment in regard to Oakes which was pronounced by President Quincy in his History of Harvard College. But to us there seems little doubt that Quincy was right, and that Oakes was concerned in a factious opposition to Hoar, which was in large part inspired by a wish to succeed him in the presidency. It is seldom, if ever, safe to accept the statements of Cotton Mather, unless they are sustained by independent testimony from less credulous or less prejudiced witnesses; but he probably told the truth when he attributed Hoar's difficulties to "the emulation of some seeking the preferment." The sketch of Increase Mather does full justice to his ability, his industry, and his skill in procuring the second charter; but we are inclined to think that Mr. Sibley passes too lightly over Mather's course at the time of the witchcraft delusion, and that his view of his character is somewhat too favorable. In spite of Mather's positive declarations that he agreed in opinion with his son, it is doubtful how far he really approved the proceedings in the witchcraft trials; and in the dispute with Dudley, he does not appear in a very creditable light. His selection of Phips as governor, under the new Charter, was perhaps as good a one as he could have made. Still, it was an unwise choice; and it is not uncharitable to believe that Mather was largely influenced by the fact that Phips was his parishioner.

Several of the other sketches will

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be read with scarcely less interest, and in nearly all will be found many new facts and curious citations. The volume is not only a permanent record, to which every student of our early annals must have constant recourse, but it may be read with pleasure even by those who have no special taste for antiquarian studies.

C. C. S.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.[1]

Dr. John Hall, the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in the city of New York, is probably the clergyman of the largest personal influence in that city. Whenever that church is open, whether on Sunday or on a week-day, it is filled with an attentive congregation eager to hear him. And quite outside of that congregation, and outside of the Presbyterian Church, to which it belongs, his devoted service, and the directness and simplicity of his work, have earned the respect and regard which they so well deserve.

Such personal qualities arrest attention for the little book which we have named, just now published. Dr. Hall has found, what so many clergymen find, that the freer circumstances of what is called a "Bible class" give him opportunities for more familiar discussion of some topics than is possible with a large congregation never twice the same. The last winter he directed the attention of his "Ladies' Bible Class" to twenty-five subjects, which he calls, fairly enough, "Questions of the Day," and he has now published the papers, or studies, which for this class he thus prepared.

Of the subjects which belong to our day rather than to any other day, or which were specially suggested by current events, there are not many. "Is the Human Race one?" "Should we Pray?" "What is an Apostolic Church?" "Is Christianity to be Modernized?" "What is the Value of the Fathers?" "How much Ritual is there in the New Testament?" "Is Spiritualism in the Bible?" "What have the Old Catholics to do?" — are those which may be regarded as called out specially by some recent books and recent discussions. The other questions are questions of this day and of all days. But in the treatment of many of them, it is evident that Dr. Hall had reference to some recent book or discussion which had lately occupied his attention.

We have no doubt that the book will have much value for the class for whom it was prepared, — as a memorial of meetings which have been most interesting, with one whom they must delight to meet. And we must say that it seems to us a remarkable monument of the winter's work of a man, who must have had a thousand other things to do, while he was preparing these twenty-five lectures, on subjects world-wide apart from each other. He approaches each of them without shrinking and without boasting, confident that the Holy Spirit will carry him through. He is sure he is in the right, and so he boldly defies his adversary.

Still it is a pity that the book was published. Outside the circle which heard it, it must be that such work will seem to the prudent and careful student hasty and unsatisfactory. There may be reasons for reading to a class of ladies a paper which states the argument on both sides as to the unity of the human race, and solves the question in a space so compact

[1] Questions of the Day. By the Rev. John Hall, D. D. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1873.

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that we could copy it in three of these pages. But there is no reason for publishing such a paper more widely. It hardly answers, in the freedom of the class-room, to dispose of such names as Büchner's, in this discussion, by such a statement as this: "Judging of those (in sympathy with Darwin) whom we do not know, such as Büchner, by those whom we do, such as Lubbock, this array does not terrify us." It does not meet the case at all to print such a boast. When he adds that the Duke of Argyle, Dr. Bachman of Charleston, and M. Flourens of the Jardin des Plantes, "may be weighed against" Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Lyell, Vogt, Lubbock, Büchner, Rolle, and Häckel, — having confessed that there are some of these whom he does not know, — the judicious grieve. "They may be weighed," — so was Belshazzar weighed. But they too may be found wanting.

The great danger of the pulpit, as all preachers know, is that no one is going to reply. The reason why rhetoric so often takes the place of logic there, and assertion of proof, may be found in this absence of immediate rejoinder. This little book is vitiated all the way through by what laymen call the pulpit habits bred in one-sided statement. Often and often is it the business of the preacher to state the result he has come at, — even where he does not prove it. Thus it would be preposterous to bring before a general audience an argument as to the meaning of a Hebrew or Greek sentence. The preacher has an entire right to say: "So far as you trust me, this means thus and so," — to offer his statement, bare and simple, with no proof around it. But woe to the preacher who comes to think that that statement is a conclusion. When any preacher ventures, even in pleasantry, on such a statement as this: "We have no objection to 'ritual,' provided it be of the right kind," — he inevitably challenges the hearer, and raises the suspicion that he is going again to bring in his own assertion as to truth, in place of some illustration or demonstration of it.

Dr. Hall is a Presbyterian. And the Assembly's Catechism is to him as the voice of God. He really almost scorns himself for reading even the Duke of Argyle, and Dr. Bachman of Charleston, when he had in his memory the Shorter Catechism. It seems, it is true, that there is one verbal inaccuracy in the Confession of Faith, which would have been saved if the Assembly at Westminster had properly weighed the difference between *bara* and *hasah*, in the Hebrew accounts of the Creation. But, as Dr. Hall implies, it is hardly worth while to call a Pan-Presbyterian synod to wipe out so little a spot from so brilliant a sun. For the rest, he knows how to manage the confession so as to make it a little more tractable. It seems that when it says we are totally depraved and incompetent to good, it does not mean people who have been under Christian influences of any sort, it only means that the average savage is in that condition; it seems, and this we are very glad to find, "that the literal view of interpretation" of Scripture "cannot be defended; that the millennium will not be a new form of the kingdom of grace, but its establishment on the minds of men as generally as ever the sway of evil has been felt; that Christ will reign, not in bodily form, but by his word and spirit." Nay, we confess that we are surprised to read, that the Christian

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sacraments themselves, in comparison with the sacraments of the Old Testament, "perpetuate what was so distinctive a feature to Jewish believers; as a lower ridge of hills represents the distant mountain range of which it is a part, and conducts gradually to the fertile valleys below." This suggestion, that Christianity is a sort of transition between Judaism and something rich and fertile in the future, sounds more like Mr. Frothingham than like old-fashioned Presbyterianism. But that we believe to be only a piece of the careless rhetoric of a speaker who did not expect to be replied to. On the whole, the general reader of this book will be simply amazed that scholarly men and men of sound intelligence are still satisfied with treatment so superficial of the greatest questions which can occupy mankind.

WOMAN IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

THESE papers upon "the successive phases of woman's life," as their author terms them, have already been favorably received, as published in the "Boston Journal."[1] They contain many sensible suggestions, and present a not inaccurate picture of the experience of an American woman, as nearly as it can be presented in the abstract. We could wish that Mrs. Woolson, the author, might have ventured to give these hints in clearer and less ornamental language; but apparently the necessity of making a series of brilliant newspaper articles has led her into an exaggerated style which we must needs qualify by the word "smart." It is possible that this may attract a certain class of readers, perhaps the very ones whom it is an object to influence. Still it is a pity that in discussing an important subject, a little taste for satire, or a free use of almost slang words, should take away the force of what might be a strong dose of advice. Again: we are sorry to see that Mrs. Woolson has taken up a form of argument originally begun by men, and which we have been surprised to see even "strong-minded" women fall into. She directly concedes that men — is it because they are men? — have reached perfection in convenience and suitableness of dress. This is a very un-strong-minded, womanlike concession. "His apparel is a most sensible adaptation to the needs of his life;" "it is composed of a few pieces that are easily adjusted, while their weight is made to depend entirely from the shoulders," our author says. These assertions have become so usual a part of treatises on health and dress, that they have become regarded as axioms; and, originally uttered by men, are repeated conventionally by even progressive women. Is there truth in them? Look at a woman's sloping shoulders, and the contrast of her shape with that of a man! It was natural for a man, who found no difficulty in holding his "suspenders" upon his shoulders, to enunciate the idea, that the burden must necessarily be carried from the shoulder by both man and woman. We should have supposed that a woman, writing upon the subject, would mention the difficulty experienced by every woman, in keeping "straps" or "braces" upon her shoulder, — a difficulty, in some cases, amounting to impossibility, — while, on the other hand, nature has evidently fitted her hips to bear her burden. Of course

[1] Woman in American Society. By Abba Gould Woolson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. Cloth. $1 50.

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any number of treatises or tirades against an overburden either upon the hips or the shoulders cannot be out of place.

Again, is it true that a man's apparel is "a most sensible adaptation to the needs of his life"? Perhaps so, to certain needs. But suppose a man and woman about to walk through a swamp: the man must stop to tuck his trousers into his boots, while the woman, with shortened dress and thick boots, lightly precedes him. The monotonous gray or black dress may be convenient, because it can be worn day after day; but is it any cleaner? It may not show dirt, but the dirt is there. Is not that a neater dress that requires washing at least once a month, because it does show dirt?

A man can dress himself in quicker time than a woman, because his dress is composed of fewer pieces. It is surely an advantage not to be obliged to cumber one's mind with the various details of a woman's wardrobe. But in our hard-pressed and exhausting life, is the utilization of time the great thing to be demanded? On the other hand, beauty or elegance of dress or appearance is one of the first necessities for man or for woman. The truth is, men are in general so badly dressed in America, that most persons do not know that they could be dressed better. The different views with regard to "the waste of time" that are taken by different minds are singular. There are moralists of the present day who regret that our women are not taught to sew and stitch like their grandmothers. As though it were any more virtuous for a mother to sit and stitch wristbands for her sons' shirts, than it is for her to spend hours over ruffles for her daughters' skirts. Mrs. Woolson does not make this mistake; she makes some very sensible remarks upon sewing. We wish she had worked out more clearly her chapter upon "Accomplishments," by explaining that the mistake is made when these are not "accomplishments," — something "accomplished," — but when time is frittered away in beginning some study that is never completed. If our girls were "accomplished," — finished, — that is, to some practical and reasonable extent, — in water-color-painting, for instance, their eagerness for occupation, both summer and winter, would find one more respectable vent. We would like to say something more for worsted-work, which Mrs. Woolson inclines to dismiss as mere frittering. The taste for color, that might be gratified in mere dress, can find a great satisfaction in the disposing of gay Berlin wools, and this work, on canvas, and with a needle that can be threaded almost without sight, may be less trying to the eyes than many other occupations, while it can be carried on in the midst of an interesting conversation, or will soothe the mind in lonely hours when other occupation is not at hand, or when the brain demands rest from study or real work.

DIMITRI ROUDINE.[1]

We are glad to see that, after three years, this clever novel, to which we called attention long ago, has found a translator. It is a pity the work is not better done.

[1] Dimitri Roudine. By Ivan Turgénieff. (Leisure Hour Series.) Reprinted from "Every Saturday." New York: Holt & Williams. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

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OTHER NEW BOOKS.

MISS OR MRS.? AND OTHER STORIES. By Wilkie Collins. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 8vo. Paper. 50 cents.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1872. Washington: Government Printing Office. 8vo. Cloth.

THE GYPSY'S WARNING. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

TOO SOON. A STUDY OF A GIRL'S HEART. By Katharine S. Macquoid. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Paper. 50 cents.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Fifty-two Illustrations by Thomas Nast. New York: Harper & Bros. Royal 8vo. Cloth. $1.50.

A SIMPLETON. A STORY OF THE DAY. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Cloth. $1.00.

THE BAZAR BOOK OF HEALTH. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo. Cloth. $1.00

THE OXFORD METHODISTS Memoirs of the Rev. Messrs. Clayton, Ingham, Gambold, Hervey, and Broughton, with Biographical Notices of Others. By the Rev. L. Tyerman. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. Cloth. $2.50.

OLD ROME AND NEW ITALY (RECUERDOS DE ITALIA). By Emilio Castelar. Translated by Mrs. Arthur Arnold. New York: Harper & Bros 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

THE WOOING O'T. A Novel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

CHURCH AND STATE IN THE UNITED STATES: With an Appendix on the German Population. By Joseph P. Thompson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. Cloth. $1.50.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Edith Thompson. Edited by Edward A. Freeman. New York: Henry Hol & Co. 16mo. Cloth. $1.00.

FAMOUS CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. With an Introduction on the Theory of Presumptive Proof. By S. N. Phillips. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 8vo. Cloth. $2.25.

CIRCULARS OF INFORMATION OF THE BUREAU OF EDUCATION. No. 2. 1873. Schools in British India. Washington: Government Printing Office. 8vo. Paper.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE TOWN HALL, BROOKLINE, Feb. 22, 1873. Brookline: By authority of the Town. 8vo. Cloth.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, at the Annual Meeting, June 17, 1873, with the Address of G. W. Warren, President. Boston: The Association. 8vo. Cloth.

THE HUMOROUS CHAP-BOOKS OF SCOTLAND. By John Fraser. Part I. New York: H. L. Hinton. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25.

THE FAIR GOD; OR, THE LAST OF THE 'TZINS. A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico. By Lew. Wallace. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Cloth. $2.

THOREAU: The Poet Naturalist. With Memorial Verses. By W. E. Channing. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. Cloth. $2.00.

THE HEIRESS IN THE FAMILY. A Novel. By Mr. Mackenzie Daniel. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

[NOTE TO ALL PERSONS WHATEVER —Any book named in "The Examiner," or any other book that is to be had, will be mailed to any address, free of postage *both ways*, on receipt of the retail price.]

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Musical Review.

[Figures 1 to 7 inclusive indicate degree of difficulty; *e. g.* 1 very easy, 7 very difficult. Capitals (A to G) the key. Small letters without brackets, the range for the voice.]

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont Street.

Invitation à la Polka. 4. E^b.
C. Evers 40

Quite bright and graceful. Movement *allegretto*, with a short introduction *andante quasi recitativo*, followed by a brilliant cadenza. Rhythm excellent. If played in strict time would be a favorite polka; the tempo given, however, is marked *rubato*, admitting as many interpretations and as much irregularity as one's musical conscience will allow. The second theme, *poco piu lento*, is in A^b but returns prettily into the original key and theme with which the piece closes. Not difficult and quite sure to please. It is No. 26 in the third series of choice selections for the piano.

The Cyclone. 4. B^b. E. Julian Gray 60

A brilliant Tarantelle. There is always a certain fascination in this never-ending dance movement. Every author of light music sooner or later tries his hand at it. After all, the test of success is in the player quite as much as the composer, who can only indicate that which the fingers must adequately translate, to make the Tarantelle intelligible to the hearer. The key changes twice, and the composition ends in E^b. Played smoothly, with clear, clean accent, would be pleasing.

Belles of Ottawa. 3. F. J. S. Knight $1.00

Galop Brillante. Composed expressly for the Ottawa Ladies' Academy, and dedicated to Prof. E. J. Butler. Mr. Knight is a popular author, and doubtless has added to his popularity among the Ottawa belles by the compliment implied. There are no difficulties to frighten any young belle who is a musical aspirant, although the tempo is *allegro brillante*. The Trio is in B^b, followed by the original theme in F, closing with *ff*, *accelerando furioso!* The way, we believe, with *galops*.

Vocal.

A Message from the Deep. 4. E^b. (B^b to F). Berger . . .50

No. 7 in the series of Mr. M. W. Whitney's songs, with photograph of Mr. Whitney on title-page. Poetry by R. Buchanan. As a song only, the music is not difficult; the accompaniment, however, comes under the head of descriptive music, and needs careful practice as well as skill to prove properly effective. Every admirer of Mr. Whitney, if he have also a good bass voice, or even a full, deep baritone, should sing *A Message from the Deep*. Movement, *allegretto*, closing with an *Adagio*, as: —

"The knell of the doomed ship, 'Dawn of Light,'
Engulfed by the raging sea,
Our foremast gone in the blackening night,
And the breakers on our lee."

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The Church Welcome. W. O. Perkins. Per doz. . . $13.50

Mr. Perkins is well known as a successful and popular writer of school and church music; not a theorist or compiler merely, but a practical teacher as well as composer, and efficient conductor. A new work from his pen needs no introduction; its announcement secures its welcome.

O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street.

Waltz. 4. C. Ernst Perabo . .40

This composition is marked Opus 4. We have had occasion to notice previous numbers, by one of our favorite pianists, but must confess a marked preference for Mr. Perabo's transcriptions above his original compositions. The want of smoothness and a certain deficiency in melody are especially apparent in this waltz.

Marche Triomphale. D♭ 4. Teresa Careno 40

The author's name recalls the talented child who made her debut in the musical world so few years ago, and again, not under the most favorable circumstances, delighted those who listened to her last year, when we believe this march was given for an encore. It is effective and well put upon the piano. Those who are frightened at accidentals and look with awe on any piece with more than four flats, will be in despair at finding six just when they flatter themselves the worst is over. The difficulty is more apparent than real, however, for it is to the eye rather than the fingers.

Glittering Spray. 3. C. Edouard Dorn 75

A *caprice vivace.* Graceful and not difficult. Melody carried in accented triplets. A brief intermezzo in G, marked *un poco meno mosso con espressione.*

The Watchman's Song. 3. E♭. A. Jungman. 40

Nächtliche Bunde der Schaarwache. Movement *andante*, with many of the characteristics of this most prolific author.

Sounds from the Alleghany. G. 2. G. A. Weber 40

Ivy Leaves. 2. Franz Behr . .65

A series of six easy pieces. Each number separate .20. No. 1 includes *Morgengruss* and *Irrlichter.*

She Wore a Wreath of Roses. E♭ 3. Brinley Richards . .40

A transcription of the well-known song. Quite simple, the air well preserved throughout.

VOCAL.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour. G. 3. L. O. Emerson 30

Quartette with solos for Soprano, Alto and Bass.

In Holy Devotion. B. 4. Jas. R. Deems 40

Quartette arranged from Bellini. Movement *larghetto.* Accompaniment rather difficult, and better adapted for piano than for the organ.

Unspoken. F. 2. (C to D.) Alfred Scott Gatty 30

A very simple ballad by the author of the favorite song, *O fair dove, O fond dove.*

Orpheus with his Lute. B♭. 4. (E♭ to B♭.) Arthur S. Sullivan .40

Words from Shakespeare's Henry VIII. Mr. Sullivan could not write anything unmusical. But to give even an approximate effect to this charming song requires a voice of good range, as well as of great flexibility and sweetness; even then, un-

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less the accompaniment were as well played as it is written, the result would be unsatisfactory. Well rendered, would be a fine concert song as well as extremely agreeable for the drawing-room.

When the Night has Closed Around Us. B^b. 3. Jas. D. Kinsley 30

The young author is winning popularity and a name to be proud of in musical circles. There is a certain grace and sweetness in all the songs he has written, which renders them deservedly favorites.

Radiant Aida. B^b. 4. (E to B^b.) Verdi 40

Tenor Romanza, from the opera of Aida, translated and adapted by Theo. T. Barker, formerly well known in Boston, as teacher and composer, as well as music dealer. Requires a high tenor.

Her Image Haunts Me Still. 3. A^b (E^b to E^b). Lynette . .30

Only a Year Ago. C. 2. (G to D.) Lynette 30

Two ballads, by an author who chooses a *nom de plume.* The first decidedly the better of the two, and rather more difficult.

In the Grove. A^b. 4. (E^b to F.) Fr. Curschman 30

A most charming *Schlaflied*, for tenor or soprano. German and English words; the latter by L. C Elson. Accompaniment exceedingly graceful and musical. The air smooth and melodious, with a dreamy, drowsy sweetness of its own.

> "Durch den flüsternden Hain,
> Schwarmen gold 'ne Bienelein,
> Und sumsen zum Schlummer dich ein."

Thinking of Thee. B. 4. (F to G.) Blumenthal 30

A tender love song. Words by Augusta Webster, full of warmth and color; the melody is suited to them; accompainment more difficult than the air. Sung with expression and taste would be very pleasing. Tempo *Adagio Sostenuto.*

Annie Dear. D. 2. (C. to G.) Franz Abt 30

Less musical than many of Abt's songs. The changes in the melody are abrupt and not always pleasing.

Beside the Garden Gate. F. 2. (C. to E.) A. Rosen 35

A simple pretty ballad in 6-8 time, ending happily without any tearful wail or tattered passion.

> Because he found her when
> He came again,
> Where she promised she would wait,
> Beside the garden gate.

Lucky fellow! Fair maidens have been known to break such vows!

I'm Always Happy and Gay. G. 2. (C. to E.) E Christie 40

Words by George Cooper. Music simple.

[NOTE TO MUSICAL PEOPLE.—Any piece of music named in the above Music Review will be mailed to any address, free of postage *both ways*, on receipt of the retail price at this office.]

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OLD AND NEW.

VOL. VIII.—NOVEMBER, 1873.—No. 5.

A MONTH ago we were at liberty to discuss in these introductory pages the fundamental questions of republican government; but before the first day of October came, the whole social system of the country felt a shock, which some men call a disease, and some a derangement, some an explosion, and some a collapse;—a shock so formidable, that to continue the discussion of original principles in government would seem now out of place, and even hard-hearted.

To compare great things with those which seem small, as we look back upon them, this whole country learned, in one short week, how useful is money, and how easily the currency takes an epidemic; precisely as it learned a year ago how all its horses may be sick with one disease, how hard it is for express companies to drag their wagons by trains of men, and how dependent it is on brutes, whose efforts it thought it could command.

We devote a large space of this number of OLD AND NEW to four studies of the currency of the country, from wholly different sources. The first, a letter from Mr. John E. Williams, of the Metropolitan Bank, in New York, to the comptroller of the treasury, explains, with great clearness, the view of the man who, from his position at the centre of the bank exchanges of the country, has had the widest opportunity to see the action and reaction of the demands for currency, of different sections of the country, at different seasons of the year, and under all other changes of circumstances. Most readers of these lines know that the Metropolitan Bank is the bank of mutual redemption, established to serve for all the banks of the State of New York as the clearing-house, if we may so speak, of their various obligations.

The second paper, by a broker, presents in a new and ingenious

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form the theory, — a thousand times exploded, as we believe, — that all would be well if there were only much more paper money than there is in visible quantity. It is the theory of sanguine men in all eras of the world. Now, it is our place and our pleasure to bring forward in OLD AND NEW manly statements of manly reasoners on such subjects.* But we should be sorry, at a moment like this, to have it supposed that we acquiesced in these views; that is, that we really thought a hungry nation would be better fed if its food were diluted with a hundred times as much water as it had before.

We have submitted Mr. Davis's paper to the observation of a gentleman to whose clear-headed views in finance this country already owes more than its younger citizens know. We sent it to Mr. Rowland G. Hazard, of Rhode Island, for his criticism. Mr. Hazard sends us the notes upon it which immediately follow the paper itself, and which sufficiently expose the error which is latent in all this ingenious essay.

To these valuable papers we add a fourth, not less valuable, by one of our most successful manufacturers, whose opinion carries great weight wherever his name is known.

Mr. Hazard's criticism has been fully illustrated at any moment by the calamities which the people of the country have suffered in the last three weeks, from the derangement of their currency. It is impossible that any words here should add to the force of these illustrations.

But the same calamities show that it is necessary to reiterate some of the simplest axioms of trade and currency, which are at the same time the simplest axioms of honor and morals. For these weeks past have shown, if we did not know it before, that there is a depth of utter darkness as to the simplest laws of currency, in which not only speculators sit, but even some bankers, and most writers for the press. These axioms will assert themselves and make themselves heard in the resumption of confidence, whether the bankers or the press attend to them or reject them. It seems to be a duty, then, to state again a few of these axioms.

First. Nothing can be bought for nothing. It follows, for instance, that in itself, a currency cannot be made to buy more than it is worth, by any agreements, laws, or edicts. The "greenbacks" and "national" bills now in circulation make the currency of this country. Its value is a fixed value, resulting —

1st, in part from the fact that the government takes it in payment of taxes.

2d, in part from the fact that the government *promises* to redeem it at some undefined time.

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3d, in part from the fact that we must have a currency, and that this is the currency now.

These three facts give to our currency its value. They all rest upon the single fact that specie can in some way, and at some time, be obtained for them. There are about $356,000,000 of greenbacks, if we take the value named on them. There are $317,800,000 of them, if we measure it by their value in gold, any day when gold is selling at 112. This value of the "greenbacks" is a fixed fact, which cannot be changed by any agreement. Suppose that, in answer to any pressure, — for what is called a "buffer," — to ease things off, the President poured in upon it a flow of other greenbacks. The value of the whole as currency would be the same. It would represent (suppose) $400,000,000 on its face; but it would still represent the $317,800,000 which it represents to-day, if we measured it in gold. If we measured it in iron, it would represent the same number of pigs of iron it represents to-day: we should change only its denomination, but not its integral value. That is something we cannot change, unless by some such act as should change the conditions of its issue, as if we said it should no longer be received for taxes. The purchasing power of the whole is the same. The purchasing power of each piece is less, in the proportion of 356 to 400. The whole has been diluted, — "watered," as the elegant phrase of the exchange has it, — and pieces of paper numbered up (say) to $400,000,000 take the place of pieces of paper numbered up to $365,000,000. But, as Mr. Hazard has said, you do not increase the currency by doing this; you only increase the denomination.

The President and Secretary seem to understand this. At all events they understand, or seem to, at the moment when these words are written, that they have no more right to reissue a certain $44,000,000 of greenbacks, more or less, which are, it seems, by misfortune in the treasury, than they have to reissue any other old bonds of the United States, which have been paid and returned to the treasury. When the "greenback" currency was created, the law provided that, by way of reducing it to the exact amount which might prove necessary for the currency, a certain sum should at the end of every month be regularly "retired" into the treasury. When forty-four millions, or thereabouts, had been thus "retired," this process was stopped by Congress. But, by some great misfortune, the bills were not burned at the moment as they should have been. They exist as entities to-day. Five millions of them were once let loose on some supposed exigency in the market.

And now, people who see the stringency, and are looking for

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some alleviation, which, like a spring "fresh," may take our stranded canal boats along to deep water, are begging the President to let loose these "reserves," as they are called. But General Grant never yet counted men who had been mustered out of service among his "reserves" for action. And he does not want to count bank-bills which have been mustered out.

The truth is, that the process would only make money easy by doing something towards making it worthless.

As matter of technical law, the President might just as well reissue any of the old continental currency which he could find in the government museums.

As matter of fact, apart from a few days' ease in the money market, he would find that he had violated law and done no good by the violation.

A *second* axiom is, that people who do nothing earn nothing.

But, unfortunately, the country has half educated many men and some women who are trying to earn bread and butter, and even higher forms of nourishment, up to paté de foie gras and Tokay, without doing anything. If they could not read nor write nor swear well, you would call them "shysters," or "swindlers"; as it is, they take to stock gambling. Having nothing to sell, they sell nothing. But thinking that it is possible that, if things work well, they may, perhaps, have some shares of Erie to sell thirty days hence, they make bargains to deliver it then. If their "little game" succeeds, they win; if it fails, they lose all the reputation they had when they began, which is nothing.

It happens that the derangement of our currency first appeared in Wall Street, where some of these people do not object to sell their own honor, if only they can depress the market for stocks by selling it, so that their partners can buy to advantage. Because the derangement appeared there, there is just now a natural indignation against "time bargains" in stocks, which is very well founded. But why is it worse to make time bargains for stocks than for cotton or corn or any other article? Let us be just while we are severe. It is the universal public sentiment which encourages all these forms of gambling. It is the praise and worship which surrounds the success of the gambler, whether in corn, in gold, or in stocks, which gives that gambler his place. And the community, rather than the individual, is the criminal to be reformed.

The position of these gamblers in stocks is not for a moment to be compared with that of the hard-working people to whom a man intrusts stocks when he has them to sell, and who sell these stocks to people who want to buy. Their profession is just as necessary as

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is that of the butcher who buys oxen and sells beef. But the position of the buyer and seller of imagined shares of stocks which he never saw, and of whose existence he only knows by parity of reasoning, has no similarity with that of these dealers. He destroys true values, by introducing elements as false as himself into all calculations. Now, lies always fail.

In natural vengeance against such people, there has been a general cry that we need legislation against "time bargains" in stocks. This cry, alas! only shows people's ignorance of what they talk about. At the present moment the statute of Massachusetts regarding such bargains is in these words: —

"Every contract, written or oral, for the sale of a certificate or other evidence of debt due from the United States, or a separate State, or of any stocks, or any share or interest in the stock of a bank, company, city, or village, incorporated under a law of the United States or an individual State, shall be void unless the party contracting to sell or transfer the same is, at the time of making the contract, the owner or assignee thereof, or authorized by the owner or assignee or his agent, to sell or transfer the certificate or other evidence of debt, share, or interest so contracted for."

The statute of New York was identical with this, excepting in verbal expression, until 1858. In that year this statute was repealed, and another substituted confirming the validity of time contracts. Our readers know very well that in neither State has the prohibition by law or its permission had any appreciable effect in modifying the practice.

Such statutes are, and always will be, worthless in effect. No such statute will succeed until based on a principle of morals. The community cannot separate dealings in stocks from dealings in cotton, in corn, or in magazines, and try the stock vendor by one law and the cotton vendor by another.

No. Let the community take the tone which some communities have been pure enough, honorable enough, and chivalrous enough to take. Let it show, and in a thousand ways it can show, that he who produces, or in indirect ways aids the producer, is the man of honor; that he who gambles, or grows rich as a parasite without producing, is a man disgraced: let the public show this at Newport and Saratoga; on the exchange and in church; let mothers show it as they regulate the society of their children; let bankers show it as they select their customers; let girls show it when they choose their partners, and manufacturing companies when they choose their directors; and then, and not till then, will it be time to talk loudly about the statutes which shall govern gambling; — when we can

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make the same statute govern the stock market, the faro table, the beef market, the corn market, the leather market, the market of exchange, and the ladies' fair.

We have no space here to discuss other tempting questions which are suggested in connection with the present calamity. This is certain, that we are very near to a very perfect financial system. There is some impediment in the machinery, which stops it as completely as a freshet or an explosion stops a mill. But there is neither freshet nor explosion on us now. There is a bit of shaving in the condenser, perhaps, which no one has yet found. Some bright man, somewhere, will find the way of adjusting the machine, as some bright man once invented the bill of exchange. After he has found it, we shall all say it is wonderfully simple. Most of us will say we had thought of it ourselves, but had never happened to mention it. The only marvel then will be that it was never put in practice before.

But this new invention will not consist in any dilution of the currency. And the *third* axiom which may be named, is that which Mr. Hazard illustrates, and in which Mr. Williams concurs with him: that the currency of a nation cannot be enlarged except in the direct ratio of the enlargement of its affairs.

We will resume the subject on the last pages of this magazine, with such advantages as the close of the crisis may give to us.

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MOONLIGHT.

BY H. A. BERTON.

It was certainly a very interesting little difficulty. Neither the Squire, who had been at home a deacon and a justice of the peace, nor Hoxford, the English ex-collegian, held either knife or pistol; yet Briar, the most accomplished ruffian among the miners at Pitt's Gulch, stopped work, leaned on his pick, stared admiringly at the contestants, and wished that uncomfortable consequences might eternally inflict his immortal part if it was n't the *gamest* fight he had ever witnessed. Men who always left the store or the bar on the slightest indication of a difficulty, now remained; while those to whom a fight was the most delightful of stimulants, crowded near with eager eyes. These gentlemen did not understand either of the disputants when he spoke, and the subject of disagreement was one in which they took no interest whatever; but they knew a fighting eye when they saw it; and so excited were they that many large bets would have been made, had those who desired to risk money felt any confidence in their own ability to determine when the fight ended, and who was winner.

For Hoxford and the Squire were talking theology. The discussion was provoked, innocently enough, by Peel, the Philadelphia baker. Peel had announced his intention of trying to get an ex-preacher, from somewhere up the creek, to come down some Sunday and hold service. Farmer Blake, Doctor Cutts, and Struggs, the bankrupt contractor from the East, thought it would be a good thing to do; Hoxford said he would be glad to see some respect paid the day; and the Squire said he should mightily like to hear the preacher, if he was sound. Then Hoxford, with just the ghost of a sneer, echoed the single word "sound!" at which the Squire, rightly considering himself challenged, opened upon Hoxford a heavy and well-directed fire of texts, to which the collegian promptly replied with ammunition similar to the Squire's own. Both disputants were held in high esteem in the camp: the Squire had more than once given up his whole dinner to hungry stragglers from elsewhere, and at the risk of his own life he had stopped two or three serious fights, of which whiskey was the only cause; while Hoxford, besides possessing generosity and pluck equal to the Squire's, could compound an exceptionably glorious punch, despite the limited resources of the camp. But every Pitt's Gulchite knew, also, that the Squire loved an argument as dearly as he did gold-dust; and that Hoxford, who had been a wrangler at the University whose name had been cockneyized and applied to him, did not intend that *his* talent should rust so long as he could find some one upon whom to brighten it. All other disputatious persons in camp had been successively conquered and silenced by either Hoxford or the Squire, so that all discussions between these two gentlemen were regarded with the attention due (to use the terse expression of Briar) to "tussles for the Heavy-jaw Championship."

On this occasion the doughty warriors had fought each other over almost every strategic point on the field they had chosen; and each one of them had occupied, in succession, po-

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sitions which they fondly deemed impregnable, but from which they were beaten with great loss, or from which they safely retreated only by the display of marvellous dexterity. Finally, when the Squire announced his belief in the inflexibility of divine justice, it was with the air of a soldier who was not only in his last ditch, but who was fully aware of the fact, and who felt himself inspired with strength equal to that of a host. His hat had fallen off, and his iron-gray locks had blown away from his face; his strong and decided features seemed each a little sharper in outline than ever before; his steel-blue eyes, though entirely devoid of ferocity, gleamed very brightly, while the defiant pose of his whole frame, as he leaned lightly on his long-handled shovel, so strongly affected Gamboge, the unsuccessful artist, that the latter hastily drew forth a stumpy pencil and an old letter, and scrawled a study for a "Christian martyr."

"I 'm in dead earnest 'bout this," said the Squire, succeeding himself, after the moment or two of silence which had followed his last argument; "'cos there 's lots of men callin' themselves ministers of the Word that are goin' 'round doin' a powerful sight of harm by loosenin' folkses' idees of right an' wrong. 'Straight is the road an' narrow 's the way,' says the Book; but to hear these fellers talk, you 'd think *every* trail led straight up to heaven. Ef this preacher up the creek is that kind, *I* don't want to hear him, an' he won't do the rest of ye any good."

"Aw — 'he that 's not against us is on our part,' you know," suggested Hoxford.

"Man *is* 'gainst us that goes 'round belittlin' his Maker," exclaimed the Squire, bringing down the long-handled shovel with a savage chop, as if the offending doctrine had taken on material form, and lay helpless at his feet. "The world 's full of sinners, an' they ought n't to be coddled — they ought to be taught that God is just, an' holy, an' immutable, an' unchangeable, an' — "

"Aw — loving, and merciful, and long-suffering," said Hoxford, coming quickly to the assistance of the Squire, as that good man hesitated while he racked his memory for some more divine attributes which were to his own taste.

"They don't only need to be told that sin 's wrong," continued the Squire, shrewdly, regardless of Hoxford's untimely aid, "but they need to feel that they 've insulted the dignity of God's law — that they're in awful danger — that God is angry with the wicked every day."

"Aw—and that 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice,' you know," said Hoxford, nudging the Squire suggestively with his elbow. The Squire dropped his eyes for a moment, upon seeing which, a godless youth implored Peel to tell him if the Squire was giving in; "Briar had bet three to two on the Squire, an' he'd like to get the hang of the dog-goned thing." But the Squire quickly reassured Briar by exclaiming, —

"'God looks not upon sin with the least degree of allowance.'"

"Aw — keeping mercy for thousands — "

Hoxford was not allowed to finish his rejoinder, for some one interrupted him by loudly shouting —

"Thar comes Pete!"

That a man is the noblest work of God, and that a mule is, despite certain eccentricities, a very useful animal, are fair expressions of current opinion; but even after allowing all

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consideration due both beings, a stranger at Pitt's Gulch would have been at a loss to understand why a whole camp full of able-bodied men should become absorbed in the contemplation of a man and a mule descending the trail which crossed the hill from Green Flat. Such was the action of the Pitt's Gulchites, however; and as Pete and his animal approached, the whole crowd gathered at the foot of the trail and exhibited many symptoms of anxiety. Finally, Topsell, the sailor, who had the strongest voice in camp, roared, —

"Got him?"

"You bet!" screamed Pete. The miners glanced at each other with countenances full of satisfaction, not without a spice of indignation. Then Topsell roared, —

"What did they do with him?"

"Sendin' him back here — think it's where he belongs," screamed Pete, in reply.

"P'raps you're goin' in for mercy for *him?*" said the Squire, looking keenly yet humorously at Hoxford from beneath his heavy brows. "Here's Moonlight a-comin' back here — he stole Bill Brown's pile, busted in the store-door, an' helped himself; put a hole through a sick man when the poor chap tried to save his last liquor (strictly medicinal), an' knocked a lame man off of his mule, so's to steal the animal. He's a prime subject for jestice, 'cordin' to old-fashioned ideas, but I s'pose ye think mercy's the thing for him — eh?"

The Squire's eyes, as well as all other eyes in the crowd, rested steadily on Hoxford, and the wrangler seemed so disconcerted that the men who had backed him hastened to "hedge." His countenance finally brightened as he took advantage of a stale saw.

"Aw — 'takes an exception to prove the rule,' you know," said he. "Just put me on the jury that tries him — "

"Jury that tries him!" echoed Briar, with an oath which made the Squire shudder. "He's *ben* tried, *he* hez. Mebbe yer ken guard him till he's wanted; but that won't be long."

The Squire hastily turned on Briar a look which made the professor of knife and pistol involuntarily retreat a step or two.

"Jestice is *bad* enough for him," said the old man, earnestly. "Nobody meddles with him until he gets a fair trial; if they do, I may hev to fire *my* first shot."

A thousand men like Briar, acknowledged ruler of Pitt's Gulch though he was, could not have collected between them grace enough to habilitate an ordinary church member; but the rowdy enthusiastically admired the man's pluck, so he replied, with a laugh and an oath, —

"All right, Squire. You an' Hoxford must guard him till then, though, to punish you for gittin' up so much jaw in camp, an' keepin' men from work. He's comin', too."

Again all eyes were turned towards the trail, and they saw, just crossing the hill, a man walking with his head bowed, and his hands behind his back, while close behind him were two men who had pistols in their hands. The crowd gazed earnestly and curiously, for the robber had not been one of the regular denizens of the camp; and although his fame had spread up and down the creek, the only Pitt's Gulchites who had seen him were lame Pete, whose mule he had stolen, and old Mills, whose

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flask he had snatched. The prisoner did not seem at all proud of his reputation, for even the most industrious staring towards the place where his face should have been was rewarded only by a full view of the crown of his hat.

As the three men reached the foot of the trail, and the crowd stood dumbly gaping, as is the manner of men when each man present is waiting for some one else to speak, the Squire stepped briskly to the front. The Squire never wasted time in idle staring; time was money; time was a season in which to prepare for eternity, and how should he be prepared to die if he failed to use his time about his Master's work? He elbowed his comrades aside, faced the prisoner, and said: —

"Hain't a very respectable bizness you've been in, my friend."

The prisoner quickly raised his eyes — very keen, expressive eyes they seemed — for a moment, and looked inquiringly at the Squire; then he dropped his head again, and remained silent.

"Ef the Squire's goin' to jaw religion," said Briar, hastily taking a bite from a plug of tobacco, "I guess I'll git. I've heerd it all before, ye know, Squire, — no offence meant. You an' Hoxford luk out for him; mebbe ef yer take turns argyin' with him, he'll be punished all that's necessary."

Several other miners seemed to be of like mind with Briar; and as the prisoner neither offered to fight, run away, confess, or drink, the whole crowd soon lost interest in him, and sauntered off, leaving Moonlight in charge of the Squire and the collegian. These two gentlemen escorted the prisoner into the Squire's hut, and invited him to sit down, or lie down, as best suited him; but the alacrity with which the Squire produced a revolver from a bundle of clothing seemed to neutralize, in the prisoner's mind, all pleasing impressions induced by the Squire's hospitality.

The prisoner sat down on the floor in front of the fire, and the Squire and Hoxford seated themselves on either side of him. The prisoner seemed absorbed in contemplation of the toes of his boots; Hoxford steadily watched the prisoner's hands, lest he should attempt to unloose them; but the Squire intently regarded so much of the prisoner's face as was unhidden by his slouched hat and heavy beard. It seemed a bad face, yet one that might have been good; but at any rate, its owner might yet be saved, if he would, thought the Squire. His physical life could not be saved, of course; the Squire knew that no matter how fair a trial he might receive, there was but one verdict ever returned in such cases. And the Squire usually acquiesced in the verdict; for the Squire was a just man himself, and believed that justice should be done to others. But though man must destroy the body, there was no reason why the soul should perish too, the Squire argued; and whether he regarded it from the spiritual or the economic stand-point, there seemed to him something sadly wasteful about the loss of a soul.

The prisoner was a sad thief, but perhaps the penitent thief on the cross was no worse. Besides, thought the Squire, with unfeigned meekness and prudence, "whoso converteth a sinner from his ways shall save a soul from death, and cover a multitude of sins"; and the Squire was too firm a believer in

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human depravity not to feel that he had many sins which were devoid of covering.

"Prisoner," said the Squire, giving the fire a poke, as if to have its lurid glare suggest the sinner's final doom, "'pears sure, from what we hear, that you've tried about ev'ry tack in the world but one — all but one."

At the Squire's first words, the prisoner quickly turned his head, and looked intently at the old man. The Squire's face was a worthy study for any one, but it seemed rather odd to Hoxford that a man whose life was in danger should regard human nature as closely and inquisitively as the prisoner seemed to do. In fact, his gaze seemed so piercing, for a moment, that the good old man abandoned the sword of the spirit, as a defensive weapon, and hastily changed the position of his pistol until the muzzle thereof pointed directly at the prisoner's head. The prisoner finally dropped his eyes, and asked, —

"What tack's that?"

"Repentance," replied the Squire, in a tone which ought to have carried conviction to the hardest heart. "And," continued the Squire, again stirring the fire, and eagerly scanning the prisoner's countenance to see what effect his words had made, "now's a good time to try it on. You ain't likely to have your mind distracted by anything else for an hour or two; besides, in case of any accident befalling you soon, you'd find the results of repentance very handy."

"Think so, do yer?" growled the prisoner, trying to rest himself by throwing his bound hands over his knees. "Wish 't would soften these infernal strips of bark around my wrists — I'd try it, mighty sudden."

"'T won't do it," said the Squire, with a glance of philosophic satisfaction at the extempore handcuffs. "They're like a man's sins, — soft and easy at first, but hurt when they get old, and commence to get a good tight grip on you. D' ye see? — it's only —" The Squire suddenly looked across the prisoner's head at Hoxford, — "it's only justice."

The collegian groaned and closed his eyes. He had been glad when the appearance of Pete put an end to the discussion during the afternoon, for he had grown very weary of it. Now the idea of having it revived was simply dreadful. Happily, the prisoner came to his rescue, and said, with a snarl, —

"O, yes — I see. S'pose yer think yer doin' me a kindness now, badgerin' me 'bout my sins. Think I'll go to the devil if they hang me now, don't yer?"

"I'm afraid you will," said the Squire, with a dubious shake of the head.

"An' that's what you're prospectin' around my soul for, eh?"

"Jes' so," said the Squire. "Some folks might say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' *I* say 'I am,' and I want to save you."

"Then cut me loose, and let me go," said the prisoner, in a low but very fierce tone. "It'll take a good deal of time to repent of all I've got to be sorry for. If you *be* yer brother's keeper, why don't yer give his soul a chance? It's all infernal nonsense; if yer *hed* real brotherly feelin', like flesh an' blood's got, you'd let me loose, instead of keepin' me here to hev' my neck broke."

"Justice must be done," said the Squire. "God is just; men *must* be. Ef you *was* my brother accordin' to the flesh, I'd do just what I'm a-doin' now, tough as 't would be. Ef you

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was nearer to me, ef you was my son, I'd do it. Thar was Ezry, my only son, lost overboard one season when we wuz mackrilin'; I loved him a mighty sight better 'n I loved myself; and yet, if Ezry was alive, and here, in your boots, an' expectin' to be called for jest as soon, I'd do what I'm a-doin' now; I'd exhort him, and plead with him, but I'd keep a close eye on him; and ef he was guilty, how could I, who am a pledged hater of sin, keep from condemnin' him?"

The prisoner changed his position, stared doggedly into the fire, and exclaimed, —

"Condemn away, then; *I'm* Ezry!"

The Squire dropped his revolver, and leaning forward, raised the prisoner's hat and looked for the first time at the whole of the prisoner's face Then he hurriedly glanced at Hoxford; the Englishman was snoring. The Squire opened the door of the hut and looked out into the starlight, but he saw no one. Then the Squire put his hands in his pocket, took out his knife, and commenced to cut the prisoner's bonds with such energy that the prisoner winced.

"Hurt ye, boy?" whispered the Squire, hastily withdrawing the knife, and sharpening it on the bottom of his boot; "then I'll take it out easy, a shavin' at a time."

"I was picked up by a whaler," said Ezry, in an apologetic undertone, "an' as we never spoke anything goin' east that 'ud take a man without money, I stayed on her for a year or two. Then we got news of the gold — "

"That's off," interrupted the Squire. "Hungry, boy?"

"Thirsty, more 'n anything else," replied Ezry.

The Squire dashed into the bundle from which he had taken his pistol, and brought out a very small flask labelled, "For Medicine," which Ezry emptied almost at a single draught.

"We heard of the gold bein' found," resumed Ezry, as the old man stooped and cut a thong which had been put on the prisoner's ankles to prevent his taking very long steps, "an' the captain made for 'Frisco, an' we all come ashore an' went for the mines."

"Wrists sore, Ezry?" asked the old man, lighting a splinter of wood and examining his son's hands. "Should think they were," he continued, getting out a bottle of liniment, and tenderly rubbing some of it into the hard ridges on the prisoner's wrists.

"I've had the worst of luck; lost faith in luck, an' ev'rything else. I've been knocked around an' abused; ain't hed no friends — got to hatin' ev'rybody — went to the devil."

"Ye'll go yet, Ezry," suggested the Squire, "ef we don't get away from here pretty lively. Cold, boy?"

"Shivery, like," replied Ezry, putting his hands into his pockets, and drawing his head down between his shoulders. "I hain't hed much to eat fur a good spell."

The Squire threw a blanket around his boy, picked up a small canvas bag, filled it with crackers and pork, looked cautiously out of the door once more, and whispered, —

"Now let's leave."

The fire spluttered and flashed in the faces of the two men, as for an instant Ezry looked into his father's face, and whispered, —

"Ain't ye got *two* religions, dad?"

The Squire looked sheepish, and started for the door. Just then Hoxford yawned, slowly opened his eyes, and sat up. Ezry stooped quickly and picked up the Squire's pistol, but

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the old man snatched it from him, exclaiming, —

"You ain't one of the elect, Ezry, but I be; it's safer for *me* to do any shootin' that's got to be done."

Hoxford hastily dropped again, and waved his hand deprecatingly, as he stammered out, —

"Aw — now — I say — none of that sort of thing, you know; but — but — 'like as a father pitieth his children,' you know, Squires, — eh?"

The Squire glared at the Englishman a moment, then he stooped and pressed his hand; a moment later Moonlight and his father were lost in the darkness.

There was considerable indignation in the camp an hour or two afterwards, when a deputation of citizens called to conduct the prisoner before the tribunal which had been extemporized. But when Hoxford, who had not been asleep at all, detailed the whole scene, the entire camp came as near as possible to compounding felony by drinking good luck to the pair.

SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

In Two Parts. II. Their Principles.

LITTLE can be said of the principles of the socialists in common, because they must disagree one with another, and because most of them are undefined or unsettled. The principles of some socialists embrace only a course for the immediate future, while those of others embrace a complete system of human perfectibility.

All socialists, however, are revolutionists, although by a principle of policy rather than of doctrine, that being the attitude they have heretofore been compelled to take under the prevailing evils of society. Some, however, by long experience, have become revolutionists by trade, or amateurs of revolution, and would carry on revolutions until they attain all their ends, however distant. Their war is against man, rather than against unsubdued nature. They think that the progress and happiness of the world are to be secured by changing things, rather than by more work, greater production, or new discoveries. There are riches enough on the earth, they think, but they are poorly distributed. The rich have all, the poor nothing. The aristocracy have all the power; the common people are slaves. The evils of the world, too, according to them, arise out of bad government and bad social conditions; as do also the faults and crimes of individual men. Hence, they want an entire change, and perpetually preach revolution.

In the next place, the socialists are all republicans, in favor of a government without any aristocracy or privileged persons whatever. In this they are uncompromising, and irreconcilable to any form of monarchy whatever, whether Bourbon, Orleanist, or Napoleonic. Nothing in the shape of freedom or of promised amelioration will be accepted by them instead of the unqualified republic.

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But they are more than republicans. After sweeping away royalty and privileges, they are not willing to let men still contend for wealth and power: first, because the rich have too great a start, and with their great estates and funds (often unjustly acquired) will keep ahead; and again, because even on equal terms, and in a free combat, some will get ahead again, and the old inequality will exist over again. They want a redistribution of wealth; and since the present constitution of society disfavors the workingman, they want a readjustment that will ensure perpetual equality. If there is one word that expresses all their views and aims, it is *equality*. This is the war-cry under which they rally, rather than *liberty* or *fraternity*. The Icarians, a leading sect of socialists, have left *liberty* out of the revolutionary trinity, and substituted *community*. They want equality in all things, too, and not merely in government. They would prevent any one from getting in any way above another, and would have all this done by the government.

They have, accordingly, great faith in government. They would have the government regulate all private affairs, take control of trade, manufactures, agriculture, etc. In other words, they would have all enterprises merged in the State, which should control all in the equal interest of all, over all the land; should furnish men labor, instruction, — in short, all they need. There are some differences in the extent to which severally they would push the functions of government, yet such is their general belief. Politics, according to them, embraces the whole science of society, the whole interests of man. They are, therefore, emphatically, politicians; politics is for them the chief business of this life.

They are all unbelievers in Christianity, or in any religion whatever; owing, very likely, to the fact that being so radical about government as to be free to reconsider all established matters, they apply this disposition also to religion; and owing again to the fact that the priests have always been opposed to this political scheme, and that the church has been a protegé and an instrument of royalty. They find their religion in their politics, their whole ethical system consisting in doing ill to nobody, and in fulfilling the whole duties of a citizen in the spirit of fraternity. This accounts largely for the fact that they are such earnest politicians. They throw all the nerve and zeal and bigotry into their politics that others usually put into their religion. We see, accordingly, that the French socialists have as many sects in politics as the English or American Christians have in religion.

Such are their general principles. They have, moreover, certain traits, or marked characteristics, which may be considered principles, being as generally diffused, and as distinct, as their other principles.

In the first place, they are impracticably filled with great schemes and wild theories. Nothing is too great or difficult for them to propose, or too distant not to be wanted at once. They know nothing about government, because they were never in power, and so have had no experience; this is, in fact, a marked characteristic of all the liberal parties in Europe. Having always formed the opposition, they are admirably trained for that, and for nothing else. They are ultra and exigent, even to

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the smallest minutiæ. Each one wants to have his own way in full, and will yield or sacrifice nothing for the harmony of the whole. They would rather have nothing than to accept less than all they want. They accordingly do not agree, cannot unite, and fight among themselves more than against the monarchists. This is one reason indeed why they have never yet been in power. There are too many parties among them to allow of their ever arriving at a majority; indeed, there are almost as many parties as men, no two of them being alike. They seem somehow to be constitutionally dissatisfied, calculated by nature to be "outs." They do not know definitely what they want, and often do not want anything definitely; but their nature is, not to be contented. This constitutional peculiarity makes almost as many socialists as the real evils of society.

They are, again, extreme in all their measures. They justify the killing of kings and of all aristocracy, because these have taken possession of the law and put themselves above it, so that there is no judging them under it. Assassination is one of their chief weapons against those in power, and when the kings once get into their power they are thought not to deserve the mercies of the law. They justify the burning of palaces, because, as they say, you must destroy the nests if you do not want the birds to come back. Palaces and castles are like so many fortifications against republicanism. They favor the destroying of churches because they are made to serve political ends, and particularly because, being maintained by their own money, they are made to propagate views hostile to their own. For the same reason they are not opposed to the killing of priests.

In the next place, they are extreme in all their views of facts and interpretations of history. They justify the late proceedings of the Commune even in their excesses, denying all that they cannot defend. It is the same in their defending the Jacobins of the first Revolution. In justifying the Commune, they say that it was the Versaillists who did the burning of Paris, and that they then charged it to the Communists to make them odious; just as Nero burned Rome, and then charged it to the Christians. They say, too, that the Versaillists now mean to betray the Republic; that the government is entirely in the hands of monarchists; that MacMahon is a Bonapartist, and that M. Thiers himself has always been an Orleanist, and has never abjured. They insist, moreover, that the monarchies of Europe mean to dismember France, like Poland; and that Prussia has already commenced the work by taking Alsace and Lorraine; that the Count de Chambord and the Count de Paris, the heads of the Bourbon and of the Orleans families in France, propose a reconciliation on the terms that each shall rule over a *part* of France, making two monarchies out of it, and that this project has already received the sanction of Bismarck. They give political reasons for everything, especially for everything that the monarchies or the monarchs do, and reasons that turn on the difference between republics and monarchies.

They have all, especially in France, unbounded confidence in France and in Paris. France was betrayed in the late war, or would never have been conquered by Prussia. Paris was also betrayed to the Prussians,

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or would never have surrendered. The provisions, they say, are still being sold which were then in her vaults. Paris, according to them, was also betrayed to the Versaillists, or else the Commune would have been victorious. I once repeated to a communist the oft-heard expression that "Paris is France," when he retorted, "*C'est l'Europe.*" They think that all countries are now in fear of France; for they have learned neither humility nor moderation by their late defeat. They do not acknowledge, even, that they have in any sense been defeated by Prussia; but only that Napoleon, or the government, has been defeated.

They have unbounded confidence, also, in the universal republic. Never was the confidence of a Christian stronger in the ultimate triumph of Christianity in all the earth. They believe that all nations are ready for this consummation, and only waiting for France to act. Italy, Austria, and England, they say, are impatient and longing to throw off their monarchs. It is among this class that the *Internationals* are found, who have already began the work of propagation for this republic, and whose ultimate millennium will be when all Europe, and indeed all the world, shall be not only one republic, but also one socialist "community."

Such are the general principles and characteristics of the Socialists.

The system of Owen, from which all the recent socialist systems take their immediate origin, was little more than a co-operation of workingmen, all contributing as much as they saw fit to a joint-stock concern, in which they were together to carry on manufactures, agriculture, etc., with their own capital and their own labor, in such a way that they themselves should get all the advantage of it, instead of enriching employers who might otherwise engage their labor. Those whom they should choose to manage the matter were to be of their own number, and bound to do everything in the interest of the whole.

The system of Fourier, or of the phalansterians, recognizes the principle that the laborer should receive all the advantages of his labor; but that he should receive, also, the advantages of his capital at the same time; and that inducements should be offered to diligence as against idleness, since it is not certain that all persons will act in good faith in a community if they can live equally well without. They propose, accordingly, to have three phalanges, or orders: one of the wealthy, one of the learned, and one of the laboring class, with inducements and opportunities to rise from one to the other. Their property is all to be invested in common, as a fund by means of which all kinds of industry are to be carried on, and also three tables set, three modes of life, enjoyment, etc., provided, in which each is to indulge according to his class. If any one wishes to consume all the advantages of his labor in amusement or the like, he can do so, but will then remain always in the same condition in which he entered. If he wishes to deny himself and lay up something for a better future, he can do this way, and so be ultimately admitted to a higher class; since an exact account is to be kept of each one's earnings and expenses, in such a way that whatever of the earnings exceeds the expenses, is to be added to his capital; and he may thus become one of the wealthy class. In like manner, if any one shows special inclination to study, or special diligence, where all

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are to enjoy equal school advantages, it would put him ultimately in the class of the learned. They claim for their system that it goes on the principle of justice and liberty, giving to all according to their merits, and allowing each to do as he pleases.

The Fourierists established a community in New Jersey several years ago, in which all these features were in operation; but it soon broke up, because the "money-bags," as they called the wealthy class, refused to continue to put money into it, and the poor refused to labor unless they did.

The Saint-Simonian is a sort of religious system which proposes in its organization to reward men, not only according to their industry, but according to their moral character and conduct. The people are to live together with their goods in common; but all the responsible places are to be held only by those who are fit to hold them, and the others are to be admitted gradually to privilege and responsibility as they are seen to deserve it. Their formula is, "Give to each according to his capacity, and judge of each one's capacity according to his works." The power to determine on the character and capacity of the different members, and so to assign to them their several places and tasks, is to be invested in a sort of infallible and irresponsible industrial pope. This system precludes anything like inheritance, either of power or of money, since the merits of the father are not always to be found in the children. It dispenses entirely with the family and with marriage; which would also prevent anything like inheritance, since the father could not know his offspring.

The Icarians demand, in their system, that each one shall do all he can for the community, and in turn receive all he needs. Their formula is, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his wants," or, "All for each, each for all." They do not propose any guarantee that each will perform his duty, except the inducement of promotion to office, or to more responsible work, which his fellow-members, it is presumed, will always bestow on the most fit. They believe that as a man is naturally good and just, he will, under the influence of this principle, and with the education to be received in the community, aim always to do his duty. Moreover, if he does not, the majority (*i. e.* two thirds) can expel him. They hold all property in common, and are perfectly equal in every respect. The founder of this system is M. Cabet, who, in a romance entitled "Voyage in Icaria," has portrayed its workings on a large scale. As this is the only system now in practical operation, I shall here give a short sketch of its operations.

In 1849, about 1,500 Icarians set out from France, with great enthusiasm, to establish a community in the United States. They expected, after they got well settled, and when the people saw its splendid success, to be followed by 40,000 more, which was about the number of Icarians at that time in France. Even Napoleon III, then candidate for the Presidency of the French Republic, expressed himself favorably to this system. Their intention was to settle in Texas, entering as much land as the homestead act would entitle them to, in the hope that in time they could get possession of the whole State, which was to be their future Icaria. They landed at New Orleans, but owing to the difficulties of making a

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first settlement, many of their number left them, when they ultimately ascended the Mississippi, and bought out the property of the Mormons at Nauvoo, from which the latter had lately been expelled. Here they established their community, carrying on agriculture and several branches of industry.

A difficulty soon arose among them, however, when a large minority — among whom was M. Cabet himself — withdrew, carrying off much of the property, so that the remainder soon left Nauvoo for Adams County, Iowa, where they had established a branch colony, about forty miles from Council Bluffs. Here they settled, but have been frequently harassed by the withdrawal of members, who instituted lawsuits for part of their property. In 1867, they were reduced to about thirty-five. Since then, however, by the return of some of the former members, and by the acquisition of a few Spaniards and other Europeans, their number has increased to about seventy. They carry on agriculture principally, though they have also a steam saw and grist mill, and a blacksmith and carpenter shop. They produce nearly all they want, making their own clothing, shoes, hats, etc., and seem to be enjoying a considerable degree of prosperity. They carry on their community by universal suffrage, electing their officers every year. These are a President, Secretary, Director of Industry, and Director of Agriculture. No one has any money or need of any. The secretary, who acts also as treasurer, holds the common purse, and makes all purchases from without, and receives all their incomes. They eat at a common table, have one person for cook, another for dairyman, etc. They still preserve the family relation, and practise the severest chastity. Each family has its separate dwelling, though the women generally congregate together when they have work in common, and the men also, so that they have abundance of company and of diversion. They have a good school and library, take the principal journals, work leisurely, and give considerable time to enjoyment. On Sunday they fish, hunt, dance, and occasionally have a theatrical entertainment. They think that soon they will be able to live comfortably on six hours' work, and give the rest of the day to instruction and amusement. By their division of labor, they economize much force, one man being able to cook for seventy persons as well as for a single family. Moreover, the children do much work that is ordinarily required to be done by grown persons. They get along well with their neighbors, and are much esteemed by them. They invariably vote with the Republican party.

Louis Blanc is the author of a system of Communism, or rather of a method by which the State is to arrive at a community something like the above. He considers the evils of society to be due to competition, by which the laborer is crushed in his attempts to carry on an independent business, and made to work at a starving salary by the monopolies of the rich. He would, therefore, have the State undertake all manner of enterprises, manufactures, commerce, agriculture, etc.,—furnishing labor to the workingman at a reasonable salary, and thus create a rivalry with private enterprises which will gradually absorb them. He would thus have competition destroyed by competition, a sort of social homœopathy, and establish the community gradually. He is for preserving the marriage and family relations as at pres-

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ent. Louis Blanc, however, has done more service to his cause as the historian of socialism, than as founder of any particular school or system. He is scholarly and moderate in his manner, and exerts a greater influence than any other socialist in France at present.

Proudhon has written much on this subject; but his thoughts are so disconnected and paradoxical that they cannot be collected in a system. He belongs to "all schools in one"; is at the same time "communist of every class and opposed to all communism." It is a sort of Frenchified Hegelianism that he would apply to social matters. In all things he sees a thesis and an antithesis, which are reconciled by a synthesis. Possession, for example, is the thesis, absolute equality the antithesis, and liberty the synthesis. These three — possession, absolute equality, and liberty — express his formula, which he would oppose to property, proportionality, and sovereignty. He would have no property, because it is a form of theft; no proportionality in the relations or grades of citizens, because it is inequality; no sovereignty, because it is tyranny. He would have ownership vested only in the whole, in which every one is equal; and yet he would, unlike the communist, preserve liberty withal.

Pierre Leroux, a philosophical writer of some ability, founded his system after the analogy of his psychological distinctions. As every man has knowledge, sentiment, and sensation, the people are to be classified, according as they possess one or other of these in a pre-eminent degree, into learned men, artists, and workingmen. This will suggest the division of Plato into philosophers, warriors, and workingmen; or of the Egyptian castes into priests, warriors, and laborers; or of the Indians into Brahmins (priests and learned men), Kchatryas (warriors and artists), and Soudras (workingmen). There is not much prospect of passing from one to another of these classes in this life; so that Pierre Leroux's system offers little inducement to diligence or improvement. Yet he holds that the progress of the community, like that of the world, is through many generations; that there is a transmigration of souls by which the minds of those who die enter into those who are next born; so that with the knowledge they acquire in this present life, they go on individually and collectively to greater perfection. In the next generation, therefore, those may be learned men who are now only artists or workingmen.

In looking over the causes, the history, and the practical effects of socialism, several general facts will suggest themselves to the philosophic thinker.

First, this cause has risen up with almost every great movement of the race, if it was not, indeed, largely the cause of such movement. Not to speak, as we might, of its appearance in the chief revolutions of the Eastern, Greek, and Roman nationalities; in the Pythagorean, the Stoic, the Cynic, and the Socratic-Platonic philosophy; in the Christian religion; in the Mohammedan and Buddhist reformations; or in the Papacy, — we can, in modern times, see it steadily follow every great agitation. In the Lutheran reformation, it commenced at Wittenberg simultaneously with Protestantism, under the leadership of Stork and Munster. The cause of communism was espoused even by Melanchthon, who anticipated making it a part of the reformatory doctrine. It was

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present, also, in the Zwinglian and the Calvinistic reformation, in the form of the Communism of Zolicone, and other Swiss sects. It followed the English reformation in the schemes of Sir Thomas More and his friends; the Netherlands revolt in the schemes of the Anabaptists; the French revolution, in the conspiracy of Baboeuf; the revolution of 1830, in the schemes of the St. Simonians and Fourier; the revolution of 1848, in those of Cabet and his followers; the revolution of 1870, in those of the Commune of Paris; the recent revolution of Spain, in those of Barcelona and other municipalities, etc.

Again, it is very strange to see how the Socialists, notwithstanding their pretensions to equality, have always followed acknowledged masters. It was Christ, or Pythagoras, or Cabet, or Minos, or Lycurgus, in whose personality they adopted their principles, and not in that of the free idea itself. The Icarians, in starting out, bound themselves to obey M. Cabet for ten years as dictator. They have, moreover, generally followed their masters even in their chance opinions, although having no relation to socialism. The Pythagoreans, after the example of their masters, would eat no beans; the zealots of Rousseau's communism would eat no meat; the Icarians are all camphor doctors, eat great quantities of salad, and regularly purge themselves with aloes for worms, all because such is the medical system of M. Raspail, their present political leader. This is important, as showing the temperamental character of the socialists.

Again, the woman question has generally a place in the social systems, of whatever kind. The Oneidans have a community of women; the Shakers are without any form of matrimony, or any substitute for it; the Mormons have many women. The Shakers are for destroying the race; the Mormons for propagating the race faster; the Essenes for propagating it without women (by adoption); the monks and nuns constitute a community of those who, under the evils of society, cannot marry. The French Communists least of all care about this question. They do not want a community of women or plurality of wives, because, as Frenchmen, they already live loosely enough with women, and because their relish of life in this respect consists in intrigues with other men's wives. Nor are they strongly for female suffrage or female rule, because the women are too much under the priests, and would subject the State to clerical rule.

Finally, it must seem that there is not any solution for the evils of society in the direction in which the communists are seeking it, but that these evils must be overcome, if at all, first, by a universal education that will not only teach men their exact rights, but render them more nearly equal in the great contest for wealth and happiness; secondly, in a high moral culture that will dispose the strong to take less advantage of the weak; and thirdly, in a government of liberty and equality that will not allow advantages to any class, in the shape of monopolies or other favors. Unless these requisites be fulfilled, we may expect difficulties, even in our own country, as our citizens rise to princely wealth, and with it to princely power. Only so long as we have yet great uncultivated prairies and mines as an outlet for misery, and as an arena for uncontrolled action, and while the demands of labor exceed the supply, are we out of danger.

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PENEKESE.

Not vainly Homer saw it in a dream,
  Circling the world and bounding continents;
Our shore is girdled by an Ocean Stream,
  Which nearest to the Vineyard Sound indents.

There fringing the azure deep are happy isles,
  Which swim in warmth of Equatorial seas,
And gladden in the gracious Summer's smiles—
  The smallest, nearest to us is Penekese.

A string of pearls they lie on Ocean's breast,
  Steeped in a languor brought them from afar,
And drowse through summer days in silent rest,
  Kissed by mild waves and loved of moon and star.

Once the shy Indian saw his shadow shake
  Across the wave, as he withdrew his spear
From the struck bass, or heard within the brake
  The tender grass torn by the feeding deer.

Those dumb, waste centuries of loss are o'er,
  A better, nobler day to them succeeds:
Now Science rears her watch-tower by the shore,—
  Round it are scholars whom a teacher leads.

The light within the watch-tower is his mind,
  Cosmic, with forms of life which end in man;
There all the tribes their place in order find,
  As if he read the thought of God's own plan.

As Aristotle moved among his youth
  Upon the shores of sea-beat Attica,
Firing their souls with reverence for truth:
  So midst his thronging scholars moveth he.

O! happy ones who read the book of life,
  Till ye through him in wisdom daily grow,
To find how far above Earth's barren strife
  Is the soul's hunger (toil divine) to know.

What pastoral lives of true simplicity!
  Plain living and high thinking, with the bond
Between them, of a lofty sympathy,
  Whose circlet rings this world and worlds beyond.

Hail! generous heart which gave its home of years!
  Hail, too, ye youth who lean on such a guide!
Long may the shrine which now glad Science rears,
  Shine like a load-star o'er the waters wide.

T. G. A.

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MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NEW HOME — LADY COLVIN — FAREWELL TO HOLYSHADE — PROSPECTIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE — AUNT CLYM ON THE SITUATION — UNCLES HERBERT AND VAN — MRS. CAVANDER'S COMPLAINTS — ALICE COMBERWOOD — SUSPICIONS.

Miss Cavander married my father the day after the dinner party, to an account of which important ceremony the previous chapter was devoted; and on the decease of my grandmother the Dowager, which happened six months after my father's second marriage, Lady John Colvin obtained her social step, and became Lady Colvin.

My first instincts had been only too true. My step-mother began her rule by being excessively polite to me, and, as it seemed to the uninitiated, going out of her way to make me comfortable and happy. If she discouraged the visits of my young companions at our house, it was done so gently as to afford me no opportunity for an open rupture, without my putting myself, in the eyes of my relatives, and of course and specially of my father, utterly in the wrong.

She was glacial. She had less sense of humor than any woman I have ever met; and apart from her school-girlish education, and her proficiency at the piano, she had very scanty acquaintance with any subject in the literature or art of either the past or the present. I have before said she was an influence in the house. Exactly. I felt she was there, somewhere, probably watching me in a cat-like manner; and I knew that whatever I did which might not be precisely in accordance with her notions, would be immediately discovered, and would be certainly followed by some sort of punishment. Then I was deprived of the society of Holyshadian friends. My amusements were to be gradually curtailed, if not absolutely stopped. Formerly, I had done as I liked at home; now, I was to be made aware that my selfishness must be made to yield to her selfishness.

The servants curried favor with her and neglected me. Restrictions were being placed upon me for the first time in my life, just at the very moment when they were being removed from the companions of my own age. Had I not been brought "to be a man," and forced prematurely into, as it were, the perfect freedom of bachelorhood, — for, as I have shown, nothing short of this had I enjoyed as a boy, — I should not have found the restraint put upon my actions by the presence of a step-mother so unbearable. But my wings were to be clipped when my companion fledglings were preparing for flight.

I left Holyshade after an affecting interview with Dr. Courtley, who presented me with a handsomely bound copy of "Hallam's Constitutional History" in two volumes, and with great tact and delicacy, acquired by long practice, pretended to occupy his attention with something out-of-doors which he could only see from the recess of the windows of his study, while I deposited on his drawing-room or dining-room

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table an envelope containing ten or fifteen pounds, in notes.

Good heavens! ten or fifteen pounds — for what? Why should I have had to give my father's fifteen pounds to Dr. Courtley? For flogging me? Well, he had only had that pleasure twice, and that would have been dearly bought, including the birch itself, — to which, such was the tradition, any swished Holyshadian had a right after his swishing, — at fifteen pounds. The charge for a "swishing," including the birch to be given to the Swishee, was, I have always understood, five shillings. It was, I believe, regularly charged in the bill; but the apple-twigs were not bestowed on the boy after the punishment. I suppose the birches were among the perquisites of Dr. Courtley's servant. In the course of My Time I regret much wasted money, whether mine by earning or by inheritance; but I have never got over that leaving gift of fifteen pounds to Dr. Courtley, and the other ten to my tutor. Why should they have been feed on my going away? Had not they been already well paid, both of them? What was that fee for? Had they either of them any power to detain me if I had not given them this money, or was it to console them for the loss of so delightful a companion as myself? They lost many equally delightful companions about that time, and must have been overwhelmed by such substantial consolations. Some idea lurked in my mind that Dr. Courtley would give it me back, or offer to share it with me, or at all events appear grateful for so handsome a present. Not a bit of it. He lisped out, —

"I with you ev'wy prothpewity in your future caweer. Good-by."

That was all I got for fifteen pounds. A good wish in a stereotyped formula. Perhaps, when I had retired, he quickly opened the envelope to see if the enclosed fee was in notes or a check.

I paid something more to old Phidler, Dr. Courtley's shuffling pantaloon of a servant, to carve my name on one of the panels of Upper School, as a memorial of My Time at Holyshade. Most Holyshadians left their mark in this way.

With a university career before me, it became necessary to examine my position. This I had to do for myself, and shape my own course.

At that renowned seat of learning, Holyshade College, Learning, as far as I was concerned, had sat remarkably still. Her ladyship seemed to have been asleep. She has, I imagine, bestirred herself since then. What gifts was I bringing away with me of her bestowing?

Well, I could make Latin verses *à la mode de Gradus ad Parnassum*, and had a respectable acquaintance with Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Homer, and their talented assistants — I mean their translators. I was well up, as are all Holyshadians, in quantities; the Holyshadian maxim with regard to verse-making having been, in my time, "Quantity, not quality."

In Greek I had never felt any interest, and the beauties of the Greek drama had never been pointed out to me. I knew enough of the language to pass an examination in the Anabasis, if the examination did not venture upon details. I had the usual Holyshadian knowledge of "Derivations," and in construing was not likely to take δε by itself and translate it baldly as "but." And what else? Nothing, except that I could play a first-rate game of Fives, was fond of "foot-ball at the wall," could

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row, swim, and play billiards. As to moral and religious training, I have already stated how much I had of that, and just so much I carried away; the amount being rather less than what I had brought with me. Of the value of either time or money I knew nothing, except that both could be spent pleasantly, and the more one had of both, the greater the enjoyment of existence. With English literature I was better acquainted than most boys of my age, in consequence of the bias given to my taste by my early friendship for Austin Comberwood. He started me with Scott's novels, and after that I read everything and anything within my reach.

But when I heard from Austin that a candidate for under-graduateship at Bulford must undergo a preliminary examination, and that this was far from easy, my valor oozed away, and I decided for the sister university of Cowbridge, where I was given to understand the studies were eminently mathematical, which had the attraction for me of being an entirely new branch of learning.

There was, too, another inducement, and that was the prospect of an easy life at a private tutor's, away from the home now ruled over by Lady Colvin. My father gave me my choice, and I chose Cowbridge University, taking care to point out to him, at the same time, that I was, as yet, neither old enough nor learned enough in mathematics to be entered on the books of Tudor College. My father consulted Cavander on this subject, as he now did on everything, and the result was, that a private tutor was found for me, far away in the country, who was to take me under care for a year or so, in order, to state it plainly, that I might make up for some of the time lost at Holyshade.

The Cavanders, brother and sister, governed my father's house both in and out of the city, and I was not aware, until later, that by this time Colvin and Cavander was the name of the firm.

The marriage did not seem to have brought my parent unalloyed happiness. He gave more parties, I believe; and Lady Colvin worked to restore him to that position in society which he ought long ago to have held. The Colvin title was like a horse's trappings, hung up in a damp room and allowed to rust for want of use; Lady Colvin had at once taken it down, and had commenced polishing bit and bridle, for Sir John was to be put through his paces and made to move in his proper circle. So far she was right, and in this respect my father had been undoubtedly wrong.

"Wrong!" exclaimed my Aunt Clym; "yes, and my brother has not gone the best way to set himself right. He never could take good advice" — by this she meant her own — "but was too fond of trusting any one who'd only flatter him enough."

My aunt seemed to feel a kind of pleasure now in making these remarks in my presence. As to the Cavander family, she was inveterate against them.

"If ever there was a man I thoroughly distrusted," said my Aunt Clym, "Cavander is that man. His sister is not so clever as he is, — that's the only difference between 'em. I pity that unfortunate piece of putty, his wife; but as to him, I would n't believe him on his oath, not if he took it on the Bible."

Uncle Van fidgeted, and looked at my Uncle Herbert, to see what he would say.

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"I don't think that form of swearing would offer any obstacle to him, if he thought it worth his while to take an oath," observed Uncle Herbert, languidly. He considered Cavander a sharp fellow, but Uncle Herbert's formula being, "Speak of a man as you find him," he had always taken very good care to find every man so that he could be well spoken of.

Everybody was, or might be, useful to Herbert Pritchard. He did not envy his neighbor's carriage, horses, yachts, and so forth, but looked upon these luxuries as kept for his, Uncle Herbert's, use.

"If," he said, "you can't afford to keep these things yourself, take care to make yourself agreeable to those who do keep them. If you can't belong to all the best London clubs, the next best thing is to have friends in every one of them."

Cavander had been useful to him in a small way in the city, and Uncle Herbert had been assisted by him to the few odd pounds that are to be picked up by city *flâneurs* who keep their eyes and ears open, and are ready to take good advice on the spur of the moment.

Uncle Van was not fond of Cavander; but, being of a fishy nature, he was incapable of strong emotion, and had found by experience that it was generally safer, and more conducive to domestic comfort, to follow his wife's lead in likes and dislikes.

Aunt Clym did not care how freely she spoke out her mind before me. I had told her how I could not get on with my step-mother, and, in spite of what Aunt Clym had said to me on the eve of the marriage, she had not, since then, ever counselled me to try. The Van Clyms gradually left off visiting at our house, and a coldness sprang up between my father and his sister, which ended in the suspension of all friendly intercourse. I used, of course, to go and see my cousins; for the Clym family now sided with me, and considered me as decidedly and most unwarrantably injured in my rights.

"You 'll see what will happen," said Mrs. Clym, oracularly, to her husband; "one of these days there 'll be an exposure, and the wicked will cease to prosper."

Uncle Van intimated pleasantly to me that he hoped he, personally, should not lose by the cessation of the wicked's prosperity.

"Your uncle makes jokes on those things," said my aunt, austerely, "but —"

"I do not make jox, my dear," protested Uncle Van. It was true, he did not.

My aunt went on, addressing him:

"You trust your money where you think it safe. You will see. I am glad, for the children's sakes, that mine cannot be touched. I would not put it in Mr. Cavander's power to speculate, — for speculate he does, and would lead you into it, too, — not if he was twenty times the respectable man he appears to be, and five hundred times over again my brother's partner."

Uncle Van looked at me with a frightened air. I had accompanied him into the city the day before, and had heard him giving Cavander a commission.

"You shoot not mention what I too in the city," he said to me afterwards.

"I have n't said a word about it to aunt," I told him; but I think he had lost faith in me. Fortunately, on this occasion he did take his wife's advice; and as the breach between

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the two families widened, so Uncle Van visited the office only at rare intervals, and his transactions with Cavander became less and less frequent, until they ceased altogether.

I was welcomed, too, by Aunt Clym, because I brought news to her about Mrs. Cavander, who often came to our house, and whom I generally discovered in tears.

She would speak to any one and every one of her sorrows.

"You know," she would say, after walking with me from our house to Mrs. Clym's, and talking to me all the way on her one subject, and in invariably the same style; "James is very clever, and I can never expect to be as clever as he is. He is very handsome, too, and I feel that I am not equal to other women whom he meets in society. I know he does n't wish me to go about with him."

"I should like to hear Mr. Van Clym saying such a thing as that to me," said my aunt, bristling up. "But you really ought to insist upon Mr. Cavander not going without you."

"I can't insist," returned the feeble woman; "how can I?"

Aunt Clym gave herself a little shake, as though she would have liked to perform a similar operation, only with greater violence, on Mrs. Cavander, just to shake her into action.

Here I interposed. I had heard Mrs. Cavander's jeremiads, and they had by this time no interest for me, and obtained no sort of sympathy from her sister-in-law, now my stepmother, who evidently considered her a fool who was treated according to her deserts. The object of my visit was simply to say good-by to the Clyms, as I was off to Ringhurst Whiteboys on a short stay, previous to my going to my private tutor's, where it had been arranged I was to make up for that portion of My Time which I had lost at Holyshade, and to prepare myself for the university.

"Miss Comberwood is considered very clever," Mrs. Cavander suddenly commenced.

"Yes, I believe so," I said, feeling that I was beginning to blush.

I was at the blushing age. It is a time when we do not care to sail under false colors; when, at the word of command, we display our flag, and acknowledge under what queen we are serving. At this season the face of a boy is like the graduated thermometer, with a heart for a bulb and blood for mercury; you can mark off love, sin, shame, mirth, anger, on his face as certainly as you can the mean between zero and the highest temperature on a Fahrenheit scale.

I had corresponded with Alice while at Holyshade, and no one knew of it, at least so I thought, except her brother Austin. The disparity of our ages was, I suppose, in my opinion, more than equalized by the superiority of the male over the female. Of course I could not have formulated this, but I fancy some such feeling underlies all these juvenile affairs of the heart. It is always Thumbling and the Princess. In after-life, if a Thumbling marries a Glumdalca, it is ten to one that the latter is his most obedient slave, and perhaps tyrannical Thomas Thumb whops her unmercifully. However, we did not go into this question then, and it has no place here without travelling out of the record of this history.

"Miss Comberwood has stayed with you often, has n't she?" asked Aunt Clym.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Cavander. It was a heavy, dull, stupid sigh.

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"She is very clever, and James likes talking with her," continued Mrs. Cavander, with a whimper in her voice expressive of utter helplessness. "They talk of things that I really do not understand, though I try very hard to."

"Your step-mother," said my aunt, turning to me, "told me Miss Comberwood was going to be married. Have you heard?"

"I think I have," I answered.

I remembered Holyshade and Sir Frederick Sladen. I was indignant with him on the Verneys' account, for I had not forgotten the picnic, and Nurse Davis's speech on that occasion.

I did not wish, however, to prolong my interview with the two ladies, nor did they offer any opposition to my withdrawing, as they evidently had still got a good deal to say to one another which my aunt would rather I should not hear; though as to Mrs. Cavander, she, poor babbling soul, would not have been offended had the butler, footman, and all the domestics been summoned as an audience of her woes.

Austin Comberwood had by this time returned to England. He had sent me a long letter, concluding with the invitation to Ringhurst Whiteboys, of which I was now about to avail myself. His brother Dick was at Woolwich, reading for the army. Alice was at home. No obstacle was placed in my way by Lady Colvin, who was probably as pleased at my departure as I was myself. Her objection to the presence of my schoolboy friends at our house, I should now say at *her* house, was a polite method of hinting that my room was preferable to my company; and as I was now placed under such restraints as made my former free and easy enjoyment of life in town impossible, I was only too glad to seize every opportunity of absenting myself as much as I could from the place which I could no longer regard as my home.

My father, too, seemed to shirk me as much as, at Holyshade, we had shirked masters when out of bounds. As yet my step-mother had not interfered with my father's financial arrangements in my regard, which had always been of a most open-handed character, and I felt that now he was paying me for being quiet and keeping out of the way.

Of business, of economy, of the value of a shilling, except in stamps for letters, I still knew nothing. Of such matters I had been studiously kept as ignorant as were the Egyptian neophytes of the sacred mysteries of Isis.

Other youths of my age could not, so they told me, run to this or that expense, because their allowance would not permit it; and this I was unable to understand. When Austin Comberwood informed me that his father had given him two hundred and fifty pounds a year for his university career, out of which he was to pay everything, and not to bring home a single bill, I considered Austin a very lucky fellow, and nothing would thenceforth satisfy me but a similar allowance. The distinction between Austin's and my view of this sum was, that *he* rightly considered it as intended for necessaries in the first place, and luxuries if possible; whereas, I placed luxuries before necessaries, which I could have allowed to take care of themselves, like the pounds in the old proverb; and where Austin, with a bag of sovereigns, would have carefully calculated the cost of every day in the year, I should have played the game

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of life with sovereigns for counters, and spent them all in one day or one hour, under the firm conviction that there were not only more, but plenty more, in the bank whence these were issued, and which would refuse my father nothing.

That I should have adopted this view was scarcely my fault, though it was, as events proved, undoubtedly my misfortune. From the first, even from Nurse Davis, I had always been led to believe my destiny to be cast among the richest, and the Colvin City mine inexhaustible. When my Aunt Clym expressed her annoyance with me for consorting with the Verneys, when afterwards she had reasoned with her brother on his abdication of the family dignity, and of his choosing his companions from a society beneath that in which he was born to move, she never failed to allude to the resources at his command, with which she used to say he might do so much good, and if he liked, repurchase the old Colvin estates, and make a name in Parliament. But my father preferred the city for himself, and entertained such ideas of his son's future as Aunt Clym would have had him act upon for his own. Strangely enough, he saw how fitting this career was for another Colvin baronet, but declined the honor for himself. He was to be the last of the line in business, and I was to be the first of the modern race on whom the State was to shower its rewards. I was certainly not qualified for Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of any profession I had no notion except what I had derived from Austin, when he had sometimes spoken of being a clergyman. I had seen a good deal of clergymen as masters at Holyshade, and they were as other men, their title to our reverence being not in their ecclesiastical but scholastic dignity. I looked forward to the day when, as an under-graduate, I should be entitled to wear a college cap and gown, in which costume, it seemed to me, I should be as good a clergyman as any one of them.

At Holyshade, as I have before remarked, I had seen something of the army, and barrack-life had no attraction for me as it appeared, save for the uniform, so uncommonly like Holyshade life at "my Tutor's" over again, with just a thought more liberty for smoking.

Nearing the critical age of seventeen, I had no sort of bias. I had begun, partly in consequence of the change at home, to be restless and fond of wandering. The course of my education had gone far towards "making a man of me"; that is, such a man as my father had contemplated, and as I have before described in this record; but the introduction of a step-mother had suddenly braced me up to look out into the world, and act for myself. In this discontented frame of mind I went down to Ringhurst, which, after the chill of our household, was like walking out of a dank cave into the warm sunlight.

A change had come over Alice. Her brother had noticed it on his return. Her enthusiasm for ornate services, and her fondness for discussing any ecclesiastical or theological subject that might come up in the course of conversation, seemed to belong to a phase of her existence gradually passing away. Now, she was inclined to question, where a few years since she had been eager to teach.

"I think," said Austin to me, as we sat together one autumn evening in the fir plantation opposite the house, "this sudden love affair, if it is a

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love affair, has unsettled her. Perhaps one gets unsettled as one grows older."

Such a grave subject, treated, too, so gravely, was new to me, except in such novels and romances as had provided me with whatever knowledge I then had of life. But with Austin, and only with him, was I ever content to listen and speak seriously. I was, unconsciously, from time to time, yielding myself to his influence, an influence always for good, as my retrospect proves.

"Alice will be Lady Sladen," I said, giving him, as it were, a text for his discourse.

It was a lazy evening after a hot day, and I was in the humor for being talked to.

"Yes," he replied, thoughtfully; "and my mother and my father, too, are immensely pleased. Dick tells me that it was quite sudden, and he speaks of Sladen as a 'poor sort of fellow.' But Dick is hot-tempered, and I think would be inclined to resent any one's taking Alice away from us. You know it all happened while I was away, so that I have scarcely had time to make his acquaintance."

"I don't think much of him," I said; and, in a confidential mood, I contributed my quota of scandal; saying, however, as little as possible, on my own acount, about the Verneys.

Austin heard me to the end, and then remarked that at all events "no harm had come of it," meaning the affair between Sladen and Lottie; and this, as far as my information went, and I was not old enough to draw inferences, was a fair conclusion.

We then fell to comparing notes, how had Austin been occupied while I had been idling at Holyshade? and so forth. Now with other youths, whether so much my seniors as to be almost young men, like Austin, or of my own age, my conversation would have flowed freely.

I should have talked about amusements at Holyshade, or during the holidays; I should have given my experience of life about town, of the joys and delights of a fast style; I should have boasted of my acquaintance by sight (and sometimes I romanced a good deal on this subject) with the celebrities of the day, whether famous or notorious, and would have given the rein to that sort of light and airy discourse which was, at that time, in vogue among us "Old Holyshadians." For at this distinction I had arrived, though not, as yet, at the enviable one of being dubbed a "Worthy." However, were I an "Unworthy," it would have been no more than were seven hundred out of the eight hundred scholars. The two most wicked cities this world has ever known, however, would have been saved for the sake of one godly resident; therefore, if my estimate be correct, Holyshade, after all, was in a comparatively hopeful state.

On such topics as those to which I have above alluded, I was as silent, in Austin's company, as I would have been in that of his mother or sister.

I liked, indeed, to exhibit myself to him as a lad of some mettle, and anything but slow; yet I could not bear the idea of his supposing me to be a mere trifler.

In my correspondence with him, during his absence, I had been at pains to present him with the better side of my character; and though I really enjoyed writing to him, yet I

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experienced a certain relief when I had finished the letter, and had resumed my own natural self.

I always "felt good," as I expressed it to myself, when with Austin; and even between sixteen and seventeen, it was through him that I occasionally opened my eyes to a brighter light than that to which I had till then been accustomed. But there were to be many progressive temptations by which I was to be tried, before I could live in the pure atmosphere of the planet where Austin Comberwood dwelt.

So it chanced that I had little to say, but much to hear. For my friend had travelled in France, Germany, and Italy, and had allowed few things worthy of note to escape his observation.

"And now you finish by going up to Bulford," I said; "and then you 'll be a clergyman."

"I do not know," was his reply, which surprised me, as I had never known him waver in a course when he himself had fixed the goal.

"Austin says he does n't think he'll be a clergyman," I said to Alice, who had now joined us.

"We have talked it over together," said Austin, looking up affectionately at his sister, "though we do not talk over so many things as we used to; but I suppose that 's because my Alice is to have another confidant—"

"Never mind that now," Alice interrupted him, as if annoyed by even this passing allusion to her marriage. "We don't know what may happen between now and—that time."

I had never before heard her speak with even the slightest degree of petulance to her favorite brother.

For the moment her tone shocked me, and I could have resented it for Austin's sake, but for his resuming quietly,—

"No; nor do I care about anticipating our separation. Papa talks of settling in London, and mamma considers it absolutely necessary. Dick will go abroad, probably, with his regiment, and I shall be in my cap and gown at the university. My father seems to wish that I should go to the bar, where his interest, he says, would be of the greatest use to me. I do not care about it much myself; but, on the other hand, I begin to think of a clergyman's profession as involving a very great responsibility."

"I am sure Austin is right," observed Alice. "He would never of course be such a clergyman as is Mr. Tabberer, our rector, who looks upon Sunday as his professional day, and is a country squire and market-gardener for the rest of the week. Why, he is more interested in his fruits and flowers than in all his poor at Ringhurst taken together. I've visited among them, and I know it. And Austin could never be like Mr. Kershaw, at Hyde Mallow, who only took the curacy because there was good hunting and shooting in the neighborhood, and who visits the sick cottagers with a small pack of fox terriers at his heels. Then there 's Mr. Greeve, of Wylborne, who dresses as if he were always ready for an evening party, and who drives miles to go to a dance. No, I would rather see Austin a barrister than a clergyman of that sort."

Here it suddenly occurred to me that the masters at Holyshade were clergymen, and I expressed a hope that Austin would never resemble any of these ecclesiastics, from the unwieldy Provost, who used to puff and blow over the first part of the

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communion service, and the vice-provost, who piped out the commandments in a shrill, perky tone, or his reverence the Bursar, who began his sentences in the pulpit with a bellow and ended in a whisper, down to my old tutor, Mr. Raab, who used to take an occasional duty for a friend three miles from Holyshade, when it was his wont to be accompanied by a few of his pupils, to whom he gave leave out of school chapel in order that they might have the treat of a pleasant walk across the meadows by the river-side on a fine summer morning, and form a portion of the scanty congregation assembled in the little parish church of Stockfield to hear him preach.

I owned I did not know what kind of a clergyman I should have liked Austin to be, but my ideas on all such subjects were of the vaguest description.

I knew my catechism, because I could n't help that, and I had been confirmed at Holyshade by the Right Rev. Father in God, Bishop of Sawder, for which I had been prepared by Miss Raab, my tutor's sister, who presented me with a packet of tracts, which, with pictures, afforded us scapegraces considerable amusement; and it was on this solemn occasion that I took the opportunity of refreshing my memory of the earlier-acquired catechism.

"And then," said Austin, "you should see our clergymen abroad. I really don't know where they come from. Mr. Venn, who was with me at first, knew some of them, and I'm sure I never wished to meet any of them again, — except one at Nice, who was very fond of music, and who went with me to all the grand services in the churches there."

"But they were Catholic churches, were n't they?" I asked. Had he told me that they were Mohammedan mosques or Pagan temples, I should have accepted his account of it.

"Yes," he replied, "and of course our dreary place for Anglican Church worship was n't to be compared for a moment with one of these splendid churches. I should have preferred my own service to any of theirs, I think, could I have had our own old church of Whiteboys, with even Alice's old enemy, the rector, to conduct it. But the carelessness, the irreverence I witnessed Sunday after Sunday —"

"In Roman Catholic churches?" asked Alice.

"No, in our English place of worship; it was simply revolting. As for the sermons, they were generally stupid. All the English went as a matter of nationality, and out of compassion for the clergyman, who, I believe, had only a small allowance to live on, in addition to his congregation's subscriptions. There was a fairly respectable specimen where we were staying. I was not impressed personally by him, when, on meeting him subsequently at a *table d'hôte*, I heard him inform my tutor that he did n't make a very good thing of it."

"Was he married?" asked Alice.

"Yes," answered Austin, "and there were three daughters whom the poor man had to take to all the parties and dances throughout the season, in the hope of their making good matches, and so relieving him of a portion of his burden. I once came across a good-natured Bulford man, a married English clergyman, who tried to affect the dress of the native Catholic priests. He was very angry because our German landlady would not understand his preten-

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sions; and when he attempted to explain to her that he was a priest, she shook her head, smiled, addressed him as *Herr Pasteur*, and asked after his wife and five grown-up daughters, who had the reputation of being the greatest flirts in the place."

Alice sighed. "It is difficult, most difficult, to believe in such men being divinely set apart for their office," she said.

"It is," returned Austin, gravely; "and, as I was saying to you yesterday, Alice dear, what proof shall I ever have, or those about me, that I should be so set apart? And if the clergy are divinely commissioned, in what are they in the least superior to other ordinary men, who know just as much about religion, and sometimes more, than those who set themselves up to be their teachers?"

He was talking far above the capacity of my youthful intelligence, yet I have no doubt but that his words were seeds dropped on a likely soil. As tares spring up among the wheat, so, on the other hand, sweet wild strawberries grow in the rank grass by the side of a stagnant pond. Whence the seed came, when it took root, none can tell; but innocent children discover the bright red berries with shouts of delight; as Heaven's angels, who have sown as silently, but more carefully, than their fallen brethren, may point exultingly to the good fruit, dwarfed indeed, but flourishing, in the midst of nettles and noisome weeds.

Subsequent events brought this conversation vividly to my mind, and though I was wearied with the subject, which was then almost unintelligible to me, I well remember Alice's manner, as being, in its restlessness, so different from her former impassioned self. Two years before, she would have attacked Austin for what she would have deemed his profanity, and would have professed herself unable to understand how he could for a moment admit one doubt as to the sacred character of the priesthood of her ideal Church of England.

Since then she had fallen under another influence, but it angered her to have it said, even by her dear brother, that her hold upon the standard under which she had enlisted had been relaxed by a force to which she had gradually been compelled to yield. This flag was no longer her pride and her encouragement; it embarrassed her movements. She made some show of still grasping her colors, but it was evident to those who understood her at that time, that she was often on the point of flinging them down on the march, and abandoning them forever.

"It would be better," she said, "for you to be a barrister than to be teaching either what you did not believe, or did not understand."

"My dear Alice," Austin began, in a tone of remonstrance; but his sister took him up quickly, and with more of her old impetuosity than I had hitherto noticed, —

"I, too, have seen something of clergymen," she said. "Besides Mr. Tabberer and Mr. Kershaw, look at Andrew." She alluded to her brother-in-law, Mr. McCracken. "Why old Mr. Tabberer said he admired floral decorations, and did not mind — fancy! did not mind! — having a cross on the altar, only he objected to my using the word altar, not because, he said, there really was any harm in it, but because it might engender superstition. I asked him, for you know I had been reading a good deal about it," — Alice considered herself something of a theolo-

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gian, — "what particular grace was conferred by the bishop's laying on of hands at his ordination — "

"And what could he say?" asked Austin.

"Say! He had nothing to say, except that the subject was too far above me; that there were certain formal words which every candidate for orders had to read, and that, on the whole, he considered his ordination as a solemn ceremony; and just as the consecration of a church might be the setting apart a building, so the ordination would be the setting apart a person for a special purpose. Mr. Amphthill, his curate, who was here for a short time, gave me a very different view of the matter; *he* said he was a successor of the apostles, and that old Mr. Tabberer was also."

"Without being aware of it," said Austin, smiling.

"That is what Mr. Cavander said." She stopped suddenly, as though she would have recalled these words had she been able.

"I know you talked all over this with him," Austin observed; and then, as if unwilling to pursue this part of the subject any further, he reverted to her mention of Mr. McCracken, and inquired, "What did Andrew say?"

"He told me that Mr. Tabberer was too much of a Tory, and was of the old-fashioned Church and State type, which hated dissent, where, after all, there was real hearty spiritual life. He expressed his opinion that Mr. Amphthill was a Jesuit.

At this point I *was* interested. I had read about Jesuits in romances, and my notion of them was grotesque. I had never seen one; and from the flavor I had got of them in fiction, I could have described such a creature with about as much accuracy as a man, blind from his birth, might be expected to describe a crab, only from having tasted the delicacy with pepper and vinegar. The word Jesuit conveyed to my mind inquisitions, tortures, poisoners in disguise, and a number of creeping, crawling things, half fiend, half human, with, perhaps, tails. What a Jesuit was in reality, I honestly had not the smallest idea, so powerful had been the national English traditions influencing my mind through the channels of romances founded on so-called history. It is thus that ignorant prejudices are fostered; and how few of us in after-life have the time or the will to sift the rubbish of the dust-bin of history on the chance of discovering the diamond of truth.

"*Was* he a Jesuit?" I asked, innocently.

Alice paid no attention to my question, for she was in earnest now.

"I told Andrew that Mr. Amphthill hoped to see confession restored in the Church of England, whereat he was horrified. I pointed out to Andrew that both he and Mr. Amphthill had to use the awfully solemn form of absolution in the visitation of the sick, to be pronounced by an English clergyman over a dying person who had confessed. Andrew replied, that there was a great deal in the prayer-book that wanted altering; that this particular instance was merely a form meant for the solace of a certain sort of weak mind, — like mine, I suppose he meant; that the use of it was optional, and that it had been allowed to remain, in order to conciliate Catholics at the Reformation, and that no one with a grain of sense believed in the existence of such a power; and that, speaking for himself, if he pretended to possess it, he would be no minister of the

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Church of England. Yet," she continued, meditatively, more as if communing with herself than addressing us, "were there such a mission of forgiveness, could one indeed be sure of — "

She paused, and, bending her head, plucked the grass fitfully. Austin leaned over her, and put his arm round her neck.

"We think together," he said; "and I have three years of study before me. I wish I could be a clergyman; we have both of us always wished that. Don't you remember how gravely we had settled our future; neither of us to marry, but you to keep house for me at the parsonage or the rectory?"

"Yes."

"All that, so far, is changed now. You are going to be married, and I have not yet made up my mind as to what I shall be when I leave the university. Come, dear, there 's the supper bell, and we've quite tired out poor Cecil."

I call to mind now how that night, sitting alone in my room at Ringhurst, I reflected on this conversation, and was puzzled by it. A change seemed to be coming over me, and over those whom I loved best. So much I perceived distinctly, but I was too young to trace results to causes, and too much engrossed with my own domestic affairs to bestow more than a passing thought on those of others, however near or dear to me they might be.

That Austin was contemplating an alteration in the plan of his life, that his sister was going to be married (an event which was being looked forward to by Mrs. Cavander with unconcealed satisfaction), that I detested Sir Frederick Sladen on sufficient grounds, and that somehow in the midst of all this a comparison between Alice and Julie would thrust itself upon me to the disadvantage of the former, — all these subjects of interest presented themselves to my mind as in the jumble of a dream, to be ultimately absorbed into my own personal and present grievance, namely, my father's recent marriage.

My Holyshadian habit of keeping an irregular sort of diary was at this time a source of great relief to me. This diary, kept from time to time in various old-fashioned account-books with clasps, served me as a confidential friend, into whose ear I would pour my griefs, my complaints, and such observations on my friends' words and deeds as I could not have made to any one likely to repeat them. On looking over a drawer full of these sketchy records, I have been surprised to find how briskly my memory has been refreshed as to details concerning My Time, which have been necessary to my evidence when appearing as a "witness to character," that character being my own.

I quitted Ringhurst Whiteboys soon after. Alice had gone on a visit to some friends (she was always going away on visits now, Austin said). And only stopping in London to call at the office in the city, where, according to my father's directions, I was provided with ample funds for my journey and my residence at my private tutor's, I set out for Hillborough House, Collington, Devonshire, where I was to pass the interval between Holyshade and the University.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FRESH SCENE — A PUPIL — PRIVATE HISTORY — THE DRIVE — NEW IDEAS — DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF HILLBOROUGH — MR. BLUMSTEAD APPEARS — FURTHER DESCRIPTION—HIS REPUTATION.

HILLBOROUGH House, near Collington, Devonshire, was the strangest residence for a country parson like my tutor, the Rev. John Henry Blumstead.

A curly-headed pupil in a pony-carriage was waiting to receive me at Collington Station. His name was Ashton, and he was about eighteen. He wore a pea-jacket, boating trousers, and a tarpaulined straw hat, whence I inferred that he had lately come off the river. It appeared, however, that this nautical taste of his was the consequence, not of his having come off a river, for there was not one for miles round, but of his having been to sea, which profession he had quitted in disgust, and had come to Mr. Blumstead's to prepare himself for Bulford. This, and much more as to the amusements of Hillborough House, Ashton told me as we went along; and before we had reached my tutor's abode I was pretty well master of my companion's family history, and was prepared for the best or the worst, as it might come, at Hillborough.

It was a lovely autumn evening, and every fresh ascent (we were perpetually dipping down and coming up again in a way that reminded me of bathing) opened before us an ever-varying aspect of the undulating fields and meadows, terminating in distant hills of such a bright blue as I had never till now noticed out of a landscape painting. The rocks about us, for it was a very rough way, were of a rich brown, not unlike the color of a wedding-cake, and the herbage; of a deep ultramarine, formed a strongly marked foreground to the picture, making the distance all the brighter and lighter by the contrast. The swiftly passing clouds drew, as it were, cloth after cloth from off the face of the fields, suggesting to my Holyshadian mind the brown-holland covering being rapidly removed from a series of well-kept billiard-tables.

The view was entirely new to me, who had never before seen a hill country. We bumped over a rutty road, past many hovels and a few well-kept cottages, which, I was informed, represented a portion of Hillborough parish. Ringhurst Whiteboys was a town compared with this. The country folks, too, spoke a dialect which was almost unintelligible to my ears. My companion seemed to be well up in the *patois*, and amused himself and me considerably by addressing the rustics in their own native tongue, and then translating the conversation for my benefit.

Altogether I was charmed with the novelty.

"You'll keep a horse or a pony and a trap here, of course," said Ashton.

This was a novel idea to me, but it was one that coincided with my own notions of luxury and self-importance. However, never having mentioned the subject to my father, I thought it as well to inquire what necessity existed for such an outlay at Hillborough. Ashton explained:

"You see," he said, "you'll want to go about to picnics and parties, and old Blumstead does n't keep a trap himself, and so it depends upon

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us whether the ladies go or not They're very jolly, and we take them. You can't hire anything here, not even a donkey, as there's no town, bar Collington, for miles."

"And who are the ladies?" I asked, naturally enough.

"There's Miss Fowler, she's Blummy's sister-in-law; he's a widower, you know," Ashton answered. "Then there's the eldest Miss Blumstead, rather starchy, but pretty; Miss Fowler looks after her," added my knowing young friend, giving me a side glance, and the horse an encouraging flick, which caused him to go ahead with a jerk that nearly landed me on his back over the dashboard. "The other girl, I mean her sister, is away just now, staying with my aunt, who always has some companion with her whom she takes a fancy to for some time. You must know her. Very jolly, and got a beautiful yacht."

"Who has?" I inquired, thinking at first that he was alluding to the younger Miss Blumstead.

"My aunt, of course. She's great fun." So he finished, reverting, illogically, to his first theme. "You must have an animal and a trap."

This was a suggestion upon which I determined to act as soon as possible.

It had long been an ambition of mine to possess a horse and vehicle of some sort, having envied the old Holyshadians in barracks their neat turnouts; and now that the opportunity presented itself, I would not let a week pass without furnishing myself with what Ashton had clearly demonstrated to be an absolute necessity. As to the cost, that never troubled me for a moment. I protested that nothing but a dog-cart and a fast trotter would suit *me*, and from that moment Ashton, who regretted his own inability to afford so expensive an equipage, was my admiring friend and sworn ally. Now for the first time I began to appreciate the advantage which a youth, who has been at Holyshade, possesses over one who has not; and as this gradually broke upon me, and we drove up to the front door, I felt more as if I had come to teach, than to receive instruction.

I have already said that Hillborough House was a strange residence for a simple country parson, and I think its description will bear me out in this remark.

It was a very large house, of the Italian style, looking as though some eccentric person had brought a London club-house down here, and had set it on the top of a hill, for the benefit of the pure country air.

It was perfectly square, and painted a bright glaring white, unrelieved by any color, whether from a venetian blind or a geranium. A colonnade, the roof of which was supported by plain columns like those in a child's box of wooden bricks, went all round it, and formed a useful promenade in wet weather.

On the plan of a Pompeian house, the rooms were in the corridors that inclosed the central hall, the height of which was that of the house itself. This hall, which was lighted by windows in a dome above, contained the grand staircase, while the servants' staircase was concealed, and within the walls on one side of the quadrangle.

On the whole it had so classic an air about it, that had the Rev. John Henry Blumstead issued from the front door and appeared in the colonnade in a toga, with a garland round his head and sandals on his feet, I

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should not have been very much surprised.

The house had been built by a nobleman, who had given it up after trying it for a short time, and had then conferred it upon its present occupant, to whom he had given the small living of Hillborough.

Mr. Blumstead, who was a Bulford man, with a scholarly reputation, had soon found it necessary to follow his sister-in-law's advice, and take pupils. There was plenty of room for them, and they were more profitable than pigs or poultry. There was, too, no difficulty in obtaining them, as, thanks to the reputation for scholarship above mentioned, many of his most aristocratic friends, whom he had years before assiduously cultivated at the university, were only too glad to avail themselves of his services for their sons who were to follow in their own footsteps. Not that they remembered Mr. Blumstead's having in any way distinguished himself while at college; he had only come out as a B.A. without honors, and had subsequently taken his M.A., which step, as every one is aware, requires only the payment of certain fees into the university chest, and something more for the good of the college of which you may happen to be a member. Yet he had been credited by every one with the possession of high mathematical attainments, which in his day were, they explained to one another, of small value except at Cowbridge, to which university it was clearly his misfortune, and not his fault, that he did not belong.

Ashton informed me that he believed, from what he had heard from his father, that Mr. Blumstead owed his name for classical scholarship to the fact that he had successfully coached Lord Muffat through his degree, after that unlucky young nobleman had twice failed in the most gallant attempts. Lord Muffat, now Earl of Willesden, had never forgotten this feat of tutorship, and when Mr. Blumstead wrote to him announcing his intention of regularly taking pupils, he recommended him to all his friends as a man of such erudition, and so skilful in imparting his knowledge to others, as to be unrivalled by any living professor. The Earl quoted himself as an instance of Mr. Blumstead's skill, saying, "'Gad, sir, he got *me* through!" which was a life-long wonder to himself, and rendered his lordship a splendid advertisement for his former coach.

This highly recommended preceptor of youth had a pear-shaped head, big at the cranium, and diminishing towards the chin. His neck, encircled by a loose, white tie, was, as it were, the stalk of the pear. He was bald, and gray hair rose up on each side from the temples to the back, like the sea-froth about a polished bowlder.

It was clear, at the first glance, that there was nothing outside his head, and, after a brief acquaintance, I arrived at the conclusion that there was very little more inside.

Allowing for Lord Muffat's degree as a fluke in the annals of private tuition, just as an outsider from an unknown stable may falsify all prognostications about a Derby favorite, and immortalize his trainer, — I say, putting this aside as a chance hit, to what had Mr Blumstead owed whatever success in life he had achieved? I answer, unhesitatingly, he owed it to his broad, massive forehead, and his nose of the genuine Roman type. In the most flourishing era of Paganism

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he would have been Blumstedius, the chief augur; and had he met his most intimate friend in the whole College of Augurs, he (Blumstedius) would not for one second have tolerated a smile or a wink, but would have valued himself and the secret of his own incapacity too highly, to admit the truth, even in confidence and unofficially, to the man who had best reason to know that the chief augur was only a solemn idiot.

The Rev. Mr. Blumstead's face, like that of the milkmaid in the song, had been his fortune. No one — so fathers who were acting upon my Lord Muffat's recommendation reasoned — no one with such a brow as Blumstead's could be a fool. And indeed it would have been difficult to convict him of folly out of his own mouth, for in society he had seldom opened it but to agree, or to utter in a sonorous tone, and with a calm air of peaceful superiority, platitudes which sounded at the time like the words of true wisdom. He manufactured sermons in his library, where he had indeed a formidable array of theological works. He belonged to no religious party in the Church. His "views" were, so to speak, held for him by his sister-in-law and his daughters, who followed their aunt's teaching. Were all Anglican clergymen like Mr. Blumstead, the English church would be at peace; but, it would be a corpse.

Next to being rich, it is best to have the reputation for wealth; and next to being clever, it is best to be given credit for talent. To give credit is a phrase implying no pressure for immediate payment. Mr. Blumstead presented his creditors with his forehead for their security. This, backed by that brilliant living example already quoted, namely, the Earl of Willesden, was quite sufficient. The Earl did business with Sir John's house in the city, and had there mentioned Mr. Blumstead.

He had his faults, like other great men. He was of a choleric disposition. A stupid, passionate man will go at a stone-wall like a mad bull. Fortunately for him, Miss Fowler, his sister-in-law, held the reins with a tight hand, and did with him what she pleased.

He had his accomplishments, too, for he was, or pretended to be, passionately fond of the science of music; and associating this with the idea of keeping up his reputation for high mathematics, he would represent himself as passing his hours of recreation in attempting logarithms on the German flute.

The flute and the bugle were his instruments, and I had reason to sincerely wish they had not been.

Miss Fowler permitted their use, as I discovered, for a certain wise purpose. The flute had been fashioned according to his own order and design, years and years ago, and had twice as many holes as any ordinary one. This, he thought, gave him more chance of producing such correct and exact notes as, he would explain, must lie, even though expressed in logarithms, between *b* and *c*, or between *e* and *f*, which had no semitone between them. His pupils were unable to plumb the depth of these mysteries, but of one they were all quite sure, that if the flute had twice as many holes as any other, it made, at all events, twice as much noise.

Mr. Blumstead's innocent ambition was to perfect the flute, but the difficulty increased with the size and number of the holes. Every one in Hillborough House, except perhaps

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Miss Fowler, sincerely hoped that this object might be speedily accomplished. When the flute should be perfected, it was probable that he would then be satisfied, and experimentalize no more.

I have hinted that Miss Fowler had a sufficient reason for encouraging the performance. She continued to do so because when she had first come to reside with him after his bereavement, her brother-in-law discovered to her his hitherto unmanageable temper, which had been the cause of much grief and domestic sorrow during his married life. She hit upon the flute as an expedient; and whenever she saw him seized with a fearful paroxysm of passion, when his scalp would become apparently so red-hot that it seemed as if cold water would frizzle on it as on a stove, she used to insist upon his retiring to the study and playing the flute, through the holes of which he literally blew off his steam. Now, a look from her was enough, and when he felt he was no longer master of himself (the most trivial thing would make him boil over, like the "shallow pot" in the old proverb, which is "soon hot"), he would, from sheer force of habit, walk sharply out of the room, and the next instant we were sure to hear the shrieks of the flute, which was being tortured in the study.

The key-bugle he blew regularly every morning. It was used instead of a bell, or a gong, to rouse the sleepers. He only knew a few cavalry calls on it, and I often wished he had learnt a tune.

Miss Fowler was a maiden lady, sharp, clever, and a thorough woman of the world. Miss Blumstead had what is termed, I believe, an interesting face, which was very nearly being either handsome or pretty; but she was only an automaton in her aunt's hands, being perhaps just a thought cleverer than her talented parent.

Looking back, now, to my drive from Collington to Hillborough, I little thought that the careless young sailor pupil, who volunteered his confidence so freely, was, hereafter, destined to form a link, slight, perhaps, but strong, in the chain which, through life, has connected my fortunes with those of one with whom it was at that time most unlikely he should ever become acquainted. Yet so it was to be.

Ashton and myself became fast friends, though his was a friendship of a very different type from Austin's. I soon found that the Hillborough party was never omitted from any of the country festivities, of which at all times of the year there was more than enough to prevent one ever complaining of the dulness of a provincial life.

I now set to work with a will to prepare myself for Cowbridge. I rejoiced in a new kind of life which was free from the irksome restraint of Lady Colvin's presence, and having within a very short time suited myself not only with a dog-cart, bright harness, a high-stepping bay, and a small boy out of the village, dressed in a tiger's livery, I felt that I had completely set up for myself *en garçon*, and, at the end of six weeks at Hillborough, I imagined myself at least four years older than I had been on my arrival.

For me the present time was more than a mere change of scene; it was, as it were, a new drama, with new interests, new action, and an entire novelty in the *dramatis personæ*.

For a while I could forget the

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Cavanders, and even became negligent in my correspondence with Austin Comberwood. My Time at Hillborough, which was the *entr'acte* between Holyshade and Cowbridge, would not have demanded any especial notice from me here, but for one event which I must hasten to record.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HILLBOROUGH — PICNICS — MR. AND MRS. BOB — THE NEW YOUNG LADY-COMPANIONS — UNCLE HERBERT — ADVICE — COLVIN IMPULSE — AN INVITATION — CHANGES — RINGHURST WHITEBOYS ONCE MORE — PREPARATIONS.

ASHTON and myself were Mr Blumstead's only pupils, and he was therefore able to bestow on us his individual attention.

Now for the first time I conceived a liking for study, for our tutor was sufficiently well versed in his subjects to be able to arouse the curiosity of any pupil of an inquiring turn. He showed us difficulties in mathematics, and left us to solve them. He seldom answered a question in classics, but observed that *his* way was invariably to refer to authorities. These authorities were dictionaries, grammars, and lexicons, on accessible shelves, and Mr. Blumstead must have acquired a vast amount of erudition in the course of his teaching *me*.

What I learnt then I learnt thoroughly; and I pay this tribute to Blumstead's memory, that he acted as master of the ceremonies in introducing me to the "authorities" above mentioned, whose acquaintance I might perhaps have never made but for his intervention.

My time at Blumstead's was not thrown away. After two upsets, and consequent expenses, for there is no exception to the rule of paying for experience, I learnt to drive; and my showy dog-cart, with a tiger behind, quite threw into the shade my companion Ashton's low four-wheeled chaise and little rough-and-ready pony.

Among the numerous picnics to which we were invited, there was one alone which, as bearing in any way on my future, I must not omit from these confidential records. It was given by Mr. and Mrs. Burdon, relations of Ashton's, who had taken a house near Dawlish for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdon were the most popular couple I have ever met. They were known everywhere as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burdon, to distinguish them from the Toms and Dicks of their family; and as Mr. Burdon had from his earliest school-days been known familiarly as Bob, so Mrs. Robert, who was as warm-hearted, lively, and "jolly" as her husband, had been very soon after her marriage christened Mrs. Bob, and ever afterwards, by her own wish, so addressed by her intimates.

It was a great privilege for a youngster to be a friend of Mrs. Bob's. It was a recommendation to their own circle, and it was a *passe-partout* outside.

The Bob Burdons were very rich, and spent their money well and wisely. Their house, wherever it was, and they were always changing it, preferring to have no fixed residence, was invariably open to all comers, and their hearty "Come and see us" really meant that the giver of the invitation would be honestly disappointed if it were not accepted. They had travelled much, and reckoned a number of foreigners among

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their acquaintances, who on coming to England were sure of a hospitable welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Bob. They had no children, but several pets, which travelled with them; and Mrs. Bob was invariably accompanied by some young lady, frequently by two, whom she had chosen for such distinguishing social qualities as would be of assistance to her in her informal and chatty receptions, and would supply the place of a grown-up daughter, when in the absence of excitement Mrs. Bob might happen to be thrown on her own domestic resources.

Their yacht was in reality their home, for this was kept in trim all the year round; and as they always took a furnished house or apartments when on shore, it was no trouble to them at any moment to order their things to be packed up, to embark on board the "Stella," and start for Norway and Sweden, or the Mediterranean, as their caprice might suggest

When I first met this happy couple, they had been married about fifteen years, and I do not suppose there had ever been one minute in the course of their lives when they had repented their union.

Mrs. Bob informed me that she already knew one of my relations very well indeed; that, indeed, he was one of their most intimate friends, and never missed a season's yachting with them.

After this I scarcely required to be told that this relative was Uncle Herbert.

The "Bobs" were just the people he would love. The honest fellow would have said to them with fervor, "Your home shall be my home; your table my table; your yacht my yacht; and where thou goest I also will go, at your expense."

So it was not long ere he appeared in all his glory of summer costume, at Corfield, which was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Bob's temporary residence, and was the life and soul of the picnic parties, and of the house generally.

It was he who handed his host's best cigars about to friends, who commanded the servants, who suggested plans for the day's amusement; and a stranger arriving at Corfield would have concluded that Uncle Herbert was the generous and hospitable entertainer, and the "Bobs" his old friends, staying with him for some time.

Between my own willingness to make a confidante of Mrs. Bob, and my uncle's readiness to impart his information on the subject, the Colvin family history had been long known in detail to the Burdons, who sincerely condoled with me on the change which had lately taken place in Sir John's household.

The Burdon party at this time consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Miss Fanny Blumstead, who was my tutor's second daughter, a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed, fresh-colored, lively girl, and Mrs. Tom's resident protégée, Miss Clara Wenslow, a brunette almost to sallowness.

One evening, in Ashton's absence, Uncle Herbert drove with me to the station, on our return from a fishing excursion, off Dawlish.

"Cecil," said Uncle Herbert, abruptly.

I was all attention. He so seldom spoke with an air of conviction, that a smack of real earnestness in his tone put me immediately on the *qui vive*.

"You're a young fellow yet," said Uncle Herbert, "quite a boy, and therefore it's just as well to warn

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you against making a fool of yourself. I know the world, and I know young men in it, and am perfectly aware that, as a rule, with scarcely an exception, advice is utterly thrown away."

"Not on me," I ventured to reply.

"Ah!" he returned dubiously, "we shall see. What I'm going to observe is this. You're very easily taken in. Every impulsive chap at your turn of life is — by" he paused for a second, as if considering.

"By whom?" I asked.

"By himself," said Uncle Herbert, decidedly. "I mean by his own vanity and love of admiration. A girl expresses herself your admirer, and immediately you become hers; a girl shows a preference for you, and you fall head over ears in love with her."

I felt myself blushing, and did not feel inclined to ask at whom his allusion pointed.

"I am putting you on your guard," he went on; "there is no such mistake in life as marrying too early. I don't say that you are going to make an ass of yourself just yet, before you are even of age; but I foresee that unless you have some one at your elbow to guide you, you'll lose yourself, and be precious sorry for it afterwards."

"My dear Uncle, I have no sort of intention," I began.

"Precisely. That's just it. You don't intend to fall in love when you set out in the morning, but before lunch time you've done it. You don't intend to go one step farther than a flirtation, but half an hour after you've commenced, you find you've passed the limits, and are caught. There's no way out of it: the only thing is to take my advice, and don't go in for it. If my sister had lived, and you had had a mother at home to look after you in this respect, I should not have been advising you. But you ask Mrs. Bob. I'll get her to have a chat with you, for the best companion and guide a young man can have on entering the world is a clever middle-aged married woman, who knows the ins and outs of society. Her influence will do more for him than any lectures either from father or uncles.

Herbert Pritchard was right, but of course I could not at that time be expected to agree with him on such a nice point.

I simply protested that I had no idea of anything like a serious attachment; and for that matter, speaking honestly, I did not then know the meaning of the phrase. How can the words "serious attachment" mean anything to a lad of seventeen or eighteen, however precocious he may be?

And yet it seems to me, reviewing of the past, that young men nowadays *do* understand the phrase, and, more, know how to guard themselves against yielding to any such absurd sentiments. The other day I was lecturing a young friend in much the same style as Uncle Herbert had lectured me,— no matter how many years ago: enough that it has been here recorded, — and what does he get up and say? Why this: —

"My dear Ganache,"— he did not use this word, but it was *subauditum*, and underlaid the speech,—"I am not such a fool as I look. I can't afford to do any more than flirt; the merest innocent flirtation. *Je ne suis pas un parti, moi, vous comprenez*—" this is another modern affectation; we in our time did not interlard our discourse with French, but then I am bound to add that that elegant and charming language was only taught

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as an "extra" at Holyshade, "and so mamma runs after me for her daughters. I'm more like the *maître de ballet*, or one of his merry men; I'm hired out to dance. That's my profession at present, dancing. In return they give me suppers and dinners, and as, fortunately, I happen to sing, they add invitations to their country-houses. I am not ornamental, perhaps, but I am useful, and I fill a gap. No, *mon vieux*, if I marry, I must marry money. One and one make two, and that is quite enough without going further into arithmetic. No, love is a luxury, and marriage is n't a necessity."

Now these were not the Colvin sentiments at any time in the history of our family. Impulse: *dum vivo, ago*, was the Colvin motto, and *ago* is better than *spero*.

With all my knowledge of London life, I knew at this time very little of society. That must be put to my account. Romances and novels had been my chief pabulum; and the theatres and such like places of amusement my recreation. Sir John had never gone into society, and society had stopped short of our door. Such friends as my father gathered round him I have already described. What I wish to convey is that I was now making my *entrée* into society without such a guide as (and here Herbert Pritchard was undoubtedly right) my mother would have been.

And had I fallen in love with Miss Clara Wenslow, Mrs. Bob's protégé? This was what Uncle Herbert's lecture pointed at.

Fair-haired, petite, older than myself — of course — and decidedly accomplished. She wrote poetry, she sang, I thought, *then*, deliciously; she adored Tennyson, quoted Shelley, and kept an album full of scraps. I have to thank her for my introduction to a taste for poetry. A taste, not much, but enough for scraps.

Miss Clara amused Mrs. Bob vastly, and so, I suppose, did I

As for her nephew, Frank Ashton, he was having a desperate flirtation with Miss Fanny Blumstead, and Mrs. Bob had an eye for both of us. We should not kick over the traces and bolt as long as she held the reins, and she did hold them, and knew how to manage the team perfectly.

I think this was at the time somewhat irksome to her companion, Clara Wenslow, who would have had me down on my knees before I knew where I was, and would have sent me off to her parents (her father was a retired naval officer living in the north of England) by the next train. But Mrs. Bob knew all the moves, and I was not to be the only young man in attendance.

Besides, Uncle Herbert, too, was not blind, and so, thank goodness, I was prevented from making an utter idiot of myself before I had arrived at the use of my reasoning faculties.

Legally an infant, I suppose my promise to pay on a hymeneal bond would have been worthless. But then there would have been the Colvin honor.

Talking over our mode of life with Ashton one evening, he observed, —

"If a fellow must have a profession, it would be very jolly to settle down as a country parson with a nice wife."

"Yes, we see a good deal of them, don't we?" I returned. "They seem very happy."

"And it does n't cost much," remarked Ashton, to whom money was an object.

"I don't think I shall be anything," I replied, with an assump-

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tion of indifference as to all monetary questions. "My father wants me to take to the Bar, and be a Chancellor or something. I mean after Cowbridge, of course. I've got to take my degree first."

"Well, on my word," said Ashton, returning to the subject, "I think if I were to go and take a degree I'd come back here, find a nice country girl for a wife, — a clergyman's daughter's the best," — he was thinking of the younger Miss Blumstead, — "and settle down with a vicarage or a curacy, or whatever it is."

"It does seem comfortable enough, and for my part I like country life immensely."

I uttered this with enthusiasm, Hillborough having been my first experience of living out of London.

In after-life I have returned to most of these first impressions, and therefore I conclude the Colvin impulsiveness to be but a froth which must be blown off before we come to the true liquor. Of course we discussed the ladies, our likes and dislikes. We disliked youths of our own age who came in the way, and we liked those who did not interfere with us.

"I've an invitation for you," said Herbert Pritchard, one morning; "and most likely when you return to Hillborough you'll find yours waiting for you in due form."

"From home?"

"No. Try again."

"From Uncle Van — or," I added, vaguely, with some idea of Mr. Verney and Julie flitting across my mind, "from the Baa-lambs."

"Ah, I forgot you knew all about the Lambs," said Uncle Herbert, laughing; "but it's nothing to do with either Van or them. You're not half sharp. I thought you Holyshade fellows were quicker than that. It's an invitation to a wedding. Now then, whose? — no, Cecil, not your father's again — no, not quite so quick as that."

Oddly and stupidly enough that notion had occurred to me, of course to be dismissed as a joke, if so serious a subject ever admits of such treatment.

"Alice Comberwood," he began —

"To Sir Frederick Sladen, I know!" I cried, finishing his sentence for him. "I know him."

I did of course, and entertained for him, solely on the Verneys' account, a dislike which was of a very mild character compared with my feeling towards Mr. Cavander.

The news did not delight me.

"We'll go together," said Uncle Herbert; "we shall be back here before the end of the week"

My invitation had arrived in my absence, and we were to leave the next day. Austin sent me a short note, but said hardly anything of the important event. Alice wrote herself. It was some time since I had had a letter from her. She wrote to me as an old friend. When, as friends, we are all young together, we are all old friends. She had been, as the reader will recollect, among my first loves, when I was a mere private school-boy. It had never occurred to me that she was so much my senior, and though I could smile at the fact when she was going to be married to Sladen, yet I failed to see that history was repeating itself in my new attachment to Miss Clara Wenslow. Not that I would compare the two girls for one instant: nor did I at that time.

But as I sat conning the two letters

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and meditating on the marriage, my thoughts reverted to Cavander and to all that I had heard and seen of him and Alice. I felt certain that to his influence alone Alice owed the change that both her brother and myself had so recently noticed in her.

She had commenced a dangerous game: that of converting an older and cleverer person than herself, a person, too, whom we knew she both feared and admired. And why did he, of all men, pretend to sit at her feet? Was it that thus commencing, he could rise to his knees and so gain her ear for the serpent's whisper? Time and opportunity and inclination were not wanting, for Alice had lived an idle life, the more idle because her employment was of her own choosing, and her whole day had been composed of leisure hours. The work she had set herself was in the village and the church. The latter she had discontinued, whereat the family were astonished, and her Evangelical brother-in-law highly pleased. When she came gradually to absenting herself from all church services, the Rev. Andrew McCracken talked this over with his wife, who, however, represented it to him as a phase in her sister's character, and so cheered him.

But Austin, who knew her better, soon arrived at her real reason, and respected her honesty, though he was puzzled by the problems which she placed before him (second-hand, indeed, and *he* saw clearly enough whence they emanated), but of which none the less could he find the solution.

Yet Austin was a plodder. I have previously described how brother and sister would treat a book. So they dealt with difficulties. Alice would have cleared them at a bound, had she been able. She could not do this, neither could she break or hew her way through them. She was stopped, and must take up new open ground, which was No Man's Land, or rather No Deity's Land, and there she would wander.

Austin, with these obstacles brought before him sooner than they would otherwise have occurred to him in his career, supposing they occurred at all, set himself to work, not to scale or climb, and so surmount the wall, but to make a breach in it and then to utterly destroy it.

The above is a summary of our conversation at Ringhurst on the first evening of my arrival, the day before the marriage. I think its keynote had been struck by my report of the domestic happiness of parsonage life about Collington, and by my repeating Ashton's views on the subject to Austin, who was now at Bulford, and had just obtained one of the best scholarships of his college. The first step seemed to give a bias to his line in life, and the alteration in Alice's sentiments had, he owned to me, led him to look upon his future course as a matter for the gravest consideration.

The next day was one of bustle and excitement among the ladies. We were got out of the way, anywhere. Of Alice I saw nothing till dinner-time.

Then I thought she was livelier than I had ever seen her. Sir Frederick seemed to be a very happy man, and old Mr. Comberwood could not repress his evident exultation at the possession of a real baronet for his son-in-law. Lady Sladen was condescending and gracious. Having been a tradesman's daughter herself, it was natural she should look with coldness on such a retrograde step as

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the union of her son, the baronet, with the daughter of a solicitor.

Had she been permitted to be present behind the scenes, as I was by the merest chance, on the night before the wedding, she might have successfully interfered to prevent the tying of the knot.

[To be continued.]

RELIABLE.

BY FREDERIC B. PERKINS.

"RELIABLE" is a proper English word. Divers printed disturbances have been made against its use, but it is good English, and may be used within such limits of euphony and good sense as are imposed on other words. There has been, and of course will be, a sort of controversy about it; but the facts are in its favor. In vain do grim, self-appointed door-keepers of the English language say, "You can't come in here!" The word quietly answers, "I *am* in here." Then they run and stick up a notice on the door, "No admittance without a permit signed R. G. W.," or something, and then point to it, "Don't you see that notice? You *can't* come in." "But I *am* in!"

It is a convenient and useful word. That is the whole story. Any word whatever that is found convenient and useful will be used. Even such foolish terms as "thickth" and "thinth," which have recently been offered for acceptance, would certainly take the place of "thickness" and "thinness" if they were convenient and useful enough. Because they are not, they look foolish, and are foolish. They are like Darius Green's flying machine, or the Graphic balloon. If they had succeeded, they would have been sensible. To select incompetent means to an end is one definition of foolishness. Other rules do possess some influence, as is shown by the zeal of those who always try to keep new words out of a language. But this criterion of convenience and usefulness always decides the question in the long run. Thus, Mr. Marsh decides that "whatever may become of *photoglyphic*, *telegram* will maintain its place for reasons of obvious convenience." The same rule prevails even to the legitimating of slang, which is indeed metaphor yet alive, — the very protoplasm of language. The assimilation of slang into correct speech is one whole chapter of philology. It is, in fact, nothing but that absolutely universal stage in the history of words, during which they are on their way to become recognized parts of a language.

The reasons against "reliable" are either about its reputation, about its matter, or about its form.

First. — It is called unnecessary and superfluous as to its substance, and therefore bad; because we have *trustworthy* (*trusty* might be added) instead. In reply: it is good to have different words for different thoughts; trustworthiness and trustiness may conveniently be confined to what has a moral quality, or to what is by intentional metaphor represented to have it; as a trustworthy servant; "his trusty dog shall bear him company." "Reliable" may well

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be used to imply the material analogy or "correspondence" of trustworthiness, in such things for instance as statements, computations, and the like, which not only have not life, but are distinctly difficult subjects to be metaphorically endowed with it. Thus it is not a perfect synonyme, but finds a separate meaning all ready for it. Besides, what if it were a perfect synonyme?

Second. — It violates, it is said, the English rule for constructing adjectives in *able*, which, if such adjectives are formed from a verb regularly followed by a preposition, in order to obtain a transitive meaning, namely, a neuter verb, must include the preposition. Lovable, for instance, is right; for we do not say we love *to* John. If we did we should have to say lovetoable. But we do say laugh *at* John; so we must say — O! where is our English rule? It does not appear to be relyuponable. It is not, of course, asserted that our client-word is indispensable; *i. e.* that it can be dispensed WITH; but surely it is not utterly unaccountable; *i. e.* past being accounted FOR, that it should find some friends, even if only on the expedient ground that it is available, *i. e.* that it can be availed OF. All this, however, is in Webster's Unabridged; let it not be supposed that I think myself discovering anything.

Third. — The word, it is urged, is young and disreputable. Answer: It has been used at least this seventy-three years by respectable writers, from Coleridge, in 1800, down to three writers in one and the same number of OLD AND NEW!

The fact is, if anybody can introduce his new word into use, it will be in use; and in vain will the philologs "fire their guns at a fact!" Even I myself, if *scareful* and *necropomp* should get into the bi-centennial edition of Webster, A. D. 2876, shall have made two English words. Nor would all the excommunications in the world put them out of use, any more than the Indian powwows could kill the English missionaries by cursing them. And if so, it will be, as with "reliable," for a reason not unlike the excuse alleged by the disappointed medicine-men for the escape of their victim, — there 's too much salt in them.

THE UNKNOWN VALLEY.

THERE is a vale,
I know it well;
'T is heaven in that vale to dwell.
And many a tale of bliss and beauty,
High emprise and lowly duty
I could tell, I could tell;
Terrible stories of Indian wars,
Alarms, pursuits, and massacres.

Peaceful legends, lovers' greetings,
In the wood and in the corn;
Preachers' stories of camp-meetings
Wherein heaven's babes were born;

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Hunters' tales of deer and bear,
  Panther, wolf, and rattlesnake,
Windfalls hurtling through the air
  Making stout hearts quail and quake;
Miners' stories, weird and old,
  Transferred from the Hartzgebirg,
Elf and Kelp and small Kobold
  Frighting sinkers from their work;
Lambent flames at midnight wavering
  O'er the metal's gossan roof;
Milk-white does at midnight hovering
  Near a fountain, bullet-proof;
Alchemists with magic mirror,
  Cunning with divining rods;
Each a hoary gay deceiver,
  Self-deceived by his own gods.

    But what are tales
    Of unknown vales
To men who live in brick and stone?
    And what are trees
    And skies and seas
To men whose life is dust and bone?
And what are hunters', miners' stories,
Mountain breasts, and sunset glories,
Rivers gleaming over reefs,
Overhung by toppling cliffs;
Billowy expanse of maize,
Smiling promise of good days,
When deep snows shall bank the barn,
And the cattle munch the corn;
When the Commune shuts its gates
Against the world, and hybernates?

    Arouse thee, Man!
    Dull citizen!
Come forth and love the world!
  The world is not a street.
Cities are picture-work; earth's toys.
  God's lips are curled
With scorn at what you count so great.
  Life has superior joys.

Come see my Valley fair,
  The peaceful Unknown Vale,
Far in the mountain air,
  It waits to cry thee, Hail!

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Up to its gates of rocks!
  Up to its greeny woods!
Beside its bowldered brooks
  The mother-pheasant broods.
And hark! the father-bird
  In ecstasy of soul
Drums his long smothered roll
  Of invitation weird.
Dreamlike it sounds for thee,
  Thou dusty pavement-slave!
Up! see the deer's clear eye;
  See how the oak limbs wave.
Forget thy yoke and rope;
  Walk where the dogwood blows;
Mark how the sandstone slope
  With rhododendra glows.
Climb to the pine-tree top;
  Swing like the hawk on high;
Drink — drink fresh draughts of hope;
  Be unimagined free!
Borrow the sunlight's blood
  To feed with fire thy veins!
Ah! the Valley — it is good;
  And its gifts are worth thy pains.

I know the Vale Unknown:
  For there I lost my heart;
Yea, hearts — a many a one;
  And none by Cupid's dart.
In that dear vale recluse
  By Nature was I taught
How hearts are made to lose,
  Like arrows shot for sport.
Each morn and noon and eve
  I shot my heart away,
Into the wave, and into the leaf,
  And into the round blue sky.
Over the meadow and over the cliff
  And over the mountain wall
I ran, and laughed at toil and grief,
  For mine was the Vale and all.

Now I would read in books
  Words of the good and wise;
Then turn to decipher with curious looks
  Surrounding mysteries:
To study the attitudes of the rocks;
  And measure the depths of ores;

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Or mark the habits of herds and flocks;
  Or count the threshing floors.
I searched the swamp for flowers new;
  And dissected the water-worm;
And measured the heights of the clouds that flew
  In the front of the coming storm.

But when the evening shades suppressed
  All sights and sounds of earth,
I found new worlds of love and rest
  In the Vale — at the farmer's hearth:
The evening meal; the family prayer;
The baby falling asleep in its chair;
The old man's story of years long sped;
The lover coming to woo the maid;
And so — the candle — and so, the bed.

Dear Vale, to prose and verse unknown,
  No tourist has debased thy charms.
My virgin first love! all mine own!
  Sleep well, and wake to no alarms.
God spread above thee ever kindly skies,
And fill thy earthly home with heaven's felicities.

J. P. L.

A TALE OF THE SIMPLON.

From Brieg to Milan.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

[Concluded.]

V.

Now followed one of those miserable periods of action for the mere sake of action, which will thrust themselves into life. For it was hopeless action, and one might say, action without an object. The only object was, that afterwards they might always feel that they had done all that could be done.

They rushed back to the Fifth Refuge. They met its two or three inhabitants rushing towards them. They passed again under the cataract, but with how different a feeling from that of half an hour ago! On the other side of the ravine, now impassable, they could see the whole force from the Hospice, men and dogs, working their way along the edges of the desolation. They too had been startled by the rush of the avalanche. And the day was as clear, and the sun as bright, and rocks and hills and snow seemed as eternal, as they did at the moment when these four were snowballing each other so carelessly. The two men crept down into the ravine with the working party. The two women followed them as far as they could, then sat and waited, and then, with the girl who

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worked the telegraph, carried back the despatch for the captain of the road repairers, by which he and his party were summoned to the Fifth Refuge. All the men kept at work all day, tracing the progress of the avalanche in the valley. It had rushed for miles, carrying, as it would seem, a larger and larger mass as it went on. It only rested where it entered a forest of trees of considarable size. Here it was evidently forming a dam which would convert into a lake the waters of the brooks from above. The men returned, late in the day, tired and wretched, without one trace of their companions. But the women said that no wretchedness could be like theirs, who had had to wait all day without action.

And this was the history of day after day. After some days the working parties established communication with the weaker parties at work on the other side. And after a few days more, Walter and Julia, Miss Burdett and her cousin, were able to cross on the temporary road, and establish themselves at the Hospice. But the people on the Hospice side knew nothing which they did not know. Indeed, they thought that two ladies and two gentlemen had been in the carriage beside the driver. A lady's broad hat and a gentleman's courier's bag had been found in the rubbish, but these could not be produced again in answer to Walter's eager inquiry. The truth was, all vestige of the travellers was gone. Not a sign of the lost carriage or its occupants. The working parties made a practicable road from the Kalt-wasser gallery, across to the Hospice. And, unwillingly indeed, our friends at last left this scene of utter wretchedness. To lighten the load upon the carriage, all their luggage had gone forward on the diligence, and one of the earliest despatches after the wire was renewed, gave warning that it was waiting for them at Simplon, the first station as you descend. Sadly, but of necessity, they took the diligence; but with feelings how chastened from the merriment with which they made the ascent only the week before.

The Hospice itself stands very near the summit of the pass, — not very far from the Kalt-wasser gallery. In the autumn and spring this Hospice has to receive many a traveller. The Italian mechanics go up into Switzerland to work, and return when winter comes on, and they expect bed, board, and lodging free at the Hospice on their way. There are therefore large accommodations in space for wayfarers. The simple and kindly monks did all they could to solace our friends. They added rhubarb tarts or cake to the fare which they would have given to peasants, and wine "from their own vineyard" at Sion. Alas, the wine was as rough and tart as the rhubarb. There were two splendid St. Bernard dogs, to whom Julia and Miss Burdett made love, as they went out every morning with their little brandy flasks tied under their necks, in the pretended hope that some of the lost ones might yet be found. These noble animals knew there was care and sorrow, and their grave faces and honest looks seemed to befit the occasion.

But at last, there was no excuse for more delay, and they began the rapid ride down from the scene of so much sorrow. Fortunately for them there was only one passenger that day in the diligence. The news of the disaster had travelled fast and far, and travellers avoided a route which had the reputation of such calamity.

As you leave the Hospice, modern

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in all its aspects, you see just below you the old Hospice, built, they say, by the Knights of Malta, a square tower, now inhabited by shepherds. How queerly these old chivalrous memories poke their heads or arms in everywhere! A queer little hamlet gathers even at this height; but in a moment more, the road is plunging down, in a climate and with surroundings which show one in a minute that he is on the Italian side and not on the northern side of the Alps. The magnificent Monte Leone towers above them as they ride, white still with snow, — perhaps white always with snow. With drag on the wheels all the time, and the hard-pressed brake, still the descent is steady, and a short hour brings them to the little village of Simplon.

How queer it all is! The Knights of Malta must have built this tower too, with a clock on it. Had the Knights of Malta clocks? And here is a shop, — just like a country store at Franconia or at Campton! And here are all the people of the Hotel des Alpes! Shall we not get out? Of course we will, while they change horses. How tidy and clean it is. Ah well, if we could stop anywhere now, we would stop here. But the coachman is ready; and now a sharp descent begins. Zigzag again! And how large the river has grown! The girls hardly dare to look down from the coupé. Walter and Miss Burdett's cousin have started on foot, and are waiting at the long bridge. They met a simpleton who asked them the most extravagant questions. "Do look at this cascade as we come out from the bridge." "Why do not people give names to these falls and talk of them as they do of the Staub-bach or of Montmorenci?" "Here is another of these tunnels." "What do you say? Gallery of Algaby? That sounds like the Saracens. O, look! O, look!" They had come to the Gallery of Gondo. The diligence shot into a tunnel near 600 feet long, lighted from moment to moment by side tunnels running out to daylight. Then as they came out themselves, close to them on the left the Frassinone leaped down from the sky in spray and foam, passed under the road, and reappeared on the right. They were wild with excitement. Even the taciturn Jew-pedler showed interest, and the driver of the diligence stopped for a minute or two, to enjoy their enthusiasm, to renew the shoe on the wheels, and to breathe his horses. "Look back! Look back." The rocks are like close walls on each side; and the strip of dark blue sky between them, the dark rush of the river at the bottom, the white foam of the graceful waterfall, and that black den through which they have ridden, all make a picture such as Salvator Rosa never dared imagine. And this Gondo is only one such ravine; and for miles, the whole road is passing along through such a gulf,— down, down, forever down!

As they rode on at the pitiless pace of the diligence, they could only lament that there was no chance to stop for flowers or to draw. They began to come to chestnut-trees again, and, before long, to vines. All the way down you can see the ruins of the arches of the cross bridges by which the people cross to their little farms and hamlets. One and another inundation sweeps them away, and they try again at some point which seems safer. No wonder there are inundations, when, in some winters, the stages travel at a level of snow one hundred feet above the roadway we are on.

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Isella! and they stop to go through the pretence of an examination of luggage. How pleasant to talk Italian to these soft-spoken people! Poor Julia's first smile came over her face as she tossed that little brown baby with black eyes in the air. As you look up the valley at peaks whose names I am sure I do not know, through this picturesque archway, the whole is a Salvator Rosa ready to your hand. Walter drew a chair to that end of the corridor, had out the ready sketch-book, got in his lines of background, and was carefully advancing to the front (think of telegraph poles in a Salvator Rosa), when a cry of, "Signor! Signor!" startled him; and lo! the diligence had gone without him. The others had thought he was walking on, to be overtaken. But the combined cries of dogani, soldiers, women, children, and dogs reached the diligence's ears, and Walter overhauled it. Lucky for him, who has but one franc in his pocket! Lucky for them, who cannot speak a word of Italian!

And now we are fairly in Italy. Grape-vines wedded to the elms, oak-trees, walnut-trees; the grain so far forward; here and there even a glimpse of Indian corn, which seems so home-like, — all these mean Italy. "How lovely that villa is up on the hill! There must be nice people living there! And do see, away up on that hill-side, that little church: how they do love the lamp of sacrifice!" "Do you see, these churches are all Tuscan or Lombard; none of those Oriental steeples we have been seeing from Pesth all along?" "Here is just such a flat as one comes into Jersey City on; they must have inundations here! And here, at last, is Domo d' Ossola!" "Who can Ossola have been? Do you suppose Margaret Fuller had appanages here?"

They were glad enough to spend the afternoon and the evening in the odd little Italian town. But how strange to be gasping for cool air, when for a week past they had been sleeping under double blankets in the midst of snow! Ah, well! for people like them it was well to come into another world. If only all of their mountain life would melt into invisible air as the snow-drifts do!

"But are Italian towns always so musical? Can it be that this band always serenades the diligence passengers? Perhaps we should send down some lire to them by the consumptive-looking waiter."

Not a bit of it, my dear Miss Burdett. There has been an election to Parliament, and they are cheering and serenading the successful candidate. But this our travellers did not find out for days afterwards, when Walter read it in the newspaper at Milan. How modern civilization unfits us for finding out the truth for ourselves!

Nor must we tarry to tell of the next day's hot, dusty ride, as, in the diligence again, they crossed the flat alluvial plain to the arm of the lovely Lago Maggiore, on which Pallanza stands. How glad they were at high noon, in the midst of their dust and misery, to see the exquisite blue lake. What picturesque boats! "See the color in their sails, — just like that chromolith in the parlor at home! There are some men fishing!" *Boom! Boom! Boom!* "What is that?" The coachman points across the bay to clouds of smoke. They are rising from the quarry; he says he thinks the stone is cut for the cathedral at Milan. On and on. "What queer piers are these! the stone built into

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the beach as if it were a part of it!" "Is this Pallanza? We are going through Pallanza. Farther and farther out into the lake. Yes, those are the Borromean Islands, the coachman says, just as you thought they were, Julia. And here we are. O, what a palace of delight! See, Julia, see!" And they stepped from the hot, dusty diligence, and forgot both its discomfort and its usefulness in the welcome of the innkeeper of the "Grand Hotel Pallanza," and his myrmidons.

"Seriously," said Miss Burdett, when they met in the cool salon, after copious washing and careful dressing, "seriously, had we not better stay here for a few days? No place can be so beautiful, and I am sure we need rest. Walter," she said, — for she too had caught the trick of the Christian name (and was it only a traveller's fashion, Miss Burdett?), — "Walter, might we not stay here? If we must have money," for to draw money at Milan was one reason for persevering, "let my cousin go on and bring us back the money, while we will stay here."

"That," said Walter, "we will discuss when we have eaten our lunch." But to look at Walter's eyes, it seemed as if to him, also, three or four days here, or anywhere, if they were only spent with her, would be in a palace of delight indeed. But it does not need her presence, nor that of any Helen, or any Una, to make of that charming place a palace of delight or a wonder of the world. To one fresh from cliffs of rock, from glacier and avalanche, from the shelter of chalets, from devil's bridges and galleries blasted in the edges of precipices, these orange-trees on the terraces, this blaze of color from fuchsias, salvias, cannas, and geraniums, the blue lake with tinges as of peacock's feathers on its edges, hemmed in by the varied greens of the bold, distant shores, — all this seen from the cool shelter of the marble court-yard, while he knows how hot is the sun to those who try the adventure of the boats, makes this place a paradise indeed.

Even in paradise, lunch is acceptable. Travellers like these, who in the motion of the diligence have expired and inspired, as Dr. Edward Smith tells us, 4.44 times as much as if they had been lying still, require four times as much food and forty-four hundredths more on that, as would any Raphael, Eve, or Adam who had been lying on the grass in paradise for the same time. The host of the hotel, therefore, did not satisfy himself with providing grapes or currants, as Eve did, but added ham, mutton-chops, fried potatoes, and sardines, and even Julia and Miss Burdett did not reject these. Reinforced by the beginning of the combustion of the carbon which they contained, they waived for the present the plan of dividing the party, to one or another form of which each person present had his or her objections; and they determined all to go together to Isola Bella, the most remarkable of the Borromean islands, and await there the afternoon steamer for Arona. Walter went to give the orders for boat and luggage, Miss Burdett retired to write, and her cousin was left with Julia in the shelter of the dark salon.

These two had not spent a week with each other in the Hospice, without learning the central lesson of life from each other's lives. "Dearest," he said to her, the moment his cousin left them, as if he were taking up some thread which had been broken,

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"I have been thinking ever since they came in of what you say. It must be true, and I wonder that I never thought of it before. Ever since Tuesday night I have felt myself a man indeed; and — do not misunderstand me — I never knew what it was to be a man before. I know now that I shall be well and strong, because I have you to live for. I know I shall succeed, because I have you to succeed for. I do not even want to stay in this paradise; no, not with you, because I am so eager to show you that I can take care of you in the work-a-day world. I can, Julia, I can do something more and better than going to Milan to see the banker."

"How strange it is," she said; and as she sat on the sofa her head fell upon his shoulder, her heavy eyelids drooped over the eyes that were looking out into the vista of the two islands, — "how strange it is that the same revelation which makes you feel this and say this, makes me feel, well, as I never supposed I should feel, of all women in the world. Such a sense of rest as all life has been to me since Tuesday. That I can always know my duty, and that selfishness and unselfishness are to be all one, from now! That I can always rest, just as I am resting now, and need never be afraid again of going wrong, if only I am with you. O, dear! how could she propose your going to Milan and leaving me here alone!"

"How indeed! how people can — "

"Boat ready! Boat ready!" cried Walter, without a dream of the paradise into which he broke. Nor can it be said that he destroyed it. He and his companion carried paradise with them. And the young man looked with a smile of eternal love upon her, as he took so light an office on him as the care of her shawl-strap and parasol. They walked out together into the hot garden, unconscious whether it were hot or cool; they went down through the pomegranates and orange blossoms, as if the world were a world of orange blossoms and pomegranates; and, before the others came, had entered the great comfortable boat, and sat beneath its blue and white awning, as if all life were to be shielded from the sun, and all voyages to be made at the charge of others' labors. How easy, indeed, if one have the secret, it is to make all life as lovely as is a summer sail on Lago Maggiore.

They had not waited long when one of the waiters came running down with a note from Julia. She begged them to go on without her. The sun had given her a headache, and she would sleep for an hour, and they would follow in another boat.

The boat was, indeed, big enough for twenty; but the oarsmen were stout, and twenty minutes or less brought them to Isola Bella. "Do you remember Jean Paul's story of Titan?" said Walter, and how much of the action of it is carried on in the garden here? or is it at the other island, Isola Madre?" No, she did not remember — nor was there time to recall it now, so much was there to see. "There is a great unfinished bit, or is it a ruin? it looks like Chicago." Yes, Miss Burdett said, the guide book said that the plan had never been completed. "But see the terrace and the steps up. It is just like a scene at the theatre, or one of Turner's pictures in Rogers's Italy!" And in a moment they were in the cool waiting hall; beneath the level of the lake it is, in tremendous inun-

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dations. And afterwards they saw many such halls, which have to be built in amphibious architecture, for the convenience of the age of Pyrrha, the race of Proteus, or of male or female ascidians, as Dr. Darwin would say.

First they must do the palace. And the palace they did. To Miss Burdett, it is true, who had seen many palaces, it would have seemed a bore, but that she knew Walter had seen no palaces except Pullman's Palace Cars, which give you no idea of the immovable structures. Palaces, when immovable, are much like each other, and seem uncomfortable. One feels that the head that wears a crown lies uneasy. Here they saw the beds which the first Napoleon slept in, and the third, and the secretary to the first; just before the battle of Marengo, he and his master did their sleeping. They saw exquisite mosaic, — a poor picture gallery, — some good portrait busts, curious frescos, and some beautiful ones; but, on the whole, they were both glad when they were led to the underground grottoes and to the gardens. The other things they might see elsewhere; but not the Borromean gardens.

In the grottoes, under the palace, they found busts of the grandfathers of the present inhabitants; one grandfather looked a good deal like George Washington. "But, how queer," said Miss Burdett, "to put one's grandfather into the cellar, particularly a cellar subject to inundations!" The custode caught her sense, and eagerly said that in case of inundations the grandfathers were carried up-stairs. At the gateway of the grottoes the cheery gardener met them. He took them up the queer mountain, which looks like the Hill of Science in Webster's spelling-book. He seemed perfectly careless that that Italian sun would have baked a Ninevite tile-library had it been asked to. To the very top he took them. What had he not there? Nutmeg and camphor trees; would the lady like to taste the tea-leaf green? Here was a bit of fresh camphor. But what wonder that tropical things should grow in this Tophet! Here is a great Californian cedar! There are, what is stranger, some splendid white pines from America. "The palm-tree dreameth of the pine!" Dreameth! Why their shadows must rest on each other at sunset and at sunrise.

And here is probably the real interest of Isola Bella. Modern criticism, which consists in saying that the thing criticised is not something else, seems, on the whole, dissatisfied with the efforts of the worthy Borromean family to please themselves, in the work laid out on these islands. The average traveller, directed by his guide-books, will tell you that it is an artificial place, and not at all like Kew, nor the Jardin des Plantes, nor the national park of the United States on the Yellowstone River. This is undoubtedly true. But it is an artificial garden, where, in sight of the snows of the Alps, you see at once pines and palms growing in the open air; a garden where the northern traveller sees for the first time the wonders of tropical vegetation, oranges hanging on the bough, spice trees breaking into blossom; the giant ferns of the Pacific, and the palms of Africa. It is true that the garden is not like anything else in the world. To some people this is not a reason for disliking it.

This is certain, that when Miss

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Burdett took from her companion's hand a spray of orange blossoms which had bloomed in the open air, she said to him, "I will keep it forever. I would not have missed this for the world."

They bade the cheery gardener good-by. They sat and rested in the northern breeze under the shade of pines, which might have been in the Goddard Avenue at Milton. They walked slowly to the first crypt they had entered, and were told that they must not stay there; but their proper place was shown to them, on the pier. Here were women selling olive-wood beads and crosses. As the ladies picked them over for mementos, a horn blew in signal that the steamboat was at hand.

The steamboat does not run close in to the island. You take her by going out in one of these quaint boats such as our friends had arrived in. More than a dozen people crowded in, rather overcrowded the boat indeed, but there were seats for all.

To their amazement, when they were fairly on the deck of the steamer, neither of their friends was to be seen. But they were reassured when they found the luggage on the deck, and almost immediately they were told by the officer in charge that two travellers had crossed to the other island, Isola Madre, and that he was to take them up in a few moments more. These moments passed, however, and no boat appeared from Isola Madre. The steamer stopped and whistled, but in vain. She whistled again and again. No reply. The captain, who was civil enough, said that he must make his regular landings, and Walter and Miss Burdett, all amazed and in doubt, were obliged to go on with her to that landing.

Of course there was much hesitation then as to their next step. But they determined to stop, and to turn back to Pallanza, by special sailboat, if they could, or by the steamer of the next day. At the telegraph office at Stresa, however, their doubts were horribly solved, and suspense changed to agony. In answer to Walter's despatch to Pallanza, the short reply came, "The lady and gentleman were lost in the overturn of the boat." In answer to a second despatch, the only detail vouchsafed was, "The boat was struck by a flaw and overturned in a moment." There was nothing to do but that Walter must go back to Pallanza, leaving Miss Burdett at Stresa, or that both together they should bear together another of these wretched quests, — another week of suspense and agony. Could anything as beautiful as this lake be so treacherous? Of course she went with him. They saw a quarryman who saw the casualty. The boatman was rash, he said; would not go about when the squall struck the lake, but tried to run across its line. All was over in an instant. The wreck of the boat was found at last. It had drifted ashore on the day after the disaster. And this was all.

VI.

More and more days of that wretched waiting for the sake of waiting, action for the sake of action. And the Borromean Islands became as hateful to Walter and Miss Burdett as that poor Hospice had been. Garden of delight, indeed! But the wretched week must end. And, were it only to draw money enough to go home with, they must go on to Milan as in the old happy days, — how long ago they seemed, — they

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had all started to do together. In truth, Brieg appeared to belong to an old, Pythagorean, other-time world!

Leaving, therefore, every instruction necessary with the fishermen and boatmen, they entered once more into the shore boat, and sadly took their places on the crowded deck of the steamboat for Arona. Perhaps it was well for them both that nobody knew how close was their connection with that sad accident, which was, by this time, known in all Europe.

A perfect afternoon! Again the wonderful tints on the lake which no one has yet explained. Silicious particles in the water, says Professor Gildenstern, if that helps anybody; and to make this sound more plausible, he says silicious particles float and may be found in the blue sky, also. Dreamy, cloudy Alps far away in the north. How wonderful the lines are! How curious their intersections and their parallelisms with the lines of the hills this side of them! And what infinite variety in the blues, grays, purples, greens, yellow greens, yellows, and tints without a name, of these nearer hills. See those dark poplars run up from the lake-side, as if on purpose to give height to the composition of our picture. "And O, Walter! do see what you called the peacock feathers there, and there, and there!" Walter tries to draw. But he cannot draw. The boat is too quick for him. And they are dodging in at this landing and at that. They are changing their direction all the time. Indeed, for drawing, these queer market-cart boats, as Miss Burdett calls them, are the best worth practice of all. They are covered with canvass spread on semicircular wooden hoops, she says. For under this sun any one would die who had no awning. Sometimes they are striped in colors. We have come to people who love colors again.

Walter had been standing on the forward deck, among horses and cattle. He came running back to Miss Burdett, to tell her that San Carlo Borromeo was in sight. To this saint, a saint who seems fairly to have earned his laurels, a statue seventy feet high has been raised, standing on a pedestal forty feet high. Probably it is more impressive as you see it from the lake than near at hand. He stands on the hill, looking down upon the village where he was born, and stretching out his hand to bless it. It was some little time before they fully made out the relations of the figure, and at first it seemed hard and columnar. But as the boat swept round towards Arona, the right arm appeared stretched over the town in benediction, and the robes of the drapery developed themselves. A noble monument to one who seems to have been a noble man.

Arona! The *Alton Bay* of the lake. A shaded landing. An inn where the two waiters were run to death and had lost their heads. Half an hour to wait, — and then the train for Milan. As the two walked to the station, there appeared at its door a man beckoning and screaming to them to make haste, in all the four languages of diplomacy. But Walter confided in his watch and the time-tables, and remembered Dr. Morison's maxim: "Never run to a train." They walked, to the great indignation of the uniformed doorkeeper. He asked eagerly for their luggage. And when he was told that it was the luggage which had been sent in advance, that they were

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indeed first-class passengers whose seats were taken by telegraph, his anger with himself that he had not recognized my lord and my lady, even at a distance, far surpassed his anger of a moment before with them. More porters, each more eager than the other to blot out all memories of his mad rage, sprang from the ground. And Miss Burdett, smiling for the first time, as they were shut into the compartment which was exclusively reserved for their excellencies, found herself parodying "Malbrouck": —

"The first he shawl-strap bore,
And the second her regenschirm wore;
The third her bag did bring,
And the fourth he took no thing."

As she took the window of the north or eastern side, and Walter sat behind her and pressed her hand, "Such are," said he, "the orders of nobility, and the absolute comfort of life, to be secured by the right investment of one franc in one telegram!"

No! I will not tell you what were the revelations which each to each these two made to each other in the hours of that afternoon as they sped to Milan. That they were alone was a blessing. That they had no secrets from each other now, — that was the untold blessing. They had all the past to tell each other, all the happy future to prophecy. What was it to them that the unused Baedeker, tightly strapped up in her shawl, says that the train traverses "a sandy and sterile plain at the beginning?" Nay, what that from this it passes into rich Lombardy, "where maize, mulberries, and vines flourish luxuriantly"? The day was hot, the road was dusty. The "Cook's excursionists" in the very next compartment in their eight letters to eight English journals, describing this very day, have said that this train was behind time, and that this ride was intolerable. But these two had each other, and they asked for nothing more. They were only amazed when the guard came for their tickets and announced that the next station was Milano!

VII.

They had been away from cities now for many weeks. They had come to feel that mountains and cataracts and glaciers, flowers, grass and perfume, skies, clouds, sunrise and sunset, distant prospects, grays, purples, blues and greens, are all in all; that with them man could truly live, and without them life were hopeless, were nothing. There was, therefore, to each of them a queer surprise, after the polite dogano had intimated that he knew that the Signor and Signora had no claret in their carpet-bags; after the hotel omnibus had fairly entered the streets of busy Milan; there was a queer surprise when they found how much interest they were taking in blocks of houses, in signs of shops, in the shape of doorways, in the arrangement of curb-stones. Nor did this surprise diminish, nor was the awakened reminiscence of home-life less pleasant, when they found themselves on the stone balcony which opens from their comfortable salon in the Hotel de Ville. "I wish I did not think," said Walter, as they looked across at the Pantheon-like church of San Carlo Borromeo opposite, "I wish I did not think that such churches as this grew out of a manufactured enthusiasm which was imitating the real enthusiasm of earlier ages. Now, those shops, at the right and left, look to me just like the shops I have seen under churches in country-towns in New England; as

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if some skilful financier had planned a scheme for serving God and mammon at the same time. As if the rents of those shops and the rooms over them were to pay the charges of the priests at the altar beyond"

"It is because you are a man that you think of that," said Miss Burdett "Women do not think of such things, and I am glad of it. Yet I did think that I did not like this mock Pantheon. I did not know why, and I did not care."

"While both of us like, and are sure we like, to look up the street at those statues on the cathedral roof, and we do not know why and we do not care."

It was agreed that they should go to the cathedral the next morning, and they did so as soon as breakfast was finished. And they were wholly satisfied with what it was for them; yes, from the first moment till they came out from the door. "Was it," said she afterwards, "so little a thing as that the floor is finished in marble, and has not that flagging-stone look that the cathedral had at Cologne, and almost everywhere? I do not know. I only know that from the moment I entered, I was at rest, and at home."

"Very well," said Walter, "why should not the marble floor contribute its share to that feeling? The feeling is, that this cathedral is finished, is perfect; that the hand of man has not stinted its offering. This, if we thought it out in detail, would come to this: that no king has a palace more perfect than here we rear to our God. Now, in no palace that any king uses, is there such a floor as the cathedral at Cologne has."

"It belongs to the lamp of sacrifice, as what you said about San Carlo last night did."

"Yes; and not only is it true of all fine art, that it must be the best we have, or it is worthless; but it is true of all religion, that it must quicken the best we are, or that it is not religion. I think," added Walter after a moment, "that there is more than this perfectness here. The people who made this cathedral have been sure. They have not added to their architecture the adornments of painting or gilding. They knew their church was right, and that it would tell its own story."

Miss Burdett said she had been impressed in the same way in an old Gothic church at Regensburg. She had forgotten its name.

"You may depend upon it that the feeling is genuine. I should carry it further, and say that ritual suffers by colors in dress and embroidery, and that that is the reason people call all that 'millinery.' Just as an altar suffers when you put on it artificial flowers, — which in their place are lovely."

"As to that," said she, "just as a statue suffers when you paint the hair black and the eyes brown and the lips red."

"Precisely; and here is a church as simple as it is grand, — one heart and one soul."

"With all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy mind, and all thy strength," said she, reverently.

They had stayed quietly in the church all through the service of mass, and when they had prepared to mount to the roof, the custode told them that it was already too hot, and they determined to postpone this to the next day. They had had enough for the morning.

For these young people had learned already a lesson which many persons of twice their age have not

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grown to, that such an experience as worship, — and worship by the side of those in love, — in such a monument of worship as the Cathedral of Milan, is too precious to be sacrificed lightly. The heralds say we must not put metal on metal. They mean that if we have a shield of silver we must not try to adorn it with gold. Interpreted into life this means, — that one great impression or experience must be left to do its work before we crowd it out of memory by another. These young people had learned this lesson, and they spent the rest of their day in quiet, happy walks in shaded streets, or in happy, quiet talks in the hotel.

The next morning at half-past five they met in the salle-á-manger of the hotel. A few travellers were before them starting for their train, and one or two sight-seers, prepared, like themselves, to try the early adventure of the Cathedral roof. For the time of times to see its wonders and the view from it, is the early morning, soon after the rising of the sun. A cup of coffee and an omelette are not amiss, even if one is going to a cathedral. Happily they walked to the great entrance. As they stopped in the piazza, a little brown faced, black-eyed boy, who seemed to have stepped out of one of Murillo's pictures, opened the door for them and held out his hand. Walter found one or two coppers for him, and said to her: "At home I should give him a scolding, but now we feel here as if everything ought to be upside down!"

"No," said she, "it is that we are here so grateful to the people who have given us all this to enjoy, that we want to do something about it; we want to make somebody some return."

It seemed as if the civil custode were waiting who met them the day before. He knew them in a moment, and spoke as if he had got the roof ready for them by some special processes. They entered their names in a book, — how curious are those registers of our autographs in the books of Original Entry from which the Recording Angel is kept posting! And then they began the ascent, knowing that there were more than two hundred of these marble steps before they reached even the top of the nave. "But you see," said Walter, "it is just as you said,—all is perfect, even in this staircase. When I went up in the steeple of St. Martin's, I was afraid all the time that the stairs would break under me." She turned and smiled, and said, "I am never tired and never afraid when I am with you." The patient custode cheered them by telling them when they were one half done, and showing when and where they might rest. Really, the climb was finished sooner than they thought, when he led them in triumph out on the roof of one of the aisles, and brought chairs for them to sit upon. Chairs upon the top of a cathedral!

How marvellous it was. "Signora, this we call the flower-garden. Observe, Signora, if you please, every little pinnacle is surmounted with a flower, and observe, every flower is different from every other flower. It is a botanical garden, Signora." And the dear soul smiled at his often repeated little joke. "The Signora will see that this is a poppy, this is hemp, this is a sunflower, this is a head of wheat; indeed, they are all different, Signora, if you should look at three thousand of them."

The Signora did look at some thousand of them in a general way; but

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her real interest, and Walter's, was in the waking city spread before them. She had never before seen that spectacle of a giant rousing from sleep. She hardly knew how or why it was made so clear to her, that the whole city, but just now dead, was starting to activity; but the tokens were there, in curls of fresh smoke, in the lazy tread of horses, in the quicker step of men and women close below her, who seemed hardly willing to begin. This was what caught the eye first, and then they both began to look upon the distant horizon. "If the Signora pleases, she shall not yet look there. She shall see that in a few moments. Has the Signora reposed? We will go higher."

And so they went by another stair way to the top of the nave, let us say in the vernacular, to the ridge-pole. And the affectionate guide showed them Michel Angelo's contributions to the statues, the designs which Rafaelle made for it: here was Canova's work, there was Bernini's. But neither Walter nor his companion were so much interested in the detail, though that was so curious, as in the multitude. They say there are three thousand of these statues, rendering here each in its way, their homage. "Young men and maidens, old men and children, — let them praise the name of the Lord." "Does the Signora see on the top of the fourth minaret the figure which grasps the lightning-rod?" The Signora did see it. "Will the Signora observe that it is the portrait of the first Napoleon?" Sure enough it is, and there he also is made to serve, and from century to century to lead the harmless lightning away from injury to the church of God. Who is not here, indeed! Monks, hermits, nuns, saints, soldiers, apostles and martyrs, patriarchs and prophets, angels and archangels; there are those whose words are household words; there are those whose names we never heard of,—all marshalled here in service! Wherever there is foothold for a statue, there the statue stands. They look up, they look down; their arms are extended in benediction, or their hands are folded in prayer, but they are of one heart and one soul; century after century has placed them here, always with the same instincts, both of sacrifice and of thanksgiving.

That every great artist in Italy, for five hundred years and more, should have rendered his offering here, — this is pathetic indeed. Each of them in his turn has stood where we can stand, — Raffaelle and Michel, Bernini and Canova, — and each of them has asked and obtained leave to press his signet here, and leave here his autograph.

They climbed high enough by the curious spiral stair to look down upon the nave, and then the custode permitted the Signora to look northward on the expanse. Infinite indeed! How magnificent! Lombardy in its wealth was at her feet. A curl of smoke here, a cloud of dust there, reveal one village and another, where are, let us hope, happy homes and trusting lives. Then long swathes of purple; are they marshes, are they distant fields and forests, too far to tell their story? Then high lines of blue hills, in the deep shade still of morning! And then! the stainless white of the eternal Alps, marked with such sharp outline against the clear blue! See how the rosy mountain-sides catch the sunrise! And how exquisite those blue shadows where no sunlight falls!

And here, she said she would go no farther; but she begged Walter to

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keep on to the very summit of all. She would sit here and wait his return. And Walter saw that this would please her, and for the first time he parted from her willingly. Only the custode must remain, — must take her down again to the top of the nave, where she would feel the breeze less, and he would join them there.

So she returned slowly, and sat a while waiting for him. Then came an irresistible wish to see him in his enjoyment, and to wave her hand that they might enjoy it together. She asked the guide if they could not walk out to the other end of the roof. "Surely, Signora, you do not walk more easily in your own garden,"—which was true. He led her nearly to the end, and on one of the pedestals, still empty, she turned and looked up to the top of the spire.

(A.) Yes, there is Walter! But he does not catch her eye. He is looking not on the prospect, but down into the dimly-lighted transept of the church below.

What has caught his attention there? He leans over into the opening a little farther. Horror! horror! He has lost his balance, he falls headlong through the spire! Falls through that terrible descent, flashes by the officiating priests, — into the capella of San Carlo Borromeo!

The guide rushed to the tower. The lady was simply petrified as she stood. Not a word escaped her lips, nor did her hands rise, nor her feet move.

There she stands yet, transformed into stone. The architects, when next they made their visit of inspection, found a statue which they had never seen before. But no one of them dared confess that he had not seen it. Each of them knew that much was done there of which he knew nothing. Each of them, therefore, pretended that he was well acquainted with the image.

But to this statue there is no name upon the pedestal. And when some careful visitant counts the statues on the temples, his number is one more than there is any record of in the registry of the builders.

[At this point the Tale of the Simplon ends, from the want of heroes and heroines.]

FIRST END.

AFTERMATH.

[When the story of the Simplon was read to the different bodies of critics, to whose inspection and correction OLD AND NEW is submitted while yet in MS., a very important and considerable part of them expressed the feeling that the denouement was too tragical. This was to be regretted, as it had been prepared with great care by our most distinguished sensationalist, on the simple travelling notes put into his hands by Mr. Hale. For a long time such was the division of opinion among the critics, that it seemed doubtful whether the MS. could be used at all. But, by a new arrangement invented by ourselves, by which it is possible to have two ends to the same story, an arrangement for a patent for which we shall make immediate application, so that no other magazine may make it *availofable* without our permission, — we put the papers into the hands of our leading optimist. He has returned them to us, with notes of the following slight changes. The reader who is more than eighteen years of age, or he who is particularly tender-hearted under that age, is requested to substitute these passages, — at the point marked in the text as above, and to omit the narrative of the text there.]

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[At (A) above insert the following instead of the conclusion of the narrative there.]

They will never forget that moment. His happy cheer; her joyful blush, as he looked down!

Down again to the roof. Then a little rest in the flower-garden, and then the great descent. "How much easier to go down than to come up!" "Yes, indeed, *facilis descensus!*" "Do you pity or envy these people below whom we hear coming?" Pity them? I do not pity them. I shall speak to them, though they be Japanese, to tell them to keep up courage. Let me go before you," and the lively girl passed Walter and fairly ran down,—and, flushed with excitement and eagerness, was awed still as death, and almost fainted away, as she met on the stairway

PHINEAS AND MELISSA!

CHAPTER THE LAST.

It was impossible for Phineas and Melissa, that day, to continue the adventure of the ascent. It was with difficulty, indeed, that, with all the help of the guides, either of the ladies could be brought safely down the winding stair. When Phin and Melissa were asked to explain how they came to be alive, it proved that they on their part supposed that the four others had been swept away by the avalanche. As they themselves passed under the treacherous snow tunnel, a rush of water had given Antoine the signal of danger; and just in time he had bidden them flee. They had rushed out of the tunnel on foot, while he, poor fellow, trying to save his horses, had been swept away. Phineas had carried Melissa, unconscious, to the Hospice, and then to the care of one of the women in the hovels below. Day after day he had toiled with the working parties. It was he who had found Julia's straw hat and Walter's bag. With these evidences of their fate he had not been surprised, alas, when he learned at the Hospice that a gentleman and lady were swept down, and then that two gentlemen and two ladies were missing. At last they told him that four gentlemen and four ladies were gone. The truth was, that long before either of the travellers could cross, the working parties from each side had carried news from the other of the anxiety and doubt there, and each side had been doing its best to exaggerate the calamity.

After waiting a few days in the wretched hovel, they had come down as far as Isella; but here Melissa was too completely exhausted to go on, and here she had spent a fortnight. She was asleep in the inn, and Phineas was on a tramp in the hills, on the day when Walter was wellnigh left by the diligence. That chance was so narrow.

In all this explanation Phineas and Melissa still supposed that poor Julia and Miss Burdett's cousin were the two who had in fact been swept away by the catastrophe. It now became Walter's turn to open to them the whole of the wretched mistake of the two islands, and of the squall upon the lake. He told this as briefly as he could as they walked back to the Hotel de Ville. They entered the salle-á-manger that they might talk as they made their second breakfast. The master of the waiters apologized for the crowd; was obliged to take them to a table partly occupied already. Walter remonstrated. But there was nothing else to be done. And their amazement may be imag-

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ined, when, as these strangers rose to move their chairs to one end of the table, they proved to be

MISS BURDETT'S COUSIN AND JULIA!

Wonders upon wonders! There was not one of the six, as they confessed to each other afterwards, who did not doubt his own sanity. But the explanation was simple enough. The two had gone to Isola Madre. The stupid boatman, partly drunk, perhaps, had not understood that he was to wait for them, and had gone back without them. From the island they had seen his calamity. It was too late for them to take another boat for the steamer, and madly they waited as she whistled and passed them by. Only that night did they reach Belgirate. Only the next day did they reach Arona. At Arona they got no tidings of the advanced party. They were told that no passengers except an English Duke and his party had landed from the boat the day before. They telegraphed to Milan, and were as unsuccessful. But that was not so strange. At Milan, however, they did not find them. That was more strange. They telegraphed back to Arona, and learned nothing. If the whole truth must be confessed, neither of them spoke five words of Italian, and their deficiency in this regard embarrassed their inquiries. They went back to Arona, and learned nothing. They went back to Isola Bella, and were landed there from the steamboat. Yes, the custode remembered an English gentleman and lady, — any number of English gentlemen and English ladies, or they might have been American gentlemen and American ladies. At the hotel at the island there were no such people registered. Back to Arona. No tidings there. Back to Milan. The banker there knew nothing as late as the morning before. They had written to Miss Burdett's father in Switzerland at the last, — dreading to alarm him in his delicate condition, — and were at this moment waiting for the answer.

They had been in the same hotel with Miss Burdett and Walter now for thirty-six hours. But they had not happened to take their meals at the same hour, and the gentlemen read the newspapers at different times.

They then all went to the American consul's, and those who had not been married before, were married by him.

SECOND END.

OUR SKETCHING CLUB.

BY R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

INTRODUCTION.

MANY Americans who are interested in art may not have heard of an institution of English town and country life in the middle and upper classes, which seems to give youths and maidens a good deal of pleasure and some instruction, and which their utmost ingenuity has hitherto failed to make in any degree mischievous. We mean the Sketching Clubs, which are now extended all over the Old Country. We suppose they must develop a certain amount of real manual skill in the operations of Art, and teach

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perhaps nearly all that water-color can teach, at least in landscape sketching. As a natural consequence, they ought to improve press criticism a little, and nourish a sound indifference to the trumpetings of studio bores and puffers; further, they direct attention to good realist landscape, which is at present the best hope of English and American painting, as far as we can see; and then they seem to exercise imagination and fancy very pleasingly, and in almost every case to produce habits of close observation, which make all the difference between eyes and no eyes to a student of a few months' standing. There can be no more valuable habit than that of noticing and observing, and nothing can form it much better than sketching; for all knowledge is vision, after all, by natural eye or by mind's eye. If these societies only afforded intermission and relief from that sad idleness and emptiness which is one of the dangers of English middle life, they would be valuable; but they do more, and really amount to a means of self-education and self-expression. To young women in particular, they afford, under good criticism, just what they want most; that is to say, help and encouragement to learn something thoroughly and professionally.

Working with the public art schools which have long been heavily influenced by the higher criticism of Mr. Ruskin, and will probably fall more immediately under his guidance as he completes his forthcoming system of education in graphic art, the private clubs ought to make nature and art, or pictorial observation and record, something like a contribution to human happiness.

Granting the members, viz. a sufficient number of people who will draw, nothing is easier than to establish an art club, and they all go by nearly the same rules. The sole property of the society generally consists of a portfolio with a leather case; and their chief expense, for the most part, is the hire of a critic, who should also be protected by some strong outer covering. He is generally a professional workman, and it is understood that he is to be as irritating as possible in a letter once a month, or once in two months. But his real work is to examine each member's productions very carefully, and tell him or her what to do, which is by no means so easy. There must be a secretary to do all the work of collecting the drawings, etc. A lady is best, because she will have more chance of being attended to, and she should have a committee to help her. Rules are generally to the following purpose: 1. Small annual subscription. 2. Everybody is to send one or more drawings per month, or every two months, to the secretary, carriage paid; if that is not settled, people invariably quarrel about it. 3. Everybody suggests a subject in turn, and three subjects are generally offered at a time, the members choosing one or more to illustrate as they please. 4. Everybody has a number, and is known by that only, in the portfolio. 5. When the portfolio is made up (generally as a large book) it is sent to the critic, who returns it to the secretary, with his opinions; and they are then sent round together to all the members. Prizes are sometimes given, but do not seem necessary.

Like everything else, this is all either education, or pastime, or waste of time, according to the characters engaged in it; but its advantages to thorough and willing people seem likely to be great. Much depends

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on the critic. Our own ideal again would be a lady thoroughly educated in art, and possessed of that verve, piquancy, and fluency in letter-writing which so many of our sisters rejoice in. She ought to gush abundantly over all the strong points, and vituperate faithfully about the weak ones, using all her tact, and exposing the latent carelessnesses, or ignorances, which cause frailty in execution.

The great difficulty is, to get people to see when their work won't do, and to *try back*, and attempt simpler things where they cannot do the more difficult. They must be led to understand that there is no such thing as amateur drawing, in any real sense. There is only good, bad, and indifferent work, and the good alone is worth doing. But students' work on a system, or any progressive labor, is to be counted as good, though it be ever so imperfect.

Critic should have a fair knowledge of books, poetry in particular, but should beware of quoting much himself. There is another reason for getting a lady critic if you can, that it prevents those postal flirtations, in which a zealous master, who answers questions, is not unlikely to be involved. All letters should go through the secretary, of course.

This present book, or series of papers, is intended to contain a set of supposed letters, talks, and essays on various art subjects, — nearly all practical ones, — such as would be likely to be exchanged between fairly good critics and well-educated men and women in one of the societies above described. The writer accepted the position of critic, never mind where in the English Midlands, a year or two ago. His letters, he is informed, are considered worth reading; and he has succeeded in making all his club draw jam-pots, — an exercise which he has high authority for considering as a central *pons asinorum* in all drawing. He thinks it possible that clubs as good, and better critics, may soon spring up in America,— conceiving the pursuit of landscape art to be as well adapted to country life in the United States as it unquestionably is to that of England. And sketching combines so well with the athletic, or campaigning forms of travel, that it may be commended quite as heartily to the male sex as the female.

The author thinks it better to have names and characters, and make them talk or write to each other. To put them into a regular story would make an art-novel; and his object is practical teaching, or discussion. But verbal sketching is to be the order of the work, and he likes well-known figures with well remembered landscape. Letters on oil and water colors from nature, — on Scottish, Norwegian, Swiss, and Italian scenery, — on drawing in Egypt, the Sinai Desert, and Holy Land, with references to standard works, to the French and Belgian schools, etc., are part of his plan, which must depend for its development on many circumstances as yet undetermined.

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OUR SKETCHING CLUB.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLEY CAWTHORN always called himself a painter and glazier. He was a Yorkshireman, well-bred, and something more than well-looking, who had taken to art before it came into fashion, because he liked it very much. He had never been conscious of great abilities of any kind. Eton and Christ Church had at all events taught him taciturnity, if not modesty, in his judgment of his own performances. Art-painting, as a pursuit, is in fact better countenanced in the world than in our ancient universities. Oxford education has come to be a money-scramble, like everything else, except that it is fairly conducted; and nobody's contempt for culture and spiritual development can be much stronger than that of a lad of twenty, who has just tasted unearned money, and finds that he can get provided for for life if he makes a decent use of his school-work. The elder Mr. Osbaldistone himself could not have despised his son more for taking to poetry, than academic competition-wallahs did poor Charley's aspirations. "O, Cawthorn's line is high art, his is," was the pitying summary of many a thin-lipped little shark, in earnest expectation of firsts, fellowships, and mandarin promotion. Reading men scouted the action of any study which did not promise immediate pay. Nor did that abundance of happy idleness, which comes and goes in the old quadrangles like an irregular tide, give him much more countenance. He went out hunting now and then, and generally saw the best part of a run; and he was always sailing and rowing; but he hardly cared to be an authority in horse and dog talk, and was guilty of professing interest beyond four oars and eight oars. And he was almost entirely deficient in the vices. So hunting men and boating men took him pleasantly enough for his own sake, as the right sort of fellow that one could trust anywhere; a regular bird, in fact, only given over to drawing and that sort of bosh. Once he published some hunting sketches, introducing a few friends in more or less critical positions, and the work gained him some profit and glory. But the under-graduate mind was soon after absorbed by the simpler forms of photographic art, which consist in representing the university authorities in general with immense heads, and rowing in eight oars. As a graphic aggression on the Dons, Charley owned this to be admirable; but he once observed that "the lowly youths who practised it must be extremely mean cusses." Some of his college pastors and masters gave Charley what encouragement they could. A safe pass-man, willing to read a little history, and able to talk on any subjects beyond the two Hinchseys, is always a comfort to his tutor, and well-regarded in common-room, especially if he "belongs to a county." His tutor, the Rev. Oliver Latchford, was a Shropshire divine, of equestrian as well as scholarly habits, and kindly regarded the pupil he did not pretend to understand. Like many Englishmen, he really cared for realist landscape only in matters of art, and for that landscape which associated itself most nearly with his own tastes; that seemed enough for him. Moreover, he was an Ireland scholar, and double-first, and about as keen,

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within his own pretty wide horizon, as the severest form of old Oxford work could make him. He was the best of all Philistines; he knew what he knew so well as to despise half knowledges, aspirations, emotions, intuitions, and visions in general. You might have them if you liked; it was the regular thing for nice lads; only don't talk about them, at least when sober. "There may be clouds," he said once to Charley; "but as your tutor, I can only recommend you to keep out of them, and go to the bar." Still his pupil knew himself to be well regarded, and the Dons in general liked him; his pursuits were allowed to give him an existence in the intellectual world. And indeed some very natural objections to his throwing himself away by taking to painting, had been seriously made and quietly withdrawn at home, so that he had the inestimable advantage of starting in a then irregular line of life without quarrelling with the regulars; and, moreover, without expecting very much of the world. He did not think himself a genius, nor calculate on being paid for genius; he was simply very fond of painting, and thought he might make a livelihood by making pictures.

So he left Oxford, as the better sort of men used to leave it in his day, who neither took orders nor made Oxford their trade; that is to say, he came away better educated than informed. What one sees of the place now makes one fancy that a good many lads go off informed, or coached, for the present, beyond their capacity, somewhat over-rewarded by the prizes offered through the competitive system, and consequently with attention fixed, generally for life, on the profits of learning rather than on learning itself. They have taken in a stock in trade of information; they expect a high price for it, and are are not quite educated to work with, or for, or under other men. Cawthorn thought little about profits; he saw he would have to follow a profession mainly for its own sake, and he did not expect much from other men. They could give him little better, in fact, than he had already. He had the disadvantage, if it be one, of never having felt poverty himself; but at all events he had seen enough to be thankful for his own place. He had been brought up in common Christian duties in the old country fashion; he knew people were poor and ill, then liked to see them, and do something himself; he would get a couple of rabbits for a sick collier, and then go and read to him; he tried to teach in a school, but they said he interfered with discipline; he gave the parson some of his money; he talked Yorkshire to all the old men and women at home; subscribed to Oxford schools and charities, and was liberal to his accustomed cads. The world seemed pleasant to him, as it well may to those who lead the English country life in health. On the whole he knew no state much more to be desired than his own, and would have said with Tennyson, "Let me lead my life." People told him all men were shams, and he only answered, that from his experience horses were often still worse.

He had a year at Rome, and another at Florence and Venice, where hard work in some degree supplied the want of systematic teaching. And from a lodging on the Riva dei Schiavoni, with a mind full of Titian and Tintoret, he came home to settle

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in a Baker-street studio, and to ascertain how far the traditions of work which had contented the Grand Council would suit the tastes of the British public. He says he has never answered the question yet, at least not satisfactorily, but means to go on propounding it after his fashion.

It did not take many months to teach him the difference between a painter's student-life and his working-life; and how very unlike are the feelings of preparation for a doubtful struggle to those of the struggle itself. Instead of the life of observation, and admiring pupilage under men long passed away, who still live to their disciples in their greatest deeds only, he had to think and paint for himself; and with independence, all the weight of self-mistrust came on him. Had he been really called to the work he had undertaken? Nobody seemed to think so, very much. It was real and serious enough to him; he wanted, as he said, to give his life to art; — but life is such a long and varied thing, and art is so hard to define, at least, to define so as to please your patrons. As a student he had only wanted success in the form of increasing skill; now he wanted it in the shape of buyers. As one's faith in any fact is doubled or tripled as soon as one finds anybody to believe it with one, so in particular with belief in one's self; and it tried Charley's strength to find how few cared for him. He was not stimulated by poverty, for he wanted for nothing; he was welcome in many houses besides his father's town abode; he did not like to be thought sulky or priggish; rode in the park; went to a few parties, and looked up old Oxford friends.

People said they envied him; many of them really did, and ladies called him Clive Newcome. But he found it would take years to emancipate himself from the name of amateur and dilletante. The mere fact that he was not starving was against him; but his being able to keep a horse made him quite unreliable in the trade. In fact, he was not poor enough to go regularly in a picture-seller's service, and it is hard to say what else a young man can do, who wants a good commercial start in painting. Besides, not a few men who liked him well enough, but who had themselves labored through years of poverty, if they did not envy him, would do nothing to help him to fame or commissions. Life is sadly unequal, and poor Charley's Yorkshire intuitions soon taught him that most men who have known want are apt to assume it as a virtue, and to hang together against the pleasantly nurtured. That is the worst of popularizing a great profession; you crowd it with people who cannot well be great; it tempts them to undergo all sorts of trials; they don't always come well out of them, and get to think that suffering alone ought to have its reward, and that poverty in itself naturally evolves genius. Heine was perhaps right about artistic envy, but he ought to have allowed the excuses of artistic suffering.

It seemed odd, though indisputable, to our friend, that his Eton and Oxford education — irrespectively of its having taught him so little — should stand in his way with R. As. and dealers, and the British merchant, and everybody, as it seemed, whose bread or whose pleasure was in oil-painting. He talked of it to his two or three best-regarded masters. Classics and high subject and historical painting, — they had all tried them hard, and they smiled and stroked their

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beards. Phœbus pointed to a whole stratum of great cartoons, and said he had to live by portraits when his soul desired fresco. Sternchase showed him a tremendous picture, alive with form and aflame with color, and said he had been three years over that, doing pot-boilers all the time, and it might be ready in eighteen months more. De Vair's ideals of Arthur and Dante went off as fast as he liked to paint them; but he was tired of them, and of most other things, and was going into literature. Grief had borne hard on these three, Cawthorn well knew, and he wondered all the more how they clung to their work,— being far too young to have experience of the stage when men labor because nothing is left them in the world but toil. He had just got a glimmering of the very practical truth that his strength was labor and sorrow; he was to learn in due time that labor and sorrow might be his strength.

Meanwhile he worked away with the true wolf's gallop, and could not be altogether passed over. One or two Leeds men knew his name and bought his work. He was heard of as far as Manchester, and a picture or two went thither, and now and then an American would turn up in his studio, like an unimpassioned pilgrim from beyond the sea, remind him of friends made long ago in Rome or Venice, and perhaps order a bit of scenery from one or the other. You never find these people far wrong when they exert themselves to choose what they like because they like it. He went into decoration for a time, and felt something of the strange, dreamy delight of painting all day in a church-apse, among quiet hues and dim sounds, as the colored lights describe slow arcs below their windows all day long, and the shadows lengthen and change till the place seems always another place and one's self never the same man. He was personally popular; dealers did wish he would do nice, *genre* things like Witchpot, R. A., now, or get in with the great Mr. Tingrind, so as his things might have a sale; "for after all he was a pleasant feller for a swell, with a deal of go, and could paint uncommon honest."

But for all that he was beginning to see very early, and far ahead, as painters and writers do, the gray, varying shadow men call by the name of Disappointment. If a man bought a picture he seldom wanted another; if the academy hung one, they hung it very high. What was Giorgione or his followers to them? they wanted followers of their own. Here was a knot of young men, like Charley and his friends Hicks and Brownjones, who had not been taught in the R. A. school, and were taking a line of subjects not fancied in the school; and, in short, they must be put down. Phœbus was alone and outvoted; Sternchase and De Vair were in revolt; Tingrind did n't care; so Queen Elizabeth and the Vicar of Wakefield, bishops and Aphrodites, lord mayors and masters of hounds, white muslin and infant piety, made the mixture as before in Burlington House, and Cawthorn's Ariadnes and Persephones came back to Baker Street, and went northward to come back no more.

Disappointment is a curious old ghost, and is often not unkind. Sometimes she vanishes, sometimes the light comes through her, and her grays are too-many-colored. But one thing, Charley said, never could disappoint, and that was land-

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scapes from nature. The older he grew, the more pleasure there was in painting his own moors, and the woods he was used to. People wanted his sketches more than his pictures, as they always do; but for a time he took to working from a hut with proper appliances, and finished faithfully on the spot, if not exactly out-of-doors. It seemed to give him a new start, and the student's freshness of increasing knowledge and dexterity of record came back to him again whenever he really strained all his science at a burn-side.

And about this time, after a grouse drive on Greythwaite scaurs, news of the artistic world came to him in the shape of the following letter from a fair and far-off cousin, a flirt of other days, older than himself, and settled long ago in the Midlands.

HAWKSTONE, BRISTLEBURY,
Sept. 12.

MY DEAR CHARLES:

It seems hardly respectful to call you Charley, although I never can find anybody who knows you by any other name; and we have all been talking of your pictures all last week; that is to say we women have; men at this time of the year are always quarrelling about central-fire and pin-fire, or else they are deep in dogs. You must know I have a great favor to ask for myself, and a good many others, apropos of our Sketching Society. Don't be angry and talk about the impudence of these creatures; we want you to be our critic. Only just be good a moment while I coax you about it, — only by letter, — and think of how you would have done anything, so long ago when you were little! There are a great many of us, you know, some swells, and some good artists, I really think, in an amateur, or ladies' exhibition sort of way; though, by the bye, we have our share of gentlemen. There is no keeping them out, and really, if we did, I do not think the girls would like it. But we are rather tired of dear old Mr. Hodbadger, the Bristlebury art-master, and so is he of us; and he says he wants to paint a little for himself and the Royal Academy. Besides, he does not laugh at us enough, and being only scolded is nothing, by post. He used to point out wrong perspectives and bad drawing very well. But now most of us avoid great offences; or else he is tired of telling us about them, and he does not tell us what to do enough. I suppose it is hard to bring regular studio drawing to the help of us poor sketchers; but really I do not think he has seen much scenery. And we wrote to young Mr. Verditer, and he said he had to paint, and did n't care for talking about it; and Mr. Pughpugh told us we had better read his books, which we do, I am sure. Professor Culverin and little Hater of the Saturday can't paint, and think art is all atheism. Then, at last, when I was in despair, I was introduced to the Great Panjandrum, and asked him whom I could ask, and he said you, and that you were to write to him about it, and to be good to us. Now do: and think it well over, and make us some rules for our work. We really do want to get on and to do right; you know the only woman's rights I ever cared for (except being courted and married) were that my girls and I might learn something as men learn it, out and out. And I think the higher the amateur clubs can get in their work, the more likely people are to ask for good subjects and spirited things in exhibitions, — which will be good for you. This is quite a business letter, so I will only send all our love, and say that they have got two hundred and fifty brace of partridges already, strictly over dogs; that they are all very good-tempered and nice when awake; which, happily, they seldom are except at meals; that all the boys and girls are well, and that John has

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shot very fairly, and hopes to reduce himself to thirteen stone by hard labor. Do write soon and tell us something; we will give you £30 a year.

Ever your old cousin,
FLORA CATTERMATH.

P. S. Margaret Langdale is here, and is one of us; she really looks very grand, and works very hard.

Whereto, after due consideration and correspondence, Charley made answer thus:—

HELLIFIELD TARN,
Sept. 20, ——.

MY DEAR FLORENCE (long and respectful for Flora I presume):

This is to be a business letter, of course; so accept my assurance that we are all right, and have got one thousand and one hundred brace by this time, driven grouse. Also remember me faithfully to Margaret, whom I put in my first sentence, probably for the same reason that you put her in your P. S. I have no doubt she will derive material advantage from pursuing her studies with me. Well, I have written to the Pan; and he says I am to criticise you, if you will abide by certain additional rules, generally speaking. (He says, moreover, if you will not, not.) By criticising, I mean telling you what you ought not to have done in the sketches before me, and also what you ought to do to them. This last, you know, will require more or less illustration in my own hand, so that you will give a fair amount of trouble for your money. Your usual rules about being anonymous members, and of one drawing, at least, a month, or fine, are good; but I want a number of others, all in the way of discipline; and, in fact, I can't undertake without them. If you think you really are going to improve public taste,—which I am sure seems possible, and you can't by any effort or chance make it worse,—you must really learn to draw above the popular standard.

Now do you be good too, and remember when you were little,—in your own eyes. These are my rules, whereby I mean to stick.

1. Drawings sent me for criticism shall be Landscape only, unless I write to anybody permitting and requesting him or her to do figure subject. By this last, I mean any subject where the chief interest depends on the attitude or expression of figures, or on skill or labor bestowed on them. I allow interiors, but consider that they ought to have for their motives either study of light and shade combined with perspective, or still life; and that figures should be introduced only as objects reflecting light. I object to Mother being bad (especially in drawing), and utterly protest against Helping Mother, and all illustration of the domestic affections or rural virtues; still more against the corresponding vices.

2. This is not to prevent anybody's introducing small figures wherever force, or incident, or distance, or local color is wanted, or wherever accidental color is noticed or wanted in a landscape sketch, as a pink and white striped skirt in a hay-field, or a red coat on a winter's evening. (I'm so glad you go on wearing and distributing scarlet cloaks; give my love to old Polly at the West Lodge, and say as sure as ever I come to Hawkstone I'll take her head off.) For the kind and use of figures I mean, see the Liber Studiorum.

3. There may be three subjects a month as usual, but I must dictate one of them, and that must be done somehow by everybody. I never scold, and always praise where I can; and after the first time or two, I will give you pretty things to do.

4. Except by special license, everything is to be done on white paper, not too rough; unless where a single object or small group is done in the centre of a sheet by way of study, the white paper must always be covered into the corners.

5. Without prejudice to old mem-

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bers of the club, new ones ought either to produce tolerable drawings of their own, or do one for qualification; or undertake on honor to go through a certain course of practice, till I pass them into full membership. Honorary, or inactive, or literary members you may have, but they are not my business. I will look at photographs, but can't promise to criticise them.

6. *Last and irrevocable.* Every active member of the club is to send me, by any date within this year, a drawing of a white jam-pot on white paper, in stippled chalk, or in sepia, or pencil shading, or pencil washed with water-colors (sepia or gray), which last I recommend. I will give a small landscape sketch of my own to the best drawing; and I had rather not criticise anybody who does not send me one. To be done as a study, the whole paper need not be covered. The Pan has seen these stipulations, and approves; and any backslider or blasphemer may expect to be swallowed whole, with some abruptness. Respect this accordingly, my dear Flora, and whatever you do, don't let me guess which are Mag's works. The money will do. Love to John and the creatures.

Ever yours, affectionately,
C. C.

Letter 3d.

My Dear Charley:

At last they all seem good and submissive, on the whole, and our first portfolio of jam-pots will be duly forwarded to you in November. But O, I do wish you and the Pan knew what a life I shall have, meanwhile, with all the club. Do send a decisive allocution about the drawings, answering these questions from various members. (The men are worse than the girls.)

1. May they group anything with the White Wessel, as they call it?

2. May they substitute Jamaica ginger-pots?

3. Or brown glazed pickle-jars, with reflections?

4. Or any sort of red pottery?

5. Or use gray paper and Chinese white?

6. Or old china in any form?

Don't be too hard.

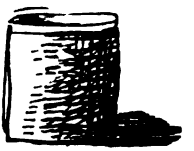
Affectionately yours, F.

P. S.—As if you would n't know! What *hypocrites some people are!*

Letter 4th.

My Dear Flora:

No, to all the questions. Do it just so, but as fine as you can; the gooseberry vessel of our childhood, and nothing but it. *I have done you a nice prize*, though I say it.



Affectionately yours, C. C.

P. S.—I don't know her's from Adam's.

Letter 5th.

Baker Street, November.

My Dear Flora:

I have received 26 jam-pots in your portfolio. I quite agree that the quarter-sheet should be your largest size, and the eighth your smallest. Those who use the latter henceforth ought to do so as students of Turner, and to them, for that purpose, I concede gray paper. But it is no use drawing at that small size except under his guidance, and I hardly know how you can get it, without visiting Oxford, Cambridge, or South Kensington. If you have any very patient, keen and skilful water-colorist among you, and you seem to have one or two, it would be a great thing to get her or him to go to Oxford for a month and copy, let us say, Combe Martin, and the Côteaux des Mauves in the gallery there, under MacDiarmid and the Pan. No pains should be spared, for the object will be to produce such fac-similes, touch for touch, as shall be fit to be

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circulated and used by the club as copies. They should be signed by Mac, if they can be got up to that point, and the club should make the artist some acknowledgment in proportion to the severe labor involved.

But now to these drawings. Everybody has done her best, I really think. One or two are confused and messed a little; some are washed and sponged and rubbed. I wanted all to be done with repeated washes or patches strictly down to planned form, leaving the edges in the first instance, and stippling and hatching them into mass afterwards. There is one way to make a study in light and shade: to mark the highest lights and leave them blank, then to run the faintest coat of shade over everything else; then the next coat, and so on *seriatim*. It is rather curious that three of these studies, which I really think are the three best, represent very fairly the three pillars given in "Modern Painters" as examples of Rembrandt's, Turner's, and Veronese's systems of chiaroscuro. I wish you would all read that chapter (vol. iv, part v, chap. iii, p. 34) very carefully; but for those who regret they can't take the trouble, I will send my own abstract of it, and here it is.

I'll trouble any member of the club, or of society, to tell me what "white" means in a picture? always, either light or local color; and in your drawing you have only the paper-whiteness to stand for both. And paper is not very white. You all thought me very brutal because I would not let you use tinted paper; I would not, because white paper, the very whitest, is tinted, or darkened enough already. Consider, the sheet on which a picture is painted is an opaque white surface, upright, in side-light and out of sunshine. Pictures are always supposed to be seen under those circumstances, you know; and if you bring a sheet of white paper close to a window, side on, and hold it vertically out of sunshine, you will have as white a surface as you possibly can have over any part of your picture. Now, hold that sheet so that half shall cut against the window-sill or wall, and half against the sky. Then it is white against the wall, and ever so dark against the blue sky; ever so much darker against the unlighted white clouds; and utterly black or blank against their bright parts which are full of light, for the paper possesses opaque whiteness, as of chalk; the clouds possess brightness, as of white fire. Now just consider, when you do a sunshiny landscape, the whitest light you can get on your paper is really darker than the darkest part of the clouds you want to put in your picture; and also, than the distance of your picture, if you have a five or six mile distance in it. Now, you see, comparing white paper in a room, to be looked at as a picture is looked at, and a jam-pot looked at as a copy, you see at all events one is as white as the other, or very nearly so, so that the jam-pot is easier than the landscape in the sense of being possible, while the landscape, strictly speaking, is not. And it is highly expedient for me to judge of all your work by giving examples quite within your powers. I know the greatest power is shown by contending with the greatest difficulties; but if you all possessed that, why you know you would be a-improving of me, and not I you.

Now, in this jam-pot, a very good one, the artist, whom I must call No. 1, has hit on, or been taught to follow Rembrandt's, or Leonardo's system. And that system is very well adapted for drawing a simple study like this. No. 1 sees that her crockery has a small, high light; that high light is just the tint of her paper; therefore, all the rest of her *white wessel* has to be darkened and made gray to relieve, and so express the brightness of that high light. For it is glazed, and has caught the light, and all opaque, local whiteness yields to a flash. And now you know

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what a flash, a glint, a reflection on armor, embroidery, or glass, is to Rembrandt; and you know how valuable he makes it. And this flash on the white glaze gives this drawing value, as a bit of reality: the artist is not wrong in darkening the whole paper for its sake; but the whole local color is sacrificed.

But now, is this well-drawn and rounded cylinder, with only one touch of real, absolute white upon it, and the rest all gray, and a very black shadow, and a rather black, dark side, — is it as like a white jam-pot as No. 2, which is so much less black? I should say not. It is rather rounder, and so has more form. But the eye feels that if it was a part of a picture, it would not look so like what it is as No. 2, because that not only possesses a fair amount of roundness, but is, beyond all dispute, white in color, while No. 1 has only one white flash on it. No. 2 economizes the darkness for the sake of color. No. 1 lays on the shade for the sake of form. No. 1 loses some of his form in darkness; the other loses form in light, but gains far more in color. A landscape with distance would be hopelessly heavy and dark in all its near objects on the first principle; the other is Turner's; and he (as I observe No. 2 has done) makes his extreme shadow as black as he can; his lightest surface tint a very thin, local color, approaching white, and reserves white itself for brightness, or a single flash of actual light in some principal place in his picture. So I bracket these two together as best, and must send a sketch to each of the artists; only I beg No. 1 to copy No. 2's work, and *vice versa*. Each will then fully understand all this tirade.

The whole club must do a brown pickle-jar now, on white, as before. No flash of light allowed on it; consequently, no pure white anywhere on it; sepia only; and carry a pale tint over all to begin with; then lay on the shadows. Choose your own subject for the other drawing, but make it as simple a thing as you can persuade yourselves to do.

And don't use Chinese white in these studies. I should say, do not use it at all on white paper; never, certainly, till a work is nearly done; and never till you clearly see your way to an effect with it, which you could not possibly produce without it. But do justice to your own subject in your own way this time. I should like in the first portfolio to see everybody's taste and fancy, and so I give leave for tinted paper, any subject, and body color in all forms, on this occasion only.

[I give you notice of the following subject, which I wish the club would do very carefully this autumn; I have tried the colors, and they come very prettily. A thrush, with yellow feet, and yellow about his bill, picking coral-red berries in a dark yew; purple branches, and masses of heavy green, small interval of blue sky through, all quite near the eye.]

Good-by, my dear Flora, and tell the club I really think very highly of the work. I have numbered the six best drawings, besides the prizes.

Ever yours, C. C.

I can come after Christmas, if you like, and will send old Warhawk, whom M. knows. I am only a one-horse man; but I dare say John will have something for me to ride; Catapult, for choice, if t'ard mare is still going. But I am very busy now on a big desert subject, which Sternchase approves; and a canter in the Park before breakfast is all I have time for.

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A NEW YORK VIEW OF FINANCE AND BANKING.

BY JOHN EARL WILLIAMS.

"I AM right glad to see you, gentlemen of finance," said President Lincoln to a committee of bank presidents, "for I am so benighted that I have never yet found any one who could enlighten me on the subject of finance."

The case of our wise president was not singular, but quite common, whether others so frankly own it or not. So long as men indulge in mere speculations, or rely on antiquated financial theories, reason herself will be rarely consulted, or the principles of political economy heeded. Our only safe guides—history, experience, and simple truth—are liable to be overlooked. But the lessons they teach, with fair deduction from facts and careful observation, ought to lead to just conclusions.

On June 4, 1864, Congress passed an act "To provide a national currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof."

That act was substantially copied from "An act to authorize the business of banking," passed by the legislature of the State of New York, April 18, 1838.

It will be interesting to trace the origin of this last act, which was the first banking law of the world, so far as we know, which authorized the creation of banking associations, on the simple condition that the circulating notes of the same be secured to the people by a pledge of bonds and mortgages, deposited for that purpose in the bank department of the State. It was made the duty of said department to print and issue circulating notes to the several banks, when secured and registered in accordance with the requirements of the law. Such, in a few words, was the substance of the free banking law of New York.

ORIGIN OF THE BANK LAW.

The origin of the present complex system is a remarkable instance of the application of pure principle to practical finance. On the 17th February, 1827, Rev. John McVickar, D D., Professor in Columbia College of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Belles-Lettres, Political Economy, and the Evidences of Christianity, wrote to a member of the New York Legislature a letter entitled "Hints on Banking."

In that communication of some forty pages, is foreshadowed the New York free banking law of 1838. It suggested: —

"1st. Banking to be a free trade, in so far as that it may be freely entered into by individuals, under the provisions of a general statute.

"2d. The amount of the banking capital of such individual or association to be freely fixed, but to be invested, one tenth at the discretion of the bank, the remaining nine tenths in government stock, whereof the bank is to receive the dividends, but the principal to remain in pledge for the redemption of its promissory notes, *under such security as to place the safety of the public beyond doubt or risk.*

"3d. The promissory notes of such individual or association to bear upon their face the nature and

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amount of stock thus pledged, together with the usual signatures."

The writer adds: "That these provisions would free banking from all abuses, it would be arrogance to assert; but that they would remedy many and great ones that now exist, seems to be unquestionable. Nor would their adoption be attended with the dangers which generally await untried novelties. They are *already established by the experience of other trades.*"

This last sentence shows the principle on which the question had been solved. It was not a groping in the dark, but a clear perception of vital elements known to be working in "other trades."

Now this letter was written in 1827 to an influential member of the Legislature; eleven years later, the seed thus sown matured, in the free banking law of 1838. That law contains not only the ideas, but almost the precise form of expression which is found in the letter.

Nor was the principle thus evolved confined to this State or country. In 1843–4, when Sir Robert Peel proposed to Parliament his amended charter of the bank of England, security for the bank's circulating notes was not lost sight of.

Under the new charter of 1844, the issue department was separated from the discount department of the bank, and the duties of each defined.

But here, again, we find Professor McVickar three years in advance of the British statesmen. In the year 1841, in his "Review and Criticism of the Bank of the United States," the Professor shows the practicability and necessity of having the issue of circulating notes independent of the discount department; and he proposed that it be under the charge of a board of governors, while the other parts of the bank should still be managed by the directors.

Here is a great principle enunciated, namely, that no bank ought to be allowed to supply a circulating medium to the public, *not secured outside of the bank, and independent of it;* and also one other feature, that of the *separation of circulation from the discount department.*

To a practical man of business,—an every-day banker,—it seems wonderful that a scholar, investigating questions in political economy, on purely scientific principles, should be able to see, not only the practical workings of existing laws, and understand the indissoluble relations of money and trade, but should also be able to foresee and foretell what changes were necessary to produce the highest prosperity and secure the greatest safety to the community.

Without claiming that this fundamental principle was *only* discovered and put in practice in this country, we can and do say that it was first promulgated here, and practically adopted, some years before it was engrafted on the charter of the Bank of England. We have borrowed from Europe, it is true, much in law and literature, and somewhat in religion, that was worth the having and the careful keeping. In banking, however, England is our debtor. We have not only supplied her, and the world, with the safeguard of the law of 1838, but we have done for the safety of the public what she has not, in making the separation between the discount and issue department *absolute* and *irrevocable.* It is impossible for the banks of this country, of their own motion, to increase the volume of their circulation. But not so of the Bank of England. Three times, since

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1844, the charter has been violated by an illegal issue of bank-notes to meet commercial emergencies which recognized no chartered limits; necessity imperiously demanded it, but a necessity that knew no bank law, cared for no bank restriction. Specie lost its saving power. But timely, liberal discounting, — not in accordance with law, — and a generous issue — an over-issue — of Bank of England notes, saved the community from commercial bankruptcy. Such irregularities Parliament wisely legalized by subsequent statutes. And such-like events will happen again; for so long as commerce is subject to perturbations (as it always will be, under specie and a convertible paper currency), seasons of extraordinary pressure will come, and demand speedy relief. The source of relief being fixed and determined, help can only come, in season, by disregarding the limitations imposed on the bank.

This statement, though brief, may serve to show some advantages of our financial system, at least for us, over that of the Bank of England.

It may be more profitable, and is certainly more modest, to look after the defects in our own institutions, rather than point out the shortcomings of others.

The present banking of this country — for most of the State banks are wound up — is conducted under authority of the law of Congress, passed June 4, 1864, "to provide a national currency," etc.

Much complaint is made, when there is a stringency in the money market, against the law which requires a reserve of twenty-five per cent from city banks, and fifteen per cent from country banks, on the aggregate amount of deposits and circulation. As a remedy, *free banking* is asked for, and a repeal of that section of the bank law which provides for a *reserve*.

Free Banking.

Free banking: — what would it amount to but the re-establishment of the old "wild-cat" banking that prevailed in New York five-and-twenty years ago? That was an abuse of the banking law of the State, which failed properly to restrict and define the terms on which individual banks might be formed. Practically, it was simply this: half a dozen persons would put their hundred thousand dollars into United States bonds or other required securities, lodge them in the bank department at Albany, to create a free bank! Locate the bank in some obscure place, take out the circulating notes, loan them to brokers in Wall Street at the highest rate (drawing interest on their bonds at the same time), and thus secure double interest for their investment, under the name of banking! This would be done now if free banking were authorized. In short, such authority would encourage commercial piracy on legitimate banking! The public would be not a whit the better off for the operation, while the currency would be inflated without any controlling power on the part of the government.

So great had this evil become, five-and-twenty years ago, that a bank was organized in New York city, in 1851, for the avowed purpose, among other things, of doing for that and the neighboring States, what had been done in New England, many years before, by the Suffolk Bank, at a time when banks were not restricted, as they now are, in circulation, consequently were tempted to

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issue more than they could redeem. This state of things gave rise, fifty years ago, to the so-called "Suffolk Bank system." It was needed then, it would be worse than useless now; for there is no occasion to absorb and send bills home for redemption.

The experiments so far succeeded in the New York Bank, that between thirty and forty of the individual banks of circulation, or as they were called, in the language of the day, "Wild-Cat Banks," were called on to pay their bills, and consequently obliged to wind up. This, in the course of two or three years, purified the atmosphere of Wall Street, and gave to regular business banks circulating notes for legitimate trade.

Away, then, with the so-called free banking! It is a delusion, a mere sham, suggested without understanding at all the disastrous consequences that would flow from it. It is a retrograde, rather than a progressive movement, — asking for a law to authorize the creation of machines for grinding out circulating notes, for the use of Wall Street operators, and not for the benefit of the trading community, or the promotion of any legitimate business interest.

Bank Reserve.

The other remedy suggested, to wit, the modification or repeal of the legal provisions which fix the reserve now required of national banks on deposits and circulation, demands more serious consideration.

There ought to be cogent reasons in favor of a policy that takes from the volume of circulating medium of the country some one hundred and fifty millions, and locks up such an amount in the shape of bank reserve! All other locking up (so justly complained of) is trifling in amount compared with this enforced withdrawal of currency in the form of bank reserve. But there certainly is good reason for requiring that a certain percentage of bank deposits should be kept on hand, at all times, either in United States notes or bank-notes, in order to be prepared to meet the demands of depositors. Otherwise, the natural tendency would be to make imprudent, excessive loans and discounts, thereby unduly impoverishing the bank for the sake of large profits. No one ought to object, therefore, to a reasonable reservation of ready funds to ensure prompt payment of deposits. Experience will show whether the present requirement of twenty-five per cent is in excess, for city banks, or not.

It has been suggested in Washington, that it may be advisable to reduce the amount of reserve held by banks from October to April — six months — to ten per cent for the country and fifteen per cent for city banks, in order to meet the autumn demand for currency to move the crops. This is certainly a very important suggestion, and, by adding to bank facilities when most wanted, would afford great relief to the community. The cities especially need, at that season of the year, all the help they can obtain to meet the pressure that naturally comes to the money centres. Keep the centres freely supplied, and relief will soon find its way to the extremities.

On the other hand, there seems to be no reason for that part of the reserve which applies to *circulation*. These notes are secured to the public by a deposit of United States bonds in the department at Washington (one hundred dollars of bonds for every ninety dollars of bills); also,

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by the bank capital and surplus; further, by a legal right to call on the stockholders for an amount equal to the sum already paid in; and finally, they are secured by an absolute guarantee of the United States. In the name, then, of safety itself, is not this security enough, without adding twenty-five per cent of deadweight in the shape of reserve, especially when no redemption is called for or expected? If a repeal of the law requiring reserve or circulation were conceded, the public would be relieved to the extent of about fifty millions of dollars. Such a change would give the banks for immediate use that amount, which is now useless to the trading community, being locked up for no practical purpose.

Endorsement of Government.

By the way, it may well be doubted whether the last form of security specified — the unconditional promise by the United States to pay all national bank notes (see section forty-seven of the National Bank Act) — is justifiable, or properly within the scope of the powers of the general government. For, why should the people of the United States, by its general government, be called on to pay a bank-note any more than the note of an individual?

It seems very like an unnecessary display of generosity. The bonds of the United States are presumed to be all-sufficient. But whether they are or not, it does not become necessary for the government of the United States to lend its credit by a guarantee to the extent of three hundred millions of dollars without any consideration whatever!

Suppose, what is not impossible, that in case of war, and reduced income from all sources, the United States should want all its credit and all the means it could command. Would it be desirable, under such circumstances, to have fifty millions of bank circulation to take up? True, the United States bonds could be offered for sale, but what price would they be likely to bring when it became known that a hundred millions more, by bank failures, might be forced on the market? Thus the Government might not only use up its ready money, but cripple its credit, when most wanted for public defence. Perhaps ten years hence, when the extension of the National Bank act is discussed, this will be duly considered and remedied.

In connection with the subject of reserve, it may be well to consider the limitation now prescribed by law as to the kind of notes which must constitute the reserve. It declares that only United States notes shall be counted in the reserve. Now this is always troublesome, and at times vexatious. If banks were allowed to count national bank notes, or United States notes, or both, in their reserve, the banks would be just as strong and the public quite as safe.

The Bank Act, Sec. 32, provides, "That every association formed or existing under the provisions of this act shall take and receive at par, for any debt or liability to said association, any and all notes or bills issued by any association existing under and by virtue of this act"

Such an arrangement would abolish the strife among banks to hoard legal tenders, in order to preserve their reserves. It would be calculated to enhance the value of the franchise of National Banks. It would tend to prevent, by giving them a wider use, the accumulation of National Bank notes, at certain

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seasons of the year, when, being too plenty, they are lent to brokers, on railroad bonds and stocks, at rates of interest so low that it fosters speculation. This becomes almost a *necessity* with banks that pay interest on deposits. Yet it is pernicious in the extreme, and a fruitful source of unavailable loans. City banks would surely experience much relief if authorized by law to reckon in their reserves, notes of national banks, as well as legal tender notes. Then, as a matter of course, the balances would be settled at the clearing-house in either or both kinds.

It hardly seems possible that there can be any reasonable objection to this slight concession. The bank notes are as safe as United States notes; and as both are secured by every dollar of property in the country, why should there be a distinction? Indeed the law, as we have seen, by express provision, contemplates no discrimination against National Bank notes, but requires that they be received by banks for any debt at par.

The clearing-houses of St. Louis and Chciago have already adopted this enlightened view, so far as settlement of balances is concerned, — paying and receiving either United States or National Bank notes, or both.

Specie Payments.

Specie payments is a theme discussed every day in the week. In a matter-of-course sort of way, it is dogmatically announced, "We must resume specie payments!" Some people, from habit perhaps, seem to have a sort of hankering for a little bright gold dollar, or a big shining half one! They talk as if there were saintly virtue in the precious metal, and the basest depravity in the greenback — though guaranteed by all the wealth of the nation and honor of the people. Such men do not see that their wishes, carried out, would surely produce financial chaos. For the history of our own country teaches us that all the monetary troubles, panics, prostration of commercial credits, and destruction of trade, are fairly chargeable to specie! Specie and convertible bank-notes are the elements of danger! The last thing to be desired is a resumption of specie payments, on the old, exploded "European plan." This nation can stand anything but that, — fire, famine, or sword, — and fortunately the good sense of the mass of our people is likely to save us from the disastrous experiment. Indeed, it would be extremely difficult to get up a general panic among our merchants and traders, such as we have formerly had, when there is none of the old stuff to make one out of. True, you may have wild raids on stocks; the bulls and bears may devour each other, destroy fancy stocks, and incidentally reduce the price of even sound-investment ones. They may create, as they recently have, an excitement which, under a specie-paying regime, would have caused all the banks to suspend. But not so under the present system, for every one would know he could not rush upon the banks for specie, and under any conceivable circumstances he would be sure to get paper with which he could legally pay his debts. The incipient panic therefore stops short of a great commercial disaster, and is comparatively harmless.

It is not pretended that under the present or any conceivable scheme, men cannot betray trusts; mismanage banks and savings banks; occasion

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ally, too, get up big frights by an over extent of credits. But what is contended for is this: that no general prostration of mercantile credits, such as we had in 1837 and 1857, has taken place within the last ten years; morever, that it is nowise probable, scarcely possible, that such frightful panics should occur in non-specie-paying times. And this is a boon not lightly to be regarded.

Formerly, the export of a few millions of coin more than had been expected alarmed the banks, frightened the merchants, and brought on a general crisis in the affairs of men. A few months elapsed, and every one saw the alarm was unnecessary, and could never have come upon the people but from a nervous dread that certain or uncertain apprehended disasters might lead to a suspension of specie payment. Then, when the mischief was done and the losses incurred, all saw that fear of the loss of specie had been a bugbear.

It ought to be remembered, too, that then no such financial power existed in Wall Street as shows itself in these days Who can doubt that if the banks were nominally paying specie now for deposits and circulation (and it was *only nominally* they ever paid), that "the powers that be" in Wall Street would break them as often as they pleased? There is no doubt a larger accumulation of ready capital now in New York city outside of the Banks than inside; and it is so at all times when business is active. This capital, to a large extent, is used to manipulate prices; to buy gold, currency, or stocks, for "a corner," — as it is termed, — and disregardful of legitimate business and the best interests of society. This capital will continue to be so used, when occasion offers, or opportunity can be seized, to create an artificial demand for money. This done, one or two days' interest, or shares at exorbitant rates, will compensate the lender for keeping his money, perhaps thirty days, without having used it.

England's Example.

England is often quoted to show how easily we too could come to a specie basis, by following her example. Such people are careful not to refer to the history of England, when they speak in laudatory terms of her, and disparagingly of their own country. The Bank of England suspended specie payments in February, 1797, and did not resume till May, 1821! More than twenty-four years of suspension; whereas, this country has had a breathing-spell of scarcely half as long! Thanks to the wisdom and statesmanship of such men as Pitt and Sir Robert Peel, the unwise attempts at premature resumption were defeated in Parliament whenever attempted, as was several times the case.

By a suspension of twenty-odd years that country had a chance to recover, after the long and exhausting Continental wars, in which, as England had but few men to spare, she contributed largely in bullion. The government knew that England's true policy was, to make gold so dear that other nations dealing with her would take her manufactures, the products of her skilled labor, and thus enable her to become the creditor instead of the debtor nation of the world. All this, and much more, without the use of gold or currency, or of even convertible paper! And, without special act of Parliament, the notes of the bank, by common

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consent, were received by the government and people as legal tender for all indebtedness.

This paper-money period in England's history may be regarded as more prosperous than any other of equal duration. Although a serious panic was embraced in that period, which originated in the reckless misconduct of joint-stock banks, still capital was accumulated and skilled labor acquired as never before. And it is worthy of remark, that this growth and prosperity were accomplished with paper currency as a medium, which other nations could neither contract nor expand. The example of England, then, and the success attending her prolonged suspension of specie payments, should teach and encourage us to persevere in the same wise financial policy.

Our Currency.

Our currency is for ourselves. And it has been truly said, "In paper money we have the cheapest currency substituted for the dearest." Europeans need not touch it. It is matter of congratulation, and an element of safety, too, that it is beyond any disturbing foreign influence. It is our country's life-blood, designed to circulate from centre to circumference. Nor is the volume of currency excessive, but rather too small than too large. It has to supply the wants of a country three thousand miles in extent, containing a population of over forty millions, actively engaged in business. It is proper, too, to consider, that out of the amount of existing United States and national bank notes, — in the aggregate six hundred and fifty millions, — there should be deducted about one hundred and fifty millions locked up as bank reserves. Leaving, say, of both kinds, in circulation,

		$500,000,000.
Now the State bank-note circulation before the war may be set down at	$260,000,000	
Add specie, at least,	80,000,000	
		$340,000,000
Present excess over old circulation,		$160,000,000

Some of the causes of an increased demand for currency, within the last twelve years, may be thus stated: —

Opening of the railway to the Pacific Ocean.

Foreign and domestic emigration West.

Hoarding of currency and its ordinary use in Southern States.

Enhanced price of nearly every commodity in market.

Can any one doubt that the foregoing statement, though showing a nominal increase in currency of $160,000,000, exhibits, also, an actual, comparative *decrease* in the volume, when considered in relation to the enlarged business and growth of population? This is seen, also, after every effort, in the short crop of currency to move a long crop of wheat this autumn.

Notwithstanding this deficiency in the volume of our currency, — so easily demonstrated,— sensible, honest men still talk, in a loose way, of the need of returning to specie payments, and lessening our paper money, as if that would not inevitably enlarge and aggravate every financial evil.

The simple truth is, the whole treasury reserve of forty-four millions dol-

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lars (balance of the old 400,000,000) legal tenders, ought to be paid out, and kept out, by the secretary of the treasury, in order to restore at least to that extent the equilibrium of our national currency. We must protect *our own* purchasing and selling medium, and see that we have enough for home use.

As for "balance of trade," — any indebtedness to Europe, — *that* can be paid either in gold, one of the products of our land, or in wheat, pork, butter, petroleum, naval stores, tobacco, or cotton. These are all now commodities with us which can readily be equated in any European market.

If, however, none of the foregoing articles happen to suit our foreign customer, it is not at all improbable that a very few years will suffice to add iron, perhaps coal, to the list of exchangeable products. The "London Times," on a recent editorial on their iron trade with this country, draws a gloomy picture of England's future in this particular; and even now, at this writing, report reaches us of the sale of one hundred tons of American iron in Liverpool.

May we not expect, then, with persistent effort, sustained by a consistent protective tariff, to supply the world from our "iron mountains" and unlimited coal-fields, with iron and steel, even as we now do with cotton? This may seem like boasting. Wait a little while — it may prove to be prophecy; yet a little longer, and it may become history.

It must be observed, too, that the increase in our population, foreign and domestic, and rapid growth in business throughout the entire country, has worked a steady, practical, *comparative* reduction in currency, *per capita*, inasmuch as the volume of circulating notes has remained the same, with the exception of a reduction by the withdrawal of forty-four millions, in a futile attempt to prepare for resumption of specie payments.

It is a fortunate circumstance, perhaps, that the secretary of the treasury keeps the control of this fund; so that in an emergency sufficiently pressing, he can come to the relief of the public, and head off reckless speculators. May not these legal tenders be used, most beneficently, as the Bank of England, without express law, uses her extra notes, to *prevent panics?*

Increase of Currency.

This leads us to consider whether some *timely* provision ought not to be made by Congress to secure the full benefits of our present system for future years. Not by a diminution of its volume, — for we are getting to the specie point quite fast enough, — but, on the contrary, by a gradual *increase* to meet the growing wants of the country. A careful statistical investigation ought to be made, to determine what would be an adequate annual addition. It may be that ten per cent added every five years (equal to two per cent annually) might be sufficient to meet the increased demand from population and business. Let us, by all means in our power, sustain a currency that will not, like specie, convulse trade and all the productive industries at every turn of the metallic screws!

It is quite remarkable that during the recent stock raid, or brokers' panic, in New York, a prominent bank bullionist confessed that the whole trouble arose from the fact that we have not legal tenders enough to do the business of the

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city! Experience and a wholesome pressure had served to enlighten one who seemed wedded to a theory. He struck the key-note, however, of the whole derangement of financial affairs. The volume of currency needs to be increased, and what we have, better adjusted, so as to make it more available in autumn. At present, our wealth in currency is not equal to our wealth in wheat. The largest cereal product ever known has called for and taken an extraordinary amount of currency, more than the banks could well spare on so short notice. The banks in New York, since the middle of August, have sent out, principally to Chicago and Milwaukee, ten to fifteen millions of currency. This drained the city, and made it imperative on the clearing-house to issue certificates to facilitate the banks in their clearings. That done, the panic collapsed. In the end, the operation will of course enrich the city and the country. For the crop is not only large beyond precedent, but the foreign demand is strong for all we can spare, at remunerative prices. This stimulates the call for currency, and the desire to get grain to the seaboard; consequently it has, temporarily at least, created a *currency famine*, and yet without any pressure or scarcity of money among merchants.

The cotton crop, which comes next, is larger than ever before — nearly or quite four million of bales. At least half of that will go to Europe, and the call from that quarter will soon be in order.

It is our substantial wealth, then, that makes us currency-poor! The country is richer to-day than it ever was before. It will be richer to-morrow than it is to-day.

The convenience and advantage of this paper currency can be seen, if we look for a moment at the dilemma we should be in, were *specie* — heavy-footed, cumbrous, expensive specie — to be called on to do this immense work of purchase, exchange, and transportation. As reasonably expect the exploded telegraph balloon to do the work of the magnetic telegraph! We have left the "iron age" behind, and substituted the iron rail!

"Elastic End."

An important problem connected with the circulation is yet to be solved. Specie cannot supply the want, nor assorting houses or clearing-houses remedy the evil. It applies equally to legal tenders and to bank-notes, because the entire circulating medium throughout the land suffers from the same cause.

At certain periods of the year there is an increased demand for currency. About the middle of August, of late years, the West first calls for aid to move their cereals and pork to the seaboard. Later in the season, the Southwest and the South ask for help to get their tobacco and cotton to markets, at home and abroad.

All the Atlantic cities are called on, and especially is New York city, to remit hundreds of thousands in currency, daily, to Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. So regular and uniform has this become, that it is looked upon as the normal condition of things, when trade is active and healthy. No one need dread it, then, for it indicates good markets and good prices. Money, however, becomes active, scarce, and high under these influences; while at other seasons of the year — for three months, from the

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middle of May to the middle of August — money is cheap and currency super-abundant; speculation becomes rife, with a dearth of legitimate business; and disastrous investments spring out of cheap money, easily obtained.

This rotation in the circulation is both regular and salutary. The bills go West and South, perform their wonted work in purchase and sale, then wend their way East again, to liquidate purchases made by those of the West and the South.

The orbit is definite; but the rate of movement is dependent, not only on railroads and expresses, but also on the financial ability of the West and the South to keep in their own hands more or less of their yearly product, in greenbacks, for manufactures or general uses at home. Here one is tempted to ask, What possible benefit would arise to any one, if these notes were seized when they reached New York, assorted and sent home for so-called redemption in greenbacks or coin? This idea assumes an excess in quantity, and involves a useless and expensive journey.

Now, the *want* growing out of this fixed system lies in this: that for three months, in spring and summer, currency in New York city is in excess of the demands of a sluggish, depressed market.

Five years and more ago, a remedy was suggested to one of the New York senators, which, had it been adopted, there is good reason to believe, would have proved an effective cure for the evil. The plan was simply this: Congress to authorize the creation of a commission, in New York city, to consist of three persons, — say the United States assistant treasurer, a merchant, and a banker. This commission to have power to issue a United States convertible bond, bearing four per cent interest, in currency, and to receive in payment therefor either United States notes or National Bank notes. Said bonds to be reconvertible into such currency, at the option of the holder, and paid with accrued interest. To be again issued, whenever the said bonds were called for, on the same terms, and again redeemed in like manner.

It will be seen at a glance that this would create what in semi-slang phrase has been called, "An elastic end to the currency." For the effect would be, practically, *to keep the general market price of money at a point above four per cent.* The United States bonds being the best attainable security, would prevent the rate from going below that.

As soon, then, as the demand set in for currency at the beginning of the fall trade, the bonds would go in and the currency come out, and the volume thus be swollen to meet the wants of the public *without diminishing the resources of the banks;* but, on the contrary, *adding just so much* to carry on the enlarged business of the country without leaving the public to depend entirely on the moneyed institutions.

It may be objected that the United States would hardly be ready to pay four per cent interest for money they did not want and could not use. But the answer to that is obvious. The government is instituted for the benefit of the governed, not for the benefit of the government. And surely, if the welfare and steady growth of the whole people can be promoted by the payment of a low rate of interest on twenty or thirty millions for three months in the year (remember

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that the government is circulating over three hundred millions *without interest* the whole year), so small an outlay would be more than justified to secure so large a return in convenience and profit to all parts of the country. It would be to the important machinery of currency, what the "governor" is to the steam-engine, — a controlling balance power! And may we not reasonably hope that Congress would gladly perfect the governmental scheme of a national currency by supplying a remedy most sorely needed?

THE "LABOR REFORM" VIEW OF MONEY.

ANY one who reads the public journals may see that many of our best minds are busy in trying to solve what is called the money question; and it is beginning to be admitted that it plays so important a part in society that the laws regulating it very materially advance or retard civilization.

To the laborers of the country it is a matter of vital importance; and by laborers we mean especially those whose services are paid for in wages or salaries. Until these laws are rightly adjusted, labor and capital cannot share in their due proportions. The present laws transfer much too large a share to those who wield the capital of the country. With but few exceptions, those who write and talk on this subject take it for granted that the question would be solved by "resumption," and that it is for the interest of the people at large that we should resume specie payments. We propose to question whether resumption is desirable, and to give some reasons why we think it not only undesirable, but why a repeal of the law which makes gold a legal tender is more likely to lead to good results to the whole people.

Money, practically, is the material or medium used in exchange for anything we wish to buy or sell. A "legal tender" is what a creditor is compelled by law to take, and what in turn he can compel others to receive when he is a debtor. If this legal tender is also a currency, it adds facility to trade. Currency and money are not necessarily the same. Currency includes money, but money does not include currency. Currency is also material used in buying and selling. We have several kinds, varying in value. The "greenbacks" and the national bank notes we may consider as government currency. Although the national bank notes form a large part of our currency, and have had given to them by the government a power that makes them in almost all our transactions equal to the greenbacks, they are inferior to the greenbacks, because not a legal tender. Parties selling may refuse them if they choose. Bank-checks, domestic bills of exchange, notes of hand, and other promises to pay are also a part of our currency. They cannot be called money. These are supposed to amount to quite ninety-five per cent of the whole. If this estimate is correct, then the "government currency" does not exceed five per cent of the amount demanded by the trade of the country. The currency furnished by the government may be even less than five per cent. As a legal-tender currency is superior to

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any other, and is one that the laborer may take with safety and hold with confidence until he is ready to use it, it would be best to increase this and decrease the inferior. The volume of the currency would remain the same, but we should have less of the inferior and more of the superior currency. Those who are frightening the people with the word "inflation" could not object to this, because their objection is to an increase of the volume of the currency, and not a change in the quality.

The greenback is our only true money, because it is a legal tender and a currency too, — national bank notes, as we have stated, not being a legal tender, whilst gold coin, although a legal tender, has ceased to be a part of the currency, and is to-day as much a commodity as iron, coal, wheat, pork. Why not strip gold of the artificial value given to it by law, and place it on the same footing as our other productions? Its real value or usefulness would not be diminished. The notion is prevalent that money must be made of some material that has an intrinsic value, in which what is called wealth is a large ingredient, such as gold; and that gold or silver money is the only true money. If money practically is rather the representative of wealth than wealth itself, as we believe, then this notion is erroneous. Money is the material by means of which we exchange wealth. True money is not wealth any more than the deed for a farm is the farm itself; and there is no more use in having our money made of gold than in having our deeds drawn upon sheets of gold. Another current and erroneous idea is, that if we have paper money, it must have a gold basis. This is not only unnecessary, but impossible. We now have a government currency of about 800 millions, all paper. Suppose we could put into circulation 200 millions of gold coin, — and this is the maximum we are able to issue, — and suppose this would enable us to withdraw an equal amount of paper, and to keep temporarily (and it could only be temporarily) the remaining portion of paper on a par with gold, we should still have 400 millions without a gold basis. We should then have "resumed"; but as half of our currency would have no specie basis, how long should we continue resumption? With the power of the gold gamblers on one side and our immense foreign debt on the other, not a month; and if these interests can ever decoy us into resumption, until we have a gold dollar in hand for every note out, we shall have a continuation of days that will make "Black Friday" seem like sunshine.

It will be impossible to have a "gold basis," unless we increase our coin or decrease our volume of currency. The "gold basis" idea is only a theory, — has never been anything else, — is delusive and injurious in the extreme, and particularly so to those who live upon wages, as they are of all the people those who have lost most when a suspension of specie payments has taken place. It is not likely that we can increase our gold coin above 200 millions, because the increased production of gold is more than counterbalanced by the increased demand for it in arts and manufactures. Nor can we reduce the present volume of the currency issued by the government to a point to admit of a gold basis, as it would be reducing it from 800 to 400 millions, because this would produce a crisis that would blight

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and destroy the enterprise of the land. We must give up the idea of having a gold basis to our money. It is a monarchical and not a republican idea; it is an idea fostered by capital, and must be repudiated by labor. It is not only out of the question, but, happily, undesirable. The sooner we divest ourselves of the idea that money must be made of gold, or of any other material known as wealth, the better. A few years since it was supposed that personal slavery was the corner-stone of our republic; remove it, and the edifice would fall, — and laws were made by those in power that threw our civilization in the direction of that expensive and tyrannous idea.

Our present legislation on the money question is as false and destructive to the laborer of to-day, as former legislation was to the slave and the nation. The old laws controlled the man, the present ones control the results of his labor: It is evident that the people at large are gradually and steadily becoming satisfied with paper money, and are finding that paper money, backed by the government, is suited to all the uses the trade of the country can put gold money, at least in our home transactions. Still many people cling to the idea that paper money must be *redeemed* by gold money. We cannot see why it should. Why change paper money into gold money, and then gold money into the things we buy? Why not change the paper money itself into these things? Gold money is mainly good to exchange wealth. Greenbacks will do the work as well. The stamp of the government gives to paper money the power of gold money.

Those who see with satisfaction that circumstances are pushing us into a truer and more philosophic money system, first by forcing us to adopt the greenback as a currency, so useful in times of war and still more in times of peace; next, by making them, in obedience to the demands of a wise public opinion, a legal tender, leading us inevitably to a repeal of the law that makes gold a legal tender, are still anxious as to how this legal-tender currency shall be redeemed. There is nothing more simple. We are redeeming it every day in every transaction we make, and thus unconsciously solving that part of the great problem. The man who transfers a pair of boots for a greenback, redeems that greenback, and with a certainty that it will be redeemed of him by the man to whom he owes wages or of whom he buys leather, and so on in every transaction made in the country. And this is the only redemption, with one exception, of which we shall speak hereafter, to which trade and labor for their lives' sake can give consent. Redemption, in the sense of substitution for gold coin, would be foolish and expensive, whilst redemption, in the sense of withdrawal or contraction, would be suicidal, — but in the sense of a constant exchange for our productions and our labor, is prosperity and life to the best interests of our country.

In talking with some of our most enlightened business men,—men who, although they wield capital, are unselfish and wide in their views on this question, — men to whom we have been in the habit of looking as authority, — we find they fear that in an exclusive paper money we might get into difficulty because of our exchanges with other countries. We claim that a repeal of the law which makes gold a legal tender, and the

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enacting of a law by the general government, which shall make a paper currency the only legal tender, would not, all other things being equal, in any way affect our mode of paying our foreign debts, but would be a breakwater to save us from the effects of money crises in other countries. We could settle our indebtedness as we do now, in pork, wheat, cotton, silver, gold coin, gold bars, petroleum, and other products, or postpone our debts as we do now, damaging as it is to the future, by handing over evidences of debt, such as government bonds, and State and railroad securities. As other countries demand payment, and will take nothing but gold, we need not send them gold coin,—gold in bars will do as well. Our production of gold will be none the less when we have ceased to coin it and call it money. We can spare as much, more than now, when we have to hoard some seventy millions at an annual expense of four or five millions, simply as a prop to our present false money system.

Should we send them gold coin, they would do as they do now,—melt it and reduce it to a commodity before they would give us credit for it. Then why not send it in bars, and save the coinage? Europe never takes our gold, whether in bars or coin, as money. There is, therefore, no necessity of our going to the expense of coinage, that is, of converting it from a commodity into money. If our stock of gold is exhausted, by a reduction in the price of cotton, or any other of the various commodities we export, the demand for gold will cease. Put cotton at a price lower than it will sell for in Liverpool, and you cannot get Europe to take our gold. Our foreign accounts are mostly equalized by drafts or bills of exchange on England. If we import more than we export, the premium on these goes up; if we export more than we import, the premium goes down. These drafts are the currency between nations. You need not pay gold money here to get this currency, a currency which is equal to European gold money. To-day Mr. A, of this city, wanted to deliver to Mr. B, in London, two pounds English gold money. He went to Drexel & Co., and for eleven dollars and twenty-five cents in greenbacks, or government currency, received a draft on their London house for two pounds, gold. The question as to whether gold coin was a legal tender or not did not enter into the transaction. It was the price of grain, pork, cotton, petroleum, and the other products we export, including gold, that was of importance; and that decided the price to be paid for the two pounds. It was the prices of these in the respective markets of America and Europe that regulated the amount in greenbacks required of A. Enormous as is our foreign debt, the money lenders of the Old World are glad to get our government "securities," and to-day a 5-20 bond will as surely and quickly command the gold money of the London banker as a pile of our twenty-dollar gold pieces; and it only needs that the money-changers of Europe shall become as familiar with the power of our paper legal tenders, to ensure as rapid a conversion into the money of Europe. They will some day be more acceptable than "sterling bills"; because, whilst one is only backed by the supposed wealth or credit of the issuer, the other is issued on wealth deposited as security and backed by the government. Our foreign creditors

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will take from our market that which is lower in price than in theirs, whatever that commodity may be. The laws of trade enforce this, and no legislation can prevent it.

We need at home but one kind of money, and that a legal-tender paper money. Until this point is fully gained, labor will be subservient to capital. There is one purpose for which we may need our mint a few years more, and that will be to coin enough gold to pay the interest on the United States government bonds. To sustain our government faith as nearly as possible with the changes that the times demand, we must continue to bear the costs of coining some gold, until those who insist upon this form of payment shall consent to take the equivalent in the new legal tender, which they will soon do, for as the coin will not then be a legal tender, it must either be converted into bars, or sold for the arts and purposes of manufacture and commerce. In monarchical countries, — countries not deriving their power and authority from the people, — there is some excuse for making money out of a material that is recognized as wealth, and that has an intrinsic value; for where the government and the people are not one, the people must have some other security for their daily labor than that which suits the pleasure or interest of their rulers. But where government is only another term for people, it is folly.

When a people use and are dependent in their trade upon a legal-tender currency, created by a government of their own choice, that currency is a strengthening, a cementing power of the government. Gold money is objectionable on many accounts. It is more effectually counterfeited than paper may be made to be. It is expensive, — wearing out rapidly in use. If lost in transportation, being wealth, it is an actual and total loss. For a currency it is insufficient — its supply is too irregular. The mines we depend upon to-day may to-morrow cease to yield, or some new discovery in science may more than quadruple the quantity. Law cannot control its product, and money should be made of such material as the law can control, because law creates it. Besides, "How can gold be the measure of all other commodities and itself too?" In the interest of labor, and capital too, for capital is best secured when labor has a fair share of the wealth produced, we ask for but one legal tender, one legal-tender currency, and one kind of money, and these centred in something similar to the present greenback.

If security for labor demands that we shall have a government legal-tender currency, it also demands that the profit arising from furnishing it shall go into the public treasury, — namely, enure to the people. That it has not will ever remain a blot upon the reputation of that party that has so long consented to allow a favored few the profits arising from a currency guaranteed by the wealth of the whole people.

Money is one of the machines, some think the most important, by which we produce our wealth; and in the last decade it has increased more rapidly than in any previous one. This is not only because we have had more money, but money better suited to the wants of trade. We should take one more step — not only have money in plenty, but have it furnished by the general government only, that the rate may be low, and that the profit of production

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may go to the government, *i. e.* the people. Then the balance of trade will turn in our favor, and then the perplexities of tariff and free trade will be solved, and with them will go many attendant corruptions and expenses.

Nor need we be alarmed at the effect an increase of the volume of the currency will have upon prices, if that increase is of the superior kind. The prices of our products are not so much controlled by the volume of money in the nation, as by the price of money. If we should double the volume of the governmental currency, and reduce the interest on money to three per cent per annum, products would fall in value.

The experience of the last six or eight years proves that although the volume of the money may change but little, prices may vary greatly. The fluctuations in the prices of wool, cotton, iron, lead, copper, grain, and pork have been very great within the period named, sometimes much above the cost of production, sometimes much below, yet the volume of money has varied very little. Demand and supply — the quantity wanted and the quantity produced — was the great influencing cause of these changes, as the price as well as the volume of money have averaged within that period from year to year about the same. Let the government supply our agriculturists with money at four per cent per annum, taking their farms as security, and grain, pork, and wool will fall in price because of the increased production. Give the same facilities to our other industries, and the same effect will follow, because the price of money is so large an impediment in the cost of production. It is so large an ingredient in our productions, that when it can be had at two or three per cent per annum, with our superior natural advantages we shall control trade the world over.

Why should not the government supply this money? Whose government is this? It is the people's; it belongs to those who want money at not over four per cent per annum, and to those who can have it if they will unite and use their power. A daily paper of this city says, "Within the last six months eight millions of money have gone from New York to the West to be invested at ten to fifteen per cent per annum." Here is a dead loss to the producer of from six to eleven per cent per annum, for the money loaned is only *credit*,— the credit of those who get the interest.

A letter from Illinois to the "New York Tribune," of the 13th August, says: —

"In a former letter I mentioned the fact that in some parts of the State a large proportion of the farms were mortgaged to eastern capitalists. Since that time I have obtained some more definite information as to the terms on which these deeds of trust are given and the money borrowed. In a certain town of not more than ten thousand or fifteen thousand people there is an unpretending banking house that is engaged largely in this business of lending money for Eastern people. The loan department is separate from the bank proper, and is managed by one of the partners. If a farmer desires to borrow money on his land, and goes to the bank for that purpose, he is referred to the loan office, where he is informed that, in the first place, he will be required to furnish an abstract of his title. This the loan office, which has abstracts of all the titles in the county, will give him for the customary price — fifteen dollars. The farmer then agrees to pay ten per cent interest for the money, with exchange

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on New York, and an additional percentage for negotiating the loan. His property is then appraised, without improvements, and he can borrow from one third to one half of its appraised value. In the deed which he gives he agrees to pay the interest semi-annually, to pay the taxes promptly, and sometimes there are even further conditions imposed, a failure to comply with any one of which results in a foreclosure of the mortgage. The banking house to which I referred is reported to have divided eighty thousand dollars last year as its own profits on this branch of its business alone; and this is in addition to the interest that was sent East to the capitalists who furnished the money."

It would be as easy, as safe, and as simple for these farms to be mortgaged to the government, and then the owners would save the difference. The question is, can this be accomplished, and how? "There is nothing a government can do," said John Stuart Mill, "that does not look frightfully difficult until we consider how much more difficult things a government already does." The high price of money is one of the evils of the day. It is a question whether money should cost the people more than the cost of producing it. No legislation can induce private individuals to lend money at a rate that labor can afford to pay. We must resort to the government, and here is seen another grand advantage of a government of the people. A grand co-operative machine is a good government. It is used to protect the weak from the strong, and may and should be used to protect the poor from the avaricious rich. Indeed, the principle we contend for is admitted in the favor the government grants to the National Banks by lending to them the National Bank notes, and not at four per cent, but *without charge!* Let this be applied to individuals on satisfactory security; this is all we ask, except that it be at a rate not exceeding four per cent per annum. It is only the credit of the government that is loaned.

We must repeal the law which gives to the banks the profits arising from the currency furnished by the government; recall the National Bank notes; return to the banks the bonds that belong to them; create a new legal-tender currency, and lend this currency or money to any one who can furnish the proper security, charging, say, 4 per cent per annum for the money; the securities to be the *productive industries of the country*, putting real estate in the first class, as entitled to a loan nearest to its value, and government securities as the second. We should object to a loan being made on railway bonds, or any other such evidences of debt or representations of wealth. Persons wishing to borrow on such securities could apply to banks or private lenders. The loans made by government must always be on a *first* claim on property. It is a question whether the government should not supply the people with a currency on as easy terms as it does now the banks, and raise the money needed to pay the obligations of the government by a direct tax upon the accumulated wealth of the country. It will not cost the government over one per cent to construct the machinery and issue the currency needed by the trade of the country. The other three per cent might be collected by a direct tax, and we do not care whether the one per cent is called interest or tax. We should thus approach the day when interest on money would be so insignificant as

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not to be depended on for support. Until the national and present State debts are paid, the interest charged by the government, or tax for issuing currency, might be four per cent per annum. When they are paid, the price could be reduced to three or two per cent per annum, as it is estimated that two per cent would pay all the expenses attending the system, and pay the expenses of the government besides, so that there need be no more or very little more money raised by any other tax, direct or indirect, except this, which might be called a tax for supplying the country with currency. The public debts being paid, there would be no need of taxes for that purpose. Absolute free trade being inevitable because of our increased facility for production, the enormous expenses attendant on custom-houses would be saved, and government expenses could be materially reduced. This new legal-tender currency should be similar to our "greenbacks," omitting the words "promise to pay," and adding, "*this is a legal tender for all debts, public and private, in the United States of America.*"

As the greenbacks now in circulation are received by the government, let them be destroyed, — the new legal-tender currency to be issued in their place, or they too might be destroyed, and none issued except based upon individual wealth deposited with the government. Having but one kind of paper money, the risk of imitation by counterfeiting would be less than with the variety we now have, or should have if we should ever run again into the State bank system. Take advantage of the 64th section of the National Bank Act, and repeal all laws inconsistent with this plan. Now, the government supplies a few of our citizens, those who own the banks, with a currency for the use of the nation at the nation's cost, on the nation's credit, *without charge*, giving to that currency nearly all the powers of a legal tender! This is the most gigantic and most unjust monopoly that our government ever created. It is giving to a few what belongs to all, and creating a power dangerous to Liberty.

Why confine this issue to banks, corporations, or associations? And further, why shall not the people at large have all the benefit of the profit arising from this supply; this material that is as important to trade as air to the lungs? We can see no reason, and therefore ask for a change, and the repeal of all laws in the way of the change we propose.

This is the measure labor should ask, and capital should not wait until the request grows into a demand, but hasten to yield every point for the general good. Wit, ingenuity, culture, skill, are on the side of capital; numerical power, justice, and the public good with labor. We omit the words "promise to pay," because, as we tried to explain, no interest that is not exclusive and opposed to the public interest wants our paper currency paid in any other way than it now is, and would be by being *exchanged for the materials we buy and sell*, or converted, when the supply was too great, in a way we shall indicate We need more money. If we have given the true definition and true use of money, how shall we limit the amount? How shall we ascertain what is needed? Is there any better standard of what we ought to have than what we need? We see no other, and therefore ask that a law be passed by Congress by which this

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new legal tender money shall be supplied to any one who will comply with the terms, one of which should be, that so long as the security is not reduced, and the annual tax or interest is paid punctually, the principal shall not be demanded during the life of the borrower. Now, the money we use, the government supplies to 1,700 borrowers exclusively, namely, the banks. Remove the restriction. The question naturally arises, would this flood the country with paper money? No, not if the government would at the same time create bonds, for the purpose of absorbing any excess of paper it issued. These bonds should not be a legal tender, should have but a year to run, should bear a fraction less interest than the government charged for issuing money, say $3\frac{65}{100}$ per annum when four per cent was charged, and ready to hand to any one who could not use the money of the country at better rate than $3\frac{65}{100}$ per cent; and this is the mode of redemption or conversion that we have referred to as the true, healthy, and practical one. What would be the effect of the adoption of these measures? A supply equal to the demand, and a conversion whenever there was an excess, and a supply at a rate of interest that, whilst it would give facilities to the industrious and ingenious, would drive people into learning how to earn their living. It would make a financial crisis impossible; for when money was needed for the "moving of crops," or for any other cause, those who had the proper securities would deposit them or transfer them to the government, and get in return "legal tender money," which would float into the general current and answer the demand, the user not knowing or caring to whom the government loaned the money. When it became too plenty, and was not worth four per cent, it would be invested in these new government bonds.

As the *price* of money could fluctuate very little, it would give stability to enterprises. Things that we eat and wear and use would fall in price, because of the increased production; but the price of labor would not fall materially, because of the new avenues to labor that would be opened by the low price of money. This would add many comforts to the laborers of the land. This reliable, steady, sure supply of money at a low price would not only prevent great fluctuations in money, but in all our commodities; and the tendency would be downward as skill and experience should come into operation, and render it possible to do the business of the country on a cash basis, thus saving millions that are now lost between cash and credit prices. The balance of trade with other countries would inevitably be in our favor; our national bonds would gradually flow back to absorb our surplus earnings, and the questions of free trade and tariff be solved in a way easy and desirable, and so as to subserve the interest of the industry of our land. A money crisis in Europe would then scarcely be felt here, whilst the tendency of gold would be to our country in proportion as we produce our articles for export at constantly decreasing prices. This system would enable us to raise a fund from the profit arising from supplying the country with money, by which the national and State debts can be redeemed. We include *State* debts, because they are largely owing to the same cause as the national debt, and because the

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whole people are interested in the debt and in supplying the currency. These measures would also ensure *elasticity* to our money system, — an ingredient much desired, but never yet attained, — and save any future secretary of the treasury an excuse for an over-issue of money for the relief of trade. That the plan is liable to an illegal or over issue we cannot deny; but all systems are liable to abuse that are invented by those who cannot see the "end from the beginning." As the late issue is justified by a *construction* of the law, we must make the laws so plain that they will not bear a *double* construction; and then when there is a violation, it will be such palpable usurpation as to quickly find its punishment. The great mass of the people would be immensely benefited by the adoption of this new system. It would reduce the income of those who live upon the labor of others. It would save money to those who now pay from six to twenty-four per cent per annum. It would destroy gold gambling and weaken gambling in stocks, because it would tend to cultivate productive industries. It is evident that the present system must go down, — better by mutual arrangement than revolution.

Let our political economists, our patriots and statesmen give these suggestions their attention, asking themselves, not what is good for this or that class, not assuming that what is old must necessarily be best; and some plan will be evolved that will benefit the whole people.

O. P. Q.

NOTE. — The foregoing paper was mostly written over a year since. The crisis in September is another sacrifice to a false money system, and another proof that very many of our financial men are favoring the views I have advocated. The late events also show the absolute necessity of a balancing power in our money issue. — O.P.Q.

REVIEW OF THE PLAN OF "O. P. Q."

BY ROWLAND G. HAZARD.

To the Editor of OLD AND NEW:

YOUR correspondent "O. P. Q." presents some views which will meet with popular favor. Many will agree with him that the government should have the profit on the currency of the nation. Debtors will not object to having as much money as they need at a very low rate of interest; and all will say "Amen" to his proposal to make the laws so plain that they will not bear a double construction. How he would accomplish this last does not appear, and we see little encouragement in his plans to provide an ample supply of money at two to four per cent interest. He seems entirely to ignore the fact that the *increase of the volume of money does not increase the purchasing power of the whole mass.* This is true, even of gold; for if the volume is doubled, other conditions being the same, it will require double the quantity to pay for the same quantity of labor, or any of its products; everything would be doubled in price. This is more obviously true of paper money, and with this the effect may be produced on a very limited territory. If, by any means, the gold of a limited section were suddenly doubled, it would immediately flee to other sections where gold is

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desirable for exchanging property, and other purposes; but the paper money issued by our government is not wanted as a currency outside of its jurisdiction, has no value as such, and would be bought by foreigners only when the depreciation, as compared with anticipated time of its payment in gold or other absolute value, made it a good investment of capital. As the plan of "O.P.Q." precludes any such eventual payment, his proposed currency could not be taken by foreigners, but would be pent up among ourselves, and must consequently depreciate just in proportion as its volume is increased, — the whole aggregate amount remaining of the same constant value. However good the security, or however perfect the credit of the issuer, this must be the result; for no security, no credit, can be better than gold.

As the value, or purchasing power, of the aggregate currency cannot possibly be increased, none of the consequences which "O.P.Q." anticipates from an increase of issue of paper money can possibly follow. No greater or better effects can follow from doubling the amount than would follow from an edict that every coin and every bill should be received at double its nominal value. Creditors would thereby be cheated of half their dues, and so far, less money being required to settle the past, money would be made more plentiful; but as to all present and future transactions, the nominal amount would immediately be doubled, and money be no more plenty than before. Indeed, it has been clearly shown that during the process, the expansion of the currency makes money scarcer and dearer.*

"O. P. Q." proposes that the government shall issue paper currency to all who need, and will give security for it at four per cent, and intimates that "there is no better standard of what we ought to have than what we need."

We get some clew to the limit of this issue in his own mind by his expectation that the interest on it at four per cent will provide a fund from which the whole debts of both our national and State governments may be paid, and that thereafter the interest, reduced to two per cent, will amply provide for the current expenses of the general government, including the cost of making the currency, which he estimates at less than one per cent. Assuming the cost of the government to be $100,000,000 per annum, this would require an issue of $5,000,000,000, or about seven times our present amount; and the value of each dollar of it, supposing its credit unquestioned, would be reduced to about twelve cents, gold. This would hardly be such a currency as "O.P.Q." says "the laborer may take with safety and hold with confidence, until he is ready to use it."

If, as "O.P.Q.s" whole argument assumes, currency to any extent can thus be issued without depreciation, why should the government go to the expense of collecting, and put the borrowers to the trouble of paying four or even two per cent? It would be cheaper, and more convenient to both,

* Mr. Hazard here refers to a pregnant paper written by himself in 1864, — when with $800,000,000 of circulating money, gold was above 260, money scarce, and speculators clamoring for further inflation. "Suppose," he then wrote, "the circulation were doubled, investments would then prove profitable, and the impetus of speculation thus stimulated would advance prices, say 2 1-10 times; and then 2 1-10 times the amount of currency being required (and this even if the number of exchanges were not increased), money would soon become scarcer than before. *Expansion soon aggravates the scarcity.*"

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to print a few more bills, and let them take the place of those he proposes to collect of the borrowers.

"O. P. Q." seems to have the benefit of the farmers more especially in view in his plan for loaning money. These farmers who, by toil and privation, have accumulated the capital invested in their farms, are now, by his account, competing with those who pay ten per cent for their capital. How much more seriously would they be injured by being obliged to compete with others to whom the government supplies capital at four per cent?

PEACE DALE, RHODE ISLAND, Sept. 25, 1873.

WHAT IS MONEY?

A MANUFACTURER'S VIEW.

"THERE is no money but gold and silver," says the bullionist.

The paper-money people answer, "Your money is a sham; when we want gold we cannot get it. Three times since 1844 has the Peel Act been suspended for the Bank of England. Whenever the public call for gold in earnest, a gold currency breaks down." They apply this to a mixed currency of bullion and paper; the same statement is essentially true of an exclusively hard-money medium.

"Damn your theories," says the solid bullionist. "I mean money, and the men who have capital believe in me"

Yet the specie banker trades with the dealer in credit, the enterprise of the one quickens the heavy prosperity of the other, forces it into circulation, gives it enlarged life and power.

Practically, they are obliged to agree. Theoretically, they always differ. When the day of trouble comes they wrangle.

The United States has developed a class of financiers who boldly claim that gold is useless; that credit suffices for money, if there is only a value under it and confidence to quicken it. These inflationists would pledge everybody's property to everybody else to produce money. The experiment has been half tried; while the conditions of the world are as they are, it can never be fully tried.

So far as dead value, or the weight of property, goes, the theory is quite correct. The obligation of a whole nation is good intrinsically, if the people are honest. When we come to the convertibility of values, the case is different.

Flour is not food until it meets and unites with the digestive forces. This union, so to speak, gives it the convertible value which incorporates it with the human economy. So the body politic must assimilate these paper promises before they pass from mortgages into currency, from currency into money. Many elements enter into this financial digestion. The strongest is, undoubtedly, confidence; but this confidence must be constantly controlled, regulated, recreated, and refreshed. Absolute exchangeability or convertibility in the currency nourishes confidence most effectively. One dollar must be like another, and interchange with it everywhere. The inflationists overlook this point. They say, of what use is gold? Look at our enormous in-

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ternal trade compared with our petty foreign exchange. What better basis can we have for this than the whole resources of the Union? They forget that each transaction in one line more or less affects every transfer in the other. They say we need only a trifle of gold to settle balances; let us buy that, then, and let us have peace. Currency is like blood; the quality of a part affects the whole. The same blood which assimilates the food passes through an inflamed foot or brain, and it is soon all alike. Bad dollars in Saginaw or Galveston soon react on New York, possibly on London itself.

Value is not convertibility. The greenback and national note system work so much better as a currency than any system we have ever had, that many are blind to its defects. If this currency was convertible into gold it would be a perfect circulating medium. It would be the best means the world has ever had for bringing credit to bear on social enterprise, because it circulates among the largest and most intelligent body of money users. Inflationists say it circulates well enough. It circulates in spite of its defects. Its value is assured through government paper obligations, but its convertibility is due to the latent confidence in the final ability and intention of the United States to pay all its debts in gold. The men who saved the republic, who made its credit and carried it through the dark days, never doubted this. It was the one centripetal link which kept our finances in some sort of sympathy with the system of the world. If this confidence had been bolder and more wisely used, our financial troubles would have been so much the less. Such as it was, it always worked, and saved, first, the government, then the great commercial and labor organizations of the country.

The banks have broken down this past September for the want of currency, and the inflationists cry out for more. It would do them no good. If we cannot manage with seven hundred millions, we should not get on with fourteen hundred any better.

It is the circulation also, and not merely the quantity of currency, which gives power in finance, as has been proved again and again. The national and greenback notes have circulated only partially. The natural current of money is outward to its place of use, then inward to its home or where it was created. A part of our currency has gone to the traders and farmers at one season, and then to Wall Street at another season, and for another rate of interest. This is a fatal defect, for it ought to be redeemed at the financial centre, or recreated, as we said before. The inflationists say, What need of sending the Boston note home from Omaha and carrying back the country note in exchange? This is the only corrective of a currency,— this constant renewal. It does not change its value; it measures its convertibility. Whenever there has been overtrading, and the volume of currency is too large, then the redemption presses it back little by little. Every banker feels it at once, and the whole country is awakened to its situation more quickly than by any other process.

With a gold redemption the quantity of the currency might be left to the wants of the people. By this process we do for each other what the foreign exchanges do for nations, for the whole world in common. The only sure corrective is a gold re-

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demption. Failing that, our financiers should have used greenbacks. To cure the inflammation of the currency in the financial centres at dull seasons of the year, the treasury should have given the banks and bankers a convertible bond. This, going in and out of the treasury, as the wants of the people lessened or increased, would have absorbed idle currency or eased stringent pressure, as the case might be.

All this is said by the way; for we are not seeking panaceas for the United States, but studying the nature of money.

Value and convertibility — to know the nature of each, and not confound the two — should be the study of every banker or financial legislator. It would be easy to show that the financial obligations of the community have the same relation to money which we have shown to be the relation of paper money to gold. The same principle animates both these relations. Trouble in one department soon breeds trouble in the other.

It is by ready convertibility that the final values of either property or currency will be kept and secured. Every difficulty of transfer, every creak in the convertible quality, either of property or currency, helps to lessen its value.

The world is not going back to bullion, pure and simple. Every lustrum will see it using more and more paper, as the intelligence of labor increases and as new wants open to the community. It will use more paper, but will use it wisely. Masses of bullion will grow smaller and smaller relatively, but their convertible power will increase as the working of the financial machinery grows freer and stronger. We shall not keep more specie in our pockets; it is not the tendency of civilization to deaden forces in this way. Who keeps a crib of corn, or barrels of sugar, as our fathers did? Circulation and certainty of supply make us careless of the store-house. The little leaven of gold becomes more important just as the use of the currency widens and extends. The king's head mints the ingot into a sovereign, and gives it convertibility; it does not add to its value except so far as it authenticates it. So the redeeming gold gives vitality and convertibility to the paper. The clink of eagle, sovereign, or napoleon brings the rustle of a paper currency into unison with the system of finance, — into harmony with the social life of the world. It is not the volume of the clink, it is the proportion of it, which gives harmony and safety.

We are tending towards specie payment. How near we are, no one knows; but every decline in the gold market, every droop of the index-pointer, has brought us nearer to the readjustment of values in gold. Through the weary croaking of bullionists, and the gay antics of inflationists trying to mount the financial fence by tugging at their boot-straps, the country has dragged its weary way towards a sounder currency. Most people anticipate convulsions and turmoil when the dreaded resumption is finally reached. We doubt if the shock will be so heavy as they fear.

Before we can bring the two forces into harmony, and reconcile paper with gold, our legislators must study some simple problems in currency and money. For ourselves, we refuse to accept either the bullionist dictum that money is gold, or the inflationist

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shriek that money is a promise to pay, with a value under it, but convertible into specie nowhere.

Money, once money because it bore the king's signet and stamp of value, is now in the consolidated confidence of the people regulated by gold.

SCROPE; OR, THE LOST LIBRARY.

BY FREDERIC B. PERKINS.

CHAPTER XX.

EVERY first-class New York capitalist keeps a tame minister. Mr. Button, who meant to rank as high as he could in his vocation, had with judicious foresight, provided this amongst his other apparatus. Dr. Toomston, it is true, did not see the matter in this light. How should he? All that he, or anybody else unfamiliar with financiering, could have seen, was, the shrewd, energetic, successful conduct of Mr. Button in organizing and maintaining the church. Further than this, the doctor was only the beloved pastor; petted, waited on, endowed with many gifts, regularly carried home to dinner every Sunday to hear his sermon and himself and his church and all their doings talked over and praised. None the less was the good old doctor an instrument of the long-headed business man. For Mr. Button, besides his love of money, nourished another ambition. He wanted fame and office, and within some ten or fifteen years he meant to have them, too; and he knew full well that next to being an eminent Sunday-school superintendent, nothing whatever is a better basis for great enterprises, either in money or in politics, than being the premier member of a church.

The house of Button never rode on the Sabbath. Not to be superstitious in extreme observance, however, the affectation of a cold-meat dinner was not practised; indeed, the meal was commonly a little bit of a feast. Mr. Button had a good deal of that sort of hospitality which often goes with a vigorous digestion, a full pocket, and an ambition of popularity. He almost always fed his tame minister at his Sunday dinner, as they feed the wild beasts on public days; and he kept out a standing invitation to Mr. Van Braam and Civille and to Dr. Veroil. The former two came quite often, the doctor very seldom. To-day they were all present; the physician, perhaps, proposing to do something or to see something which might serve him in whatever he proposed in behalf of Civille.

With small delay — for this household was well ordered — the dinner was served. It was a bounteous and toothsome meal, and well garnished and supplemented by conversation; for the Americans are neither like those old beasts of classic heroes, who, like so many Esquimaux, with blubber pared off even with their lips, could not speak until "the sacred rage of hunger was appeased," nor like a boa-constrictor, who, after eating, cannot say a word until he has digested the goat he has gorged. There was plenty of talk, and it meant something. And it was a noticeable company, and pretty curiously assorted, too, both mentally and physically. Mr. Button himself

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sat at the head of the table and his spouse at the foot. Mrs. Button and her daughter were alike enough for their relationship, and different enough for the difference in their blood. The mother was a tall person, somewhat bony and wooden-looking, swarthy of skin, with harsh, large features, great, cold, strong black eyes, under strong black brows, and abundant and rather coarse hair, erst coal-black, now fast turning gray. Despising dyes, she disposed of this, in part, in three rolls, or horizontal curls, of a cast-iron appearance, — for they were iron-gray of color and iron-hard of look, — at either side of her face. The rest was decently covered by a plain cap. Her forehead was rather low and narrow, but full in the lower centre, as much as to say: I am quick-witted, unimaginative, practical, and not kind-hearted; if I do any charity, for instance, it is on business principles. But the chief emphasis of the face was laid upon the nose, which was big, too thick at the tip, and pinched and lifted inward at the wings of the nostrils, as if by a final jerk with thumb and finger by the sculptor of the face; so that two strong marks or creases were left diverging downwards past the ends of the mouth.

As the good lady was of the Gookin family, she had, along with their other qualities, their well-known persistency of character: a kind of perseverance of the saints, in that sense which means incapacity for receiving new impressions. This appeared, for instance, equally in two very dissimilar things: her theology and her manners. Both remained without perceptible modification from what they had been in the rustic home of her father, old Gookin the distiller, in the ancient town of Windsor in Connecticut. The manners were those of the Gookins, — no more need be said. The theology may be described by a chemical metaphor, as Gookinate of Calvinism. It had the uncompromising rigidity of the stern old minister of her youth, who, if possible more unchangeable still, represented almost as a mirror an extreme Edwardeanism. This, stiffened by his own iron will, had stiffened still more in the mind of Miss Gookin, which, with still less breadth than the old pastor's, had also even less capacity, if possible, for growth or change.

Ann and Civille sat together. They had come down-stairs together from the parlor to the basement dining-room, walking next before Adrian and Dr. Veroil, their arms round each other's waists, according to the loving ways of young girls sometimes, whether they love each other or not. Adrian had been watching them, without meaning to, — as is the natural action of intense perceivers; and as his mind was of that class that instinctively sees things by couples or groups, and discerns resemblances and differences, he had noticed the difference in their figures and movements. Civille's shoulders were sloping; Ann's were no broader, perhaps narrower, but square. Among a hundred square-shouldered women there will be found more who are coarse-grained and vulgar than among a hundred with sloping shoulders. Civille's form was round, Ann's flat. Civille's step was undulating, easy; the volitional, gliding motion of a goddess. Ann's was a hitch; she walked like a saw-horse. But all the same, — Adrian noticed this also, — *they moved their inside feet together.* This is a great mystery. Why is it that two women almost

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always keep step in that way? Two men walking together put out the two left feet together, and then the two right; but two women put out the two inside feet, then the two outside. Why is it?

"Why is it?" asked Adrian, softly, of the doctor.

"For the same reason that makes them always step on or off a street car with the wrong foot," replied the physician, "and take hold with the wrong hand at the same time. They are never taught to handle themselves. It's one of women's wrongs."

They sat down at table. The faces of the two young women, as they sat together opposite Adrian, formed even a more striking contrast than their figures and motions. Civille's face — so pale and clear-hued; so quiet, refined, and sweet; lighted by the large, soft, thoughtful gray eyes — suggested to Adrian, by some hidden train of associations, a distant night-view he had once seen of a lofty white marble building illuminated. The light, whatever it was, was a little rosy, and throbbed and glimmered; and at the distance, as he well remembered, the effect was, not as of stone lighted from without, but as of a mysterious living thing, all instinct and pulsing with a fulness of silent, gleaming light from within itself, — a living, white light, rose-tinted.

It was his betrothed who sat next Civille, and nearly opposite him. No matter: he could not, for all that, help it, that as he looked at them the thought came into his mind — "Light and Darkness." Miss Button's face was low-browed, the forehead being modelled after her mother's; not low-browed like the lovely Clytie, because abundant hair grew low upon the head, but because the brain-pan was shallow and flat above. It was narrower, too, than her mother's; so that, with about the same quickness and sharpness of mere perceptive intellect, the daughter had even less indication of the combining and reflecting mental faculties. Of the still higher range which phrenology so beautifully describes as towering above even the philosophic part of the intellect, — of ideality, and its related spiritual powers at either hand, with benevolence for the keystone in the midst above, — of this Ann's front head was almost as destitute as if the layers of brain had been shaved off. Adrian was a believer, not only in the mental analysis which belongs to phrenology, and which has quietly become accepted even by its opponents, solely because it is so true, but also to a considerable extent in the corresponding doctrine of regions of the brain; and, indeed, he habitually used this doctrine to aid him in judgments of character. The contrast between the two girls flashed upon him all at once after years in which he might have seen it, as is often the case with even the most striking of contrasts, and to the quickest of perceivers. Probably, it is true, they had never been displayed to him so closely together. Certainly, he had never been placed near the couple with such a close and living sense of having a relation with each of them. The contrast between the soft glowing light and life, the spiritual sweetness of the one expression, and the close and almost sullen look of the other, shone upon the young man's mind, sensitive beyond the common average to impressions, already stirred and stimulated by the morning's experiences beyond its own usual vividness of perception; this consciousness shone or rather

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flashed upon him with a stroke so sharp that he absolutely started and shut his eyes, as if smitten by a too sudden sunlight. He looked again, discerning the forms and colors and the characters they denoted, too, in this intensity of perceiving, with such a power of seeing that he almost felt as if he ought not to look. Civille, indeed, in a moment, felt him; and lifted her eyes and looked at him with a surprised glance, and then with a smile, as much as to say: "What — you are looking at me, are you! Well, look: man, and God, may see all my thoughts." But Ann did not feel nor know what Adrian was about.

So he beheld with a sense of displeasure, which made him feel very wicked at experiencing it, the traits of his chosen. Her narrow forehead seemed to grow narrower; her complexion and her black hair looked so coarse beside the exceptional silky and satiny texture of Civille's hair and cheek; her black eyes, sharp and beady and rather sunken, almost went out of sight beside those of Civille, large, limpid, and so clear that they seemed full of a light of their own; her nose, always short and small, — it had missed both the largeness of her mother's, and the goodly solidity of her father's, — became a positive snub before him; her lips, rather thin, and with a positive set in them, seemed to grip; her black brows frowned. Both the young women were too thin in flesh. Adrian was not reasoning, while thus experiencing spontaneous intuition, and therefore he did not conclude with his judgment, although it impressed him, that while Civille only needed good health to become singularly perfect in form, Ann, on the other side, had already lost even the measure of youthful roundness which she had possessed, had even now begun what must, with her, be a long and unbroken declension through degrees of skinniness..

Not with repulsion, but with a feeling of guilt for being capable of seeing her defects, did Adrian thus behold. And as he saw upon Miss Button's finger the plain gold ring he had given her a year or two before, he felt for the first time that he was *held*. Losing recollection for a moment, he said aloud, in an unconscious way, —

"Ah! Number Eleven!"

Ann started, blushed, and looked across at her lover with distinct displeasure. He, recovering himself, begged a thousand pardons; but she did not look satisfied. He had offended one of her deepest instincts — that of concealing. On the inside of her ring, when he gave it to her, Adrian had caused to be engraved a fanciful, perhaps even fantastic, device, being no other than the four words of the last clause but one in the twentieth verse of the twenty-first chapter of the Revelation: "The eleventh, A. Jacinth." This he had never told except to her; she loved secrets; he had frequently called her his number eleven, besides pretty things about her being his own special jewelled way to heaven, and the like. And in this inopportune moment he had so nearly told the whole to this company! It was a deeper offence than he knew; and hers was not a mind to forget offences.

In this company were curious oppositions and agreements. Dr. Toomston represented an old-fashioned, trained, somewhat scholarly Calvinist theology. Mrs. Button and Ann the same, but with prejudice and ignorance, and natural hardness and

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obstinacy, in place of a sincerely convinced reason. In Civille was a spiritual religion, but without sect, undervaluing and neglecting form, and tending to unmeasured avowal and unreasoning and unconditional self-sacrifice. Her father's religion was as hers, but colored by his mysticist tendency, and usually hidden under natural habits of silent meditation and shy concealment of the deepest thoughts, and under the further cover that the experience of an undervalued soul had taught him to use a cover of half-sarcastic, half-paradoxical quasi denials and queries. Adrian's religion had neither Civille's unmeasured demonstrativeness, nor her father's inverted, sad secretiveness. It was, perhaps, as thorough-going and as deep; but the strength and activity of his vivid health and youth made it his proper office at present to pursue after and accomplish things to be done, more than to experience sentiments or express views. All these six may be reckoned Christians, after some fashion. As for the rest, hardly. Mr. Button was a man of business. Dr. Veroil was a doctor. Mr. William Button, ——. Not that the conditions in life of these three were necessarily inconsistent with the Christian profession or practice; only, as a matter of fact, they had them not.

They talked, beginning thus: —

Mr. Button. (*Rapping thrice, solemnly, with his knife-handle upon the table.*) "Doctor, will you ask a blessing?"

Dr. Toomston. (*Closing his eyes, and stretching forth his right hand to a great distance among the dishes, as if feeling for something to be thankful for, and holding it with the thumb erect and fingers extended.*) "Our Father who art in Heaven, bless unto us, we beseech thee, and consecrate unto thy glory all that we have and do, and in an especial manner this thy holy day, and bless and sanctify unto us at this time the provisions which thy bounty spreadeth here before us, and may the same and all thy other loving-kindnesses unto us be improved to thy honor and glory. Amen."

Mr. Button. (*Carving and distributing the turkey with skill and judgment.*) "Mother, give Dr. Toomston plenty of gravy. Dr. Veroil, you like the second jint. You're a surgeon, so I'll let you git that side-bone off yourself, — rather you'd be a-cuttin' off the turkey's legs than mine, any day. Adrian, what part 'll you have?"

Adrian. (*Preoccupied.*) "I've no choice."

Mr. Button. "Wal, then here's the neck. Ollers choose somethin' yourself, young man, or somebody 'll make a wuss choice for ye. Ha, ha! But I'll allow ye a good slice of the breast to make out with."

It is impracticable, however, to report the conversation in full at this time, interesting as it was. It began, after the distributive introduction, with observations on the discourse of the morning, and diverged variously from the main theme of Christian separatism, sometimes to topics having a distinctly secular character. At such times, however, if no one else returned to the order of the day, Mrs. Button did, charging straight "across lots," if necessary; and once with the plain remark, in reply to certain words of Adrian's, in which she apprehended a mirthful quality, —

"There, there! This is frivolous. We can occupy ourselves, I trust,

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with more serious thoughts on this sacred day."

"But, my dear madam," responded Adrian, "mirthfulness is not necessarily frivolous. And we are ordered to rejoice before the Lord, and to be noisy about it, too; to make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise."

"I fear, my young friend, that you are in danger of being, not merely frivolous, but irreverent," said Doctor Toomston, from very high up in the sacred desk.

Mr. Van Braam replied, — rather to the surprise of the company, — and interrupting Adrian, who was about to speak: —

"Stop, Adrian — I'm older than Doctor Toomston, and he may couple me with you if he wants to. God made kittens and monkeys on purpose to be funny. They are God's laughter. God made mirthful young people too. Laughter is in God as much as weeping, and I believe a great deal more. I have heard that Professor Agassiz has notes for a book, to be called 'God as a joker.'"

Here an awful groan from Mrs. Button, and ungodly mirth — as it seemed to the horrified lady — from the doctor of medicine. But the doctor of divinity was not at all dismayed, replying with awful gravity: —

"I have no intention of condescending to argue in support of the serious observance of the Sabbath day, or of a decent respect for either the ordinances or the ministers of God."

This was pretty terrible, and something like a thunder-cloud settled over the dinner-table for a few moments, in the midst of which Doctor Veroil, with the eye next Mr. Button, but farthest from Mrs. Button, winked upon Adrian. But he "caught it" in his turn, and once more from an unexpected quarter. It was Mr. William Button this time who spoke, saying: —

"'A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth. *He winketh with his eyes*, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers.'"

"What do you mean by that, William?" said his mother, severely. "I wish you would practise the precepts of the Scriptures, instead of repeating them. 'This people draweth nigh to me with their mouth,' — you have been trained enough in them, I'm sure."

Then Dr. Veroil said, —

"That walking with your mouth is rather like an octopus, is n't it? And if it's so naughty to teach with your fingers, where have good Mr. Gallaudet and Dr. Peet gone to, now that they are dead?"

"Come, come," ordered Mr. Button, with good-natured peremptoriness; "none o' this scufflin'. I ain't a-goin' to have Dr. Toomston talked back to in my house any more 'n if he stood in his own pulpit. There's plenty o' things ye can all agree on, and now agree on some on em!"

So they did, and explanations were made and accepted all round. But the host himself came near getting into trouble a little afterwards, when they were talking again of the theory of the church's relation to sinners; for he thus adventured himself in the china-shop of polemic theology in an attempt to sum up: —

"Seems to me, as you're a-puttin' it, the hull thing comes down to this, don't it? — the church is either a trap, or a safe. Either it's a trap to ketch sinners in and convert 'em afterwards, jest as they ketch a rat and then drownd him in a pail o'

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water at their leisure; or else it's a fire-proof safe, to shet up the members after you've got 'em converted, jest like so many convertible securities, so to speak, all indorsed and payable to bearer, so's to have 'em all snug where thieves and sinners can't get no chance at 'em at all to spile 'em nor steal 'em?"

Dr. Toomston shook his head, in grave doubts as to such figures of speech. Mrs. Button, with more decision, warned her spouse that while he might not injure his own beliefs by such worldly comparisons, they would assuredly not be used to edification by younger and less firmly settled minds. He should rather, she added, exhort the young men to be sober-minded, and thus be an example to the believers. This wholesome counsel was received by Dr. Toomston with a smile and an approving nod, and by Mr. Button with silence and with acquiescence due; for he felt that he had probably a little erred.

A number of other important topics came up in the course of the conversation, on all of which there were visible two parties or sets of beliefs among the company. These parties may perhaps be called the Faith party and the Reason party. The latter urged that their reasoning method led directly to all the useful conclusion which the Faith party asserted; that they did not weaken faith, but directly and powerfully reinforced it; that, for instance, the exercise of prayer, the use of the Bible, the belief in an overruling providence, the acknowledgment and the love of a Redeemer, were no less faithful and consoling and elevating, if the believer in them found himself able to receive them with the intellect as well as with the heart. They even suggested that the progress of humanity was and must be, and could not but be other than intellectual, at least as much as emotional and instinctive; and that therefore it agreed with history that reason should be added to faith just as fast as mankind became wiser and better. But the Faith party would not hear. Figuratively, they cast the reasoners out of the synagogue, declaring that their reasoning was unsanctified, unregenerate, and sinful; an unholy intrusion of the natural man into the office and place set apart for the children of the kingdom; that those who presumed to support the ark of God must risk the fate of Uzzah. So iron and obstinate and uncompromising was the stiffness of these denunciations, particularly by the two ladies of that part, most of all by Mrs. Button, that they seemed excessive in their strictness, even to the mind of Mr. Button himself, not very keen nor discriminating in such spiritual matters, however much it might be so where the mammon of unrighteousness was to be propitiated. He accordingly intervened more than once against the followers of his pastor rather than against the pastor himself, observing, finally, to the excommunicated: —

"Now, you hold your tongues! Don't you see that argument slides off them women like rain off a duck's back? I do' no as I foller ye altogether; but I can see there's some reason on your side as well as theirn; but don't you see that the more you beat 'em the less they'll know it and the madder they'll git? Mother'll be a-cuttin' your throats with a case-knife if you don't look out; and now, I won't hear one single word more of theology; not one word; jest shet

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right up, the hull on ye! Dr. Toomston, what 's the subject of your talk to the Sunday-school children this afternoon?"

This judicious diversion cut a pretty hard knot. The proposed lecture, it seemed, was to be on the Canaanite campaigns of Chedorlaomer; and the good doctor developed some very valuable views — for Sunday-school children — about the extremely horrid wickedness of those pagans of the vale of Siddim and thereabouts, about B. C. 2,000, and the justice of their consequent subjugation by another pagan, perhaps as horridly wicked.

The remainder of the Sunday was passed by Adrian in improving conversation with his friends, or in attendance along with them upon the stated preaching of the gospel, and (during the afternoon) within the precincts of the Sunday school. Here the good doctor's views on Chedorlaomer were duly set forth by way of a dessert or confectionery, after the solid or scholastic part of the exercises was over. Thus it came to pass, that when Adrian went home to his bed he was pretty well tired.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Sabbath — the rest — may be on Sunday as well as on Saturday. For schoolboys, the real rest is Saturday afternoon. The minister's Sabbath is on Monday; Monday is his rest. If he is a wise minister, by the way, he will be sure to devote it with a peculiar exclusiveness to secular things. He will find a singular renewing and strengthening to come from this resolute wrenching of himself away, for one day in each week, from his professional labors. Whether Dr. Toomston would have stated this rule exactly in this way, may be doubted. He acted on it, however, and accordingly he readily accepted Mr. Button's invitation to attend with him on the next day, Monday, the meeting of the proposed Scrope Association, which was held in a sufficient hired apartment, in the latter part of the forenoon. Present: Mr. Button and his family, and Dr. Toomston; Mr. and Miss Van Braam; Adrian; Scrope of Scrope, and his friend Mr. Bird, the police reporter; Mr. Adam Welles; Mr. Stanley, the East Hartford antiquarian and collector, and his friend Mr. Purvis, the book-dealer; and some score or more of other persons, mostly of a rustic exterior, who were, or supposed themselves, Scrope descendants, and who had been drummed up by the indefatigable advertising and correspondence of Mr. Scrope.

When the company was seated, there was a kind of pause for a moment; and then Mr. Scrope arose, and just as if he had been a ward politician all his life, moved that Tarbox Button, Esq., of New York, take the chair; put the motion, and had the capitalist presiding within five seconds. Being then in turn called upon by the chairman, Mr. Scrope, without nearly as much of the haw-haw style as might have been apprehended, opened to the meeting the matters for which it had been called together, in a business-like speech, some portions of which have been already stated, in substance, as follows:—

Colonel Adrian Scroope the Regicide was executed in the year 1660. He left a son and two younger brothers. The son came to America, where he changed his name to Throop, and became the ancestor of a considerable number of descendants, all

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through female lines, however, so that his name was extinct, although his blood survived. Now, whatever estate Colonel Scroope possessed, was confiscated. But the large family estate in Buckinghamshire was still at his death in the possession of his father, a very old man, who at his death left a considerable portion of it vested in trust for the use of his grandson in America. This, the speaker was advised, was still within the reach of the heirs-general of Adrian Scroope of Hartford, if they chose to pursue the proper legal measures. The rest of this Buckinghamshire estate was left by the will of its aged owner in equal shares to his two younger sons. Of these two, the elder left heirs, and the estate had remained in the same family until some thirty-five years ago, or a little more, when its last possessor of the Scroope blood died intestate.

The speaker himself, Scrope of Scrope, was, he said, descended from the younger of these two brothers, the youngest of the three, who was as staunch a loyalist as the colonel was a republican. And, he observed here, he would proceed to recite to them a well-established tradition which they might not all of them have heard, and which would still further interest them in the steadfast and lofty character of Colonel Adrian the Regicide. It may, perhaps, he continued, be considered less creditable to my own ancestor, Colonel Adrian's loyalist nephew; but after all it only implies loyalty at the worst, and surely loyalty is not altogether vile at this day in the eyes of the citizens of the North. (Applause.) The story, continued the speaker, is told in Caulfield's "High Court of Justice," in the biographical account of Colonel Adrian the Regicide, and is as follows: —

"Colonel Scroop's nephew, visiting him in his dungeon the night before he suffered, said to him, 'Uncle, I am sorry to see you in this condition, and would desire you to repent of the fact for which you are brought hither, and stand to the king's mercy,' and more words to the same effect. Whereupon, Colonel Scroop put forth his hand and thrust him away, using these words: 'Avoid, Satan!'"

This, as you know, said Scrope of Scrope, meant the same with our Saviour's words to the tempter: "Get thee behind me"; and they prove a fearless composure and impregnable uprightness most worthy of the ancestor of so many good Puritans and respectable American citizens. (Applause.)

Having thus very neatly complimented the audience into good humor on the principles which theologians call imputation, the speaker went on to develop more fully the practical part of the subject. The property, which might otherwise have descended to himself, as the representative of the younger of the three Scrope brethren, had been expended two centuries ago in the cause of the king. That of Colonel Adrian could not fall to him (the speaker) except by failure of the lineage of Adrian; and neither could the property of the intestate representative of the second brother. His object, he would frankly avow, was in part to obtain some money; if he should turn out to be the lawful heir of the two separate unclaimed Scrope estates, to get possession of them; if not, as he really believed was the case, then to earn something by acting as agent to secure the property for those who were its heirs, whom, he believed, he now saw (in part) before him. (Applause.)

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What he, therefore, wished to do, was, to form an association, by the signing of the names of the audience, and others entitled, to a proper instrument. Such signature should be attended with a small cash subscription to be paid to him as the authorized agent of the association; and which would thus place him in a position to prosecute the necessary researches, and set on foot the requisite legal proceedings in England; and each person thus signing was to receive a corresponding share of the proceeds of the estate whenever secured.

Mr. Scrope then read from one of a handful of pamphlets the form of an association such as he desired to suggest, and exhibited a blank manuscript copy of the same, ready for signing; and he added, that the story of that very pamphlet, issued by the "Jennings Association," in the year 1863, and still more strikingly, the story of the "Wilson Association" (which he also displayed from the parcel of similar pamphlets in his hands), proved — yes, it might safely be said, *proved* — that investigations of a similar nature in behalf of American heirs of English estates, had been more than once pushed to an extent, and with prospects, that had occasioned such proceedings in England as showed a great deal of terror and some very strange proceedings, to say the least, among the holders of vast estates there.

If it should be the pleasure of the assembly to form such an association, and to authorize and enable him to manage their enterprise, he concluded it would gratify at once his desire to earn a livelihood, his natural love of seeing the right prevail, and his powerful instinct of family pride; and, he might be permitted to add, as he looked upon the intelligent faces of these his worthy kinsmen and kinswomen of three thousand miles and five or six degrees of distance, — but, he trusted, of no such distance in natural affection, — as he looked upon these intelligent faces, he could not help adding, that that ancient English family pride was strengthened every moment by his contact with these relatives in the New World!

This rather skilfully arranged discourse, with its *ad captandum* peroration, was very well received, the applause at the close being quite enthusiastic.

Mr. Scrope sat down; and after a moment Mr. Button, after the usual manner, asked what was the further pleasure of the meeting; adding that he presumed their young friend and kinsman would be pleased to answer any questions. Here Mr. Scrope bowed, in sign of assent. For his own part, the chairman confessed that he had been greatly interested and favorably impressed by the statements they had just heard.

Mr. Adam Welles arose, and in his slow, deliberate, awkward, or rather homely, and yet intelligent manner, said: —

"I move you, sir, that we now proceed to the formation of the Scrope Association, in manner and form as just suggested by the gentleman from foreign parts." This motion was seconded, and Mr. Button was on the point of putting it to vote, when a spare, pale, gentlemanly person, with a precise look, a roomy forehead, a clean-shaved face, a sharp, thin nose, and a narrow chin, rose up, and in a dry, sharpish voice and prim manner, observed that if it were in order he would like to make one or two inquiries of his young friend,

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Mr. Scrope, before the question should be, as he pronounced it, "putt."

"Mr. Stanley, of East Hartford," said the chairman. It was indeed that eminent antiquarian and collector. Old Mr. Van Braam, who sat next Adrian, gave a kind of uneasy, dissatisfied hitch in his seat, as much as to say, "Now, he means to make trouble!" Sure enough, he did.

"I would like to inquire," said Mr. Stanley, "whether Mr. Scrope is in a position to assure us positively that the English laws respecting real estate and inheritance will entitle the persons present to take possession of the estate left by Colonel Adrian Scrope's father, if the descent of these persons from the colonel himself can be made out?"

To this query Mr. Scrope made answer, that he could not reply with an absolute affirmative; because legal proceedings are always doubtful, peculiarly so in cases of real estate, and most of all in cases of remote descents; but that he wished to be understood to assert, most positively, that the prospect was such as to render the attempt most hopeful.

"Where the reality is least, there we must use the most of hope instead, I suppose," rejoined Mr. Stanley, with a dry, cold smile, which had no mirth in it, but only a kind of bite; "in that sense, I fully believe my young friend to be correct. And I presume he would repeat these assurances with still more confidence in the case of the second estate, — that of the intestate representative of the elder of Colonel Adrian's two brothers?"

"Yes," said Mr. Scrope, "he would; and in this part of the undertaking, he was happy to inform the gentleman that a very positive opinion had been given by eminent London counsel, learned in the law, in favor of the title of the American heirs."

"Provided they can be found," continued the implacable Mr. Stanley, with another mirthless jack-frost grin. "There have been several associations, to my own knowledge, like that which the young gentleman wishes us to form. I have myself the pamphlet reports of the Jennings Association, the Wilson Association, the Booth Association, the Gibson Association, and the Brown Association. I expect any day to get those of the Jones Association and the Smith Association, unless the whole of them conclude, as I should advise them to do, that they had better unite in one name and call the whole the Brown Association. For look you, Mr. Chairman, every one of these printed reports ends with a confession of entire failure. Perhaps Green would be the best name to begin with, but Brown would be the best to come out with. They are all done Brown so far, — very brown, indeed. But I must trouble my young friend with one more inquiry: Where does he find, I will not say legal proof, but the least evidence, *first*, that a son of Colonel Adrian Scroope the Regicide fled to New England in 1660? *Second*, that it was this son who signed himself 'Adrian Scroope' at Hartford in 1666? *Third*, that any single one of the persons in this room is descended from the person so signing?"

There is something peculiarly cold-blooded and horrible in applying the unfeeling test of legal rules, or historical rules, of evidence to the glowing emotional happiness of speculative future wealth. The revulsion leaves, as it were, a clammy

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paste, as when you throw cold water on hot buckwheat cakes. The deliberate, chilly, rasping manner of Mr. Stanley's remarks was about as irritating as any manner could be; and moreover, it had an air of positiveness and superior knowledge about it which was very imposing. So, while it was calculated to annoy Mr. Scrope to the utmost, it was at the same time just the manner to tell on a company of Yankee folks, who were being asked to pay down ready cash to a person they had never seen before, and knew nothing about, for the privilege of sending him to hunt up rights, two hundred years old, to property they had never seen at all, and three thousand miles off. The remarks did tell accordingly. The stout intelligence even of the chairman was visibly disturbed. Mr. Scrope, while his usual affable smile continued, could be seen to grow somewhat pale. A dead silence fell upon the assembly.

Mr. Scrope, whatever his feelings, rose at once to reply; for in such a case any hesitation is surely fatal. It must be confessed that although he struggled gallantly, he was at this moment effectually beaten. He alleged the constant tradition of the Scrope descent; the circumstantial evidence of the well-known will; and the identity of character between the Puritan Scropes and the family of the Throops of Bozrah, from whom, he said, the descent of several of those in the room was proved by absolute record evidence. He enlarged with an air of triumph upon this last consideration. But it was obvious enough that he was dwelling on his strongest point and slurring over his weakest. Was a Yankee audience likely to overlook that? If he could prove that Adrian Scroope and Adeodatus Throop were one and the same person, or if he could even show that there was a chance to prove it, he might succeed in organizing the association and becoming its agent. But if the question had been taken immediately after his reply to Mr. Stanley, it would have been lost.

The audience were muttering discontentedly to each other. Mr. Stanley rose again, and in the same cold, rasping manner and voice, and with the same mirthless smile, said: —

"Mr. Chairman, I move that this meeting do now adjourn *sine die*."

This was sudden death which he so obligingly offered. Adrian sprang up, and without an instant in which anybody could say, "Second the motion," exclaimed, —

"One moment, Mr. Chairman!"

"Mr. Adrian Chester," said Mr. Button.

"Before anybody seconds Mr. Stanley's motion," continued Adrian, "just a word, and then I will not oppose its being put." Mr. Stanley, looking perhaps no sourer than usual, but with a stiffish bow, sat down. Adrian continued, while Mr. Button looked towards him with interest, and Mr. Scrope with doubt He began by saying that he should not speak of English estates or English law, but that he should confine himself to the third question which had been put to Mr. Scrope, to wit: the question of the descent of those present, through Adrian Scroope of Hartford, from Adrian Scroope the Regicide.

At this, Mr. Stanley pricked up his ears, for he knew that Adrian possessed the lost Scrope Genealogy, and he rightly judged that the same was to be cited. Except Purvis and Mr. Van Braam, not another soul in

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the room knew it; not even Scrope of Scrope, who, however, at hearing this line of argument proposed, showed even a keener interest than the East Hartford antiquarian.

First, proceeded Adrian, he would barely refer to the well-known Scroope will, which, as Mr. Scrope had observed, afforded some presumptive evidence. But that was known to them all; and he believed that this pamphlet — here he drew it forth and held it up — did in fact furnish, not the legal proof that had been asked for, but the circumstantial evidence that had been asked for: evidence of so convincing a nature as to completely justify the formation of the proposed association and the contribution of all the money required, or several times as much, for the sake of fully investigating the subject.

By this time everybody in the room was, as they say in the country, "all in a twitter"; and a funny assortment of intensely attentive faces was concentred upon Adrian, about half of them with their mouths wide open. As for Mr. Scrope, his flushed cheeks, as he leaned forward towards Adrian, sufficiently showed his excitement.

"This pamphlet," continued Adrian, "which I discovered, by great good fortune, only a week ago, is the celebrated, though long-lost, unique Scrope Genealogy — " Here a kind of catching of the breath ran through the audience, and Mr. Scrope gave a perceptible start, and gazed upon the speaker with unspeakable doubt and astonishment. "Its pages consist of a genealogical account, very much after the usual fashion, and ending with the writer, whose name, Adrian Scroope, is so printed on the title-page. But the evidence to which I wish to call your attention is on the back of the title-page. It contains five different items, from which I argue that Adrian Scroope was the son of Colonel Adrian Scroope the Regicide, and that, moreover, he and Adeodatus Throop were one and the same person.

"*First.* Both names are signed on this page, in precisely the same handwriting, and that is, by the way, the handwriting of the Scrope will.

"*Second.* The words *non hæc, sed me*, printed below the verses here, which verses I will read in a moment, were the motto of the Buckinghamshire Scroopes, to which family Colonel Adrian belonged. They are a noble motto, though it is impossible to English them in so few words: 'Not the goods of this life, but my own soul's good,' will give their meaning.

"*Third.* There is a rough but distinct pen-and-ink sketch, properly blazoned, of the arms of Colonel Adrian Scroope, — azure a bend or, — at the side of this motto.

"*Fourth.* There is a sort of puzzle of half Latin and half English, bracketed together under this motto." Adrian read it —

E { King's Church / Church's King } ibam

"Now, this device has, to begin with, a plain meaning suited to the case of the Puritan refugee who printed them there, viz.: 'I went out from the church-and-state condition;' that is, evidently, 'I fled from England.' But, moreover, these letters have a secret meaning. Omitting either one of the duplicates within the brackets, the device is a perfect anagram of the word 'Buckinghamshire,' the county of Adrian Scroope's family."

By this time the excitement had

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fully possessed every person in the room; and indeed, whatever the interest of such obsolete conundrums to the general public, it would have been quite impossible to find any theme more entrancing to old Adam Welles, to Purvis the dealer in rare books, to Philetus Stanley the professional antiquary, to Mr. Van Braam the genealogist and lover of secret things generally, or to Scrope of Scrope, who saw his enterprise thus rising out of actual death into a vitality and hopefulness far beyond any which he could himself have inspired into it; not to speak of the perhaps less special but vivid enough curiosity of all the rest of the marvel-mongers. They had all gathered close around the speaker, who continued: —

"*Fifth.* The verses printed here have a similar double meaning," — Adrian read them; there is no harm in repeating them here, for the clearer illustration of the young man's line of argument: —

See, here I raise a Monvmente in hast
Charg'd to protect old Names, old Fames, from Waste.
That is laid off, its Hist'rie here is told.
Here I take up new Name, old Life to hold.
Read in this Verse the Truth, the Cause, the Hope.
Old Faith new Fame shall found; farewell to Scroope.
Old Fame, farewell! Old Faith, live in new Fame!
Pray God, though Life be short, I scape from shame:
Earth first, and Heaven at last, shall give me a new name.

"Now," he proceeded, "not only these lines can be construed as an intimation that the writer is exchanging his name of Scroope for another in order to escape danger, but they cannot easily be construed to mean anything else. This is their first or obvious meaning. The second, or hidden meaning, is a conceit of the same sort with the anagram; and such conceits, I need not remind you, were common in those days. It shows, I think, that the writer meant it to contain a statement of what the name was that he was laying off, and what that was which he was assuming instead. It consists in the fact that the verses are an acrostic. The first letters of the lines are *S. C. T. H. R. O. O. P. E.*: a combination, as you see, that includes the names of Scroope and Throop.

"Now," concluded Adrian, "when you consider the character of the Puritan Scroopes, their danger under Charles II, the amount of other evidence that an Adrian Scroope fled to New England, the elaborate nature of all this concealment, the consistency and preciseness of its meaning when thus interpreted, and its perfect senselessness for any other purpose, I do not see how you can help believing that Adrian Scroope of Hartford was the son of Colonel Adrian Scroope the Regicide, and was the same as the Rev. Adeodatus Throop of Bozrah. And I, for my part, can prove to the satisfaction of any court, that I am descended from the daughter named in the so-called Scrope will, which, if I am right, is the same, whether it be a Scrope will or a Throop will. And now, Mr. Chairman, I submit to your personal examination, and to that of the present company, the document on which my reasoning is founded: a document which, for my part, I confess, I would rather own than to own any other one manuscript or printed thing on this continent. And if any one likes to second my friend Mr. Stanley's resolution for adjournment, I will interrupt no further."

And Adrian handed up the pre-

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cious pamphlet to Mr. Button, amidst a quantity of applause which, from so small a company, was simply amazing. They stamped and clapped and laughed aloud; and old Adam Welles, when he could make himself heard, absolutely proposed three cheers for Adrian Scrope Chester, the resurrectionist of the Scrope Association of America! — and he got them, too — three rousing ones. Mr. Stanley, on his part, made haste to ask leave to withdraw his motion, and got that. Mr. Button, after a brief inspection of the pamphlet, passed it over to the dazed Mr. Scrope, saying at the same time, "Hand out your articles; now is your time." Scrope did so; and as fast as the signatures could be set down, every descendant in the room was enrolled and the proper amount of money — it was $5.00 apiece — paid down. Last but one, Mr. Stanley signed, and with a very good grace, considering how ungracious a person he was; for he shook hands with Mr. Scrope, and complimented him on the prospects of his enterprise, and as he put down his name, he entered against it the pleasing words, "Ten Shares," laying down therewith a clean fifty-dollar bill. Last of all came Mr. Button, who quietly wrote "One Hundred Shares"; and taking the corresponding amount from a substantial roll of bills, he handed it to Mr. Scrope, and added, —

"There. And, cousin Scrope, I will furnish as much more as is necessary. I'll see this thing clean through to the end, and now shake hands on it." This Mr. Scrope was very willing to do.

At the further suggestion of the chairman, officers were now formally chosen for the Scrope Association, to wit: Tarbox Button, Esq., of New York, President; Adrian Scrope Chester, Esq., of Hartford, Secretary; and A. B. D. V. Scrope of Scrope, Esq., Agent. The agent was authorized to enlist further members, and to push the objects of the association, by and with the advice and consent of the president and secretary; and the meeting then adjourned in a most agreeable state of mind.

After much informal exchange of congratulations, the members dispersed; not, however, until Mr. Button had requested most of those present to attend a little celebration which he proposed to organize on the evening of the next day at his own home, to commemorate this agreeable occasion.

[To be continued.]

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The Examiner.

PREHISTORIC RACES.[1]

THE late Dr. J. W. Foster earned for himself an honorable name as a careful observer, especially in geology and mineralogy, a quarter of a century ago. The work which he did in company with Professor Whitney, under the direction of the national government, was a very important part of the earlier explorations of the copper region of Lake Superior, and their report, cited as "Foster and Whitney's Report," is still well known among a circle much larger than that of professional men. In the midst of assiduous work as a geologist he maintained a careful interest in the antiquarian studies which are suggested by the early American monuments. Before his death he had just completed a careful resumé of the observations made by himself and others on these monuments, and placed on record his opinions as to the men who made them. The book which he had thus prepared passed through the press and came before its readers almost at the same time with the announcement of his death.

It is the singular good fortune of our antiquarians that they are able to throw no little light on the studies made by the careful observers on the other side of the ocean, who have just come on that lost track by which they are following up the course of their "prehistoric races." There are Indians in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains who are this day making and using arrowheads like those of an early antiquity dredged up from the Swiss lakes. The horn needles and fish-hooks, the stone hammer, axe, adze, and scraper of leather, which challenge curiosity when they are found in Europe, have their precise — "congeners," shall we say? — among the tools of the savages whom we have not yet displaced. And thus the collections which our naturalists have long made, and are still making, fill many a gap and answer many a question in the researches now carried forward with so much interest as to the European predecessors of Kelts and Teutons.

The title of this book, which at first seems a little awkward, is thus fairly enough justified. It treats of the memorials of the men and races, whatever they were, who in the central region of North America reached the grade of civilization which illustrates that of the "Prehistoric Races" of Europe, so called. In a perfectly fair sense, any memorials of Pequots, Narragansetts, and Tarantines, before the days of Carver and Winslow, might be called memorials of "prehistoric races." But Dr. Foster does not mean these tribes. He means the people — whom he supposes to be an earlier

[1] Prehistoric Races of the United States of America. By J. W. Foster. LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1873. 415 pp.

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race — who are familiarly called the "Mound Builders."

There have been many admirable digests of the several observations made on the works of these people, and other American antiquities. The work of Mr. Haven, published by the Smithsonian Institute, is an exhaustive history, both of the literature and the history of the subject at the time when it was written. The interest attached to the inquiries now made in Europe gave to Col. Foster the reason for making a new review of the subject; and from his own notes and museum, and from the earlier writers, he has brought together a very satisfactory history of the whole matter, with admirable illustrations.

He is very firm in his allegiance to the theory which supposes that these mound builders were a race wholly different from our modern Indians. His belief that they were so seems to be rather an impression than a conviction; but it is an impression from which nothing will drive him. The principal reason which he gives for it, is, the utter unwillingness of the present Indian races to submit to anything like centralized authority, while he regards it as certain that such works as the mounds could only have been built, as it is supposed the monuments in Egypt were, at the command of an autocrat, using at his own will the labor of large bodies of men. That they brought their copper from Lake Superior seems certain from the remains of their mines there. That they brought their mica from North Carolina is equally certain from the remains of their mines there.

The several mounds have produced but twelve or thirteen skulls, and of these, unfortunately, all known to Col. Foster have lost the bones which give the facial expression. He gives the outlines of several, and finds the curve of the head superior to that of the Neanderthal skull, but inferior to the lowest Australian skull; and he rates the race, on the authority of his average specimens, as having only the intelligence of idiots. This sweeping judgment is very inconsistent regarding a race whom he supposes to have ranged over a continent, and to have left work in pottery, in arms and other implements, of such ingenuity as he exhibits in his illustrations. We do not find that he alludes anywhere to the inference, which we suppose wellnigh certain, that they were very small. The North Carolina caves of mica seem to show this, both in the measurement of the drifts and in the scars left by the cutting tools.

Col Foster had not the colorless and passionless style of modern science. He was fond of literary adornment, and the book has more than the pure scientists will care for of quotations from the poets, from Homer down to Longfellow. He makes some improvements on Hiawatha, which are amusing. Thus, instead of

> "I have given you roe and reindeer,"

As Mr. Longfellow makes the Great Spirit say to the Indians, Col. Foster corrects to

> "I have given you elk and antelope;"

As, he explains, "the term 'roe' is not applied to any species of our *cervidæ*, and the dominion of the Indians only extends to the confines of the reindeer's range." Again, the poet, in speaking of one of the places where the Indians used to make arrowheads, says: —

> "There the ancient arrow-maker
> Made his arrowheads of sandstone;
> Arrowheads of chalcedony,
> Arrowheads of flint and jasper."

Col. Foster explains again that you can't make arrowheads of sandstone; it has n't the right "frangible qualities," and so on; but quartz has. Also, there is no true flint in the country; only chert; "the mineralogist, therefore, would interpret the passage thus: —

> "'Made his arrowheads of *quartz-rock*;
> Arrowheads of chalcedony,
> Arrowheads of *chert* and jasper.'"

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This reminds one of the accurate learning with which our well-known entomologist poet, Mr. Lowell, in the account of Mr. Birdofredum Sawin's campaign in Mexico, relates that

> "'The regiment came up one day in time to stop a red bug
> From runnin' off with Cunnel J——;
> 't was jest a common *cimex lectularius*.'"

The book will have more interest to students in Europe than to antiquarians here. But for use in either continent, it is a good digest of the best observations on the subject.

GUIDE-BOOKS.

We have at last a Guide-Book to New England, conceived and arranged on a plan which will make it serviceable to travellers. It is the work of Mr. Sweetser, who has entered on the agreeable and disagreeable duties of preparation *con amore*, and is entitled to great credit for his success.

He has chosen, and perhaps wisely, the form and arrangement so well known of Baedeker's European Guide-Books, which are imitated in all their externals, save that these maps and plans cannot be compared with the careful maps and plans of that series. With the facilities which the heliotype gives to Osgood & Co., this deficiency is a little surprising. The resemblance to the Baedeker books has many conveniences. But, after all, this book is meant for English-speaking people, — very few Frenchmen or Germans will use it. Nineteen out of twenty of those who buy it are Americans. On the other hand, Baedeker's guides are made chiefly for persons strange to the language and customs of the country described,— they are, as the almanacs say, "calculated for their meridian." To imitate in one book the choice of subject and of method of the others, leads sometimes, therefore, to a grotesque caricature, a sort of burlesque, of which Mr. Sweetser himself must be conscious.

We have, however, exposed the book to severe tests, at the hands of well-informed local authorities, who are the hardest judges of a general hand-book of the kind. Their verdict is, in all cases, favorable. There are, of course, corrections and additions to be made, which Mr. Sweetser asks for in a manly way. But, on the whole, the book is a book which any traveller, the best informed though he be, will be glad to have in any series of excursions in New England.

Fifty-five routes, so called, are given, — and they include by far the largest part of New England and the Eastern region of New York, and Canada, between Montreal and Quebec. Of each important town the population is given, and other statistics; the best hotels are named, and the objects of interest to a traveller. A little historical review is generally added, — and in many cases, as we believe, this review will give the inhabitants themselves information new to them about their local antiquities, so many people are there living everywhere in New England, who are not to the manor bred, and have never heard its traditions. To collect the information under these heads, the amount of work done, and well done, must have been enormous. Whatever may be said or done by any one in the way of enlargement or improvement, will be done on the basis of this book. The foundation for the New-England guide-book of the next generation is admirably laid; and we trust Osgood & Co. will carefully keep it up to time with every new year.

In the new editions we beg that the fun in the introduction, about the language of New England, may be omitted. "The people of New England claim that they speak the English language more correctly than it is spoken elsewhere in the world." "Tourists who wish to travel among the remoter districts of New England should be well ac-

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quainted with the language, which is the "English of Elizabeth," with a few local idioms. Of course this is fun. But the English do not understand fun; and every Englishman who buys this book will take this about the "English of Elizabeth" for earnest. Now, one need not go beyond the book itself to find at least five hundred words which Elizabeth or Sydney or Shakespeare would not understand. And its use of the language is everywhere marred by some of the worst conventionalisms of the style of our day.

Take such phrases as these: "gubernatorial mansion," "colonettes of granite," "shoal of weeklies," "the hanging hills form a picturesque scene," "a neat lake-view," "the central plaza in the city of hills," this for Jackson, in New Hampshire. "The ocean is seen merging with the weary horizon," "a platoon of husky, dingy, quivering fire-engines." We would not have marked these, or called attention to them, but that the first words of the book contain this boast about the purity of English spoken here. The truth is, that, when you enter a train, the chances are that the first sentence you hear will be incorrect in grammar, in pronunciation, and in the choice of language. If the reader has never tried the experiment, it will amuse him the first five times he does try it. After five times the result is painful.

A guide-book should be passionless. It should not suggest "first-rate notices" of manufacturers, of hotels, or even of scenery. As we have read this book, we have been constantly reminded of Mr. Carlyle's question, "Could you not take him down a little?" We should "take down" the following phrases a little, if the second edition passed through our hands: —

"The most aristocratic and splendid street in America, forming a sense of unexampled brilliancy and beauty."

"Much affected for fashionable weddings."

"The Conn. is seen sweeping onward like a king, through its fair domain, amid the spires of numerous towns and villages." Do kings sweep?

"A glorious view of the surrounding country, and into the adjoining states of Mass. and N. Y., the whole surrounded by an impurpled outline of mts"

In half a page of a very good description of Worcester, there are these epithets: "*fine* schools, *noble* building, *graceful* tower, *picturesque* buildings, *embattled* towers, *imposing* buildings, *graceful* and *ornate* stone buildings, *stringent* thoroughness," — all which remind one of the verdicts of the Eatanswill press on that village.

All these are mere faults on the surface. The book has admirable substance, and is an addition of substantial value, not only to the traveller's library, but to that of every one who cares for accurate statistics.

The next book in Osgood & Co.'s series is Mr. Drake's careful "Old Landmarks of Boston."[1] The plan is admirable, and it is executed with remarkable learning as well as courage. The writer actually takes the reader along each of the older streets, and tells as they go the anecdotes he has to tell, many of which are truly ἀνέκδοτα, stories which have never been given out to the world before. There are streets which have a story for every house. Nearly a hundred good wood-cuts give illustrations, — many of which reproduce buildings or monuments, which, in the changes of the town, are already gone. Boston people will enjoy the book particularly; but any traveller, who has a week to spend here, will find that it greatly increases his knowledge of the antiquities of the town and his interest in them. The index might be fuller to advantage.

[1] Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston. By Samuel Adams Drake.

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Musical Review.

[Figures 1 to 7 inclusive indicate degree of difficulty; *e. g.* 1 very easy, 7 very difficult. Capitals (A to G), the key. Small letters without brackets, the range for the voice.]

CARL PRÜFER, 30 West Street, Boston.

Technical Studies. Part I. Louis Plaidy $1.00

The title-page gives this as the "Third corrected and improved German Edition." We must conclude, therefore, that any points of difference between this and the well-known edition published fifteen or twenty years ago by Ditson, are in favor of the later edition. The differences are mainly in the first of the four sections included in this Part I. The exercises are fuller and more varied, — strictly five-fingered exercises, but bringing in many chromatic passages as well as accidentals, and familiarizing the pupil at once with simple passages in different keys.

The second section is identical with the old edition. The third has in addition half a dozen capital exercises, known by many teachers as the Liszt exercises, by what authority we cannot say. They are certainly useful enough to have been the invention of genius. The fourth section is the same. The translation of the author's remarks and suggestions seems identical; the fingering is the German fingering, instead of the American, which Mr. Parker gave to a former edition.

We miss the exceedingly useful Introduction, with its many hints and helps to teacher and pupils; possibly Mr. Prüfer intends to include them in the complete series of four Parts.

Part II, Section 5, consists of the Scales (Diatonic, Major, Minor, and Chromatic) 75

Part III, Section 6. Broken chords (Arpeggios) 75

Part IV, Sections 7, 8, 9, includes all other technic; connected thirds, fourths, sixths, scales in double notes, and all forms of staccati . $1.00

There is certainly no book of purely mechanical study (the German word *technik* exactly expresses it) which can compare with this, by the distinguished Leipsic professor. It does not pretend to instruct the pupil in taste or expression; it is simply a book of finger gymnastics; and as such will produce flexibility, and with careful attention, correct fingering and general facility of execution. To the taste and discretion of the teacher is left the development of the musical side in the pupil. "These things ought ye to have done and not to have left the others undone."

The Art of Organ Playing. Part IV. Eugene Thayer . . $2.50

Those who have made use of the three preceding numbers need no other recommendation for this one, especially devoted to church or service playing. To use it understandingly and with justice to the author, the third number on the "art of registration" should have been studied with special care. It is not for those

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who have already attained that Mr. Thayer writes, but rather for those who are conscientiously striving. The brief remarks are invaluable on the various needs of the service, and the fit and appropriate character of the music for prelude or postlude, responses, voluntaries, hymns and anthems, whether by choir or congregations. The music of this number, besides six simple quiet responses, includes offertories and preludes by Batiste, Thayer, Lefébure-Wély, Mendelssohn, and Schumann; a beautiful movement from Mendelssohn's Second Sonata, as a postlude; a fugue in G minor by Thayer, and the grand D minor fugue by John Sebastian Bach, never grander than on his own well-beloved instrument the organ. The entire series as projected by Mr. Thayer, and so worthily carried out, is a great gain in every way, both to the organist who plays and the public who listen. Music is indeed the common language of humanity; only through its best and highest can we be lifted ourselves, or draw others to the higher, nobler, purer life.

Four Offertoires. J. Lemmens .40

Arranged by Eugene Thayer. Includes two Preludes for soft organ, two Postludes for full organ. The fifth is an admirable series of sixteen numbers, under the title of Organ Repertoire.

Spring Flowers. 2. G. D. Wilson 75

The second of *Two Easy Sonatas.* Musical and simple. The first movement in F, *Allegretto moderato.* Second in D^b, *Andante sostenuto.* Third in F, a pretty Rondo.

Wiener Blut. 3. Joh. Strauss. .75

Dance-music with the name of Strauss has truly the royal image and superscription. Vienna Bloods — somehow it sounds prettier in German — are capital waltzes, with a good swing, and not very difficult. Four waltzes in different keys, an Introduction and Coda.

L' Etoile d'Affection. C. 2.

C. A. Hartmann 25

A bright little Mazurka, with a good rhythm to dance by, and very pleasant to listen to if you don't dance. Sure to be popular with the little folks.

VOCAL.

Für Einen. 3. C. (E to F.)

Robt. Franz 35

To know how lovely this charming song can be made, one should hear it, not with the German words, but with the quaint original by Robt. Burns: —

> "My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
> My heart is sair for somebody."

It ought to be sung too by the little lady who enchants us all with her poetic rendering of German and English song, and to such an accompaniment as perhaps only her husband can play. Wanting these, the song is attractive enough for a mezzo soprano, with taste and delicacy in playing as well as singing; it requires both. O. Ditson & Co.

Swiss Echoes. G. 3.

F. Schiller 40

Morceau de Salon. Movement *andante con moto.* Air simple and melodic, requiring to be well marked throughout. Conventionally Swiss in character, and rather more agreeable, we fancy, than the veritable yodel of a Swiss mountaineer, or the "toot" with which, for a sufficient gratuity, a peasant will furnish you, "at the further end of a wooden Alpine horn, eight or ten feet long:" *vide* recent travellers.

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Chant du Matin. A. 4. F. Boscovitz 60

The author's edition of a composition noticed some months since. Graceful and pleasing. The author is now enrolled among our resident pianists, and has, we believe, taken the place in the Boston Conservatory vacated by Mr. Leonhard.

Flowers of June. F. 4. (F. to G.) G. Operti 40

A ballad sung by Arthur T. Hill: requiring a good sweet tenor. Movement, *larghetto.* Accompaniment full as difficult as the song, and requiring to be played with great smoothness and expression. Key changes to D♭, afterwards to C minor, but returns to the original key. Would pay well for the trouble of learning, however, and prove effective in a concert room, or at an exhibition, in contrast with more brilliant showy music.

Norah Darling. B♭. 2. Harry Percy 30

Song and chorus addressed to Norah Aroon in the Emerald Isle.

The Opal Ring. G. Minor. 3. (C to F). Virginia Gabriel . .40

Sure to be a favorite with all admirers of the author's ballads. Not purely a contralto song, — how few there are, — but more effective as such by changing a high F and singing the small notes in the *ad libitum* passages at the close; ending on lower G.

Always. D. 2. (A to E.) Claribel 30

The Snow Lies White. E♭. 3. (B♭ to F.) Claribel 30

Voices Holy. E♭. 3. (D to E♭.) Claribel 30

You Came to Me. G. 2. (B to E♭.) Claribel 30

Song of a Boat. C minor. 3. (B to F.) Claribel 30

Five pretty ballads from a series of twelve by Claribel. None of them difficult; the second and fifth are particularly pleasing: words by Jean Ingelow, and accompaniments tasteful and characteristic, especially to the *Song of a Boat;* one almost feels the swaying motion as

> "Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
> And went courtesying o'er the billow."

Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor. 6. Sidney Smith . . 1 00

A Reminiscence is the title chosen by the author for this transcription of Mendelssohn's best known concerto. We are inclined to rank it with the "Paraphrase of the Scotch Symphony," by the same author. We like the water of the original fountain best, it suits us exactly; but there may be others who need coaxing in order to acquire the taste. If Mr. Smith, in his way, can accomplish that feat for the multitude, we ought to be grateful. In its way it is very well done, and will be a popular and brilliant exhibition piece, and add one more to the growing pile of compositions by Sidney Smith that so many young ladies are ambitious to own and play. Mr. Smith has been called an imitator of Thalberg, and we believe is proud of classing himself in that school. In this connection, we recall a funny remark by one of our brightest critics: "He is the burnt stick of the Thalberg rocket, only interesting to him upon whose head it happens to fall."

Alla Bourrée. G. Major. 4. Berthold Tours 50

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We have n't the slightest idea what an *Alla Bourrée* means, but of course the author does, and the misfortune is ours without its being anybody's fault, that we can discover. But that does n't prevent the music being extremely pleasant and well written; with a certain quaintness in style and treatment that suggests composers of a past day and generation, fortunate enough to know an *Alla Bourrée* when they saw or heard it as readily as an Alla Siciliano, or an Alla Russe. In fact, it must have been a rather jolly, lively dance; not unlike the *Gavotte.* In common time, beginning in the last beat in the measure. Happy ancients who could dance a Bourrée instead of a Valse á deux temps with its horrid endless jiggle!

Plus Vite. E^b 5. Berthold Toms .75

Galop de Concert. Music of today without question; rushing octave passages; some pretty measures without octaves; liquid runs; a little pianissimo; a good deal of fortissimo; especially the last page *crescendo accellerando ad fine!* Really quite brilliant, if one has execution enough and strength as well as flexibility of wrist, to do it justice.

VOCAL.

1. *My God, Permit me not.* G. H. P. Danks 50
5. *Gloria in Excelsis.* B^b. H. P. Danks 50
6. *Jubilate.* C. H. P. Danks .75
7. *Benedictus.* E^b. " . .59

Five numbers from the Crown of Praise, a collection of Church music, well written; handsomely printed, with an illuminated title-page for each number. No. 1 is written for the hymn, —

"My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee."

In form a solo, for tenor or soprano, followed by a pleasing duett for soprano and alto, ending with a quartette for mixed voices.

No. 5 is for mixed voices, also short duo and solo; organ accompaniment.

No. 6 is two duos and quartette.

No. 7 is a solo for soprano or tenor and quartette.

Any or all of these pieces would be useful in a quartette choir possessed of sufficient skill and taste.

Sweet is the Work. E^b. 3. T. J. Hermann Daum 50

Number one in a collection of hymns and anthems, original and selected, entitled *Praise Offerings.* There is a certain musical "squatter sovereignty" very much in vogue just now. Anything from across the water is a kind of public property on which any one may pre-empt. Schumann's pretty Traümerei seems a favorite field for operation; sometimes, without a note changed, it is adapted bodily, a new name affixed, and the supposed author sails to glory under false colors. This time the key is changed from F to E^b, and by a curious transformation the reverie appears as a sacred quartette. Sweet is the Work! arranged by Hermann Daum! Would it not be extremely courteous to say, "Who lent the feathers?" One excuse suggests itself, however, in borrowing anything so well known; it is much as if one fitted a doxology to Hail Columbia as a praise offering. Even the word *arranged* would be superfluous.

[NOTE TO MUSICAL PEOPLE. — Any piece of music named in the above Music Review will be mailed to any address, free of postage *both ways*, on receipt of the retail price at this office.]

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NOTE. As a final contribution to the set of discussions in this number of OLD AND NEW about money, we put on record a few propositions which are believed to be the foundation of all that is true in those discussions, and to give the means of disproving all that is not. Those discussions assert pretty nearly the following three different doctrines about the present needs of the United States as to money: —

1. (The Labor Reform view, in the article of "O P Q.") An irredeemable paper currency issued directly by government to each citizen will do, without any gold at all.

2. (Mr. Williams's view.) We need simply an inflation of the present paper currency.

3. (Mr. Hazard's view, and the Manufacturer's view.) We want a paper currency so far redeemable in specie as shall maintain its usefulness in business.

Now, the truths for judging these doctrines are believed to be as follows: —

Money (*real* money, to-day, within the business world, as a whole) is gold or silver. Nothing else is *real* money *everywhere.*

Currency is a convenient name for that money, or that substitute for it, which *flows*, like *currents*, throughout the community, within a single nation, and serves to transact the daily business of exchanging all sorts of values within that nation. Money, therefore, is the currency of the world, by this definition.

The name money is usually applied, for shortness, both to specie and to bank-notes, — that is, to currency also; and the practice has caused a confusion in some minds, where it is found that bank-notes and specie are equally reckoned money.

Paper money will serve exactly the purposes of specie only on one condition, — that the holder of it can get specie for it on demand. This condition is subject to modifications. Patriotism has served instead of gold for a time, but has never prevented paper from becoming worthless in a little while, if specie could not be had for it. Mutual confidence is far less efficient than patriotism. An agreement may be imagined by all the people that there need not be any gold at all in the United States; but that "scrip" like our present paper small change, and bills like our "greenbacks," should be used as they are now, but without any prospect or purpose of gold ever being asked or given for them. But this is only an imagination, because no approach to unanimity, if even a majority, could, as things are, be secured for it. And secondly, it is a melancholy fact, that men have not so much faith in each other's honesty, or wisdom either, as would be necessary to support such a plan.

The reasons why gold and silver are chosen for money are plain; they have the qualities for it, namely: beauty and usefulness, divisibility and consolidability without change of quality, incorruptibility, costliness, and steadiness of value. Diamond cannot be suitably divided and united, and is not useful enough Iron is too cheap and too corruptible. Plati-

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num is not useful enough because it is so unmanageable, and it is not beautiful enough. And so on about absolutely everything except gold and silver. Find another article having similar qualities, and you will assuredly have another material for specie currency. The main basis of the value of real money is the intrinsic value of the material as merchandise. Coining is an authentication or endorsement, which is supposed to certify everybody that his dollar *is* a dollar, and such a certificate adds something to the intrinsic value. Convenience, as a universal standard for valuing, adds further to the merchandise value of coined money, just as a yard-stick gains value over its firewood-value, or its slat value, because it is a standard of length; and a further value if it has been adjusted and certified by the inspector of weights and measures.

How much money does a community need? *Answer:* Enough to carry on with ease all the transfers of value in the community; the payment of wages; the daily expenses; the sales in the shops; the transportation of freight; the fares of passengers; the sales of real estate; in short, the daily life and business. So far in civilized history, the quantity required bears a proportion to the number of people who use it, and to the property they own, which has an analogy with the proportion of oil in the bearings of a steam-engine to the engine itself. For instance, during the four years ending June 30, 1871, it may be stated as a rough approximation that the currency which oiled the business bearings of the United States was rather more than ten dollars to each soul of the population. This includes whatever you happened to have in your wallet in those years; all your bank account; what the storekeeper was using in his business, and so on. The round sums total which are near enough to the exact figures to show the *oiling* office of money, are these: the whole of our currency, about four hundred million dollars; the whole of our property, real and personal, about fourteen thousand million dollars; the whole of our population, towards forty million. Omit some ciphers and we may say, in handier figures, that on an average, in a nation situated as ours is at present, every four souls, worth fourteen hundred dollars amongst them, do not need more than forty dollars in cash, being ten dollars a head, to keep their business straight. This would be very likely to fail with any one separate four; but it holds good of the whole of the men, women, and children together; and if a larger sum is in anybody's hands, a less sum is in the hands of somebody else.

If paper money will not do alone, that is, without any specie at all, why will it do in part? *Answer:* Because paper promises to pay (greenbacks, for instance) will do a great part of the exchanging of values, although they will not do all of it; and if there is specie enough within reach at any time to serve the purposes of those who will not take promises to pay specie, that maintains the credit of the rest of the promises. It turns out that in practice, and on a large scale, it will do if there is about a quarter as much specie always ready as the whole of the paper money that is going. This is pretty sure to meet the wants of all who insist on real money. That is, mutual confidence will uphold three quarters of our

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currency; we might almost say, Christian civilization is at present at a business discount of twenty-five per cent.

But we cannot get gold for even a quarter of our greenbacks, except at a heavy discount, and yet they serve a pretty good purpose so far. Ought they not to break down on these principles? *Answer:* Their gold basis exists, but it is two stories down instead of one. The United States, under certain conditions, gives its bonds for greenbacks: this is the first story down. Under certain other conditions, the United States gives gold for these bonds, and meanwhile it pays gold interest on them. This is the second story down, where you come to the real specie foundation. Mutual confidence keeps the greenbacks as near gold value as they are. Anybody who wants to see the way in which changes in mutual confidence change the value of paper money, need only follow the gold speculations of the war period among the respectable gamblers of New York. If the United States paid gold directly for greenbacks, instead of in this indirect way, they would be worth a gold dollar for each paper one, instead of from ten to thirteen per cent less. Practically, there is from ten to thirteen per cent of doubt about the future contingencies of human life, between the average citizen and his government, in consequence of this slow way of paying gold.

Some conclusions about the recent panic, on the basis of these doctrines, are these: —

It is a curious fact that paper money was hoarded during the panic, instead of specie, which has usually been hoarded at such times. This shows how thoroughly our paper money is accepted in lieu of specie. Why not? it is the nearest we can get to specie. Wackford Squeers, his father said, was "next door *but one* to a cherubim." Greenbacks are *next door but one* to gold.

There is not far from money enough for all the honest business in the country. Those men who wish not to give value for value in an honest business manner, but only to get away other people's money for nothing, that is, the stock-gamblers and corner-makers, and others who trade in what they do not own, — those and such others want more paper money afloat. Naturally enough; to put out more paper money is to make a change in values. It is by taking advantage of changes in values that these men live. If no changes happen, they start a lie to make one.

There are also, as the reader of OLD AND NEW sees, men of incorruptible honor, who want more paper money. But their demands are limited to the claim that the currency shall keep exact pace with the business of the country. This is, as we believe, the reasonable doctrine.

The increase of population and the increase of business call for somewhat more currency every year. That is, every additional soul wants his ten dollars. The increase of ease and quickness of communication, however, enables a less total amount of currency to do our exchanging; that is, it tends to diminish somewhat the average of ten dollars; how much, is not known.

The panic of September was caused more by a loss of confidence than by

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any real business misfortune. What real business misfortune there was (at first) befell enterprises and persons entirely too speculative in character. Because the genuine business interests of the country are too closely mixed with the stock-gambling and speculating interests, they suffered also.

The real preventive against other such panics will be found — so far as humanity can furnish it — in an elevation of the average tone of business honor and honesty.

It is theft to get value from another man without rendering value for it.

It is gambling to bet on the future values of other people's property.

It is conspiracy and lying to set afloat false stories and get up operations for the purpose of diminishing the values of other people's property.

Let these plain truths be felt; let theft, gambling, conspiracy, and lying be turned out of public places like the New York stock exchange and the Chicago grain market, and driven into even such an imperfect secrecy as that of area thefts, faro gambling, blackmailing conspiracies, and legally tangible lies, and business panics will be greatly lessened in number and severity. But in New York, such thefts and gambling, if perpetrated in the stock exchange, are actually affirmed to be honest by law.

[N. B. If our "currency" is to be reckoned to include not only the national bank notes, which are its main body, but the whole of the United States notes which are supplying the place of a specie reserve to redeem it with, it must be called $800,000,000 in round numbers instead of $400,000,000, and the $10.00 per head must be made $20.00.]

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Geo. H. Chapin's sales are very extensive."—*New York Tribune.*

Geo. H. Chapin is doing a large business. He has negotiated the sale of *fourteen* farms in this vicinity during the past season."—*North Bridgewater Gazette.*

"Mr. Chapin is one of our best known and most successful real estate agents.—*Boston Daily Globe. April*, 1873.

From the New England Farmer.

"CHAPIN'S FARM AGENCY.—We clip the following from the Daily News, Rev. Dr. Marvin's paper, concerning Geo. H. Chapin, whose name is as familiar to our farmers as household words:

Does Advertising Pay?—Among the business men of Boston who have thoroughly tested the benefit of judicious and persistent advertising, Geo. H. Chapin, Esq., is one of the most successful. He has advertised more extensively than any other real estate agent in New England. He publishes an elegant octavo monthly, ranging from forty-eight to eighty-four pages, which has an immense circulation. We now have the February number of the fifth volume before us, and it is the most tasty real estate publication that we have ever seen. It is distributed gratuitously, and at the present cost of paper and printing it is a mystery to us how Mr. Chapin can furnish such an elaborate affair to his customers free of expense; but that his advertising does pay him a thousand-fold is proved by the fact that he has accumulated a fortune. We notice that the press generally speak in very high terms of Geo. H. Chapin, of the New England Farm Agency."

We heartily commend Mr. Chapin to our readers.—*New England Farmer, Feb., 1871.*

NOT A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. Chapin is one of the best established Real Estate Agents in Boston. His father established the business over twenty years ago. Any of our readers having business transactions with Mr. Chapin, will receive honorable and courteous treatment.—*Boston Courier.*

WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY OF US.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"The following letter which we have received fr Thos. H. Rhoades, a well known farmer of Lexingt tells its own story:—

LEXINGTON, Feb. 18, 1871.

Editor Ploughman,—Dear Sir:—Geo. H Chap took my place for sale about three months ago, a has this day closed a trade for the same, with Mess Smith, Merrill & Co., of Boston, to my full satisfa tion. If any of my brother farmers wish to sell the property, by all means employ Mr. Chapin. He h just sold the Stewart Farm in my neighborhood (f about $8,000), and no other Real Estate Agent is e ployed in this region to my knowledge.

Your obt servant,

THOMAS H. RHOADES.

From K. A. Shaw, Esq., Concord, Mass., who Farm we sold for $12,000.

Geo. H. Chapin,—Dear Sir:—I want to express m satisfaction, at the promptness and the manner i which you have disposed of my farm. From carefu observation and inquiry I was satisfied before yo sold my farm, that *you disposed of more farms tha all the other real estate agents in Boston, combine* Wishing you continued success,

I am truly yours,

K. A. SHAW.

From Capt. Couchman, Charlton, Mass

I bought an excellent little farm of Geo. H. Chapin the Farm Agent, for $1,400. But finding that a farm was too much care for me, as I am getting along i years, I concluded to sell, and put my place into Mr Chapin's hands for sale at $2,000. Three weeks ago he sold the farm for $2,000 with no trouble to me.

If I wanted to buy or sell a farm again I should go to Mr. Chapin.

J. C. COUCHMAN.

From Mrs. Loker, Lincoln, Mass.

MR. CHAPIN.—Dear Sir:—I am glad to inform you that Mr. Drake, your customer from New York has bought my farm for Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000). We are surprised that you should have sold it so quickly after it was placed in your hands. I hope you will continue so successful.

Very respectfully,

LUCY LOKER.

LINCOLN, April 2, 1859.

From Damon Nichols, Charlton, Mass.

"Geo. H. Chapin, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—I have closed the bargain with your customer, Mr. Newton, for $4,600. This is the sixth farm you have sold here within the past sixty days, and neither of them have been in your hands for three months. We are surprised and highly delighted at so soon disposing of our farms.

Yours very truly,

DAMON NICHOLS."

From R. P. Orcutt, Concord, Mass.

A Vermont gentleman, to whom we sold a farm at Concord for $10,500, writes as follows:—

"Geo. H. Chapin, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—We have become fully settled on the farm, and I want to inform you that it proves much better than you described. We would not take $15,000 for the place to-day. You may expect a large number of our Vermont friends at your office this winter, for Massachusetts is the place in which to farm.

Yours truly,

R. P. ORCUTT.

From Jas. Thompson, Esq., the well-known stock-breeder, to whom we sold a $20,000 farm.

"Geo. H. Chapin, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—Having succeeded in purchasing one of the finest farms for stock-raising in the State through your agency, I feel it a great pleasure to acknowledge the kindness and information you offered me while in pursuit of it, and I heartily enjoin upon all who desire to sell or purchase real estate to apply to you for assistance.

Yours truly,

JAMES THOMPSON.

Nov. 11, 1869.

Now, if you think of selling your place, just come in and talk the matter over with us.

Very Respectfully,

GEO. H. CHAPIN,

Up One Flight. 24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

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[PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.]

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Also, a remarkably well selected and economically arranged Clubbing List, affording an immense variety from which to choose the sort of reading you want.

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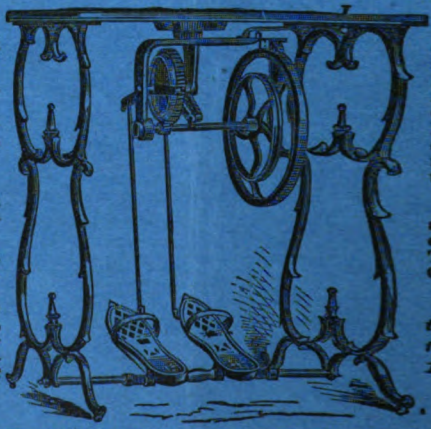

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OLD AND NEW.

VOL. VIII.—DECEMBER, 1873.—No. 6.

THE Forty-third Congress meets for its first session under circumstances which do not give much comfort to any existing party organization; and, we must confess, circumstances which do not promise much beneficent legislation to the country.

Nor, on the other hand, do these circumstances promise much harm.

Both Houses go to work with the advantages and disadvantages of a new construction of their committees. In the House of Representatives there are a good many new men, some of them men of known ability, to be set to work. Of this condition of things the advantage on the whole counterbalances the inconveniences of the delay which necessarily springs from it.

As Congress meets at a time of great financial difficulty, a hundred panaceas will be brought forward at once, and will be debated, in private and in public, carefully, ambitiously, and tediously. But we dare not anticipate any result at all from this discussion, far less any favorable result. You may ask the ten men of most intelligence in New York, or in Boston, what is the remedy which government could apply in the present condition of things, and you will get at least five answers, irreconcilable with each other. If there were but two answers, involving only two plans, you could go before Congress with these two plans, and press for a vote which should decide in favor of one or the other. But as there are a dozen plans, and as, even in as intelligent bodies as the Senate and the House, there are a great many men who have no real knowledge of the subject, there is no hope for a practical decision of much importance.

A plan for a government bond at a low rate of interest, — 3.65 per cent, or 4 per cent, annually, to be always exchangeable backward or forward, for greenbacks,—is pressed so generally, and has so much

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of good sense to recommend it, that it may work its way through the Houses.

Some mitigation of the Procrustean rule about the "reserves" in the National Banks is evidently desirable. We wish we could say there were any prospect of it. "A Reserve," says Dr. Johnson, "is something kept for exigence." How absurd it is to say that nobody, anywhere, shall have any power to say that the *exigence* exists! It is as if, when the fire was wasting Boston, the officer in charge of the *Reservoir* should say that because his orders were to keep a *Reserve* of fifteen feet deep, no water should be drawn after they had come down to that level. Our banking law now keeps our banks under such restriction.

The President will probably urge the plan for Postal Savings Banks, and there is every reason to wish that this plan may be put in operation.

It is greatly to be wished that, now that all the great monopolies are reaping some of the deserved fruits of their own tyrannies, the government of the United States may be strong enough to take into its own hands the duties of the telegraph. All theoretical discussion on the subject is silenced by the single facts of every day. A man may send from the Land's End in England, to Kirkwall in Scotland, the longest distance in Great Britian, — from a wilderness to the edge of the icebergs, — and for that service, over a distance of seven hundred miles, he pays a cent a word for his message. If a man sends from Boston to Chicago, over a line so crowded with business that it needs a sheaf of wires to begin to carry the despatches, he pays twelve and one half cents a word. The great monopoly which tries to overawe Congress, and does tax every home in America, can say nothing against the government telegraph, as long as it keeps its prices at this preposterous standard. Cheap telegraphing is as certain as cheap postage in the future. Congress might well immortalize this session by securing it.

The great possibility of the session, however, is, that it may work out the best system for National Education. The Republican leaders have received so heavy a rebuke in the November elections that they may well consider whether they had better not do something which the country wants, instead of getting ready to begin to prepare to try to do something in the future. And the other men of honor and character, who are quite indifferent to mere partisan success, may well see that in a session like this, where there is no President to be elected, their opportunity is come for the great measure of Reconstruction.

The War of the Rebellion will be looked upon in history as the

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fulfilment of the obligation in the constitution that the Nation should guarantee Republican governments to the States. The old oligarchies, where a few white planters managed the Southern States, were swept away, and republics, controlled by suffrage, nearly universal, took their places. In a few localities, these new republics have bravely assumed the first duty of republics, and have organized education for the people. But in many of the States, the old purblind obstinacy of the so-called Conservatives has been strong enough to retard all effort for even the simple primary education of the people.

Now the Nation is not going to suffer this. It might quite as well permit the systematic breeding of yellow-fever, or of any other plague. If these States will not educate their own people, the Nation will educate them, and will present the bill for education at the proper door. The different projects for this purpose already laid before Congress, are wholly agreed in the principle, and the strength of the votes already taken upon them shows that in such a session as this, a broad and strong plan can be carried through.

The bill appropriating the public lands for this service passed the House last year, and was not rejected in the Senate. It failed only because it was not reached there. It has practical advantages which recommend it even to careless students, and is perfectly in harmony with long-established habits of national policy.

It provides that the proceeds of the public lands shall be forever consecrated to the education of the people. One half is to be distributed for this purpose among the States, Territories, and the District of Columbia. The other half is to be invested, and to create a fund, of which the interest shall be thus distributed: —

The bill proposes that for ten years this distribution shall be made on the basis of *illiteracy*, that is of need. After the first ten years, the distribution shall be made according to the numbers of the population, between the ages of four years and twenty-one. Every State shall be entitled to its share in this distribution when it shall engage to provide by law for the free education of all its children between six and sixteen, and to apply all moneys which it shall receive under the act according to its conditions. From year to year, the distribution will be continued to those States which show that they have made the provision required.

The amount of money thus distributed is not large, — perhaps the whole profits of the sale of land are not more than two million dollars a year. During the ten years in which it was distributed in proportion to "illiteracy," four fifths of it would go to the South, where it is most needed. To such a distribution the whole loyal part of the nation would say "Amen." One million dollars thus distributed, on the basis of the statistics of the census of 1873, would

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give Virginia $78,000 a year, Kentucky $58,000, and Georgia $82,-000. On the other hand, Massachusetts would receive only $17,000, Ohio only $30,000. But we have no fear that the opposition will come from Massachusetts, from Ohio, or from Illinois. Real opposition will only come from people who do not want to have educated voters. The reader must observe that after the first ten years this land-bill proposes a distribution on the simple basis of the numbers of the children.

Of course such a sum is not sufficient, nor nearly sufficient, for the purpose involved. The town of Lynn, in Massachusetts, pays more money for education than this bill gives to the State of Georgia. But in just those States where the friends of Education find their effort thwarted by the unreconciled rebels, this sum is sufficient to be a very great stimulus towards the establishment of a public school system. None of the three Southern States we have named are rich enough to refuse a grant from the National Treasury so large as those we have named, nor is the Fossil Party in either strong enough to incur the unpopularity of rejecting such a present, In many, perhaps in all cases, the grant would start a local system of public education.

An immense advantage would be gained by a measure like this, which should once and forever consecrate the Public Domain to a great and good purpose, and practically remove the danger for that gnawing and nibbling at it, for every pretence conceivable, which wastes it away, and does no real good to anybody. No Congress will care to vote alternate sections here, and grants of swamp lands there, when this shall be voting money out of the school appropriation. If this bill once becomes a law, the safety of the National Domain for the future may be considered as secure.

We do not consider this act to be the only one desired. A measure which shall take the bull by the horns — as did Mr. Hoar's bill of Feb. 25, 1870 — ought to be enacted by this Congress at this session. There is no real question as to constitutional right. The right to create a system of universal education certainly exists in Congress. There ought to be as little question as to the necessity, in the present aspect of affairs. It is an interesting thing to see how Washington, who knew the South through and through, always was harping on the importance of a National system of education. The Southern leaders were too strong for him in that day. They had with them the general indifference of the country to the whole matter. But, in our day, we know the danger. And the Southern leaders of to-day are men of different stuff, as of different origin, from those who, with far-sighted policy, kept their constituents as ignorant as their slaves half a century ago.

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THE GIANT YÉOUS.

Translated from the French of George Sand,

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

I.

In my wanderings among the Pyrenees, between the mountain-sides of the Pic de Midi and the Pic de Mont-Aigu, where I was exploring a difficult path, there met me a young mountaineer, a handsome fellow, dressed in loose brown blouse, with red girdle, white cap, and sandals of hemp. He stopped and looked at me earnestly, and then asked me if I did not remember a crippled beggar named Miguel, who used to frequent Tarbes, and visit us there on market-days; and he introduced himself to me as the eldest son of this Miguel. I recognized his coal-black eyes and his shining white teeth. Time had added a black beard. After a little chat, he proposed to take me to his mountain home. We should have to go by difficult paths, which would force me to pass the night at his cabin, as it would be dangerous to return after sunset. I readily went with him, for he promised to give me his history. We climbed peaks and descended ravines and trod the snow, slipping over pebbles that rolled beneath our feet, as we followed the path that the cattle had broken for us. At length, after a particularly difficult piece of climbing, we came out upon a bit of pasture ground within a wide clearing, shut in by walls of rock. We were in the heart of the mountains, in what might have seemed a tranquil little Arcadia, if a rent in the rampart had not shown on one side a glacier, on another a formidable abyss. "This is my home," said Miguel; "this valley belongs to me. It is not wide, but it is long; the land is good and the grass is rich. Below you can see my house and my flock."

The house contained two neat rooms, well warmed, — one for his sisters, where they were preparing the meal; in the other, Miguel had his bed, a chest, a table, three stools, and a dozen books upon a shelf. These I examined when left alone, desirous to acquaint myself with the library of an ex-beggar. To my great surprise, I found only translations of the choicest works, — the Bible, the Iliad, the Odyssey, Robinson Crusoe, Orlando Furioso, Don Quixote, etc. Not one of these books was whole, but their dilapidated state showed to what severe use they had been put.

It was after an excellent repast of game, cooked to a turn, delicious cheese, pure water, and passable coffee, that Miguel began his story in these words.

"Upon the sides of the Mont-Aigu, three or four hundred feet above us, there is a plateau of land supported by a solid wall of rock, like this upon which we stand. It is watered with streams, and after the snow is melted it is covered with a fine pasturage. This plateau has always borne a singular name. It is called Mount Yéous. What do you suppose can be the meaning of this name?"

After a moment's reflection, I answered: "I have heard that many of the mountains of the Pyrenees were consecrated to Jupiter, or Zeus, whose name, in my opinion, should be pronounced '*Zéous.*'"

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"So I believe," exclaimed Miguel; "and my sisters can see that my ideas are correct, since those who are better informed support me. And now, my friend, can you recall the words with which my poor crippled father always closed his lay of complaint?"

"I remember it well. 'The giant,' he said, 'crushed me.'"

"Then you will understand me. My father was a poet, and, with a mind full of marvellous ideas, he brought me up in the same dream-world. I was born in this house, or rather on the spot it occupies, for it was then a simple hut. My father owned a part of this enclosure that he called his '*rencluse*.' Higher up is the '*rencluse*' of Yéous. Sometimes he led me up to see the giant, a huge, upright rock, that at a distance looked like an enormous statue. It stood on the plateau I have spoken of. In front of it my father would make the sign of the cross, and would tell me to spit upon the rock, for, as a good Christian, he considered it a heathen god, and a demon hostile to the human race.

"One day, when I was eight years old,—I remember it very well; it was towards noon, my father was working in the garden, my mother and my sisters here were at the end of the *rencluse* with the animals, and I was making butter near the house,—when a noise like that of thunder rolled over my head with a gust of wind that flung me down. I was stunned and deafened, but in no way hurt; I remained immovable for a full minute, without comprehending what could have happened.

"Terrible cries aroused me: I got up, and looked towards the house, but it was no longer there! It was levelled with the ground, crushed under enormous stones, one thrown on by another, that continued to shake and roll towards me. I perceived that it must be something like an avalanche, and I fled terrified, not knowing which way I went. I found myself near my mother and sisters, who called to me in tones of despair. I turned; the rolling had ceased; the giant Yéous was no longer upon his battlements; he was stretched across our shattered cabin, and covered with a disjointed mass our garden and the greater part of our enclosure.

"But where was my father? We sought for him, and found at last that he lay beneath an enormous pile of rocks, unable to disengage himself. A wonderful chance had preserved him from being crushed; a rock had formed an arch above his head and body; but the shock had broken the bones of his leg and his right arm, and he had fainted in his efforts to release himself. We succeeded in removing him. My sisters went for aid; a doctor was found, and my father cared for, but the arm was ill set, and the leg must needs be cut off. And thus my poor father fell into poverty, and was forced to abandon work, and beg upon the highways with his family.

"This life displeased my mother. She would have preferred work in some town, and to keep my father by the fireside; but he could not bear the idea of quiet, and insisted on wandering from place to place with his family. It was my father's spirit, however, that kept me in the right path. It is true that he might have taught me to read, but he did not dream of it. This life of continual change did not allow of any leisure for it, and I did not care to take the pains. He taught us by his stories, his talk, his songs, so that my sisters

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and I gathered much knowledge without knowing our ABCs.

"After my father's death, my mother discovered that he had left behind some money, which she proposed setting aside for me, and advised me to set out and find some honest means of livelihood. She gave me a hundred francs to start with, and promised me the little fortune of fourteen hundred francs when I should be of age. I departed, embracing my mother and sisters in tears, my money in my pocket, my clothes tied up on the end of a stick strung over my shoulder, sad at quitting my family, but resolved to do my duty.

II.

"I turned directly towards the Mont-Aigu. After losing my way a few times, I found at length our *renclose*, which was still to be recognized by the late land-slide. It had remained our property; we had not dreamed of selling it, nor any one of buying it. It had no value; it might answer for a few days' pasturage, but was not worth occupation.

"The recent loss of my father had revived all my sad memories, and when I saw lying there the Colossus broken into a thousand pieces, but immovable, peaceful as it were, triumphing over our disaster, I burst out in anger.

"'Hateful giant, stupid beast of a Yéous!' I cried; 'I mean to avenge my father; I insult you and curse you; I am going to spit in your face!' And I went to look for what must have been the head of the giant. I believed that I found it, and seemed to recognize the hollow rock, under which my father had been buried, which gaped like a large mouth, striving to bite the earth. I lunged at it with all my force a blow of my iron-shod walking-stick; and then — disbelieve me if you will — I heard a dull voice, with a roar like subterranean thunder, saying: 'Is it you? What do you want of me?' I ran away in terror, thinking a new avalanche was coming, but returned in a moment, crying out: 'You are the same coward as ever, and I am going to roll you into the torrent, and break you entirely to pieces!' At the same moment, I fell upon the great rock, and strove to turn it over.

"I lost my time and my labor, and when I saw that I made no progress, I essayed to break the rock by flinging other stones at it. I had at last the pleasure of seeing that it was not a very hard rock, and that my blows did make some notches that I took for wounds. When I was tired of this, I went to look more closely at the remains of our cabin, and was pleased to find a little corner in which I could shelter myself in case of rain.

"As the sun was setting, I resolved to pass the night there. I picked up some stones to block the entrance that I might not be surprised by the wolves, and seating myself upon a remnant of the floor, I attacked a bit of bread I had in my knapsack; then soon, weary and tired of solitude, I stretched myself out to sleep. But I had walked too far, and my bed was not of the softest. I was not used to the mountain silence, which is like nothing else, not even seeming to be interrupted by the flow of the torrent; so finding I could not sleep, I pushed away one of the stones and looked out.

"What was my surprise to see that everything had changed since the rising of the moon! All was green and grassy, except a few scat-

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tered rocks like a little flock of sheep. I left my refuge to touch the earth and the grass with my feet, and turning, saw behind me, high as a pyramid, the giant! He appeared at first as he used to, but, as I looked, he changed his form. I strove to fall upon him with my cudgel, and a hollow laugh seemed to come out from the huge jaw. 'Is it you, brute?' I cried, — 'wait a little; I will silence you!' and I redoubled my blows. The head fell off, but reappeared again on his shoulders. I became furious. I attacked and broke off one arm, but as soon as I touched the other, the first returned to its place. I fell upon the legs, when the whole Colossus broke, and lay stretched its full length upon the ground, broken into a thousand pieces. Then I recognized my folly; the beautiful meadow had disappeared under the débris, and the dawn of day showed me everything as I had left it the night before.

"I went to sleep, but awakened when the sun was fairly up; and looking about me, saw that all was indeed in the state we had left it eight years before. And besides, down the rock, the slide of the giant had left a deep gulley, along which the ice came down upon our bit of land, together with the snow, thus causing greater devastation.

"Spite of this discouragement, one fixed idea burned in my head: I would reconquer my property, and turn out the giant. How, by what means, I knew not, — but I would do it.

"Planning this, I picked up the stones and heaped them one upon another, trying to clear away a corner, if it were no larger than my body. I was surprised to find the grass still thick in places where the stone was not lying flat upon it. In an hour I had cleared away a few feet. I rested a moment and returned to my work with renewed ardor. Towards evening I measured my work, and found I had cleared about six good yards, — it is true in the least covered place, where the stones were the smallest. 'All the same,' I thought. 'Who knows what I might do in time?'

"Hunger pressed me. I went down to the *rencluse* of Maury, below here, which is inhabited all the year round. Its cabins had changed masters. I knew nobody, no one knew me. I offered money for my supper and lodging, though nothing was demanded of me, for I planned establishing myself for a few days.

"I found old Father Bradat, the head-keeper of the flocks, a kindly fellow, and asked him if he remembered Miguel, and introduced myself as his son. He had been on the place but four years, but had heard of my father and of his accident.

"He begged me to stay with him a week or more, since he was my debtor, as he had often sent his goats to pasture on our bit of land, believing it to be abandoned. I was glad to accept his offer. I was tired and slept well, and at the dawn of day, set out, with a bit of bread and bacon, for my day's work at the *rencluse*. This day I labored only with my mind. I wanted to calculate — a thing almost impossible — how many hours' work it would require to clear away my *rencluse*. If I had known, as I do to-day, how to set figures one above another upon paper, the attempt would not have been unreasonable. But I knew only how to put them one after the other in my head, and I was at it a long time. I did not get on so very badly, however. I measured patiently with my stick the surface

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of the land, then cutting the number with the point of my knife in a soft rock, invented signs for my use, such as a simple cross for one hundred, a double one for two hundred, and thus succeeded in the course of the day, not in knowing, but guessing pretty nearly, how many feet I possessed each way. On the following days I calculated how much time it would take to do the easier work. I found it would be two years, at five months labor a year, if the snow did not permit more. Afterwards I must calculate the length of time necessary for the more difficult work, and for this I must make a beginning. I borrowed of my host his huge iron sledge-hammer, and attacked the larger pieces. It was calcareous rock, not very hard, and I did the work without much fatigue. With joy I set myself to breaking in pieces the great body of the giant. I did my stint in the course of the day; then, too tired to descend, I resolved to pass the night again at home to be ready for the next morning.

"Again I was awakened by the giant; again I saw the soil fertile and green. This time he showed me his huge face covered with a whitish lichen. I could not resist thrusting my baton into his throat. He did not seem to perceive it, but a little thread of a voice seemed to come out from his cavern of a mouth, saying, 'Why do you tear my web, and crush me so?'

"'Who are you?' I asked, drawing my stick out cautiously. 'I am the little spider of the mosses,' answered the voice; 'as long as I have lived, this has been my dwelling; I work, I spin, I hunt for food. Why do you disturb me?'—'Go your way and spin, and seek prey elsewhere, little friend. The world is large enough for you,' I answered. 'The same for you,' replied the spider; 'why do you trouble this rock that belongs to me? Have not you room enough elsewhere?'

"'I shall stay here,' sounded out the formidable voice from the very giant himself, 'till my bed is made elsewhere.'

"'O, the gentleman would like a bed,' I shouted, laughing, 'a bed of down, perhaps?'

"'I shall content myself with a good bed of sand, but there must be a pillow at my head and one for each of my limbs, and a deep hollow for my thighs, that I may go to sleep without slipping down. But be quick about it, and see that all is right, or I shall come back and stretch myself out again over your meadow.'

"'That is well,' said a human voice by my side, 'and the most reasonable thing to do would be to seat him there comfortably — to serve for a dike to carry off the ice from above, since you cannot think of taking him back to his old place, and you have no right to remove him from your *rencluse*.'

"'How, indeed!' I said, without caring to whom I spoke; 'what right had he to take possession of my bit of land?'

"'Why, the right of the strongest!'

"'But suppose I push him into the abyss?' I asked.

"'There is none but what belongs to somebody. At the bottom of every abyss, there is a running stream which belongs to all the world, and you have no right to check it or turn it. Better to keep the giant, and, since that side of the mountain belongs to you, carry him there stone by stone; he will become useful to you, instead of injuring you.'

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"I now found that I was seated in the cabin of my old friend, my host, before the fire, and it was he who was talking with me. How was it? Had I been dreaming on my way from my *rencluse*, and had I been committing the folly of relating all my dream to Father Bradat? He summoned me to supper, and took up the talk afterwards.

"'You are tiring yourself too much over this rock,' he said. 'You are too young to undertake alone such a work.'

"'How many people would it need,' I asked, 'to accomplish it?'

"'That would depend upon the time you have to put into it. In two seasons, a dozen workmen might bring it about.'

"'A dozen? O, no!' I exclaimed. 'I believe I can accomplish it by myself.'

"'You are dreaming! It would take at least a dozen men. Besides, in many places, you would need to try blasting.'

"'A blast,' I cried; 'that is an idea! To put fire under his great body, that would send him off!'

"'Certainly he will not walk off himself.'

"'He shall go, I tell you, when he smells the powder.'

"'It is a rock we are speaking of,' answered Bradat, 'and it can be cleft; but out of the fragments there should be built a sort of causeway, and that would cost money.'

"'I have a hundred francs!'

"Father Bradat burst out laughing. 'You would need ten times that!'

"'I shall have it some day,' I answered.

"'Ah well, wait till then.'

"'It is seven years,' I cried out, 'that I have cursed that giant, and, if need be, I will spend seven years more to chastise him and drive him away.'

"'You are a droll fellow,' said the old man, 'but I like your pluck and your spirit. I should be glad to help you; but I am too poor and too old.'

"'You can help me,' I replied; 'sell me your iron sledge-hammer.'

"'I will lend it to you for nothing,' said Father Bradat. 'It is heavy; leave it in your *rencluse*. No one will run away with it!'

"The next day, the old man accompanied me to the *rencluse*. He saw upon the rock the figures that I had carved. 'What are these?' he asked.

"'I invented them,' I replied, 'that I might calculate how much work is before me.'

"'Then you cannot write?' he asked.

"'Alas, I cannot read!' I answered.

"'But that is a pity,' said the old man. 'You ought to learn; it would help you more than your blows upon the rock!'

"'Ah, if you would teach me!' I exclaimed.

"'I don't know much,' said he; 'but a little is better than nothing.'

"That very evening I began, on my return to Bradat's cabin, to learn to read. One of his young farmers helped him in his office of teacher, perhaps with not as much patience as the old man, but with more knowledge. I soon began to know enough to practise by myself; and, at the noon hour of repose, I studied with the same eagerness and obstinacy that I spent upon my labor in the *rencluse*.

"The old Bradat consented to keep me and feed me in return for the pasturage that his goats found in my *rencluse;* and the boy, whose business it was to watch them, built for

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himself a little barrack with the remains of the old cabin.

"This I made use of occasionally for a night's shelter, that I might be ready the next morning for my work. Every time I slept there, I saw the giant, and every time he seemed more restless and excited; yet, too, it appeared to me, more imbecile. I came to the conclusion it was the wisest thing to continue to break his legs, and carry him off gradually in separate bits.

"I was there three months. I grew as strong as a young bull, and quickly learned to read well enough to understand what I read. The old Bradat, who did not always comprehend the words and ideas he read, was surprised at my explaining them to him. The truth was, that from my father I had learned many things, although he taught me nothing; and it soon came to pass that the inhabitants of the cabin looked upon me as a knowing fellow, who was wiser than he cared to show.

"I resolved to hasten my work by incurring some expense. I went down to the valley of Lesponne, to hire some workmen from the marble quarry of Lampar, but I found none. It was the gay season, when the visitors require all the services of the population, and they asked an exorbitant price. I contented myself with procuring some gunpowder, and consoled myself with the thought of the little festival I was preparing for Monseigneur Yéous.

"The next morning, after warning my host not to be astonished at the noise, I dug my little mine. I knew how — I had seen this work done along the mountain roads. My heart beat with a cruel joy as I lighted the train. I had put in all my powder; the explosion was fine, and came near being fatal to me. I was too eager to take sufficient precaution, but the jaw of the giant was split open to his ears, for I had attacked his face, and he lay gaping with such a hideous grimace, that I fell, laughing, bloody and wounded as I was, myself. I was not seriously hurt; I picked myself up quickly. 'Drink my blood!' I shouted to my enemy. 'You cannot bleed, but it is a duel to death between us!'

"I saw at this moment something that moved my pity. The explosion had sent to destruction a poor little ant-hill installed in the giant's ear. The little family did not stop to amuse itself with counting its dead, or taking flight; no, they mounted to the breach, to find their larvæ, and place them in safety. 'I beg your pardon,' said I; 'I ought to have warned you, but I will help you save the children.' I took up with my spade a large lump of the earth, riddled with galleries and cells for the larvæ, and carried it some distance. I was pleased at the skill of the ants. After following me, they turned back, unerringly, to finish their house-moving. They warned each other, they spoke to each other, I was sure. 'Little ants,' I said to them, 'you give me a fine lesson! Should my work come down upon me, I will not abandon it.'

"In my solitude, I began to think that my mother must be distracted for want of news of me. Although near her, I had never informed her where I was. I went down to see her; I found her anxious, indeed. She scolded me when she learned I had earned nothing yet, but when I told her that I had almost learned to read, and had spent almost nothing, she was more satisfied. I opened to her my heart, and confided to her my

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hopes. She was touched, but much alarmed too. She talked to me as the old Bradat was wont to do, urging me not to risk my all in so unreasonable an enterprise. I did not try to convince her, but promised her to make good use of the winter, and I kept my word. When my season was over among my rocks, I made a present to Father Bradat of a new woollen cap, and some little things to the young men on the farm, and we parted good friends, to meet again the next season.

"I went to seek my fortune at Lourdes, in the quarries, and on the high roads. I stuck to my plan, for I wished to learn how to fight the rock, and to become its master the quickest way possible. I was only a day-laborer, but all the time I watched closely the engineer's work, to learn all I could. I earned but little more than my maintenance, and this I spent in taking lessons in arithmetic, for I was getting on well in reading. I passed one or two hours in the evening, and all my Sundays, in this way. I was looked upon as a steady, industrious fellow, sensible beyond my age.

"When spring had melted the snow, I left to go to see my mother, and then bought a wheelbarrow, a pickaxe, gunpowder, a drill, a sledge-hammer, all that I needed to attack my enemy in the fiercest way. I had engaged at Lourdes two fellows of my age, who promised to join me at Pierrefitte, and who kept their promise. They proved pleasant companions, liking work, and good fellows enough. All went well at the beginning. They had no fear of the Giant Yéous, and were willing to break his ribs, and split up his jaw. We built a larger and more substantial cabin, the winter having destroyed what was left of the old one; and we laid in with old Bradat, when he went for provisions into the valley, to bring up ours upon his ass.

"So long as we were busy in blasting rock, my two companions were jolly and gay, but when it came to loading and wheeling the barrow, they were tired enough. They came from the plains, and the mountains made them sad, and I could find nothing to amuse them in the tediousness of the evenings, and the incessant dropping of the cascades. What was to me so dear and beautiful, to them was sad and tiresome; and one fine day I saw they were smitten with fear. Of what? They would not tell me. I had never told them of my nightly visitor, but they may have seen or heard him. Anyhow, they declared they had had enough of this solitude, and quitted me, with friendly words, but seeking to discourage me.

"They did not succeed. I tried to hire other men, who helped on the work somewhat, but without apparent result; and again I was left alone.

"I had, indeed, one night of discouragement. I seemed to see the giant, more whole, more solid than ever. He looked like a herdsman watching a flock of white elephants. 'Go and seek pasturage elsewhere, little fellow,' he said. 'These are mine; you have given me this flock,' showing me the scattered blocks of stone. 'I will feed them at your expense forever.'

"The next day, I attacked the blocks with so much eagerness, that at the end of a fortnight, the giant, having no longer a single sheep, tried to go away, and made a step towards the dike, where I wished to lodge him.

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"My mother came to see me one Sunday with my sisters. I had cleared away the spot where my father had been crushed. The grass, watered by a little stream, was of the greenest, and beautiful harebells were mirrored in the thread of water. I had planted a wooden cross on the very spot, and had placed a stone seat there. My mother was touched by this devotion, and wept and prayed there, and looked about upon our little domain, of which a full quarter had been cleared, and was now verdant. But after she had rested a little, she drew me aside to dissuade me from my labor. 'You can let this bit of pasturage to your neighbors below. It will be a petty resource, but better than this mad expense.'

"I did not yield; my mother was angry, and threatened to advance me no more money. But my sisters wept for me, and took my part. Maguelonne wished she were a boy, that she might help me. She had never forgotten her mountain, and dreamed only of returning to it. The little Myrtile said nothing; but she opened her blue eyes, and showed her joy by hopping about among the rocks like a sparrow.

"I had prepared a feast of strawberries, with Papa Bradat's best cream. We ate together at the ruins of our old home. We were all both sad and gay. My mother left me without promising anything, and without deciding to blame me.

"I worked till the end of the season. The farther my task advanced, the greater difficulty I met with in transporting this mountain of débris. But I worked only the harder. I went down to the village for a moment only on Sundays. Now that I had a sort of retreat at my *rencluse*, I stayed in it, busy in the evenings with reading, writing, and arithmetic. I had made a precious discovery of books in the ruins of the old cabin.

"When winter came, I passed it as before, but I earned more. I was already seventeen years old. I had grown, and my muscles were unyielding. Spite of my youth, I received a man's wages. One of the gentlemen who superintended the works fancied that I was more intelligent and persevering than the rest, and was exceedingly kind to me. He would have liked to take me as servant and companion, and would have opened a way for me in his employment, but nothing would lead me to abandon my *rencluse*. I returned to it, as soon as the snow allowed me to set foot there.

III.

"All the stone was almost broken up. There remained only the labor of the wheelbarrow. It was not the hardest work, but the most tedious. I kept at it all this season, and the following, and the next after.

"At length, at the end of five years, I saw, one fine evening, all the dismembered body of the giant transported to the side of the mountain that had been torn up, and forming a fine dike to check the ice of the severest winters, with all the sand the glacier might bring along. My meadow, which I had drained with little canals of stone that carried the water to the bed of the torrent, needed no enriching to be fertile. There were only too many flowers; it was a perfect garden. The goats no longer came there; and in the second year I had replanted all the beeches that the slide had destroyed, and the young

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plants were healthy and leafy. I was at my last barrow-load, perhaps the four-thousandth, when I stayed my hand and left it standing, that my sister Maguelonne might have the pleasure of moving it, and saying she had put the final touch to my work.

"Then I fell upon my knees to thank God for the courage he had given me and the health he had allowed me with which to pursue my task. I was but twenty-one years old, entering upon my majority, and my work was done.

"The sun was setting in a splendor of golden rays and purple clouds. The snows upon the peaks gleamed like jewels, the cascade sang like a chorus of nymphs, a little breeze bent the flowers that seemed to kiss the ground with tenderness. Of the monster who had annoyed me so, nothing was to be seen. He was forever reduced to silence. He wore no longer the form of a giant, and was already in part covered with green grass, moss, and clematis which had sprung up where I had ceased to tread. He was no longer ugly; he would soon be no longer seen at all.

"I felt so happy that I was willing to pardon him; and turning towards him, I said, 'Now you may sleep day and night without my disturbing you. The evil spirit that possessed you is conquered; I forbid it to return. May the lightning spare you, and the snow fall light upon you!'

"I seemed to hear, passing along the embankment, a deep sigh as it were of resignation, which was lost among the mountains. This is the last time that I have ever heard him, and I have never seen him again other than he is now.

"The next day I prepared a little festival. I invited Papa Bradat, who had always been a good neighbor and a kind friend, to come up at noon with all his men and animals, and I hastened to fetch my mother and sisters.

"'Come,' I said, 'I have a carriole and a horse to take you to the foot of the mountain. I have finished my work, and have spent some of the money reserved for my coming of age. We have now only to buy a flock and build a little house; for all shall be in common, till my sisters shall wish to establish themselves, when we will divide everything into equal parts.'

"'When they came up to our little valley, it seemed to them like a dream. A thread of smoke was rising from the fire built by Bradat and some women and girls of the neighborhood whom I had summoned, and they were preparing the repast, — the mountain partridges, heath-hens, and cream cheeses. I brought wine, sugar, and new bread; the young men were setting a table with seats of planks supported on rudely cut stakes of pine, but everything, covered with leaves and flowers, wore a festal air. A bouquet of rhododendrons and wild pinks were hung to a cord to be raised to a pole by my mother. As for myself, I had a surprise too, — some music I had not dreamed of. Papa Bradat had invited one of his friends, who was a musician, to come and play for us to dance. After breakfast came the ball, and my sisters went into it with a full heart and nimble feet. My mother wept with joy at raising the bouquet, and Maguelonne covered herself with glory by lightly lifting the barrow and flinging the last load upon the heap. Everybody was gay, friendly, and happy.

"When evening came I took back

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my family. My mother blessed me, and gave me the money to build the house that you see, and to buy the animals for the farm. She consented to live with me in my *rencluse*, my sisters made a festival and a joy of it.

"You do not see my mother to-day, for she does not feel she has sufficient occupation here, and wishes to be always at work, earning money for us. She is at Cauterets, where through the season she does up the petticoats and finery of the ladies, to say nothing of the gentlemen's fine shirts. She is sought for everywhere because she is a good workwoman, and has a kind heart. As to the rest of us, you see we are well established, and it is always with regret we end our summer season here, and with pleasure we return to it in the fine weather. Mr. Bear, if he appears, is always welcomed in our pantry. The game is good and plentiful. I have done capitally with my cows. My land is worth as much as any other, and this coming year I shall double my flocks and herds — that is my capital.

"This is my history, my dear guest," said Miguel, in closing. "If it has wearied you, I ask pardon. I have been a little afraid: at first lest you should not listen to it with seriousness, afterwards that you were taking it too seriously."

"My dear Miguel," I replied, "do you know of what I was thinking? Counting over in my mind the number of blows of your sledge-hammer, and of your barrows-full of stones. At first I regretted that a man of your worth should not be called to exercise his persevering will upon a larger field of action; and then I said to myself, whatever the theatre, we all of us are breakers of stone. The man who is capable of reconquering his own domain, as you have done, is no ordinary man. What strikes me most in your story is not chiefly the obstinacy peculiar to our peasants (although that, too, is worthy of respect), it is that you were moved by a loftier sentiment: filial love, and the struggle to render the earth fruitful, elevated into a manly duty."

Miguel regaled me with another repast, then set me on my way home through pleasant paths. He would accept nothing in return for his hospitality beyond a few seeds of wild flowers which I had gathered on other mountains. When I told him that one of a botanist's pleasures is to scatter in different spots rare and beautiful plants, he was struck by the idea, and declared he should henceforth follow my example in his wanderings.

I was ashamed to have been treated with such kindness by one for whom I had done so little. "But," he said, in parting, "can you not remember the words that you said to my father once, in my hearing, — 'Do not let this boy spend his life in begging; there is something in his eyes that promises better things'? I dwelt upon these words; and who knows if it is not to you that I owe the desire of making a man of myself!"

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CHARITY AT COST.

Tax Exemption an Unjustifiable form of State Aid.

BY J. P. QUINCY.

DEACON. — Then why not write it all out in an essay, print it in a quarterly review or in a pamphlet, and send me a copy?

PUBLICAN. — Because you would n't read a word of it if I did. You have just been re-elected to the General Court, and have other things to attend to. Let me see: the Senate this time, is n't it? Well, I congratulate you; a senator is all the better for being a good church-member. Yes, of course, I want to influence legislation, as every honest citizen should; but you must let me choose my own way of doing it. I know well enough that our average law-maker does not take kindly to formal political treatises. He is nourished upon the cut-feed of familiar talk. You must look him in the eye, and give him a chance to ask questions. Earnest men, full of zeal to expose abuses, have too often wasted their powder by firing over people's heads.

DEACON. — Yes, or by aiming at them with the small shot of figures. I fear that our busy American humanity will not puzzle over nice arithmetical calculations. If you've found a central principle, show that it is theoretically unassailable; then prove its practical application by examples taken from all departments of human affairs that it covers. That used to be the advice of our High School teacher, and I make no doubt that you agree with it.

PUBLICAN.—Entirely; and I should continue his precept thus: If you wish to effect any good end, do not be afraid of multiplying your illustrations; that is, of saying the same thing too often. I know well enough how difficult it is to concentrate attention upon fiscal abuses. The wealthy and intelligent classes often suppose that they profit by them; while workingmen, tired with their day's labor, cannot spur their attention to grapple with the closely reasoned articles of a quarterly review, and seldom receive "with the author's compliments" the unanswerable pamphlet with an appendix full of figures. Now, if our friend the Reporter chooses to take down our evening talk, it will make neither a solid essay nor a lively magazine paper; but, bound to lighter companions, it will float into thousands of American homes, where it may induce others to think and talk upon a subject whose far-reaching importance to our country wise men are beginning to discern.

DEACON. — After all, taxation is a hazy matter. The great point is to make the people pay the bills; and that, you must allow, we contrive to do. If we worry ourselves about details, the chances are that we dash our foolish brains against some great moneyed interest, and get no thanks for it. European economists have given us a very simple maxim: "*The best tax is that which raises the most money while occasioning the least discontent.*" This saves a world of troublesome investigation, and is probably as good in one country as another.

PUBLICAN. — The maxim is doubtless an excellent one from the aristocratic position assumed by many foreign writers upon politics; but the

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American democrat should be very cautious in accepting it. Our government is based upon the education of the people; and how are they to be educated unless they are brought into contact with some inconvenience? Besides, your maxim — when we get to the bottom of it — will never remove any burden from our people. It only studies to prevent them from connecting their inconvenience with its cause, and so quickening their faculties to find a remedy. Every now and then somebody agitates the question, whether political economy should not be taught by our schoolmasters. It should certainly be taught by our legislators. It should be taught by the same excellent method in which domestic economy is taught, — that is, by presenting a bill, with the items set down, to the party who is forced to pay it. I oppose to your maxim one of my own, which might be written thus: *The best tax is that whose action, in the long run, shall do most to promote the education of the tax-payers.*

DEACON. — Fortunately we need not consider questions of direct taxes, if, as you tell me, the strongest objections to aiding private institutions by exemptions from taxation are based upon other grounds.

PUBLICAN. — Thank you for the correction. I ask no points of vantage save those simple canons of common-sense which are of universal acceptance. Look at the situation. Institutions claiming to promote charity, education, and religion are multiplying about us, and, as wealth is accumulated, will multiply in a constantly increasing ratio. Some of them represent the knowledge and carefully-gathered experience of enlightened men; some of them serve to display the whims of eccentric individuals; some of them are important agencies in the hands of ecclesiastics who seek to control the future of our land. But let us admit that all of them — certainly to such superficial glances as busy people can give — seem to be doing good.

DEACON. — A very just admission. Now, when you object to general laws exempting them from taxation, do you not hinder us legislators in our efforts to serve the people?

PUBLICAN. — Not in the least. I only ask you to serve the people *at cost.* I complain that this tax laid upon them, by exempting from taxation the real estate occupied by alleged charitable institutions, and the personal property which they hold, is very wasteful as well as eminently unjust Remember that I make no objection to giving public money to private corporations claiming to promote charity, education, or religion. It may be that you legislators should exact thousands from tax-payers to support charities and churches, where you now take only hundreds. Whatever my views may be concerning the proper function of democratic governments, I have no occasion to obtrude them here. My protest touches a simple matter of administrative economy, which no sane person could neglect in his private business. It runs into a syllogism thus: The legislator, in giving aid to charitable institutions, is bound to select that form of tax which offers a minimum of restriction upon natural social relations, which falls equitably upon all tax-payers, which holds the institution benefited to the most rigid accountability, and, above all, that which gives to the charity all that it takes from the citizen. That form of tax which consists in exempting from taxation the real estate occu-

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pied by institutions claiming to have charitable objects, fulfils none of these conditions. It is therefore to be condemned.

DEACON. — Suppose we now leave general reasoning, which is somewhat unsatisfactory, and take up concrete cases.

PUBLICAN. — With all my heart. But our Reporter must supply fictitious names and objects for any institutions we may chance to mention. It would not be right to select for public criticism the managers of particular charities; we only wish to consider whether a special form of taxation rests upon any principle that can be recognized in a democratic State.

DEACON. — Here is Jones's Mission, — the five-story freestone front, — you know it. Distributes tracts, with a good doctrinal snap in them. Now the question is, What sort of tax had you better pay to aid it?

PUBLICAN. — I do not admit that that *is* the question. I am indignant at the assumption that I should be taxed to distribute Jones's tracts, which I consider to be full of false doctrine and mischief. I thought the State did not interfere in matters of theological metaphysics; and yet you propose to tax me and my children annually, forever, to distribute Jones's heresies. Why should not Jones's estate bear the total expense of circulating his unhappy views? I claim the right to spend my money for tracts which tell people what I believe to be the truth.

DEACON. — Well, that example was unfortunate, I admit. Everybody is so touchy about theology. Jones died fifty years ago, and was perhaps abreast with the best religious knowledge of his time. But scientific investigation, and the biblical criticism of Christian scholars, have certainly done something for the world since he left it. If he were alive to-day, it is more than probable that he would be refuting his own tracts. Take another case. There is Brown's Beef and Broth Kitchen. It was a capital idea to endow an establishment where, during the winter months, all in want of a meal can get it free, or at a nominal cost. You surely cannot object to pay a tax in its aid?

PUBLICAN. — Certainly not, if that tax is levied year by year, and upon the recommendation of some tribunal constituted to hear all sides, and to hold the institution to strict accountability; but before Brown's trustees are permitted to collect their annual tribute, a Social Science Association, to which I belong, claims the right to put in a remonstrance.

"How is this," we say; "are we to be taxed in aid of certain crude notions of charity conceived by one Mr. Brown? Please to look at these statistics. Here are farmers all over New England on the verge of bankruptcy, just because they cannot persuade men and women to stay in the country, where their labor will give them a comfortable support. And now comes this philanthropic but mistaken Brown, to offer a new inducement to crowd the overstocked market of the city by publishing far and wide his assurance that, work or no work, nobody shall want food. We believe that the money we are to be taxed to raise could be expended in ways that would tend to remove the causes of ill-requited labor; and, so believing, we must protest against this demoralizing use of it."

Now if our protest is temporarily unheard, we are content to wait,

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knowing that one of two things is likely to happen. Either Brown's trustees, finding that they are looked after, and no longer allowed to tax the people under general laws, will bestir themselves to remove objectionable features from the working of their establishment; or, if they neglect to do this, we shall strengthen our arguments with fresh evidence, and remove the tax another year.

DEACON.—What you say has some weight, so far as it relates to institutions, to whose functions some class of citizens may reasonably object. But consider those private charities, whose work must be satisfactory to both saint and sage. Here we have cases in which this exemption tax, which is so stealthily collected, must be one of the best that can be devised. Let me give you an example: Robinson's Charitable Cork-Leg Institute is one of the oldest and most respectable of our private charities. I happen to know all about it, as my uncle is one of the trustees. They gave cork-legs in Robinson's day, but now manufacture a mechanical substitute under Palmer's patent. Here we have beneficence, to which neither Religion nor Science can take exception. The missionary would agree that it was a good thing to aid those whom Heaven has made cripples. The economist, while admitting the legitimacy of that form of charity which proposes to restore men to their full efficiency as producers, could find no demoralization in its secondary effects. For who would submit to amputation in order to be entitled to its aid? The exemption tax is annually levied in aid of Robinson's undoubted charity. And here, at least, it must be justifiable.

PUBLICAN. — If it were ever allowable, I grant that it would be so in such a case as this. And yet I never pass that sumptuous building on the corner of D—— Street without thinking that the Institute should move out of it.

DEACON. — What a singular idea! How could Robinson's trustees be more comfortably established? Their parlor is the handiest place in the world to look over the paper on your way down town. Why, it is pleasure enough to sit at their bow-window and watch the crowds of people.

PUBLICAN.—And it is on behalf of those people that I am inclined to remonstrate. They want that building for shops and lawyers' offices, and would pay roundly for it. Were it used for the purposes for which it is needed, it would yield a rent of ten thousand dollars, and pay into the city treasury a tax of one thousand. You know well enough that if those trustees were carrying on that leg manufacture as private individuals, or as directors for a joint-stock company, they would go into the country and rent a building that would answer their purpose for five hundred dollars a year. The Institute was surrounded by dwelling-houses twenty years ago; but the general interests of the community required that they should be vacated, and it was done.

DEACON. — Yes; but their proprietors never professed to be influenced by motives of public spirit.

PUBLICAN. — Certainly not. They had their reading-rooms and other conveniences that they were loth to give up; but they could n't pay the taxes, poor fellows! and had to go. No, that was n't their only motive. They received good prices for their estates. This money they either invested or put into their business.

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There being no legislative meddling in the matter, they were obliged to give their private property a maximum of utility to the community. Now, if these trustees were held to business accountability like common citizens, they would feel obliged to put the value locked up in their building to useful work; or, if they chose to keep it where it is, they would be compelled to pay a handsome portion of the people's taxes for the privilege. I know they claim that the fund is large enough to supply all the legs which are demanded, and to give them a trip down the harbor when the Anatomical Convention meets in June. But, if this is the case, I need pay no tax in its aid. Or, if I pay one, I have a right to ask that it shall be economically expended in annual beneficence. Now, remember that this crural charity is exceptional in its undoubted and permanent excellence. As you well observed, neither Science nor Religion can find any flaw in it. We can see no reason why its utility should not be as great one hundred years hence as it is to-day. If, then, in this case I have good cause to protest against a permanent exemption tax, it will go far towards settling the matter. And I do protest against it. I will cheerfully pay a tax to aid Robinson's charity, if my legislators think best; but I ask for a just form of tax. I ask for one that puts the least possible restriction upon the natural industrial relations of the community. The exemption tax seems designed to produce a maximum of derangement in those relations. I ask for a tax that falls equally upon all. This selects a single community for its exactions. I ask for a tax which holds the institution benefited to a rigid accountability, — that is to say, I want its transactions brought before the people (or before some tribunal representing them), *as the condition of their annual liberality.* The exemption tax does nothing of the sort; it is a premium upon inefficiency. Finally, I ask for a tax that gives to the charity all that it takes from the taxpayer. But if this exemption tax enables Robinson's trustees to occupy a building whose rental value is ten thousand dollars, when they could hire one for five hundred just as good for all the purposes of their benevolent manufactory, it signally fails in that important condition. Of course, I do not claim that these trustees take all the taxes they are permitted to levy upon the people in annual instalments. The greater part of them they may mass into one enormous sum to be taken when they choose to sell their estate. This, however, makes no essential difference in the case.

Now let us clinch this matter by an imaginary example, of which it would not be difficult to find existing counterparts.

A and B each leave two hundred thousand dollars to found institutions for the distribution of Bibles. The money is invested in real estate, taxed unless "occupied by" a charity. A's trustees, by reason of their improvidence, or for their private convenience, spend one hundred thousand dollars in putting a costly building upon an expensive piece of land. B's trustees, who are determined to give their trust a maximum of efficiency in its designated work, buy a sufficient building for ten thousand dollars, and spend the income of their remaining property in the distribution of Bibles. Now let us grant — which is granting a great deal —

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that the people should be taxed to aid both these institutions. I ask you, which of them should take most of their money?

DEACON. — Evidently, B's institution, which is economically managed, and does the most work with a given amount of property.

PUBLICAN. — And yet your exemption laws permit the careless trustees of A to take, every year, ten times as much of our money as they give the prudent trustees of B. And, as if this were not enough, they offer an additional bonus for incompetency, by permitting A's trustees to appropriate, by the sale of their exempted estate, a sum of money which is likely to be ten times as large as can be secured by B's trustees.

DEACON. — But society has one security to which we must give due weight. Remember that the trustees of our private charities are apt to be picked men, both morally and intellectually.

PUBLICAN. — I cordially admit it. They are just the men who will manage a bank or a railroad, where their private interest is constantly urging them, and public criticism constantly checking them, honorably, and to the best advantage. But when we intrust any body of men with arbitrary powers, and take from them those curbs to which the best of us are somewhat indebted for our good behavior, they will be — what Dickens called himself — "very human." Why should they be more watchful over the people's interests than the legislators we pay to take care of them? Take a respectable corporation, put it over a good sort of charity with an ample fund to spend, let it feel that it is beyond the reach of public criticism, and it will gradually fossilize, you may be sure of that. It will never do to allow any body less perfect than a board of archangels to tax the people at pleasure, under general laws.

DEACON. — In the city, where land is very valuable, the exemption tax may be wasteful. But in the country, where institutions require extensive grounds, some persons might think that its action would be unexceptionable.

REPORTER. — If you will permit me to break in upon your conversation, I can offer an illustration that may touch the point. Fifteen years ago a few of us poor newspaper men bought land and built ourselves some humble homes, just beyond the city line in the town of X——. The facilities for communication with the city were then imperfect, the taxes high, and the land dear. Many persons said that we had invested our hard-earned money very foolishly. Your opinion, Mr. Publican, was different. Do you happen to remember the advice you gave us?

PUBLICAN. — Perfectly. I reminded you that in making that purchase you did not *in fact* pay an exorbitant price for comparatively poor and heavily taxed land, because, at the same time, you purchased an interest in the very best land in the town. I told you that those fifty acres, that crowned the hill just above your cottages, from their situation, as well as the noble prospects by land and sea that they offered, must be covered by the residences of energetic men who lead the business of the city. I advised you to live with the greatest economy, save or borrow money to buy another piece of land, and build a station upon it, if, upon that condition, the railroad directors would agree to stop their trains at the foot of the hill. I asserted that

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your self-denial would find its legitimate reward in developing the value of the hill-side lands upon which you had purchased a right of taxation. The taxes upon your cottage sites would thus be lowered; you could sell your garden plots as house lots; and the market value of the property you retained would be greatly increased.

REPORTER. — Well, sir, we followed your advice to the letter, and for a time all seemed to be coming out well. After our station was established, the capabilities of that hill-side were perceived. Land companies were preparing to negotiate, and it seemed about to fall to its natural uses. But we awoke one morning to be told that our fifty acres had been purchased by the Trustees of Smith's Retreat for Reduced Farmers, and were forever exempted from all taxation. And that meant, of course, that we citizens of X—— must not only labor harder and scrimp more to pay the present taxes of that exempted land, but were deprived of its prospective value as taxable property, in view of which we invested our earnings.

PUBLICAN. — I must acknowledge that my advice was founded upon considerations of natural justice which our statutes do not sanction. When I last visited X——, and wished to take my usual walk upon the hill to see the sunset, I was confronted by a placard saying that Smith's trustees would prosecute anybody who presumed to set foot upon their land. Had it not been for our foolish exemption laws, a broad street open to all the people would have crossed those noble heights

REPORTER. — If I may speak of the wrongs of my neighbors, I can tell you of an injustice which may almost move a smile. Smith's trustees use their untaxed central position to run a retail milk business, thus entering into competition with farmers in the outskirts of our town who are compelled to pay heavy taxes, not only upon their own farms, but the taxes of Smith's competing farm into the bargain. *

DEACON. — The injustice is evident. But good people would say that you might feel some satisfaction in knowing that the unfair taxes we legislators permit irresponsible persons to levy upon you, go to increase the comforts of those unfortunate agriculturists who are the objects of Smith's posthumous provision.

REPORTER. — But the sting of the wrong lies in the fact that they do nothing of the sort. So far as any annual advantage to Smith's beneficiaries is concerned, the money that you take from us might as well be thrown into the sea. Why, those poor farmers would be exactly as well off upon land that might be reached by a few hours' ride on the railroad, where taxes are nominal, and where value scarcely can increase for fifty years. Suppose taxes were estimated, as they should be, as part of the necessary cost of a charity, with what face could Smith's trustees present their claims for public aid to the amount of their tax-bills, present and prospective?

Observe this also. While Smith's trustees are permitted to descend upon our town of X——, and tax us and our children, we have not the slightest voice in their appointment. You compel us to support town schools; but, if we see that our

* It may be as well to mention that this has been literally true in the case of an institution holding more than fifty acres of land within half an hour's walk of the Boston line.

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money is wasted in carrying them on, we can turn out the school committee and choose a better one. But however foolish may be the administration of Smith's trustees, we have neither the power to call them to account, nor the feeblest voice in the selection of their successors. If this is not "taxation without representation," it is a very pretty imitation of it.

PUBLICAN. — Our friend seems to confine his objections to the power possessed by Smith's trustees to tax him through real estate. But, under our laws, exempting personal property held by an alleged charitable institution, they have liberty to wrong him in other ways. If they take a fancy to own the stock of his town bank, it is obvious that no tax-payer can afford to compete with them. They may buy as many shares as they choose, and pay for them with the United States bonds that Smith bequeathed to his institution. Having thus put an important part of the wealth of X—— beyond the reach of all assessment, they may exact additional taxes from the citizens of that town to make up the deficiency. In view, however, of the larger interests of the general community, it is right to make our first protest against restrictions placed upon the free circulation of property in land. This is the life-blood of a democratic State.

DEACON. — There is a good deal in what you say. Still, there are occasions when this exemption tax works so well, that it seems a pity to disturb it. There was our Deacon Dividend, who died the other day, — a great railroad operator, and a grinding, close-fisted old fellow, as we all know. But bless you, he has left three hundred thousand dollars to found a True Zion College. Here we have education and religion combined in strongest doses; for everybody, from president to janitor, must make an annual profession of faith in our creed, or he will be turned out of office. Really here is a case where the people had better ask no questions, but pay their yearly tribute to carry out the views of our distinguished philanthropist!

PUBLICAN. — I see that you are not in earnest; you are talking upon my side of the question. For you, Mr. American Legislator, know as well as I do that if this dead deacon is allowed to have perpetual direction of all that ever belonged to him, — the three hundred thousand dollars *subject to taxation*, — he has all that he can reasonably ask, and probably more than he deserves. I protest against being taxed to support his petty sectarian college, upon which President Porter — a Christian educator, whose judgment is worth a thousand times that of Dividend — assures me that his money is "wasted, and worse than wasted." Remember that this most unjust impost that you lay upon the citizen lessens his ability to aid those charities which his conscience approves, and to forward those productive industries by which labor is remunerated. What is more notorious than the evil wrought by crude and hasty schemes of charity devised to glorify ignorant and selfish donors? They are the curse of England to-day.

DEACON. — Will you tell me precisely what legislation, in relation to our exemption laws, you believe that thoughtful persons demand? It is certain that existing institutions must be treated with great tenderness.

PUBLICAN. — There you are right. We cannot afford to cure one wrong

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by another. So far as men's investments or bequests have been influenced by the understanding that they might tax their neighbors to carry out their views of charity or religion, compensation must be granted. The faith of the State, as interpreted by a competent tribunal, must be kept at any cost. Whenever this subject is seriously discussed, difficult questions will arise which need not here be indicated. When the time comes to consider the claims of existing institutions, I may offer some suggestions that would now be premature. What we ask first is this: That, in the case of all charities, *hereafter to be founded*, this monstrous mode of State aid be abolished. Let all future Browns and Smiths and Dividends be given to understand that they must pay their own way, unless their trustees, *year by year*, can show good reasons why the people should be taxed to aid them In addition to this, we ask that no existing institution, controlled by a private corporation, shall, upon sale of exempted property, be permitted to appropriate its increased value for secular or non-charitable purposes. This privilege should in all cases be purchased, as private individuals are forced to purchase it, — by paying up back tax-bills. I have already shown you that the immense wealth with which ecclesiastical bodies have possessed themselves under cover of our exemption laws was never contemplated by our legislators. They never intended to allow private corporations to sweep in the earnings of others in enormous sums, and then to make the people pay taxes forever upon their own property so wrongfully appropriated. *

DEACON. — That is true enough; but come to the practical question: Can you expect the average politician to do much about it? The people are very busy, and very easily befooled. Satan has shown his usual sagacity, in covering a bad thing with the best of names. Remember all the societies, churches, and charities that assess their annual millions upon the people. Remember the immense funds that are at their disposal to fee lawyers and lobbyists, and to crush obnoxious legislators. Can you expect me to stand up against all this?

PUBLICAN. — Demand what is just, and you will soon have the respect and sympathy of those who are most wisely interested in charity, education, and religion. Already a Christian church has petitioned that this injustice be no longer continued; already the professors of an Evangelical college have voluntarily surrendered their privilege of exemption from taxation; already a prominent Bible society declines to receive this most objectionable form of State aid.

DEACON. — I know you will admit that many private charitable institutions, are worth far more to the community than the exemption tax paid towards their support.

PUBLICAN. — Most cheerfully I admit it. If you think it good policy to aid private charities by general taxation, do it in an equitable way. Let the managers of such charities present their accounts before the people, or before some tribunal constituted to represent them. Let them show that they are conducting their trust upon the sound business principle that gives a maximum of charity at a minimum of cost. Let them show that they are doing a work of real utility that no other agency

* See OLD AND NEW for April, 1873.

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could accomplish so cheaply and so well; and then, let them ask for an annual grant of money in its aid. I could mention one or two of our private institutions, unsectarian in their character, which fulfil every condition of enlightened beneficence. They are managed with economy, and their machinery is constantly adjusted to meet the changing needs of the day. They are instruments through which the wisest and best of living men and women give personal service in meeting those forms of ignorance and poverty which at present threaten society. And yet these institutions do not receive one tenth as much of our taxpayers' money as is lavished upon the notions of dead men, who made blundering guesses at the requirements of a generation they never saw. Let me repeat that it is not the fact of State aid to private bodies who manage charities to which I here object. I protest only against its quality. I protest that you legislators are false to your duty in giving the people's money, indirectly and in indefinite amounts, to corporations which you hold to no accountability, and to which you would never dare to vote it openly. Tax us to support charity and education. Tax us to support religion, if you can believe that an impost for this purpose is consistent with the principles of American government. But let us know what we pay, and why we pay it. If you take our money to support religion, see that you give as much of it to those who worship upon the hard benches of a white-washed meeting-house, as to their fellow-sinners who can afford to own luxurious pews in a gaudy chapel. See to it that Dives, who, in many of our States, pays his splendid choir from a tax-exempted fund, receives no more of the people's earnings than the humble laborer who is forced to sing his own psalms, and just manages to support his minister from his heavily-taxed wages. Do all for charity that you think our government can profitably undertake; but vote our money openly, and under conditions that will ensure its wise expenditure. Give us our Charity *at cost.*

THE POLARIS.

"God will bring us through." — *Journal of John Herring.*

They faced with valiant hearts their fate,
  Exiled upon their raft of ice;
Worn, famished, drenched, and desolate;
  Aliens beneath the Polar skies.

They did not murmur; silently
  Their eyes unquailing saw their doom
To fight, to fail, to waste and die,
  The black, cold wave their nameless tomb.

While we on beds of softness lie,
  They sleepless stand through nights of fear,
Pierced by the needles of the sky,
  And visited by visions drear.

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Wolf-like the winds howl fierce and grim;
  The hungry seas, more wolf-like still,
Snatch at their floe's diminished rim,
  And at their feet their torrents spill.

The giant berg above them shone
  With nodding towers which spectral gleam;
Round it the surges toss and moan,
  And o'er it wild fowl soar and scream.

Breast close to manly breast, like rocks,
  They stand impatient for the day;
Endure the billows' cruel shocks,
  Ice-mailed in clouds of freezing spray.

The dumb, white terror of the snow,
  The wheeling gulls, but answer give,
And thunder of the rending floe,
  To every prayer, but still they live.

Their cry of faith, — was it unheard?
  Far hid in light, One heard and knew:
Soared bird-like to Him the true word, —
  "God sees us, He will bring us through."

Gently his finger drew them on
  To where his creatures gave them food,
And softer suns upon them shone,
  And lo! two ships before them stood.

Their faith the mountains did remove,
  And bore far off each icy crest,
And now they bask in rays of love:
  "He giveth His beloved rest."

T. G. A.

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MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOLYSHADIAN HABITS — A REMAINDER — AT RINGHURST AGAIN — UNDER RESTRAINT — SELFISHNESS — FANCIED NECESSITY — THE CIGAR — DIFFICULTIES — A LOVELY NIGHT — I AM PLACED IN AN AWKWARD POSITION — I OVERHEAR — I BECOME THE MASTER OF A SECRET — MY DIARY — A DREAM — AWAKENING — AN ENTRY — THE WEDDING — PUZZLEMENTS — I AM INFORMED OF MY FATHER'S ILL HEALTH — AFTER THE WEDDING — THOUGHTS — SOMETHING ABOUT UNCLE HERBERT — THE BLANK PAGE — THE UNFINISHED SENTENCE.

I HAD brought with me from Holyshade several habits more or less expensive. Not that I then considered them in that light; on the contrary, I really was unacquainted with the word expense; but the habits were none the less deserving of the epithet on that account.

Among these habits I do, undoubtedly, include smoking. Not as the luxury of after years, when, friends and loves having failed us, the pipe is sought as the sure confidant and sympathizer.

To the smoker it is the pipe, not time, that is the consoler.

But the grave and philosophic pipe is not for the jaunty season of youth. This latter is best fitted with the cigar, which, carried as easily between the lips as the protestations of a flirt, is for public display, and not for private comfort. Frivolity is associated with the notion of cigars; gravity with that of the pipe. Of course I speak of the pipe that gives constant employment to the hands as well as to the mouth; and what I praise, is the lawful use, and not the abuse, which has often caused the pipe to share with wine the reproach of being the enemy that man has "put into his mouth to steal away his brains."

At Holyshade, of course, smoking was a necessary complement of "fastness," and we imitated our elders. Many of us suffered martyrdom in the cause, and experienced strange sensations. We smoked, not because we liked it, but because we liked to smoke.

At Hillborough I was my own master, and cultivated the habit to such an extent, that, to visit Ringhurst, where no smoking was allowed, except in the greenhouse, where it was supposed to hurt nobody, and benefit the plants, was to me, now, a deprivation of no ordinary character. I ought to add here, that, in all frankness (for which I trust this record is remarkable), I must omit the words "of an ordinary character," as implying that I *was* accustomed to some deprivations; this would convey to the reader an idea of my life, at this time, scarcely in accordance with facts. I knew nothing of deprivations. I could only see around me everybody living for themselves, and it had never occurred to me that I or any one should live for anybody else. I indeed was of opinion that my father ought to have considered my happiness before his own, when the idea of a second Lady Colvin had first entered his head; but as he had not done so, his example was only another confirmation of my views of the general selfishness of life.

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The "independent spirit," which it was the boast of Holyshade training to cultivate in its *alumni*, comes very easily to mean, simply, selfishness.

Had it not been for the special occasion of Alice's wedding, and that my dear Austin was there, I fancy that Ringhurst Whiteboys would not have been honored with my presence, because of the general restriction placed on tobacco by Mrs. Comberwood, who rather looked upon it as something questionable if not absolutely wicked, and by Mr. Comberwood, who disliked it, not only on account of the feeling of nausea which it usually caused him, but because it was in his mind generally associated with what he styled "young puppyism."

I could not understand why he could tolerate a cigar in Sir Frederick's, or Cavander's, or my Uncle Herbert's mouth, and sneer at it as "puppyism" in mine.

However, my pipe, I mean my cigar, was to be put out on this occasion, and I felt myself, therefore, under a restraint perfectly new to me.

On retiring for the night (everybody wanted to go to bed more or less early, and neither Austin nor his brother were inclined to stop up and "talk"), I moodily opened my valise and took out my diary, so negligently kept about this time, as to resemble a partly finished house, with the parlors and second story taken, and no one in the drawing-room or attics; and, with my diary, out came my cigar-case.

There was the temptation.

My little room was without a fireplace; indeed, it was only an out-of-the-way store closet, temporarily used for sleeping accommodation, and there was no exit for the tell-tale smoke that way.

The window was, evidently, not a bad notion, *faute de mieux;* but then I was sure that the smoke would obstinately persist in entering my apartment, and I firmly believed that the unaccustomed perfume would have roused the household.

The longer I eyed my cigars, the greater the obstacles to their enjoyment, the stronger grew my desire to achieve the feat of smoking on the forbidden ground.

It was a fine, warm night; other windows besides mine might be open, and the smell of the tobacco would be everywhere.

I looked out on to the garden. Immediately below me, not three feet from the window-sill, was a sort of landing-place, about six feet square, with a leaden gutter running round it. Nothing could have been easier than to have stepped out, placed a chair for myself, shut my window, and smoked comfortably.

I stepped out. The other windows were all closed. Lights out and everybody asleep, or, at all events, in bed. Not a sound. Now, as the merest chance would have it, a careless gardener, contrary, of course, to reiterated orders of the strictest character, had left a ladder against the side of this projection. He had probably been interrupted in nailing up some trellis, which I noticed to be in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and, without a thought, had left his ladder where it now stood.

My mind was made up. I locked my door, put out my candle, took my cigars, cautiously shut my window after me, and descended the ladder.

I landed on the dewy lawn, and was congratulating myself on not having forgotten the fusees (smokers are generally dependent upon accident

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for their lights), when it occurred to me that one of the seats now under the veranda would make my position more comfortable.

Ringhurst was, I have before described, Elizabethan, and as angular as the plan of a fortification by Vauban. The veranda had been carried wellnigh all round the house, and had been ingeniously contrived to fit into the several triangles of the building.

Thus Mr. Comberwood's study was situated in a recess, at, so to speak, the apex of the triangle, at one extreme corner of whose base I had just descended. As I turned into the veranda to carry into execution my idea about the chair, I saw the window of Mr. Comberwood's study suddenly opened, and the window thrown up.

The little light that there was within came from the green-shaded candles which only lit a small circle around them on a table covered with books and papers. At the window stood Mr. Comberwood himself, with his necktie off, and in an easy dressing-gown, evidently refreshing his head after some work of reading and writing.

I thought I would wait quietly, for it would not be long before he would close the window, and withdraw.

He could not see me, as I was blotted into the shade of a corner; but I felt certain that he would have heard the striking of a light, and would have scented the forbidden weed after the first puff.

The night air seemed to have the desired effect, for he passed his hand over his forehead, as if smoothing away the wrinkle of some recent trouble, and half turning towards the chair whence he had, I suppose, just risen, he said, in a low voice, but perfectly audible to me where I stood, —

"There, that's enough. You are not a child, and yet you really seem to wish me to think you one, by your extraordinary behavior."

Whom was he addressing? It was evidently the finish of a conversation, and the opening of the window had served as a relief perhaps to its intensity, and as a signal to the person with whom he had been engaged, that it was now time to make an end of it.

Such was my impression from his whole manner. Whatever it was I ought not to hear it; still there was, I felt sure, not much more to be heard, and every instant I fully expected to see him close the window; and then, when the light should have disappeared, I would indulge in my cigar.

He quitted the window, and, as well as I could see, reseated himself at his table.

Somebody was standing by him, I fancied; but as his chair was on the same side as my hiding-place, I could only catch a glimpse of him now by stretching forward, and this I fancied might lead to discovery.

I dared not move, and began to hope that I might not be able to hear.

But neither dared I, in my own behalf, stop my ears; so, trusting to the speedy termination of the conference, whatever it might be, I remained where I was, and against my will I was forced to listen.

"Must it be to-morrow? O, papa, it cannot be too late even now."

It was Alice speaking, in a tone so earnest, so imploring, that even had I been able to stir from the spot without risking detection, I should have felt myself spell-bound by the force of my own suddenly awakened interest.

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Mr. Comberwood replied. He was evidently vexed, and spoke in his most abrupt manner.

"Nonsense, Alice! this is a whim, a fancy — a fancy. You are nervous, you know, and — and — overexcited."

"No," she answered, almost despairingly. "I have struggled with myself and against myself till now. And now — " She paused, and presently added, in a voice that died away, as though hope too had died in the heart that gave utterance to the words, "I dread to-morrow."

I think she must have been kneeling by his chair, and that at this moment Mr. Comberwood rose and paced the room for a few seconds. Then he spoke, this time severely, —

"Alice, this is folly, sentimental folly. You have been encouraged too much in this sort of thing — always spoilt — from a child — so that you never knew your own mind."

He waited, as if expecting some interruption on her part; none came, however, and he continued, with less severity, but with increasing firmness.

"This match was deferred once on your account. Your mother yielded to your wishes; so did we all. The Sladens were satisfied, and Sir Frederick behaved uncommonly well — very well. You must understand, Alice, that you cannot play fast and loose with a serious engagement, as you can with sentiments and opinions, taking up one view one day, and another the next."

A heavy sigh was the only comment upon this part of her father's speech. He seemed to take it as corroborative evidence of the truth of his statement, and in some sort as an expression of repentance for the past.

He resumed, —

"You do not sufficiently consider others. You owe a duty to your parents, a duty which seems to be omitted in some of the new religious notions you've adopted from time to time."

"No, indeed, father," she broke in with, but wearily. "It is for mamma's sake and for yours, more than for mine, that I speak now."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, at all events," returned Mr. Comberwood, catching at an admission which he saw he could turn to his own account; "as, if you are sincere in your desire to please us, we have only to intimate what our wishes in this matter really are, in order to ensure your compliance."

"But, father," said Alice, speaking slowly, as though she were picking her way along a path beset by difficulties at every step, "if you knew — if I tell you — that this marriage cannot bring me happiness — if I own that I was wrong in giving my consent — "

Mr. Comberwood dashed his fist down on the table, and broke out angrily, —

"*If* you told me that *now*, I should tell you that it's all of a piece with your character, that you don't know what you're talking about, that we cannot be made fools of in the eyes of every one; and that — that if you didn't want to marry him you should not have accepted, and that having accepted, you cannot go from your word. It's too late, too late. Get up, and don't let me hear any more of such trash."

When next Alice spoke, her voice trembled through her effort to be calm.

"You will not forget this night, father; you will remember that at the last moment I implored you to

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defer this marriage,"—I heard Mr. Comberwood's movement of impatience,—"but do not be afraid for mamma's and your sake, and for the sake of those whose good opinion you seem to consider of greater importance than my happiness—hear me out, father; it is of no use to be angry and impatient with me now. I will do what you consider to be my duty in this wretched matter."

There was by this time a third person on the scene. It was Mrs. Comberwood. I gathered her observation rather from Alice's reply than from what I heard her say.

"If Alice would but give us a reason—"

"There is no reason, mother, that I can give you."

"Of course not—she has no reason," said Mr. Comberwood, brusquely, as though his patience had reached its limits. "She is unreasonable—always was, always has been."

"It will do no good to speak like that," said his wife, reprovingly.

"Nothing will do any good now," was the irritable reply; "I've done with it—I wash my hands of it. To-morrow she'll be married, and years hence she'll be very glad we didn't listen to her fanciful whimsies." Then he added, with a return of his old hearty manner, "*There!* we'll all be looking like chief mourners to-morrow if we don't get to bed. Come, Alice, kiss me. God bless you. Now, wife! wife!" And therewith followed the closing of the windows, the extinction of the candles, and then the door was closed softly, and that scene in the drama of Alice's life was over.

I did not smoke my cigar.

I stole back to my room by the way I had come, and sat down before my diary which I had left on the table.

At this distance of time, I have a clear recollection of the immediate effect produced on me by the conversation I had just heard.

It occurred to me at once, to write down, not the conversation itself, but my remarks on it; and as I set myself to this task, the whole scene reproduced itself to my mind so vividly as to give the impression of its being rather a continuation of what I had partially witnessed in the study than its mental representation. My imagination coming to my aid, added dramatic action to the incident, which, clear at first, gradually became merged harmoniously into other past events, the line of demarcation being gradually softened by the moist brush with which Sleep, the artist of dreams, blends subject with subject until we are no longer able to distinguish cloud and sky from mountain and sea.

Bending over my diary, I fell asleep.

In an hour's time I awoke to find myself shivering, and the candle guttering in the socket.

Nothing was real, then, except the cold at my knees and in my feet.

In a few minutes I was in bed and asleep.

The next morning commenced with a tremendous bustle and excitement.

I thought I was still at Hillborough, and expected every minute to hear the bugle-call with which Mr. Blumstead was wont to summon the sleepers.

A servant came for my clothes, and then I awoke thoroughly to a consciousness of the business of the day.

Alice's wedding.

Then recurred to me the dream of the past night. Was it a dream, or had I indeed heard her imploring that

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the ceremony of this day might be deferred?

I decided, in bed, upon its having been a dream.

On rising I saw my diary open on the table.

I had written, evidently with some hesitation, as there were several erasures, some sentences under a date, and the time of night. The first few sentences betrayed remembrance of the style of the latest novel I had been reading, and were descriptive; but the last, where I had been interrupted and taken by force into dream-land, stood thus: "*She begged she might not be married to-morrow, and told her father that if he sought her happiness* —"

Here the entry ceased.

I questioned with myself whether I should tell Austin or not, but when I came to stow away the diary in my bag (for I was to leave in the afternoon), I packed up with it the memory of what it contained, and as no one of the family appeared to have time for standing still and conversing, but all, on the contrary, were hurrying to and fro the whole of the morning, I was soon employed as one of the general crowd, ready to cheer the bride and bridegroom officially, and without any further question as to private and personal opinion, than is expected of a professional mourner at a funeral, or a chorus-singer in the grand opera.

Alice looked rather pale and anxious, that is, to my eyes. Everybody said she was looking "charming." Sir Frederick was resplendent and nervous; Lady Sladen grand and condescending; Mrs. Comberwood fussy and tearful. Dick Comberwood wore the air of a member of the family who was permitting what he was powerless to prevent. However, even he was occasionally radiant, as conscious of having passed a first-rate examination, and in view of the novelty of Indian life. Of Dick I have not said much hitherto. He was of a roving disposition, and hot-tempered. For home he had never cared, that is, as a place where to remain and be at rest. It remained to be seen whether what both Austin and myself would have called the monotony of soldier's life, would satisfy his "craving" for liberty. I have intimated how deeply attached Dick was to his sister, and he showed it in his own peculiar manner.

"Well, Ally dear," he said to his sister, "it'll be a long time before I go in for this sort of thing. What a fuss! When I marry, which I don't suppose I ever shall, I shall run away with somebody — an Indian, perhaps — and live on shooting and spoil generally. I say," he continued, "I'll send you lots of things when I am in India; and mind you write — O!" he cried, "why I shall have to send to you by a new address. How odd it will seem! Lady Frederick Sladen! Dear Ally!" and he kissed her affectionately. She returned his kiss and was smiling, when he, in his careless, light way, whispered something in her ear which made her break from him almost indignantly.

"My darling Ally," he went on in a low voice, "I really didn't mean — you know I would n't — Don't," he urged, repentantly, "don't let us quarrel on this subject now, of all times."

He held out his hand.

She took it, sighed, and the calm of her old manner returned, as she replied, —

"No, Dick dear: we won't have a single word now. Perhaps you have

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been right; perhaps I have been wrong."

She paused. What she would have been led on in another second and under a fresh impulse to say, I can only guess; but for my part I felt inclined at that moment to ask her for an explanation of the conversation in the study on the previous night, with some sort of a very vague, knight-errant idea in my mind, that if she were to be rescued now, Dick and I would do it.

But her mother called her away at this instant, and time pressed.

Dick was sorry he had put her out, he said to me. "I asked her," he went on confidentially, for he knew how much of his altercation with Alice I had witnessed, and how I was quite on his side on the subject; "I asked her about Cavander."

"Why?"

"He 's not here."

"No?" I was n't certain.

"I hate the fellow," said Dick, gratuitously; adding, immediately, "I suppose I ought to beg your pardon, as he 's your father's partner, but I know *you* don't like him."

"I like him better than I did," I returned; but I don't think I had any good reason for saying so, except that he was not intruding himself at Alice's marriage.

"Ah, do you?" said Dick, as if he rather doubted my statement: then he went on, "Well, I 'm precious glad he is n't here now; and I, suppose, now Alice is gone, they 'll have much of his company at Ringhurst. I 'm sorry for the reason he can't come, though; only, I ought to have thought of that before. How *is* your father?"

"How is he?" I replied, being rather startled by the question; "he is well, I — I — I believe."

It suddenly occurred to me that I had not heard from him for some time. Uncle Herbert had not spoken of him to me, except occasionally; but then, I knew that Uncle Herbert was always about somewhere, and would not have even seen my father so lately as I had.

"Mr. Cavander," Dick explained, "said he could not come, as he was detained in the city by the absence of his partner (your father, I mean), who was at home, and ill."

It was the first I had heard of it. My stepmother never wrote to me, and my father had never been a regular correspondent. However, I was returning to Hillborough *via* London, and would take Langoran House, Kensington, on my road.

Now followed the religious service in church, where, whatever might have been experienced by the others, Mr. Comberwood enjoyed himself (as he always did in church) amazingly. He was parson, clerk, bride, and bridegroom, one after the other, and came out with question and answer, and a running accompaniment to the prayers, sometimes in advance, having turned over a page hastily, sometimes lagging behind, having turned two pages back and again got wrong, remaining perfectly happy in his error, too, until set right by Mrs. McCracken, whose husband was assisting Mr. Tabberer at the communion rails, when he said, "Hey? um — ah!" and after shoving his spectacles up, and looked under them to see if everything was going on correctly, he set himself at the prayer-book again with a will, and gave away the bride with a good, strong, stout voice, that recalled nothing of those irritable answers to his daughter in the study, still less of Alice's last piteous request.

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The skeleton was under lock and key in the study cupboard at Ringhurst, and all were a-maying in festive costume, and pledging themselves, or attesting the pledges of those who would have risked perjury before the Judge of Heaven and Earth rather than make an *esclandre*, or incur the displeasure of that little circle which they called the world. Who reads aright the old saying, that "Marriages are made in heaven"? How many will face Heaven's Registrar with a clear conscience?

Great Jove, the old heathen said, laughs at lovers' perjuries. But not even the lightest French writer has made *Le Bon Dieu* (which is in such writers' mouths the lowest form of Divine amiability, the creation of a modern Voltairianized Christianity) approve conjugal infidelity, though often adjured to pity it, to avert any unhappy consequences, and finally to unite the lovers in a Paradise where there are no husbands. Such a Garden, deprived of its Adams, would be all Eves and Serpents.

Well —

Alice Comberwood became Lady Frederick Sladen The happy pair did all that the journal of fashionable intelligence recorded of them. There were certain little touches in that paragraph which I am sure were furnished by Uncle Herbert Pritchard, who had his own reasons for blowing a trumpet on this occasion.

He (Uncle Herbert) had made *the* speech of the day. No eulogies, he had said, either of the bride, or the bridegroom, or of their parents, could be too much for their deserts. He wished them every sort of happiness most cordially, most sincerely, most heartily. Of his sincerity, no one who knew Uncle Herbert could have entertained the slightest doubt. To him, the marriage was the establishing of one more "house of call," where, as he expressed it himself, he "could hang his hat up in the hall, find his knife and fork on the table, and a shakedown somewhere about." He was starting Sir Frederick and his wife in a house of entertainment, licensed to be open, at all hours, to Herbert Pritchard.

I always admired Uncle Herbert, and, indeed, was really fond of him. He went out of his way to give me some good advice, and treated me as a companion, and not merely as a nephew, which, coming from a man so greatly in demand, was most flattering. His advice never offended, and the confidences concerning his own *vie intime*, which it suited his purpose occasionally to intrust to some, temporarily, very particular friend, were of so harmless a character as to be pointless should they ever be turned as weapons against himself. He acted upon the maxim of treating a friend as one who in time might become an enemy, and thus no one had a word to say against him, but, on the contrary, very much in his favor. He had the great talent of attaching himself to a person, or to a family, without being considered a bore, and knew the exact moment to leave even the most hospitable mansion, so that his departure should be regretted. Could he have chosen his own time for quitting the world, I am sure he would have arranged it in such an artistic manner, socially speaking, as to have left behind him a large circle of friends and acquaintances on whose lips there would have been nothing but the most laudatory epitaphs, and the strongest expressions of sorrow, at his having been taken from them so early. In Society's calendar,

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Herbert Pritchard would have been canonized.

And so the party broke up.

Austin to the university. Dick to Woolwich, thence speedily to India. Mr. Comberwood's first son-in-law and his wife, the McCrackens, had kindly consented to remain at Ringhurst and cheer the lonely couple.

What would Mr. and Mrs. Comberwood have to talk about now Alice was gone, and their pet scheme accomplished? For it *had* been their pet scheme; there could be no doubt of that.

I fancy that each would have been anxious to throw the responsibility of this match on the other's shoulders.

I never continued that sentence in the boyish diary I was then keeping. It is by me now, and save for those two lines, that page remains a blank.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A VISIT — DISAPPOINTMENT — INTERVIEW WITH MY LADY COLVIN — SIR JOHN — A GRAVE CHARGE — SURPRISES — A NIGHT IN TOWN — I AM RESTORED TO A SCENE OF MY CHILDHOOD.

UNCLE HERBERT accompanied me to town, where, at this time of year, he could not show himself in public, except arrayed in a countrified suit, when, if he met a friend, he would at once explain that he (Uncle Herbert) was only "passing through." He said he should dine at his club, and go on by the night train to Devonshire, as he had promised Mr. and Mrs. Bob to meet them at Dawlish as early as possible next day.

On arriving in London, I proceeded at once to make a dutiful call at Langoran House.

"Sir John was at home, yes, Mr. Cecil, and had not been very well for the last few weeks. Of course he will see you, sir, at once."

The servant's "Of course he will see you, sir, at once," caused my heart to beat violently. I was very deeply attached to my father, and the thought of our becoming gradually estranged was a bitter one for me. As on my father's return to England, when I was a mite of a child, I longed to embrace him, so the same yearning seized me now. That he should be ill, and I not to be called to his side; that he should be suffering, and perhaps suffering the more because of the apparent indifference of his only son, was to me almost insupportable. I loved him more than any such wife as the present Lady Colvin could have loved him; for I represented in myself my dear mother's love for her husband, and my own for my father. As I stood there in the hall, I pictured to myself our meeting, — the grasp of the hand, the words "Father," "Cecil, my dear boy," and the moment of silence when words are insufficient, and heart speaks to heart, and the eyes are moist from the deep springs of the most holy love.

The servant returned less buoyantly than he had left me. He had been disappointed, I saw *that*. He brought back with him the chill of the atmosphere he had just quitted.

"My lady will see you, sir, in the drawing-room."

I ascended to the drawing-room.

Lady Colvin evidently considered herself as the recognized medium of communication between father and son. She was waiting in the centre of the room, frigid and polite, somewhat altered in appearance, and not, it seemed to me, for the better.

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I found it impossible to be at my ease in her presence. It was necessary to talk the ordinary nothings of society in order to restrain myself from giving utterance to my feelings.

I resented her interference, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could refrain from inquiring by what right she placed herself between me and my father.

My manner, in spite of all my attempts at vapid conversation, betrayed my distraction, and from time to time I could not avoid regarding the door, where I expected my father would present himself. In the presence of my step-mother, I was as anxiously longing for the sound of my father's approach, as could have been the most ardent lover compelled to chat with the duenna, when he is bending to catch his mistress's footstep on the threshold.

Lady Colvin and myself sat and conversed, if this could be called conversation.

As we sat there I became more and more certain that the duel *a la morte* between us must come before long. Not at this interview; for though the buttons were off the foils, yet we were only saluting one another with the extremest courtesy and politeness.

Still I felt equally certain that she might have gained me over to her side, had she been so inclined. I have since asked myself how would this have advantaged her? She needed no ally, at least no such ally as I should have been.

"You had a very gay wedding, I suppose, yesterday?" she commenced, after I had inquired after my father's health, and received for answer that he was considerably better, and would come down to the drawing-room (she explained this as the granting of a favor to which she had opposed no obstacle) to see me.

"Yes. It was lively; that is, about as lively as most weddings are, I suppose."

This was dangerous ground. I had only been to one wedding, and she could not forget at whose I had had the extreme pleasure of assisting.

She shirked it, remarking, "Yes, so much crying generally, really a wedding is in most cases a miserable affair. Your young friend — young Master, I should say Mister, Comberwood — "

"Austin," I suggested, politely.

She knew the name as well as I did myself. It was one of those petty gnat-bites that will ruffle an equable temperament on the very calmest summer evening.

"Ah, yes, Austin, — he has gone to college, has he not?"

"Yes, to Bulford."

"Let me see, you go to Cowbridge in October next?"

"Yes. I return to Hillborough to-morrow."

"Then you are stopping in town to-night?"

"Yes, but," I hastened to explain, "I have left some of my things at the station, as, my father being unwell, I thought I would not put you out by coming here."

I could not say I had left all my things at the station, the fact being, that only having one portmanteau I had brought it with me, never for one moment supposing that I should be denied a bed at home.

When I clearly saw that my present proceeding was looked upon as utterly informal, I withdrew from my position, and requested her, as it were, to give me credit for at least not being wanting in consideration.

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"Of course, Cecil" — I could scarcely bear to hear my name from her lips, it seemed like a sneer — "you could always have a bed here, if you only let us know just a day or two before. But you see, your father being unwell, and one thing and another, just now makes it rather inconvenient, or else — "

"Pray don't bother yourself on my account. I assure you I intended to stay at a hotel."

"O, well," she returned, assuming the air of a person making a concession. "O, well, if you've already taken your room, why, as it's only for one night, it will be useless to disturb the arrangement. Will you dine here? We are very quiet, perhaps too dull for you. Only your father and myself."

I hesitated. Had my father asked me, I should have accepted at once.

She rose from the sofa and went towards the door.

"If you decide to dine here," she said, "please say so now, because of course anybody coming in suddenly makes a difference, and I must give some orders."

This was enough for me.

"No, thank you," I replied. "I was only considering whether I could have put off a friend who is engaged to dine with me at Broad's to-night."

"Do you stay at Broad's?" she inquired, with an air of surprise.

"Yes. It's very convenient. Lots of Holyshade men go there."

"It's very expensive, is it not?"

"No, I don't think so," I answered, in an off-hand manner.

How could I have known whether Broad's, of Bond Street, was expensive or not? I had been there frequently with Holyshadians, but I had never asked a price, but had paid whatever had been charged ungrudgingly, or had left it "till next time," and then settled my small account in a lump.

The amiable proprietor beamed upon any one of our Holyshadian set who honored him with such custom as we brought him. Colvin was a good name in the city.

"I will see if your father is ready," said Lady Colvin, "because I dare say you'll be glad to get away to your hotel."

So she went out, and left me to press my lips, clench my fists, and rage by myself.

Here was my welcome.

Impelled by affection for my father, I had come home. Could I have seen him at once, my warmth would have been reciprocated.

So I paced the room, grinding my teeth.

"Confound it!" I growled to myself; "I came to see *him*, not *her*. She'll go and complain of my upsetting her plans, how I prefer a hotel to coming here, and — and — " To have dashed my hand through a window, and have caused myself some physical pain, would have relieved me.

The door opened, and my father entered.

He was aged, and altered for the worse. His manner was irritable and nervous. He shook hands with me with a forced geniality, which, I think, was in reality more chilling than my step-mother's frigidity, and then he averted his eyes as though unwilling to face me boldly. Immediately after this greeting, he made some remark about the temperature of the room, which led to a discussion between them as to the advisability of fires in the drawing-room at this early season of the year, and as to what the doctor had recommended,

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and various other household matters, which in no way concerned me, but which appeared to be so many small ways of deferring his conversation with me as long as possible. At last my step-mother, who had brought him so far, placed him in position, as it were, by saying, —

"Cecil won't stop to dine here."

"Ah," observed my father. "Well, he can't expect, of course,"—turning to me,—"you can't expect, you know, that we can keep open house for anybody who comes in at hap-hazard. Why did n't you write and tell us you were coming? We should have been prepared for you then. But no!" he continued, impatient of any sign of interruption on my part, and in an injured tone; "of course not, you don't consider me, you don't consider your—your mamma." This came out awkwardly, and Lady Colvin appeared to have the satisfied air of a governess listening to the result of her careful instruction, and interested in the success of her pupil. "You don't consider me, or any one, only yourself. You come up to town suddenly, *we* don't hear anything of it, you dash away to a hotel, then you dash down here, and you expect to find a room ready, and dinner, and everything, just merely for yourself. You really should be more considerate."

I was astonished, and sensibly pained by this sudden attack. My father had tried to work himself up into a passion, and had partially succeeded.

I noticed his look towards my step-mother when he had come to an end, as if inquiring whether so far he had not remembered his lesson to perfection.

"My dear father," I said, being determined to say something in my own justification, "I heard only yesterday you were ill, and I came at once to see you."

Lady Colvin said nothing.

My father spoke, impatiently, —

"*Heard* I was ill. You might have inquired before. You never write, except it is for money. But I can't go on like this. I can't go on spending everything on you, and you making no sort of return. When you go up to Cowbridge you shall have a fixed sum, and not a penny more."

Lady Colvin took out her basket, and pretended to be occupied in some work, as though we were discussing matters wherein she could not possibly feel any sort of interest.

"I shall be very glad to have a regular allowance," I replied; "and I should be glad," I added, on the impulse of the moment, "to live more at home than I have lately."

"What's the good of your saying that?" asked my father, for whom the line set down seemed to have been that of quarrelling with everything I could possibly say. "What's the good of telling me that? You want your friends here, and to give parties. You've got a dog-cart and a groom, I hear, now—" He threw this in quite inconsequently.

"Yes, I have; in Devonshire it is really necessary."

"O, of course," he returned, sarcastically, "you'd find a reason for it: you can always do that. At your age I was n't driving about the country in a dog-cart and a tiger behind. I had to work in the counting-house and learn the value of every sixpence, which you seem to think nothing of spending. But it's always been the same. And if you think to come and stop here, and keep the servants up night after night and upset the house, why you're very

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much mistaken, and I won't have it."

This was the most extraordinary turn that any well-intentioned filial visit could have taken. The guns were banging about my ears, I was confused by all these shots at once, and fell back on my former explanation in order to gain time.

"I was told yesterday that you had been unwell; I immediately came up to see you. I'm very sorry if I've done anything to offend you, but really —"

"Done anything to offend me!" My father interrupted me with an ironical imitation of my apologetic tone. "What have you done to please me? that's the question. But there, I don't want to talk of it now. I've been ill, and I'm not strong. Only understand, that when you go up to Cowbridge, I shall fix your allowance, and not a penny shall you spend beyond it."

With this ultimatum he reclined in his arm-chair, apparently rather exhausted.

Lady Colvin broke the silence.

"What time do you dine?" she asked me, quite pleasantly.

"Half-past six," I replied, looking at my watch, and inventing my dinner-hour because I found it was now just half-past five.

"Where?" asked my father.

Now remembering what Lady Colvin had said about Broad's, I foresaw the storm which in my father's present temper would follow upon my announcement of that place of entertainment as the one I had fixed on. But there was no help out of it. The truth being that I might dine there or might not.

"At Broad's."

"The most expensive place in London. Upon my soul the way you go on, at your age, is perfectly absurd. Dinner, opera, theatre — ah! there'll be a stop to it all, one day."

After this ebullition he once more leant back in his chair, carefully averting his eyes from mine, in the peculiar manner I had already noticed.

For a second a rejoinder arose to my lips; I was on the point of asking him to whom I owed my initiation into what he was now stigmatizing as "the way I was going on, at my age"; but I felt that it would be undutiful and ungenerous. Besides, I was sure that it was not his heart speaking, but that he was only repeating what he had learnt by rote.

Determined to appease him if possible, I said, as I rose to depart: —

"I don't think my evening is going to be an expensive one. I am dining with a friend at Broad's. I am his guest; he is n't mine."

There was no answer to this pleasantry.

"Good-by," I said, to Lady Colvin.

She touched hands, and rang the bell. I could have thanked her for this latter action, as it helped to abbreviate the leave-taking.

"Good-by," I said to my father, trying to revive in my tone all the affectionate warmth which had been chilled by his reception. "I am so glad to see you so much better than I expected; I hope when I return from Hillborough on my way to Cowbridge, you'll be perfectly recovered."

"I hope so," he returned, dryly. "Good-by."

I went to the door.

"Mind," he said, suddenly, as if there were just a parting shot he wanted to give me for his own satisfaction; "when you are coming up

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again, let your mamma know a few days beforehand, and then we shall be able to put you up."

"Thank you. I won't forget. Good-by."

I resolved as I went down-stairs that it should be a long time before I again entered Langoran House.

A servant went out, at his peril I believe, to procure me a cab, into which I put my portmanteau and drove off to Broad's.

What was the meaning of all this at home?

There was a starveling air about the place. It was a house, and no longer a home.

Why was there so much fuss made about preparations to receive me?

"They don't want me there," I said to myself, sadly; "at least *she* doesn't want me there."

Then this reiterated charge about my expensive habits; and the fixed allowance. As to the latter, I desired nothing better; as to the former, I did not understand it. I was doing what I had been trained to do. That was all. If the tutor does not teach arithmetic, it is evidently unfair to blame his pupil for not being acquainted with the rule of three. Again, if the tutor not only does not teach it, but has always carefully avoided any reference, however indirect, to such a subject, it is palpably unjust to be violently angry with the pupil on account of his ignorance of the multiplication-table. I recognized the truth that I had, by force of circumstances, begun life very early, and that between seventeen and eighteen I was beyond my *æquales* of Holyshade in many respects, and was on an equality with any young Guardsman of twenty-two who had passed four or five seasons in London.

In attributing this sudden change in my father's manner to the dislike entertained for me by my step-mother, I was only partially right. The real sore lay far below the surface, and I had yet to probe its depth.

Langoran House was large enough to have accommodated myself and half a dozen unexpected visitors, if my Lady Colvin had been hospitably minded. However, there was no doubt about the fact that I had been politely shown out, and so I descended at Broad's and took a room.

As within the next three years I was frequently at Broad's, I may point out that it was at this time an expense thrust upon me, and not of my own seeking. Hotel life was a novelty to me. Colvins find novelty charming; I liked the easy style amazingly. But then look at the frigid reception I had just left. To be refused admittance at home was heart-breaking; but to find that every comfort could be had for the asking, almost for the wishing, in such a gloriously lighted, warm, cheerful, gay place as Broad's, why it was the revelation of such a new and pleasant life as, to a mercurial temperament, was a death-blow to domesticity.

Here, at Broad's, I had no one to consider, save myself. As to expense, my father had talked of it, and had said he would "allowance" me. Well, 't was the very thing I desired. Broad's was a land of plenty, and meeting with two or three old Holyshadians, I soon forgot my step-mother, and thought, indeed, of nothing else that evening except making the best of an unexpected night in town.

"A night in town," at that period, meant a good deal more, I expect, than it does nowadays. I fancy,

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"from information I have received," that, in these degenerate days, young men take their pleasures with something more of refinement than did the "good fellows" of a generation or two ago. We considered ourselves an improvement on the ancestral model, and door-knocker wrenching, street fighting, and such-like rowdyism, was not in our line. Look at Tom and Jerry, and see in what those noble spirits delighted. There was a remnant of the taste yet remaining among a few of the old Holyshadians who had lately "joined," and who, as pupils of some professor of the art of self-defence, were anxious to practise upon any amateur whom they could induce to pick a quarrel with them. Vauxhall was generally chosen as the battle-ground. There were chances of a pugilistic encounter at that place of entertainment, not to be obtained elsewhere. The exhilarating supper in the alcoves, the band playing dance music, the lights, the crowd composed of wellnigh every grade of society; and the best opportunity was invariably afforded by the gay and gallant young shopkeeper who had taken the young person, with whom he was a-keeping company, to make her courtesy to the chivalric Mr. Simpson, to say "O!" at the fire-works, to take an *al fresco* supper, and to join hands in the mazy dance. Their gyrations would not probably be of the steadiest; and if the youthful "swell" had been smiled upon by Mr. Counter-jumper's coy partner, the former considered everything fair in love and war, and would by some act of gallantry not altogether unwarranted by the occasion, so excite the jealousy of the latter that blows soon followed words, and a genuine *fracas* ensued. If the swell succeeded in punching the snob's head, the former was pleased and satisfied; he condoned by a handsome gratuity on the spot, so as to mend a crack with gold, reported himself at Tom Mawley's head-quarters next day, and continued his practice with the gloves, thirsting for further gore. If, on the other hand, the swell received more than he gave, then it cost him something in fees to policemen, more in the suffering consequent on defeat; and it entailed upon him heavier work than ever at Tom Mawley's. The professors of the "noble art" had a good time of it even in those days.

Quitting Vauxhall, there were numerous places open, brilliant as stars in the firmament of a night's dissipation. Falling stars, that have disappeared into space long since.

It is evident that, in those good old times, or bad old times, for what had preceded them were worse old times by ever so much, there was no lack of amusement when you had once commenced; and the ball could be kept rolling from one place to another, from any time after seven o'clock in the evening to the same hour next morning, when jaded, pale-faced votaries of "pleasure," in their tumbled seedy-looking black, might be seen purchasing early bouquets in Covent Garden, for the express purpose of inventing some reason for spending the last sovereign left in their pockets; when they had not any reason, they pulled out their sovereigns and tossed for them on the flagstones.

Had this ever been my amusement, my father's reproaches would have been well merited. Although, as I have said, considerably ahead of myself at my own age, I never had had any liking for the lower forms of reckless dissipation, nor had I any inclination

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towards gambling in any shape. I was prodigal from ignorance; and this ignorance was bliss, of a certain sort, at the time.

I must pay that tribute to Holyshadian teaching; it had kept some of us in ignorance. And therefore I can count on a few years of my life passed in the successful pursuit of pleasure, which were enjoyable because they brought no remorse; thoroughly enjoyable to one who was conscious of the gratification, and, to a certain extent, irresponsible. The law would have considered me an infant, and my father, who would have had me become a man at twelve, had lectured me at eighteen, as though I were still a child.

We did not moralize thus on the evening in question: far from it. There was little Lord Pilchard, on his way to his country-seat, and there was Parry, my accomplice in the swan murder, both at Broad's, and both equally determined upon making a night of it; which phrase I soon discovered was, in their mouths, equivalent to making a morning of it; as their efforts seemed to be directed towards the highly laudable object of seeing the lark well up and on his way to heaven's gate before they sought their hardly earned repose.

When that wicked little nobleman, Lord Pilchard, proposed Vauxhall, Parry acquiesced at once; and I, who had been there twice before (when I had been taken by my father with a party of city bachelor friends), replied that, of course, nothing would suit me better.

Every one at Broad's knew little Lord Pilchard, and he was treated with as much deference as though he had possessed the wisdom of all our hereditary legislators in his youthful cranium.

None the clearer in our intellects for the wine we had taken, we arrived at the Gardens. It was, to my thinking, very full, but my better informed companions considered it as empty as it ought to be at that unfashionable season.

A concert was going on when we arrived, and we stood at the outskirts of the throng, in front of the brilliant pavilion.

Somehow or other we were separated from one another, and in trying to recover my companions, I came up against a gentleman who was carrying a shawl over his arm.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a full, rich voice, which sounded very familiar to my ear.

I looked him full in the face, and collected myself for an effort of memory.

"Mr. Verney."

"Mr. Cecil Colvin," he returned, shaking my hand, heartily; "I am indeed pleased to see you. A gay scene this, reminding one of the oriental descriptions in the Thousand and One Lamps, I mean Nights. You are really so much grown, so filled out" (here he filled himself out, as an illustration of his meaning), "so much, in fact, the man, that, had it not been for your recognition of me, I do believe that, excellent as is my memory for faces and names,—I think I remember every one of any celebrity in the many circuits I have been engaged on during my professional career,—I should have failed, I fancy, to associate you in my mind with the youth whom so lately I saw in the appropriate costume of boyhood."

Of course I asked after the family.

"All well, I thank you, and prospering. I shall be in management before another year is over, and I

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intend to show the theatrical public something that will restore the palmy days of the drama, and elevate the stage in the eyes of the people. My eldest daughter, Beatrice, has written a play, which — though, of course, you will think me prejudiced, yet, I assure you, she has no more severe critic than her own father — is as good a thing as I have read, or seen, for many a long day. She is married, and married well. Her husband has money, and is anxious that she should continue in her profession."

"I thought," I said, "that Miss Beatrice was to have been a singer."

"She studied under the distinguished Monsieur Némorin, but after a short residence in Paris, whither she went to perfect her accent, — she speaks French like a native, — she was advised not to risk her strength on the operatic stage; and, indeed, she has since developed so decided a talent, I may say genius, for there is the divine afflatus there, sir," — I had n't a notion what he meant, any more than he had, I believe; but I said, "Certainly"; and he went on — "the divine afflatus, without which there can be no dramatic instinct, no real dramatic life."

"Is she here?" I asked.

"O, dear, no; she is at her own home, studying. My daughters Lottie and Julie are here. They have taken a short engagement in the off season to sing a duet and one song — Lottie has a fine contralto — for a limited number of nights. They are then going down to breathe the pure air of heaven with their aunt, near Liverpool."

"Mrs. Davis?"

"Yes. I will remember you to her. She will be delighted. My son Charles Edmund is also here. He is able to get away some nights. He is rising in his line; humble but honest: and to be honest, as this world goes, is to be as one man picked out of ten thousand. He's got a good appointment at his station, is a favorite with the company, been complimented by the directors, and — excuse me one minute; I am beckoned by Mr. Johnson, the manager here. I shall see you again."

He bowed, taking off his hat with much politeness. Then replaced it on his head, looking round upon the uninitiated as though to say, "*That* is the way that one gentleman should salute another," and so he strutted away.

I remained apart from the crowd, and at the back of the orchestra, wondering whether I should be able to see Julie, when a small door opened, and, as if in answer to my wish, she came out.

Lottie was following. They were not a little surprised at meeting me, and after a few minutes' conversation, Lottie slipped off to join her father, whom she said she perceived talking to the aforementioned manager.

Julie and I were left alone together.

With a freedom of speech, but not of tongue, the cause of which I am afraid she divined without any explanation on my part, I confided to her my grievances, to which she listened attentively. She appeared to pity me, and yet to be giving me good advice, which, strange to say, seemed to me at that moment totally uncalled for.

I managed to change the conversation and to ask about herself. She was never afraid, she said, of telling me anything, but she would wait for another time. I could not understand her reticence.

Under her influence, however, I

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became calmer, and as we strolled on together away from the crowd,— we were to return and meet her father and brother on the spot where we had been standing, and where they would wait for her, — once more I experienced that *attrait* towards her, which had its commencement in the purest and best time of my life.

Through the wine the truth came out. I was on the road to — what Uncle Herbert had called when advising me about Miss Winslow — "making a fool of myself." Would that mv folly had never been worse than then. What nonsense I talked in that dark walk! And yet, through it all, how clearly do I remember her soft, steady voice replying, —

"You have not seen as much as I have. You cannot know whether you really love me or not. You may think so at this moment. No, please. We must turn back. Father and Lottie will be waiting."

Therewith I became sulky; I could not understand her or myself. A gentleman whom I had not before noticed was following us, and eyeing Julie in what seemed to me to be a peculiarly offensive manner. She grasped my arm closer, and was for hurrying me on. But no, I was bent on showing her I was no longer a mere boy. I returned the man's impertinent gaze defiantly, whereat he seemed immensely amused, and stepping up addressed himself to Julie, who now fairly trembled on my arm; and this tremor of helplessness made me the more determined to prove myself her champion.

"I think," said the gentleman, or whatever he was, with easy familiarity, "we have met before."

Julie urged me onward, but I was for standing to my guns, and presenting a bold front. I don't know what I intended to say or to do, but seeing him offer his arm, or rather push it rudely against Julie, I wheeled right round and confronted him, asking, "How he dared insult —"

I did not get any further in my heroics. In another second I was staggered by a tremendous buffet, which came with sledge-hammer-like force on my right ear, and, losing my balance, I stumbled over a row of oil lamps which decorated the border of the basin of Neptune's fountain.

My recovery was instantaneous, as a strong hand pulled me out by the legs; and, on being landed in the midst of a crowd, I was pleased (as far as I could be in the circumstances) to find myself among friends, for I was sitting at Mr. Verney's feet, while the cause of my immersion was lying prostrate on the ground, where he had been sent by a well-directed blow from young Charles Edmund, whom professional railway duties had gifted with an Herculean muscle. Fortunately, the Verneys being well known, we had no difficulty in making our way to a temporary retreat in the manager's room, where I was soon dried, and put right again, with the exception of my hat, which had filled, and disappeared somewhere under Neptune's three fish-tailed horses.

Julie informed her party of my heroic conduct, omitting all mention of how it had been solely through my fault that she had been placed in such an unpleasant situation. After this, the thanks of the company were given to me, and Mr. Verney insisted upon my accompanying them home to supper. We all went in one cab; and once more the merest accident had brought me into the old, pleasant so-

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ciety of Frampton Court, though not to the Court itself; the Verneys having removed, according to their improved circumstances, to more airy and fashionable quarters in one of the streets in the neighborhood of Russell Square.

It was past one when I took my leave of this merry party, and Julie saw me to the door.

"Julie," I stopped to say, as she was letting me out, "I really meant what I told you to-night."

She smiled, gave me her hand, and by an irresistible impulse I drew her towards me, and kissed her on the forehead. She looked up suddenly, —

"Julie!" cried Mrs. Verney from up-stairs. She was as sniffling and fidgety as ever, and her hair not one whit tidier than it had been when I had first seen her.

"Mother's calling," said Julie, nodding to me. "Good-night."

The door closed. I walked slowly on. I have n't the smallest idea what I was thinking about. Not about my father; not about my stepmother; not about any grievances. Certainly not about Hillborough, or Miss Clara Winslow.

What was I thinking about?

That kiss on her forehead.

I did not feel inclined to go in search of my dinner companions, though, from knowing their London haunts, I should not have had much difficulty in finding them. So after losing myself in the neighborhood of the Verneys' residence, I hailed a cab, and was soon reposing at Broad's Hotel. The last thing that occurred to me was the strangeness of events that had driven me from home, once more to be welcomed by my old friends of Frampton Court. After all, the world 's a very small circle.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MORNING AFTER — AT THE HOTEL — CONFUSING RECOLLECTIONS — GENERALLY SHOWING WHAT I WAS DOING WITH MY TIME — A BOX OF DOLLS — COLVIN AFFECTIONS — ATTEMPT — FAILURE — ANOTHER DUTY CALL — MRS. CAVANDER — FRESH REVELATIONS — THE NEW COUSINS — A LECTURE POSTPONED — I NEARLY MISS A TRAIN — REFLECTIONS ON COLVIN PECULIARITIES — RETURN TO HILLBOROUGH — A YACHTING LUNCHEON — MR. AND MRS. BOB'S FAREWELL — TACTICS — A LETTER FROM HOME — I AM A MILLIONNAIRE — AND MEET WITH A SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED REVERSE.

THE next morning I was considerably puzzled to find myself neither at Hillborough, nor in Neptune's pond, nor at Frampton Court, having been in all these places at once, during the night, in my confused dreams.

The apparition of the Boots soon cleared up my doubts. I was at Broad's, and it was much later than I could have wished, seeing that my previous good intention had been to leave for Hillborough by an early train.

There was not another (Collington was our station) for four hours; that is, I mean one that went at anything like a decent speed; and so, having got so far into my day, I determined to make the best use of it I could in town.

My head was not as clear and fresh as that of a youth nearly eighteen should have been. I had Vauxhall on the brain; and as I gradually extricated myself from the labyrinth of dreams, I began to wonder about what I had said to Julie; and not only to wonder at what I had said or what I

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had done, but to be astonished at myself for this strange conduct.

When the Boots reappeared, I inquired after Lord Pilchard.

"His lordship won't be hup for a hour-or-more yet, p'raps not then; his servant 'as orders to 'ave everything ready for the two-ten train."

"And Mr. Parry?"

"Come in very late, night porter said, sir; 'ad his bath, sir, and breakfast and was off, sir, a hour-or-more agone. Shall I order breakfast for you, sir?"

It was a new sensation — this hotel life. I was my own master; and this I should not have been at Langoran House under the present regime. Once as the Dauphin Colvin, I had been a little monarch of all I surveyed in my father's house. But the true prince had been exiled by the queen stepmother, and was to seek a new home, new friends, fresh acquaintances.

I fell in with this novelty very easily; it fitted me as though made on purpose for me, or I for it.

So I ordered a sumptuous breakfast, and rose to lounge over my toilet with as *blasé* an air as though I had been jaded by the gayeties of several May seasons, and was tired of London life.

From time to time during the morning the image of Julie presented itself to my mind. Then followed other images of Alice Comberwood and Lady Sladen, Miss Blumstead and her sister, and then of Clara Winslow; and one after the other I replaced these dolls in my play-box, in order that I might once more take up the one that I seemed to myself to prize the most, — the one that appeared not inanimate as did the others, but gifted with a voice that *could* tenderly reply "Cecil" when I murmured to myself "Julie."

I have described myself as having supper with Mr. Verney at his new lodgings near Russell Square; this description is given with such accuracy as was compatible with the exciting events of the previous night.

In the day-time, after breakfast, I tried to find Mr. Verney's house, but failed. One street was just like another, the houses were all of the same family, — specially about the windows, which may be termed the eyes, and the doors, which one may set down as the mouths. The complexions, too, were within a shade the same. The costumes differed; here and there flowers made one of them a trifle gayer than its brothers and sisters; and curtains, hangings, and blinds made all the difference between coquettishness and sobriety.

Feeling that I was wasting my time, — a feeling not common to me, as may have been perceived, at this period of my life, — I determined upon returning to my first resolution of improving the occasion by a duty call, that is, by paying a flying visit to my Aunt Clym.

Annette, my eldest cousin, whom I had not met for a long time, greeted me. She was just twenty, had grown almost out of knowledge, and was as pretty, though dollish, a blonde as you'd wish to see. She put her finger to her lips mysteriously, and beckoned me into the dining-room

"What's the matter, Annette?"

She closed the door.

"Mamma's got some one here whom she wants to get rid of, and if she saw you she'd step in and chatter all the morning."

"Who? My aunt?"

"No, no," returned Annette, laughing; "Mrs. Cavander."

"With a history of grievances?" I inquired.

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"Yes. Mamma says that she's afraid she's not quite right in her mind, and that she's been driven distracted by ill treatment."

"*His?*" I asked.

Annette nodded.

"Hush!" she added, listening at the door; "I think she's coming down-stairs now. Mamma is never at home to her now, but unfortunately she came early, caught papa on the doorstep, and so frightened him that he rang the bell, and the servant let her in."

"Uncle Van's in the city?"

"Yes, as he always is. Arty's in business now. Uncle John"—she meant my father—"offered to take him into his office, but mamma flatly declined to receive any favor from Mr. Cavander; or, indeed, to have anything to do with a place of which he might have the direction."

"And he has?"

"Yes, so papa and mamma say; Mr. Cavander is everything, and that Uncle John is scarcely ever seen there at all."

At this moment there was a considerable amount of sobbing and rustling and tearful associations in the passage, and presently the door banged, and I caught sight of Mrs. Cavander passing before the house.

"Is that Mrs. Cavander?" I exclaimed. "I don't think I should have known her again."

"No, indeed," replied my Aunt Clym, curtly, and drawing in her breath. She paused for a minute, as though considering whether it would be well to say much on the subject before me. She glanced at Annette suspiciously, and Annette met her frankly.

"I have told Cecil all about Mrs. Cavander."

"Not more than I should have known very soon, in all probability, or that I might have guessed for myself," I said, wishing to exculpate my pretty cousin.

It pleased me to find I had so pretty a cousin.

"Where's Nellie?" asked my aunt.

"Up-stairs. Shall I tell her Cecil's here?"

"Yes."

When we were alone, Aunt Clym asked me if I had been home.

I recounted my visit, and told my grievance.

She was indignant on my behalf. She, too, had called at Langoran House.

"I had n't," she said, "been there for some time; but I heard, from your uncle, of John's illness, and so I went. I saw *her*, not him, and I can tell you I cut the interview very short. A large sum of money and the house has been settled on her. I know that much. Her brother, Mr. Cavander, arranged it all, and *he* is the master in the city, and *she* is the master at Langoran House. There's evil to come of this, and John is kept like a prisoner; upon my word it's like a man in an iron mask."

This was to her, evidently, so horrible a simile, that she stood aghast at the awful image she had conjured up.

I told her how irritable my father had been with me, and how for the first time he had talked about my expensive habits.

"I don't blame him for that," said Aunt Clym, "only he ought to have begun it some time ago when you went to Holyshade. But you've been neglected."

Here she shook her head and shut her eyes, as though mourning over my unenlightened state. "However,

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it's as well you should be careful now. There's nothing that Cavander won't do. Why, as to that poor woman, I mean his wife, who was here just now—" My aunt having gone so far, ran on—"He has neglected her, though it was she who brought him out of the mire at first; he has positively ill-treated her; his sister shut the door in her face; her own friends are powerless to help her, because, I must confess it, she is still so absurdly fond,—it is idiotically, not absurdly, I ought to say,—so idiotically fond of that bad man, that she will hear of no interference, and would rather be his slave, and, I do believe, clean his boots, than remain unnoticed by him. And—" here she looked round to see if her daughters were returning—"I am very, very much afraid that by her foolish conduct she will soon give him the opportunity he has been eagerly seeking for some time past."

I knew so little of life that I failed to understand her.

"Annette," I said, "told me that you thought Mrs. Cavander rather out of her mind."

My aunt shook her head sorrowfully.

"It will come to that. She has taken the first step on the road. From what I hear, Mr. Cavander is pitied by his friends. Don't speak of it any more before your cousins. It will be time enough for them when they have reached my age to know of the existence of such sin and misery, even within our own family."

Still I did not fully comprehend her meaning. I was honored by her confidence; and she, too, had not treated me as a boy. At this time, in appearance and manner, I was several years my own senior. This was an involuntary deception. As long as I was silent, I might be mistaken for the lion; but from my bray it might be inferred that I was a younger donkey than I really was.

On this occasion I had the tact of silence, and was credited with the possession of considerable discretion.

Annette now returned with little Nellie. I had two pretty cousins, and it was very easy to please them with a full, true, and particular account of the wedding at which I had so lately been assisting.

My aunt, too, was interested, and asked many questions about Alice Comberwood, whom she had met sometimes in town. My aunt mentioned how she had been introduced to Alice at my father's; and again we drifted into the Cavander channel, for Miss Alice had been at different times Mrs. Cavander's guest.

My aunt expressed her opinion strongly as to Alice.

"Had she been one of my girls," she said, "I would not put up with all this High-Church nonsense. She never was to be satisfied unless she was drawing some one into an argument about church matters. I set her down once; for she really seemed to despise her elders, and to consider us as little better than heathens."

My cousins smiled, covertly. I took up my hat, for we were approaching dangerous ground; and I had known my aunt, on the slightest provocation, produce a book of Evangelical sermons, select a passage, which proved something or other incontestably, to her own mind, without carrying conviction to that of any other person, and then following up this attack with a charge of heavy divines, backed by a perfect cannonade of texts.

My watch, stationed like a sentinel

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at the outposts, saved me! I was not to be surprised on this occasion.

The train was to leave at such and such a time (which, as to exactitude, I more or less invented *sur le champ*), and my studies required my attendance at Hillborough.

This led to a discussion of my prospects.

The mention of Cowbridge University pleased my aunt prodigiously. There, she had been told, I should indeed hear sound doctrine, and perhaps that portion of my early education, which had been taken so injudiciously out of her hands, — here she alluded with sorrow to the companionship of Nurse Davis and the Verneys, — and since then so little attended to, would now be cultivated, and the small amount of good seed which she had been able to sow, would, she hoped, bring forth abundantly.

Once more she had mounted her hobby, and once more I was saved by little Cousin Nellie, who pointed to the clock on the mantel-piece.

I took my leave of them with many friendly and cousinly wishes for our next meeting; for, with a genuine Colvin impulse, I had conceived such a sudden and violent liking for both fair cousins, that it required time so to improve the acquaintance as to enable me to determine to which of the two I should devote myself. Had it not been for Aunt Clym I might have missed my train to Hillborough that day.

A Colvin nature is capricious. It had been hitherto exemplified in such members of the family, including myself, as have figured in these records.

But in these later days I have a theory founded on experience. It is as to caprice in affairs of the heart. I affirm that no man or woman loves twice in a life-time. I do not use the word "love" lightly, but in the fullest sense that can be given to human, as distinguished from Divine love.

And the theory is, that as a man or a woman loves truly and really but once in a life-time, so his or her likings and caprices are stronger or weaker, in proportion to the resemblance which their varying objects bear to that first object of love. A manner in one, a feature in another, a tone in another, and so on, may recall the first love, and so far satisfy for the moment.

This may seem, perhaps is, an apology for caprice in the art of love, but I do not think so. The subject must, however, be remitted to a separate treatise. At present, how the theory practically bears on this history, will be seen, should the reader honor me by remembering it during the subsequent portion of this record.

Varium et mutabile Colvin.

I had carefully abstained from mentioning anything about my amusements in London the night before, though, I daresay, had I remained much longer with Annette and Nellie, I should have gratified them with a vivid picture of Vauxhall and of my own prowess, in order to impress upon them that I was no longer "little Cecil," but a young man about town, of an age to take care of himself, and to offer his protection to others.

However, Aunt Clym had prevented this; and when I left her house, I rather suspect I had added two new dolls to my box of playthings, and their names were Annette and Nellie.

I don't think they lasted me much farther than Bath. Between Somersetshire and Devon the entourage reminded me that I had left — I was

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going to say my heart, but of course it could n't have been that, but a representative of my heart — somewhere in the neighborhood with Clara Winslow.

For it seems to me that my heart about this time was a county divided into several ridings and boroughs, and able to return many members; and that the elections were perpetually going on, and the whole county subsequently in a hubbub.

I personally possessed great influence, and could give the casting vote everywhere in this heart-county. Yet so many and varied were the interests involved, and so conflicting the claims, that I hesitated to proceed to a definite choice in any one instance.

It might have been then evident to a looker-on, like, for instance, Mrs. Bob or Uncle Herbert, that one of these days, and at no great distance, I should be forced to proclaim myself an autocrat, sweep away the petty divisions, consolidate the interests, and rule over a united kingdom.

Ashton was waiting for me at Collington, having just come in from Exeter. The "Bobs" were to give their last party on board their yacht next day, and all the Hillborough House party, including my tutor, were invited.

My dog-cart and Ashton's pony-trap were in requisition, and early next morning we set out to catch the train for Dawlish. We had a long day before us, and the weather was lovely.

Uncle Herbert was on board, and every one was in high spirits. There was breeze enough for sailing, and there were no qualms to interfere with appetite. At luncheon the conversation happened to turn on the recent marriage of Miss Comberwood, which one of the ladies had read in the morning paper. I gave my account of it, and Mrs. Bob said she had heard it was quite a love-at-first-sight affair.

"I don't believe in love at first sight," said Uncle Herbert.

Clara Winslow was separated from me by Ashton, and I was seated next to Mrs. Bob. I looked up at Clara. She smiled slightly, and the next minute evinced the greatest interest in the conversation.

"You 're a heathen and don't believe in anything except dinner," growled Mr. Bob.

He generally growled, and very seldom troubled himself to look at the person he was addressing. He preferred catching somebody else's eye to watch the effect of his speech on a third party.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bob, "you wait till you're married before you venture an opinion."

"Perhaps Mr. Pritchard will find that rather too long," quietly observed Miss Fowler.

"I don't see why I 'm to wait until I 'm married in order to give my opinion on love at first sight," urged Uncle Herbert.

"There are a great many things you don't see yet," growled Mr. Bob, winking at Ashton.

"I don't see the sherry," said Uncle Herbert.

"And yet it 's under your nose," was Mr. Bob's triumphant repartee.

"Well, anyhow," said my uncle, presently, "it was a deuced good match for her. And if it was only a *marriage de convenance* — I don't say it was, mind —"

"Well? if it were?" asked Mrs. Bob.

"If it were?" returned Herbert. "Well, if it were, I wish there were more of them. Young people are too young to choose for themselves; their

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elders know what's best for them, and if there's a reasonable attachment, without violent passion, that's quite enough. Indeed, on reflection," added Uncle Herbert, watching the ignition of his fusee, "I'm not at all certain if love ought n't to come after marriage and not before."

"O, Mr. Pritchard!" exclaimed Miss Clara, as if shocked at these loose-sounding sentiments; "do you *indeed really* think all you say? O, Mrs. Bob, he does n't, does he?"

"I do n't know I'm sure," replied Mrs. Bob, always good-humored, but a trifle curt in her answer when addressed gushingly. Italics in a girl's conversation annoyed her. "You've heard him say he does n't believe in love."

"Excuse me," said Uncle Herbert, placidly; "I distinctly mentioned 'at first sight.'"

"I loved Bob at first sight, did n't I?" inquired Mrs. Bob of her spouse.

"You told me so," was the response.

"And you told me so, too," rejoined Mrs. Bob.

"Of course I did," returned her husband; "and I rather think I added 'long before I saw you.'"

"Ugh!"

And Mrs. Bob threatened him with a roll.

"Of course," said Uncle Herbert, who seemed to have some object in dwelling on this theme so long; "of course there are brilliant exceptions. But look at what are called love-matches, made in haste, repented of at leisure. No, thank you," continued Uncle Herbert, knowingly, "no love for me, if you please, if it is to lead to so much social misery as I see around me —"

"Not at this moment," put in Mrs. Bob.

"Exceptions, of course, as to present company; but if I were allowed to lecture a college of young men on Social Science, — and there ought to be such a professor, — I should say, unless you've got some clever people to arrange a marriage for you, remain a bachelor till you're thirty; don't believe in love; it's all a snare and a delusion."

Miss Fowler would not listen to such sentiments any longer.

"My dear Mr. Pritchard," she said, and her tone compelled our attention; "because some instruments play it out of tune, is that a sufficient reason for finding fault with the original melody?"

"Bravo!" shouted Mr. Bob, and drank Miss Fowler's "health and sentiment," as he phrased it, on the spot.

Uncle Herbert evidently felt himself tackled. He would not risk a pitched battle, for fear of losing everything. He saw by my nodding at Miss Fowler how soon I should enlist under her banner; and being once her soldier, he would be obliged to give me up as a recruit of his own.

"Miss Fowler," he said, politely, "I am not a musician."

"Therefore," she retorted quickly, "you are no judge of the original melody."

"I have never heard it," he replied. "You must not expect a man without an ear to give you a correct account of a tune."

"No, decidedly not, any more than I expect any one color-blind to deny the existence of color, merely for the reason that he himself is deficient in his perception of it. Let him acknowledge his own deficiency."

"I would willingly have done so, up to this moment," said Uncle Herbert, demurely.

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"And why not now?" added Mrs. Bob, thinking she was coming as an ally to Miss Fowler's help.

"Because, since Miss Fowler has taken me in hand, I begin to feel that I am capable of recognizing and appreciating the original melody."

He had turned aside his adversary's point, and, amid the merriment that followed his last polite speech, Mr. Bob, who, to do him justice, never lost an opportunity of conviviality, insisted upon drinking Uncle Herbert's health, then Miss Fowler's again, then that of both combatants united; and then — Mr. Bob had the sherry taken away from him, whereupon he simply said, "Quite right," and lit a pipe.

This afternoon, when I was not with Mrs. Bob, who seemed to be perpetually requiring my assistance, or else wishing to speak with me about the present state of affairs at home, I was captured by Mr. Blumstead, or Miss Fowler, or I was told off to assist one of the Misses Blumstead, the other generally being with Ashton, while Clara Winslow appeared to me to be entirely engrossed by my Uncle Herbert.

I was unable to say more than half a dozen sentences to her, apparently unimportant. She gave me her father's address. Might I write? I could do as I liked — but —. Here again I was hastily summoned; but, before I quitted her, she had answered "Yes."

Mrs. Bob begged me to send to her whenever I felt inclined for a sea-trip, or to enjoy myself in the country on shore. Uncle Herbert, she told me, would be able to give me their whereabouts always. She spoke most generously, and shook my hand with a warm, honest grasp.

"I don't have many *friends*," she said to me emphatically, "but I'll count you as one. And perhaps at some time or other he won't be sorry for it, eh, Bob?"

Her husband, who was standing at her elbow, looking out to sea through a telescope, not to examine anything in particular, but from mere force of a habit common to all yachting men, dropped his glass and turned to me.

"She's A 1, lad. The missus always means what she says." And he tucked his wife's arm under his own, and gave it a squeeze.

When I repeated to Herbert Mrs. Bob's farewell, he was immensely delighted.

"You see," he said, "I can introduce you to some good people." He forgot that it was Ashton who had brought me in among them. "I can take you everywhere; and you'll find if you only stick to what I tell you, you'll have as jolly a life before you as any youngster can have. When are you off for Cowbridge?"

"In a few weeks."

"All right. When you're settled I'll come and see you there. Don't bother about the governor at home. That'll all come straight. Good-by, Cecil, and look here, — mind you always confide in me in a difficulty; it'll save you heaps of trouble."

I promised I would. I intended to do so. I rather wished I had told him about Clara having given me her address; but, as yet, I didn't see I was in any difficulty requiring Uncle Herbert's advice. If he hadn't sailed away that evening, or if I had been going to remain on board, I should have given him full particulars of the Verneys, of my night in town (which I had only partially recounted), and I should have there and then established him as *pro tem.* my guide, philosopher, and friend.

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But I did not sail with them. Clara was leaving to spend a few days with some friends near Collington, whose address she gave me, but which, owing to one of the many interruptions above mentioned, I was unable to write down, and so it slipped my memory. Ashton, who was going to stay longer than myself at Hillborough House, had obtained leave of absence, and was starting with the Bobs for a short cruise.

There were a few details to be settled before quitting my private tutors for the University, to which event I was now looking forward with expectations of the greatest possible pleasure.

Whether these were to be realized it will be now my part to show.

I had to a certain extent made up for lost Holyshadian time by a fair amount of application, at Hillborough, to such studies as had recommended themselves to my taste. Mr. Blumstead was a capital tutor, and must have learnt a good deal during my time of reading with him. He had much to thank me for.

He never objected to my having a holiday, as he used to take that opportunity of cramming himself for my next day's tasks.

Whenever I asked him for the explanation of a word, he used to tell me to "look it out." I did; found the correct meaning; and *then* he, at the same time having found it in a much larger dictionary full of references and quotations, would explain it to me with an assumption of erudition that took me in at first, but ever afterwards amused me immensely.

It would be more in accordance with facts to say, that instead of my sitting at Blumstead's feet as a disciple, he and I read together—he as senior, I as junior pupil, our masters being Messrs. Lexicon, Dictionary, and the Keys to algebraic problems.

He had one advantage over me, and he kept it.

He possessed his own MS. copy of algebraic problems with their solutions.

I had had a very pleasant life at Hillborough, and when I drove away with my tiger behind, I was really sorry that my time there for the present had come to an end.

On the morning of my departure I received a letter from my father (an acknowledgment of two I had written to him, hoping to hear better accounts of his health), informing me that he had instructed Mr. Cavander to pay the sum of three hundred pounds sterling regularly to my account per annum at a Cowbridge banker's, adding that this, he was informed, was a very handsome allowance, and further telling me that it would be no use my calling at Langoran House, as "I and your mamma are on the point of starting for the continent for the benefit of my health."

Three hundred a year! I felt myself a millionnaire. I gave such a flourish to my whip as I drove away from Hillborough House, and rattled to the station at such a pace, that poor little Jemmy had to hold on by the back as though his life depended on it.

And it did, almost.

The last corner settled it.

The horse, sharing my excitement, dashed round a right-angled corner; the boy spun out and went head-foremost into a duck-puddle on the opposite side; the shafts went right round; I saw nothing except a medley of horse and trap all in one; I heard a smashing and cracking, and the next instant I lay insensible on the road, hard by the Collington turnpike.

[To be continued.]

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FERNS.

BY MRS. L. A. MILLINGTON.

NONE of the plants that help make up the wonderful garniture of green with which God has clothed this visible world, are so delicate and graceful as the ferns; best known among our people by the name of "Brakes," which they use indiscriminately for the ethereal and shy maiden-hair, and the "bracken" of the Scotch, which is literally everywhere. That plants so lovely should be neglected because they are so common, is as if the sky itself should cease to charm us with the unspeakable glory of its nights, its sunrise and sunset, and ever-shifting tracery of cloud and sunshine. The bracken covers with its generous green the arid waste and the unsightly morass, glorifying them with its vigorous life and strength. It climbs the mountain-side, and grows with the fragrant golden rods, where the wild deer love to nestle. By road-sides, in grassy fields and barren plains, it lifts up its strong brown stipe and shakes its plumy head, in defiance of wind and rain that would fain beat it down.

One who has lived an out-of-door life will cherish a thousand pleasant memories of it, — of warm hill-sides and sheltered hollows, where the tremulous April sunshine woke the great wool-covered balls of the pteris, and they began to glow inwardly with the life of a new summer, — a resurrection in which they rejoice with all their strength as they slowly unroll their well protected fronds.

How luscious and rich is the aspect of the cinnamon fern, and its near relation the interrupta, when they stand up in little groups, in dress of pale golden green, after laying aside their winter dress of rusty wool! The young leaves of the poplar are of just such a tender green. There is a balmy resinous odor about the poplars then; it is the resin that nature used to seal up the leaves in their scaly envelopes through the winter. The cinnamomea has laid off her winter wrappings too, and comes out in spring colors. Then the maiden-hair is still asleep, and dreaming in her shaded nest; and the evergreens are content with their last year's fronds. The brown and rosy stipes of the crowned fern peep out among the rank foliage and shining flowers of the marsh marigold. By and by their tall graceful fronds will hide the rusty marigolds and saxifrages, and other forward plants, that, having bloomed early, must soon decay. No other fern is so stately or so graceful as this, in its true place, — a cool swamp edge, half sunshine, half shadow, far from roads or haunts of man, who goes about strewing dust and ashes, cinders, newspapers, and those hateful paper collars, over all the green places he visits.

When the wood violets bloom, and the pretty fringed polygala peeps out of the russet leaves and mosses under the pines, the maiden-hair fern is slowly shaking out her silken plumage. It would seem as if the birds knew all about it, for it is then that their singing is the very maddest and merriest of all the year. The robin does not sing; he cries out in inarticulate ecstasy, and all the rest of the birds respond. From the noisy martins who wake us be-

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fore the dawn, to the whip-poor-will who sings all night long, there is the wildest revelry in vocal expressions of joy. The tiny circle of bird life is complete. There is no want. All their pastures are green and fair, and they dwell beside clear waters. Their cup runneth over. Why should they not bless Him and praise Him forever?

In the crevices of the rocks, clinging by their slender shining roots to the tiniest foothold, we find the loveliest of ferns, asplenium trichomanes. It is a tuft of slender fronds, scarce an inch in width, and four or five in length. Stipe and rachis, shining, purple black, with pinnæ like the leaves of a fairy rose. It is one of the evergreens, and lives and flourishes in house culture; only if it is kept too warm it protests, by growing one-sided and irregular, like a child that is badly trained, and develops bad or good traits without truth and self-respect, so that the bad dwarfs his mind and the good becomes a deformity.

If young gardeners *will* have a pile of rocks in their little grounds, here is a fern that is at home in the crevices of the rocks. It would thrive, if carefully transplanted, on copings, and joints of masonry, provided they were shaded and moist. Still, none of these wild things come at our call. It needs infinite patience, and a rare, delicate hand to tame them. Perhaps it would be better to scatter their spores in the place where we wished them to grow. The spores of this fern are a finer purple than the lip of a pansy, and it is a rare sight to see the sporangia lift their rings of polished amber beads, and show the tiny amber cups nestling full of shining purple grains. No flower could be more beautiful.

There is another fern peculiarly suited to ornamental rock-work, that I never see without thinking of the Delectable Mountains. There are two of them: cistopteris bulbifera, and cistopteris fragilis. One makes glorious, with its slender, delicate fronds, the rubbish of disused limestone quarries, and the other loves the rocky terraces of wooded hills. The bulbs attached to the fronds of the first grow easily, and it thrives well in house culture. The last is almost too delicate to bear the rough winds of heaven, and it is of very short duration. Where I find that, the harebell grows, and early saxifrages. Alsineria hangs her silver bells in the wild grass, and rabbits'-foot clover sends up its soft, downy ball of tiny flowers.

Higher up the woodsia grows, lover of the sunshine, fainting not at the fiercest of sun rays, when the rough granite to which it clings is glowing with sun-heat. Dry, rough, hairy, and brown with chaff, it is still one of the prettiest of ferns. Graceful in form, and clustering in little hardy-looking tufts on the gray lichen-covered rocks, it has a wonderful charm to the eye. What a glorious outlook have some of its haunts! Misty, purple mountains swung into the air like veils of finest gauze, one beyond the other, soft and billowy in outline, and deep in the valleys; shining lakes and fields, and russet spots that show the footsteps of man; while elsewhere are but the groves which are God's temples, and the high places of this earth, where none but the elect worship. Here, the eastern sky is so blended with the distant hills that we cannot divide them. The glory of the heavens seems nearer to us than ever before; as if we might

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walk from the green hill-sides and yellow farm-fields into the shining rainbow-spanned pathway that leads up to the golden gates of the Eternal City.

Men who are called of God to receive the crown of martyrdom because of their love to their fellow-men, take up their lives again at death. Twice immortal, their memory is more potent than their living presence. What we once disregarded, becomes a spell of mighty power, even through a whispered name. Such names sanctify human nature to us, even when we hold it at its lowest rate. Strangely enough, I hear such a name and feel such a presence every time I look at the humblest and least conspicuous of ferns. Its tiny frond and slender spike of fruit, scarce two inches in length altogether, is fairer in my eyes than many a nobler specimen. I first gathered it in a sacred place, — a "high place," consecrated by the dust of one who loved his fellow-men, and died for that love.

It is reckoned not common; but having once learned to know it, I find it in many unlooked-for places, — in grassy meadows, in pastures, thick among the short grass, and by the side of small streams. It has not enough beauty to commend it to the eye, save of one who loves ferns. To such an one the adder-tongue fern is always an object of interest.

In a country full of hills, and wild, rocky precipices, the rock polypod, or polypodium vulgare, is one of the loveliest ferns. Its graceful, regular fronds, of a deep, shining green, dotted with golden-brown sori, are grouped in masses upon the top of every ledge and bowlder. No art of man could give them their careless beauty of arrangement along the edge, and deep in every niche and shelf. In deep forests, under cliffs, on fallen rocks, they grow in such masses, such a prodigality of lovely forms, that it affects the imagination. We begin straightway to dream of nymphs and fairies; for here, too, are beds of linnæa, of snowberry, and mysterious, shining, silver-lined shields, of the large, round-leaved orchis. Frail and fairy-like wood-sorrels spangle the moss and withered leaves with their delicate blossoms. The stones are gay with moss and lichens, and the spring bubbling out below the rocks, sings with the sweetest of rippling water-music all the year. I have heard it in February, deep under the snow, singing to itself like a happy child.

If the common polypody is given a bed of leaf mould, it will grow passably in pots, in even a shaded window, and on walls in shade, or on the north side of buildings it can be made to thrive well. There are several of its name; none, however, so handsome as this.

In open grassy woods, the dicksonia shows us what graceful forms we might add to our shaded lawns. Its delicate texture, and exquisite form and grouping, make it the most ornamental of ferns. Fancy several clumps of them, disposed judiciously about the unsightly, panelled base of a stand for a large garden vase, or under the cool shade along the lawn paths. Their beauty of form would be more attractive than masses of color; and flowering plants must have the sunshine. About the trunks of trees, when it is sometimes difficult to coax grass to grow well, we might plant ferns. Who has not heard of the sculptor, who gained immortality by carving the capital of a pillar, in imitation of a basket standing in a tuft of

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graceful plants, whose long leaflets clustered about it in a natural simple manner? Art is but a copying of nature, a reproduction of her fairest forms. A forest gives us a colonnade with arches and groined roof, hung with banners of green and rustling silk, embroidered with a thousand changing patterns of sunshine and shadow. No color so lovely as their green and gold on the soft gray of their supporting arches.

In order that we may have some solace to the eye in late autumn and early spring, let us set clumps of the hardy evergreens, aspidium acrostichoides, and aspidium marginale, in the less sheltered woods, along our paths and in our borders. Both are handsome and hardy, growing in the most sterile soils with vigor, and increasing rapidly. The green of the acrostichoides is peculiarly vivid and pleasant. The marginale is duller, but its under surface is enlivened by its handsome fruit dots.

Aspidium goldianum is very symmetrical in form, but not so handsome as aspidium cristatum, the sterile fronds of which are very fine, growing large and rank, with broad pinnæ. Aspidium spinulosum is more common. It is a lover of the woods and rocky hill-sides. Far in our northern woods we see few other ferns. Very few plants grow under that dense mass of tree-tops that completely shut out the sun. The moss is thick and soft, and covered for miles and miles with the delicate wood sorrel. There is no underbrush, but here and there a dwarf birch, and the low viburnum that is so troublesome with its trailing crooked branches. The soft moss makes travelling wearisome, but the viburnum lies in wait to trip up our tired feet at almost every step. So few are the plants, that this common fern is a welcome sight in the wilderness. Near the mountain-tops, where the trees are dwarfed, we find the dear old golden rods, nibbled here and there by the dainty deer, brackens vigorous and handsome, and now and then a whole garden of houstonias, linnæas, and snowberries in bloom. On the summits stranded from the last retreating glacier, and rejoicing in the heat of the September sun, are crowds of arctic plants, ericaceæ, sandworts, and the potentilla. The rocks are mottled with gay-colored lichens, so that they look like a painter's palette with its colors mixed. Orange in every shade and olive-greens prevail.

Far down the mountain is a gorge, deep and dark, where the aspidium aculeatum grows. The pass is narrow, and evidently a highway for bears, who have torn the moss from the rocks, and trampled the smaller plants under their huge plantigrade feet. The walls and bottom are moist, and the air cool; for not a ray of sunlight can enter here. In such spots the aculeatum is at home, and I find it rooted in crevices, between fallen rocks, and at the bottom of the ravine, luxuriating in the shade and the cool air. Its vivid green and bristle-tipped pinnæ, its beautiful outlines, even the soft brown scales on its stipe and rachis, make it lovely as a flower. Next winter I have only to close my eyes to see again the gorge and its fern-tufted, mossy walls. The misty purple of the clustering mountains that lie so calm and silent before me, will come back in vision. I shall hear the resonant sweetness of the great bird choir, that is singing in

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the hollows of the mountains, deep below me; and once again the wind will sing among the pines. All the sights and sounds, the very odors of the flowers, the young leaves of the evergreens, and the ferns under my feet, will glorify the winter time, when there is neither song of bird, or rustle of leaf, grass, or flower, to greet the eye and the ear.

Some of the aspleniums are very curious, but they vary constantly. The handsomest have a stately rigid frond, and are seldom so densely tufted as the ostrich fern, or the cinnamomea. The antigramma loves mossy rocks in deep woods, and being an evergreen, will grow in pots a little, but not well. Its long, grass-like fronds are not suited to house culture. It is prettiest in its natural location, and suits well the moss and plants which grow with it, asarums and trilliums. There are other ferns, some rare and some common; but none which it is not a pleasure to know. In fact, the larger one's list of acquaintances is among them, the pleasanter company we find them. They are not particularly gay in dress, but their circle is small; and I am not sure but they are the very *crême de la crême* of our botanical society.

SOME BEAUTIFUL OLD CAROLS.

BY REV. J. VILA BLAKE.

It is an annual delight to me, at Christmas-tide, to go back along our modern-paved highway till I find myself walking in earth-made roads, sweet-smelling, by old pasture lands, mossy halls, and little hamlets, gay by reason of the simple folk turned out in holiday trim. Thus I glean some handfuls of grain of antique flavor from old English life, and most delightfully from the sweet and quaint carols sung at this season by our English ancestors. More pleasant, indeed, it would be if my search might be needless by reason of the songs coming themselves in melodious ways to my doors and windows. For even yet, no doubt, one may hear these quaint ditties carolled during the twelve days of Christmas in some parts of England. Wordsworth writes of the carol-singers of his time: —

"The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves: . . .
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of their strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand."

Brand mentions a strange derivation for the word Carol. "It comes, they say, from *cantan*, to sing, and *rola*, which is an interjection of joy: for in ancient times the burden of the song, when men were merry, was *rola, rola*." Better than this ingenious fancy, however, is the reference directly to the domestic dance in old England called "*Carole*." Thence carole became a name for a dance in general, and so also for the tune to which it was performed; thence it was applied to any merry tune, and so to festival songs Chappell, in his "Music of the Olden Time," quotes from an author of the fourteenth century a passage about boys after they have attained the age of seven years, that they are then "plyaunt of body, able and lyghte to moving, *wytty to lerne carolles*, etc.," in which the writer may mean quick to learn to dance, or apt

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at warbling merry dance-tunes and other cheerful melodies, — perhaps both; for, according to Chappell, the sense in which the word "was most frequently used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was to sing or warble to dancing."

The songs with which the people of "merry England" used to celebrate their Christmas, were sung by groups of carolists, including children, out-of-doors on Christmas eve and Christmas morning, and at the different festivities which filled up the time till Twelfth Day. On Christmas day, in some places, they were even sung instead of the usual chanting or psalmody in the churches. For this latter purpose the distinctly religious carols were probably preferred; but the extraordinary freedom of manners, as it appears to us, which the people of old England brought into their churches, makes it very possible that festal or convivial carols were not always eschewed. Here are a couple of stanzas, beautiful and picturesque, from a religious carol of the sixteenth century, called

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

Sweet music, sweeter far
Than any song is sweet,
Sweet music, heavenly rare,
Mine ears, O peers, doth greet.
You gentle flocks — whose fleeces, pearled with dew,
Resemble Heaven, whom golden drops make bright —
Listen, O listen, now! O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten weary night;
But voices most divine
Make blissful harmony —
Voices that seem to shine;
For what else clears the sky?
Tunes can we hear, but not the singers see:
The tune 's divine, and so the singers be.

Lo! how the firmament
Within an azure fold
The flock of stars hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beams proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their crystals such reflection give;
What then doth make the element so bright?
The heavens are come down upon earth to live.
But hearken to the song,—
Glory to glory's King,
And peace all men among,
These choristers do sing.
Angels they are, as also, shepherds, He
Whom in our fear we do admire to see.

I cull two beautiful and melodious carols of later date, by Robert Herrick. The first is entitled simply

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Chorus.

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our Heavenly King?
Awake the voice! awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

I.

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honor to this day,
That sees December turned to May.

II.

If we may ask the reason, say
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the year?

III.

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile, like a field beset with corn?
Or smell, like to a mead new shorn,
Thus, on the sudden?

IV.

Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'T is He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To Heaven and the under Earth.

Chorus.

We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who with His sunshine and His showers
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

I.

The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him.

II.

The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart.

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Chorus.

Which we will give him; and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honor who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

The other carol, by Herrick, referred to, is the following charming poem, called

THE STAR SONG.

I.

Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe that lately sprung?
Lies he the lily-banks among?

II.

Or say, if this new birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light? thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

III.

Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out?

Star. — No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest,
A princely Babe, in's mother's breast.

Chorus.

He's seen! he's seen! why then around,
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground,
And all rejoice that we have found
A king, before conception crowned.

IV.

Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our pretty Twelfth-tide King,
Each one his several offering.

Chorus.

And when night comes we'll give Him wassailing;
And that his treble honors may be seen,
We'll choose Him King, and make His mother queen.

Many of the carols are simply outbursts of joy at the return of the merry season, with no precise reference to any particular feature of the festival except its happiness. Sometimes they are full of rollicking merriment, like the following, dating from the early part of the seventeenth century. I select only five from its thirteen stanzas, but it is equally vigorous and racy throughout. The whole may be found in Sandys' "Christmas Carols" and in other collections: —

So, now is come our joyfulst feast,
Let every man be jolly:
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your forehead garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel;
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now kyngs and queens poor sheep-cotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a-mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-ho,
And twenty other gameboys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry daies
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelayes,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilst thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring,
Woods and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry."

Not so rustic, but quite as joyful, are these sweet Happy-New-Year verses by Herrick, from a "Wassail" Carol: —

Give way, give way ye gates, and win
An easy blessing to your bin
And basket, by our entering in.

May both your manchet * stand replete,
Your larder, too, so hung with meat,
That though a thousand thousand eat,

* Fine wheaten bread.

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Yet, ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silvery spheres, there 's none may doubt
But more 's sent in than was served out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so,
As that your pans no ebb may know;
But if they do, the more to flow:

Like to a solemn, sober stream,
Banked all with lilies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

Then may your plants be pressed with fruit,
Nor bee nor hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Christmas lifts its voice in the old carols, like "Sweet Auburn's" pastor, to solace and relieve the poor as well as rejoice the rich. Its holly-dressed and ivy-garlanded mansion, enlarged each year, and, like a good heart's hospitable increase, never quite finished, invites "all the vagrant train" — "the long-remembered beggar," "the ruined spendthrift," "the broken soldier" — to sit by the fire and carol the night away, regaled with Christmas's best. There is no fairer side to the Christmas jubilee of the olden time, than its generous hospitalities, its care for the poor and unhappy, its dispensing with distinctions for a brief season, as if all human decorations must drop away at a festival commemorating a character so heavenly. All had access to the fireplace and the board with a welcome so ostentatious that all felt sought out and invited to enjoy the good cheer and add to the good humor. A carol sings: —

All travellers as they do pass on their way,
At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay,
Themselves to refresh and their horses to rest,
Since that he must be old Christmas's guest.
Nay, the poor shall not wait, but have, for relief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies, and roast beef.

"I have often thought," are the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie on the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another."

Much might be written to advantage upon hospitality historically considered, with the change that has come over the face of that virtue in these latter days, and the causes thereof. That these are lost virtues, as well as "lost arts," is very certain, and it is worthy of question whether hospitality be not one of them. But if in some way (and the full circle of the causes thereof is worth study) the poor live at a greater distance from us than formerly, Christmastide, as celebrated in the old carols, comes as the season when no personal delight is altogether justified till some less happy be sought out and pleased. This opportunity does faithful Time bring round, when we can do a good all defined and prepared for us as we go on our own way. "Defer not charities till death," says Bacon; "for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own." Sylvester closes his collection

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with a carol which he supposes to be the work of some hand better taught than common, probably of some village poet, whose verses, printed by admiring neighbors, often meet us in collections of old and forgotten books. We copy it here: —

Be merry all! be merry all!
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

And O! remember, gentles gay,
To you who bask in fortune's ray,
The year is all a holiday, —
The poor have only Christmas.

When you with velvets mantled o'er
Defy December's tempest's roar,
O, spare one garment from your store
To clothe the poor at Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal
To guests, who never famine feel,
O, spare one morsel from your meal,
To feed the poor at Christmas.

When generous wine your care controls,
And gives new joy to happiest souls,
O, spare one goblet from your bowls,
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to heaven than praise or prayer;
And angels, in their carols there,
Shall bless the poor at Christmas.

CHECKMATE TO APACHES.

BY MARK SIBLEY SEVERANCE.

"E gia venia su per le torbid onde
Un fracasso d'un suon pien di spavento,
Pei cui tremavano amendue lesponde." — *Dante.*

Of the vast collection of Indian myths and legends laboriously gathered by the intrepid, one-armed *voyageur*, Major Powell, few are more interesting than that which describes, in the mythology of the Utes, the origin of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, — a marvel worthy to rank with the Seven Wonders. It tells how, in the olden time, the wife of the great war-chief of the Utes died, and the chief was inconsolable, and called upon his god Tawotz to take pity on him and lead him to his wife. And the god looked upon him and saw that he was unhappy, and taking his huge magic ball in his hand, he rolled it before him on the ground; and where it rolled it cut far down into the earth and opened the Grand Cañon, thousands of feet deep. And through it the god led the heavy-hearted chief of the Utes, and showed him his wife in the Happy Hunting Grounds; and leading him back, he poured a mighty river through the cañon, and along their trail, that no one might be able to follow after them; and the river has continued to run ever since.

In late October, 1872, we struck this mystic trail of the god Tawotz, — a small party of us detached from a Government Exploring Expedition.

The sun was sinking over the Virgin Mountains as we debouched from a side cañon and from out a dreary waste of sand-hills, and came unexpectedly upon the sparkling reaches of the river, but a few miles below the mouth of the Grand Cañon. Slant sunbeams turned the stream to molten gold, that poured musical over frequent rapids, and round about the entrance of the Cañon, where twin towers, four thousand feet high, stood guard with Titanic prohibition, quivered the soft air with the tremulous folds of an intangible purple, a royal

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color, hanging like a sacred veil to screen the weird mysteries beyond.

For days we had been looking forward to this meeting with the Colorado of the West. We had left the Mormon settlements of southern Utah several days' march behind us, bidding good-by to civilization in vinous little St. George, and exchanging its abundant fruit for sure sterility and possible thirst in the barrenness of northern Arizona. We had marched rapidly southward, aiming at springs the size of a man's hand, sometimes "making" them, often missing them, and undergoing that saddest of campaigners' misfortunes, a "dry camp." Day by day the country grew wilder and more desolate; giant cacti and irregular mesquite took the place of the sage-brush which had followed us continually from Salt Lake; shade had entirely vanished, and bare, bleak, and massive stood the naked ribs of the mountains, grotesque as the genius of Zamacois, terrible as that of Doré. No wonder that, with this Dance of Death about us, we came gladly upon the friendly sight of water, the first generous stream for many leagues, and forgot that every hour we had been drawing nearer to the hostile Apaches, "mighty in the war-cry," who swarm up from the south to the river, equally glad with ourselves for its refreshing, sweet water, and still more thankful for its rich harvest of fish.

No thought of danger entered the minds of our small party, as we vaulted from our saddles, turned loose our riding animals, and spread blankets in the soft white sand on the banks. There lying and resting ourselves after our thirty-mile ride since daybreak, with the pensive tinkle of the bell-mare reaching us from the foot-hills where the herders have driven the mules for grass, and with the equally soothing incense from the savory quarter of the cook's domain, a drowsy film overspreads the eye of Reason, and in imagination we behold, re-enacting the scattered events of history that have lent a human interest to this dolorous region, literally Boccaccio's "lachrymable vale of misery." Yonder shingle of white sand on the opposite shore is sacred to the memory of the unfortunate Fred W. Loring, quondam co-laborer of ours in academic shades; for thither he returned with a small party from out the dangers of the Grand Cañon in '71, to a boat moored yonder, after the river party of his expedition had undergone untold hardships in the Cañon, short of provisions, sceptical of success in reaching a projected upper rendezvous, and generally demoralized. Within a month after his exit from the Grand Cañon, young Loring lost his life at Wickenburg, in Arizona, at the hands of Apache-Mohaves, while travelling in a stage for California.

Up this same impetuous current, earlier in the course of history, came the daring young engineer Ives, exploring the strange river on his little steamboat, the first to ascend as high as the Grand Cañon.

Earlier still, while in the Orient our grandfathers were shouldering their muskets and firing those initial shots at Concord and Lexington which were to be "heard round the world," came the Padre Escalante, fired with Jesuitic zeal, and carrying the torch of his religion even to these dread realms, with a small following of enthusiastic adherents. A hundred miles above our present camping-ground, they show you a ford which still bears the name of "Il vado de los Padres," where these fathers of

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the church trusted their sacred selves to the Colorado, crossing from the south.

Still further back in the mists of chronology, long before the Pilgrims had sent foot on the rock of Plymouth, while the infant Shakespeare was still rollicking with Stratford playmates, here, far in the purple West, sunnier by much than the bleak shores to which the Pilgrims came, wild as anything conceived by the world's Shakespeare, this *terra incognita* was penetrated, in 1540, by a brilliant company of Mexicans under Coronado, lured by stories of fabulous wealth, and searching for the "seven cities of Cibola," the fame of whose grandeur and beauty had floated even to the capital of the drowsy sons of the Aztecs.

But we are not here to drift upon imagination nor to follow chronology; it is our business to cross the river. But how to do it? There is no known ford hereabouts, no boat, no wood for making a raft. On the hither bank there is hardly a stick, barely enough drift-wood and dry mesquite to feed the cook's fire. On the farther side, however, in a bend of the river, we see a pile of logs, great and small, that had polished themselves smooth on their wild ride through the Grand Cañon. It was impossible to ford the swift and treacherous stream; we again and again spurred our animals into the water, only to find that at a certain depth the current took them off their feet and swept them along unmanageable.

The nearest ferry was seventy-five miles below us at the mouth of the Virgin. To retreat to that, and on an unknown trail, before making an attempt at crossing here, would have been faint-hearted, besides causing a break in the line of exploration. King, the only one of us able to swim the river, and that with no ease, made several brave trials to capture the logs. He swam first with a long rope, paid out to him from the near shore; but the immense weight, as he neared the central current, and the rope bellied away from him down stream, proved too great, and he was obliged to free himself or be pulled under. Again he started with a mere pack-thread, with which he landed safely on the farther shore, a quarter of a mile below. As he began hauling in, a stouter string was tied to the pack-thread on the near shore, soon a small rope (of joined lariats), and lastly, all the stout ropes that could be gathered from the cargo and baggage. Everything worked well for a while, and the primitive man at the other end of the line had just announced that the small rope was in sight, when there came a shout from him, announcing what we easily felt from our end, that the rope had parted in mid-stream, torn asunder by the tremendous force of the current. The raft wood which had seemed just within our grasp was as far away as ever. To meet so much difficulty in floating even a small rope across stream was certainly discouraging; to haul over enough wood for a raft, to build it, and attempt to ferry over cargo, instruments and men, seemed likely to take a week.

Next morning found us ten miles down the river, after a midnight groping over trailless mountains, at a narrower part of the stream, near the mouth of the Grand Wash, — an immense feeder of the river from the north, draining hundreds of square miles, waterless at present, but sending down booming torrents through its rocky cañons during the tremendous storms which abound, or after a

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cloud-burst in the mountains above. A large log, that seemed waiting to be turned to nobler use than soaking itself on the edge of the water, furnished us with two substantial parallel halves for our raft. Auger, hatchet, drift-wood, and pegs did the rest; and by mid-afternoon our rude Cyclopean craft was pronounced built and at once christened the "King," in honor of the builder, the swimmer, the wielder of hatchet, and twirler of auger.

A second legend of the Utes, for which I am also indebted to the perusal of Major Powell's MS. notes, explains the cause of the absence of woods in northern Arizona. It is not long, and there is something so inexpressibly novel in its movement, as well as in the fact of our drawing a new mythology and fresh imagery from the very heart of the continent, that I give it, as it is remembered. It is called "The Origin of Fire," and tells how once upon a time a bright spark fell from the point of a reed upon the ground, and the nightingale picked it up in its beak and found it was fire. And the mighty chief of the Utes asked what it was, and the nightingale said it was fire. And the chief asked if there were any more in the world, and the nightingale said, that far off in the south was a people dancing ever about a great fire, with songs and shouts. So the mighty chief of the Utes made ready, and put on a fine cap, with long eagle feathers upon it, and started for the people of the South. And, as he went, he stationed nimble runners of his tribe all the way from the land of the Utes to the Fire People, at intervals of a mile. And, journeying, he came, after many days, to the Fire People, dancing with songs and shouts about a great fire. And he mingled with them, but they saw he was a stranger and looked askant at him. But he danced and sang and shouted with them, and suddenly stooping, thrust the end of his eagle plumes in the fire, and they blazed up mightily. And the Fire People would have caught him, but he leaped over their heads and ran to the first man of his tribe, and falling exhausted, handed him the blazing torch of plumes and told him to run. And he ran and fell exhausted by the second man, handing him the plumes. And so they ran, each man catching the fire plumes from the hand of the runner, until the last man brought it to the land of the Utes. And they were so rejoiced, they put the torch to the roots of a mighty tree on the edge of the forest, and shouted as it burned. But a great wind sprang up and carried the fire into the forest, and it spread in every direction, and all the woods were destroyed. And the people of the Utes prayed long and loud to the god Tawotz, and at length he sent a mighty rain, which quenched the fire. But a turtle sat upon a spark of fire and kept it alive during the rain. And this was the origin of fire. The myths combined give a not uninteresting barbaric history of the origin of the Grand Cañon and river of the Colorado and of the absence of forests in this part of Arizona.

The raft was ready for launching. King swam over once more, rope in hand, and we proceeded to test our ferry-boat, two of us on the raft hauling cautiously at the rope which King held on the farther side, and six on the hither side paying out a stern-fast, which was to pull the craft back if the tow-line should part. The plan was well enough for any ordinary river; but we had not estimated the

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terrific mid-current of this wild river of cañons. We reached nearly mid-stream in safety. There the current began to strike us with greater force; King had bound his rope as firmly as possible about loose shore rocks, holding it as well, and stood like a statue, braced among the stones. The water begins to creep up over our shoes; the raft is careened over and borne rapidly down stream; we are up to our waists in the river; and, just as I had rather recklessly wound the rope about my hand in the energy of pulling, and had been myself pulled off the raft till I was directly over the water, King gave a shout, his rope was pulled quickly through his hands, though not entirely away from him, my companion jerked me back upon the raft, and we are hauled back by our friends on shore.

A word of the *locale*, for the understanding of what follows. The river was here about a hundred yards wide, and terribly swift; there were rapids above and below, about a half mile either way. The river made a semicircular bend to the south. We were at about the middle of this semicircle, on the north or inner side of the bend. On the hither side, there was a broad sand-beach skirting the river, a narrow fringe of low mesquite and grease-wood on its outer edge, and behind that, almost perpendicular mountains, incapable of ascent. Our camp was on the sand, just below the fringe of mesquite. On the farther shore, there was a tract, several rods wide, of stones, evidently very troublesome to the feet, from the way in which King stepped and fell. It was probably the broken volcanic rock of the region, which is extremely lacerating. Beyond the stones was a small strip of sand, and back of that, rising ground for several hundred yards, until a range of low hills was reached, also semicircular, following the bend of the river and ending precipitously on it at either end of the semicircle. The ground between the hills and the sand-beach was as smooth as an esplanade, not a bush nor a tree nor a large rock on it. It was fortunate that it was so. A rod or two from the stones, on the sand-beach, was one of those large detached bowlders, or volcanic fragments, so common to the region, standing out alone. It was perhaps ten or twelve feet high, and double that width; but what appeared most remarkable was the perfect manner in which, by frost or other means, it had been split from top to bottom, and opened to the width of two or three feet. This opening faced directly to the river, but did not extend from front to rear of the rock. It was precisely as if it had been touched by a magic wand, and thrown open like a pair of doors on a hinge behind. A more secure hiding-place, except from the river-side, could hardly be devised.

These topographical features we had taken in at a glance on our arrival, but had only carelessly noted, as not especially interesting us. We had seen that there was enough of a depression in the hills back of the river to allow an easy passage, if once we were over, and had noticed the opened rock. We soon had occasion to study both hills and rock most critically and anxiously.

Our raft hauled up to shore, and the story of the "horrors of the middle passage" told, we had resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means, and were eagerly debating what was to be done next; whether a second trial of the raft was to be made, or an attempt to swim our ani-

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mals, or a detour to the Virgin River ferry. King, meanwhile, chilled with the breeze and the absence of clothes, after his exertion, had picked his way over the stretch of sharp stones, and was running back and forth on the sand for exercise; now running, now standing and going through most vigorous calisthenics, or whirling like a dervish, or shouting to us to make haste with our decision.

Suddenly, a shot, — a rifle shot, — and a loud shout from our half-breed guide, "Apache! Apache!" And looking across the stream we saw a half dozen stealthy figures just appearing over the ridge of hills. They were out of range of our own guns, which lay on the sand near us, but within easy shot of King, who was several hundred yards nearer them; in fact, the first shot seemed to have been at him. He stopped in his exercise, looked sharply over his shoulder in the direction of the shot, and as we shouted to him all in one voice a confusion of commands, "Look out!" "Come back!" "Hurry, hurry!" he gave a rapid look at the broad belt of wounding stones between him and the river, over which he would have to creep slowly, and the next instant, horrors! as a second shot came, he dropped on the sand in front of the opened rock and crawled slowly into its cleft front. He afterwards said that this second shot had thrown the sand into his face and eyes and almost blinded him, so that he could not have made for the river if he would.

But conceive the state of mind of us his comrades to see him deliberately immure himself within gunshot range of Apaches, wounded, perhaps, — for we could not account for his falling on his knees so suddenly, and with darkness only two or three hours off. We shouted with one voice, "Wounded?" to which came a low answer, unintelligible. To a second and louder shout, there came a welcome "No — o — o," which relieved us on that score, but did not place in better light the danger of his situation. Meanwhile, to some of the party, scanning the hills opposite carefully, there appeared figures moving about at intervals on the ridge, and apparently occupying the whole extent of the semicircle, from end to end. Our dismay at this movement, and at the probable size of the band of Apaches, which it indicated was very great, until we noticed that no one showed himself longer at the first point where they had come in sight, near the lowest depression, from which we concluded that they had separated, and stationed themselves at different points on the semicircle of hills, so as to cover more effectually the rock into which they had seen King crawl, and with which their visits to the place had of course made them acquainted. As we watched the naked figure in the rock yonder, and reflected how powerless we were to help him, the very raft on which we had depended lying useless at our feet; as we thought of him three times surging through that boiling current on our behalf, only to be thus caged at last, there was none of us but would have risked death ten times over to help him.

The position was that which chess players call stalemate: nobody could move. If King showed himself, the Apaches would shoot him; if they approached, we should shoot them. But what could we do? And on the other hand, what could he or the Apaches do? We could not cross, and if we could, we should have no guns; and we should further be pretty sure to be picked off before we had well risen from the water; certainly before

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we had picked our slow way over the stones, to reach him. But could he come to us? But for the hundred feet of knife-blades and stone jungle (why could n't it have been sand?), we felt that he would have run the gauntlet long ago; but such an attempt over that ground would have been rashness itself, with a dozen rifles pointing at him from the hills on three sides. As far as this action was concerned, it was a race between daylight and himself; at the first coming of night, he would certainly, we knew, run the risk and strike for the river.

The smooth, gently-descending esplanade which lay between the hills and the river, without a stone or a bunch of grass or a sage-bush larger than a man's head, and every foot of which we could command from our side of the river, allowed the Apaches no chance of approaching the rock while the day lasted. We knew their Apache penchant for fighting behind rocks and trees too well to expect them to risk themselves on this sandy slope in daylight. We knew them too well, also, not to know that at the least approach of darkness, all their devilish cunning would be exhausted in gaining King's covert, even if they had to tunnel their way through the sand.

All this time (there was more than an hour of consulting and waiting), King lay caged in his rocky prison. He was out of the sunlight, and, after three hours of nakedness, naturally chilled through and through, poor fellow! We could see him raising himself on his hands, twisting in every direction, digging and tossing the sand within reach as though on a wager, and in every way exerting himself to keep up his circulation and ward off stiffness. All this time he had retained the rope which was attached to the forward end of the raft; he had not known if a second trial was to be made, and having it in his hands when the shots were fired, even in the act of falling he had retained it. He afterwards said that he should have been irredeemably stiffened and useless, if he had not had the rope for gymnastic purposes, the resistance and weight of its length in the current affording him ample exercise when he chose to pull on it. A part of the time he kept it tied about his waist.

Five o'clock had come, and the western hills had began to throw a creeping shadow on the eastern half of the semicircle. We knew that we had but an hour or two more of daylight, and still no deliverance. We were nearly unanimous to urge King to attempt to gain the river at the beginning of twilight, and had started for the bank to shout to him, when Abercrombie, he of the steady nerves and determined pluck, who had been standing apart, rushed up with a manner almost excited, for him, and shouted: —

"I have it. Cut me two mesquite sticks five feet long, two more about three feet. Give me a couple of white shirts, towels, — anything white; a brown shirt and trousers, and a lot of strong twine."

And he started headlong for the raft without waiting to see the looks of consternation on the faces of the crowd. But Abercrombie was not a man to indulge in a joke nor to lose his head; and before he had returned from the raft, baggage and cargo had been ransacked, and everything desired brought forth. At the raft, he quickly untied the shore rope, coolly pulled the raft a little higher on shore to prevent its floating away with him, went on it and untied the forward rope, brought it ashore, and joined the two ropes in a firm splice. Run-

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ning up, he said, "Quick! See how the sun's going. Give me four or five sheets of paper and a pencil. You, Bob, tie up the sticks, but don't put the shirts on till I tell you."

All this had much more the look of a madman than anything else; and several of the men began to lift their eyebrows and shake their heads; especially when Abercrombie coolly seated himself before a camp-chest, and began to print rapidly on the sheets of paper in a child's large block letters. This done, with his usual despatch, he folded each hastily, put them in separate envelopes, and proceeded to stow them away in the shirts, in different parts of the bundle which Bob had started. Two he put next the sticks, the other four inside the shirts and towels. The bundle was made with the sticks and twine in the centre, the white things wrapped about them, and the whole enveloped with the brown shirt and trousers, — a contribution of the *chef's;* the letters were placed as stated. This completed, he takes the bundle, still without an explanation, goes to the raft, and ties it securely on the joined ropes, calling four or five of us to his side, and only then explaining the meaning of his strange preparations. King had been watching us most intently; he had not made a sound since Abercrombie had begun his movements, which he could see were with an object. To him we five shout "Pull — the rope — over."

The rest is simply told. King pulls with a will, and soon the brown bundle is crawling up the opposite bank. It catches again and again, but by dint of alternate pulling, King and we, it finally reaches the rock, and passes into the cloven door. Our guide, who had been instructed to keep his eyes on the hills and never pay attention to anything about him, noticed several slight movements there which none but an Indian eye could detect, and said that the Apaches had evidently seen the bundle creeping up the beach, but thought it was merely clothing for the man in the rock. It is growing dark apace.

King opens the bundle, throwing the brown shirt over his shoulders quickly, as we see, and catching sight of the letters, breaks open and reads. There is just enough light for him to decipher Abercrombie's large printing. He reads, "Tie sticks together, bind on white things to look like man, and tie to rope. Put brown things on yourself. Wait till pretty dark. When all ready, shout (and not till then); we'll pull rapidly. It will draw their fire. You wait till much darker, then run. Cheer up."

It is growing darker. We can barely see our brown Prometheus in the rock yonder, fashioning his white man, turning him from side to side, changing leg, arm, or head to suit his pleasure. Finished, he places it, standing, behind him in the rock, and falls on the sand before it; not in act of worship to his own creation, but, as he afterwards said, to give us a view. As it stood there in the settling gloom, against the dark background, the deception was perfect, and instinctively we shouted "Bravo!"

A lapse of perhaps a half hour, during which all traces of daylight had been wellnigh swallowed up in darkness, and there comes a quick, nervous shout from the other shore. We see King thrusting his dummy man out of his workshop, and rapidly we pull it across the sandy beach; not so rapidly but that the Apaches have sighted it, as we meant that they should. Shot after shot is fired at it, and counting the different spurts of flame on the hill-tops, we find that

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there are just ten guns there, — ten to our nine, if only our ninth shall be recovered. As the white bundle crawls quickly over the beach, the illusion and the likeness to a man on all-fours are so complete that we cannot blame the Apaches for their blunder. It strikes the stony region and catches; King twitches it; we pull, it bobs up and down; the shots continue; men seemed never to have loaded so fast before. Suddenly, as four shots follow, almost simultaneously, and as the dummy had reached nearly the middle of the stones, we pull violently at it, making it give a convulsive jump into the air and fall forward on the stones, shouting to King at the same time to let it lie there. As if in derisive answer to our shout, which may have been interpreted as a death-shout, came a far-off, weird cry from the hills, which repeated itself several times as it passed along the line, and was the most encouraging proof of the success of Abercrombie's ruse.

The shout from the hill-tops was certainly the *Gaudeamus* of satisfied victors. That night, so soon as the raven wings of darkness had folded over the twin banks, the Apache mind purposed, with much crawling on never-to-be-satisfied belly, and much anxious glancing at the opposite shore, cautiously to approach his slain victim, and gently to remove the top of his head, a belt ornament for future powwows.

Not so. What is this? A second white man, no Promethean imitation, but a supple, swift-moving original, with upper garment of brown, white as to his limbs, darts suddenly from the rock, clears the sand in a triple bound, clambers over the stones, gaining at least one soft stepping-spot by treading *en passant* on his fallen prototype, and plunging into the stream above us. But two shots are fired, both without effect.

He is a long time crossing, but emerges at last, far below us, dripping like a river-god, exhausted, with bleeding feet. It is our turn for a *Gaudeamus*, which is given in a hearty "Thank God" and silence, more considerate than speech. We carry him quietly to camp, where he is cared for as those should be who have suffered bravely in our behalf. That night, watched over by a double guard, he slept the sleep of the brave and the patient.

Early next morning, long before

"The bear that prowled all night about the fold,
Of the North Star, had shrunk into his den,"

we were in saddle and spurring for the Virgin Ferry, a two days' march to the west.

It would possibly have been poetic justice, favored, however, with too much charity, to leave the slaughtered bundle for the surprised inspection and subsequent appropriation of its murderers. But partly curiosity and partly the value of the rope led us to haul over the dummy that night after King was mummied in his blankets. At least a score of bullet-holes were found in it, which hallowed it to such a degree in our eyes that for weeks we kept it intact, riding by day on a pack-mule, and placed honorably in camp at night, the most carefully tended man of the party. We considered that its "trial by fire" and water had been more than sufficient to entitle it to the honor of so much semblance of the form human as it preserved.

The stalemate had changed to a checkmate; but it was our King that was saved, and Abercrombie was his Knight.

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COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

BY H. M. HINCKLEY.

"The tell-tale snow, a sparkling mould,
Says where they go and whence they came;
Lightly they touch its carpet cold,
And where they touch they sign your name."

SPREAD over the brown and rugged earth, hiding from sight the withered leaves and grasses, is this soft carpet of snow, the only blemishes on whose fair surface are the dainty footsteps of our little foresters. In the wood, the cedars and sombre pines with branches that yesterday rose and fell with a heavy sigh as the bleak north-east wind swept through them, now stand muffled and dumb in their white mantles; and on the oaks, whose brown leaves rustled and shivered as the same rude breath twirled them round and round, determined to strip off this withered remnant of summer's robe before it hurried by, rests the white garment December brings. Each half-buried stalk of mullein and St. John's-wort stands as if holding in its brown cups the phantoms of last season's flowers. But the breeze and sunshine wandering together through the wood, will loosen from tree and shrub its downy covering, and the white flowers on mullein and yarrow will vanish like the phantoms they now seem.

Around these brown flower-stalks that so bravely hold their heads above their snowy prison, are several prints of two little footsteps standing side by side, mysteriously beginning and ending. The deep cups of the mullein have been broken open, showing where the brown seeds were lodged, and on the snow is scattered the feathery lint of the golden rod and brown tufts of the yarrow. Soon over the snow come a flock of little birds who settle for an instant on the stalks as if to tell us to whom these footprints belong. These are the slate-colored snow-birds, who come from homes farther north to winter here; and, as their friends and companions, are the brisk little tree-sparrows. They peer and peck among the empty seed cups, hopping a few steps on the snow to examine each scattered husk, but soon flit away to the cultivated fields, where, among the withered weeds and stalks, is their favorite resort. In deep snows, however, as soon as the paths are dug out about the house, these birds appear, always exhibiting the same pleasing trust in human nature. Near the tracks of these birds are countless footprints of the beautiful little fawn-colored mouse with the large dark eyes. The delicate feet have left two little dents side by side, showing that as the creature jumped, the fore and hind feet fell into the same track, and in the snow behind is the impress of its long tail, that struck when the mouse gave his bounds.

The tracks wind along the wall, over and around the fallen birch, under the oak, to a spot where an acorn has been dug out from under the snow, and its contents nibbled out. But from here the footprints are farther apart, telling that the bounds by which the creature travelled were longer and probably faster, hinting of fear. Perhaps an owl gliding

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silently through these oaks and pines in his nightly search for food, cast a shadow in the moonlight on the pure white snow, and the mouse, alert with the instinct of self-preservation, hurried to the decaying oak stump for safety. In this cedar-tree, where a blue jay with shrill hungry cry now alights, his weight as it bends the bough bringing down a shower of light snow, are places where the bark has been frayed and pulled off.

Under this tree are again to be seen the footprints of the mice. Last summer a blue jay built her nest of small sticks and roots on one of its branches; and when the fall came, these little mice made their winter home in it, lining and roofing it over with soft green moss and strips of cedar bark, using pine for the inside and coarser strips outside; the whole making a structure about the size of a small football. The entrance was a small hole in the side leading on the branch. most perfectly concealed.

These timid little creatures dare not trust themselves away from home in the daytime, so we shall probably now find them in this nest. The first time we shake the branch it only brings down a shower of snow; but these little mice, so cosily housed, know the movement was caused by no breath of wind hurrying by, for, the second time, out they scramble, wild with fear. They cling to the limbs trembling and gazing anxiously about them, not daring to move forward or back again. As we pull the limb down to look at them more closely, all the three terror-stricken creatures jump to the snow below and quickly disappear in a little entry way leading down beside a birch stump. The fur of this mouse is dark-brown on the back, fawn-colored on the sides, and white on the under parts. The eyes are very large for so small a creature, with the same deep liquid beauty a deer's eye possesses.

One peculiarity with these mice, and the same is true of a red squirrel, is that, as a rule, they approach their nest by the way of some tree other than the one they have their nest in. You will see them run up a tree at some little distance, and then jump from branch to branch and tree to tree, often making long leaps, until they finally reach home.

One season these mice built a nest against an uninhabited gray squirrel's nest, using some of the overhanging oak branches of which it was largely built, as material for their roof. The nest was in a pine, but the mice approached home by way of a small oak standing near, the bark on this being worn off by the marks of their tiny claws. Frequently these mice use the nest of the cat-bird as a store-house, filling it with hazel nuts, and then covering it over with strips of cedar bark, leaving only a small entrance in the side.

A chickadee who was busily examining the crevices of an oak limb, hanging perfectly at her ease upside down, now flits to the birch stump beside which the mice disappeared, and continues her search for food in the decayed wood where the smooth, white bark has rolled back. In this stump a chickadee had her nest. From the top, an excavation about ten inches deep was made, and at the bottom of this the nest was placed, made almost entirely of what looked liked rabbits' hair, a few feathers, and scraps of lichens. As you looked into this nest when the bird was sitting, all that could be distinguished was one little bright eye, that looked as if it belonged to a mouse rather

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than a bird. A chickadee usually lays from six to eight eggs, white, with fine dots of light brown.

Leaving this busy little bird still wandering among the snow-clad trees, we will follow this wood path, too pure and white for heavier foot than bird's or rabbit's to press. It leads us past the smooth-barked beeches, whose golden brown leaves, even in the grayest winter day, make a sunshine of their own; winds on through the swamp where the azalea buds and red-tipped stems of the blue-berry remind us of the coming spring. Suddenly, out from the pine-tree overhead, whirrs a partridge, and in the snow are the bird's tracks, like a hen's, only smaller and nearer together, one foot being placed directly before the other. Here is a spot where he has been nipping off the blue-berry buds.

Finally, our path brings us to the river-side, and now we find tracks, one slightly in advance of the other, about the size of a small cat's track, and made in bounds about two feet apart. Following these, we find them wind along the bank, occasionally dashing out on the frozen river as if searching for something. This is the restless, wandering mink, who unceasingly scours brook, river, and country lying between, for blood.

Soon we find these tracks coming nearer together, and finally to a pause, as if the creature, the river being frozen over, had concluded that search in that direction did not promise much. Now, could we see the animal that made this track, we should find a lithe, dark-brown, furred creature, appearing almost black against the white snow, with a bright, dark eye, short ears perked forward, his fur fairly glistening in the sunlight: Occasionally he rises on his haunches, looking eagerly about, and using every sense he possesses to direct him towards his game. Not finding what he wants at the river, he ascends the high woodland bank of the stream. The wood here is a thicket of huckleberry bushes, birches, barberry bushes, and bull-briar.

Across our way under the birches, on through the underbrush, are tracks of a rabbit. As the creature jumps it throws its hind feet in advance of the fore feet, the latter often seeming like one track in the snow, they fall so near together. One unacquainted with their manner of travelling, would almost invariably mistake the direction in which the animal moved.

Following the rabbit's track, we find the timid creature has travelled several times in the same beat, stopping occasionally to gnaw off delicate twigs. Among these tracks the mink dashes about in various directions, like a dog beating the cover to start his game. Soon he hurries on through the thickset huckleberry bushes, under the low, drooping boughs of the cedar, and now into the thicket of bull-briar, where the thorny bramble prevents our following. Around on the other side we see where he came out, but here goes with his track that of a rabbit. Before we follow these footprints, we will step back into the bull-briars to see where the rabbit started from.

Under the thickest part of the overlying vines is a little spot bare of snow, about the size of two hands. This is called a form. Whether the ground is made bare by the warmth from the rabbit's body, or the snow is first scraped away by his paws, I am ignorant, but here was where the creature sat in fancied security until the mink found him, for rabbits rarely move in the daytime unless

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disturbed, and nearly all the tracks we have just seen were probably made after the storm had ceased at night, and when the moon shone out from behind the fleeing clouds, painting on this snowy surface the weird shadows of leafless tree and startled animal.

Again, we follow on; the rabbit travelling by leaps widely separated, the mink in close pursuit, a little to the leeward of the rabbit's track. Out of the thicket, up into the open wood, down the opposite side of the hill, in and around the swamp several times apparently, we trace them, till, leaving this with a tremendous bound, the rabbit speeds away to the rocky hill-side. In this last race is the desperate struggle for life; and we see, finally, that both tracks end in the crevice of this riven ledge, where the hardy winter ferns reach out from under their snowy covering towards the light.

After the mink has secured his prey and satisfied his hunger, he frequently takes a nap beside the body of his victim, no pangs of conscience disturbing his repose. But his restless, voracious nature will not leave him quiet long; so that if he is to be captured the trap must be set soon. Just at the entrance of the crevice is the best place for it, carefully concealed under dry leaves and ferns, and secured by a stout string or chain to a tree or root. Could we see this creature towards nightfall emerging from the rocky cleft, the sharp report of the trap when it springs and holds his delicate foot between its steel jaws, our sense of justice might be appeased. When caught, the fury of a mink is startling, their hissing scream at first repelling both man and dog. Oftentimes all their long, sharp teeth will be found broken off in their combat with the trap that holds them, and this complete ferocity lasts as long as life. Frequently the trap is dragged into the burrow or crevice, and a twitch of the string brings the furious creature, if alive, bounding into your face, when a well-directed blow soon ends all.

The fur of the mink is valuable; and I fancy many of its wearers would be surprised could they see the blood-thirsty little villain to whom they are indebted for their comfort.

The rabbit seems singularly defenceless, his only chance for escape resting in his speed; but with creatures like the mink and small weazel this is futile. Although the rabbit travels much faster than either of these enemies, they follow, apparently incapable of fatigue, until the rabbit, weary from pursuit, seeks his retreat, and then the matter is speedily settled.

Each rabbit, both in winter and summer, has a beat or path of his own, and when startled will bound away, then double on his track and come back to the old beat again. The cold does not seem to trouble him, for he will sit on the snow where the wind sweeps by roughest, with ears laid back, apparently perfectly comfortable.

Rabbits dislike water, and when rain or snow is coming, have an instinctive knowledge of it long before we see the signs; and sportsmen know that when rabbits are in their burrows, falling weather is near, although their favorite shelter then is crevices or clefts in rocks, as these places are less likely to become wet.

During the day they remain in their forms, which are merely favorite spots where they sit almost motionless; but

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as soon as night comes on they begin their timid wanderings, nervously beating and feeling the air for danger with the long ears and curling, quivering nostrils. Often, if only disturbed and not frightened, a rabbit will strike the ground with his hind feet, making a sound like the stamping of a foot; but when thoroughly scared, he will spring full two yards at a bound, and almost invariably makes for his retreat, which, from any quarter, he seems to know exactly how to find.

Coming out on the open meadow we find the tracks of a fox, much like those of a small dog. Last night the creature was here digging for mice among the snow-covered hassocks. His tracks wind here and there, occasionally showing us where the tenantless nest is scattered on the snow. This snowy waste, softened by the moonlight, must have presented a scene of strange, fantastic beauty. Had we been near here then we could have seen this creature come out of the wood with a sly trot and down to the meadow where he knows these mice are to be found. Then, suddenly stopping, he would turn his head on one side to listen, till, satisfied that his prey was there, he made a pounce with nose and fore paws, quickly dragging from its warm nest of grass the object of his search. We can trace his steps for a long distance in the meadow, until at last they turn up the hill-side among the short growth. Here is a confusion of tracks, and scattered over the snow are the feathers of a partridge that the fox probably dragged from its low perch, and devoured, leaving nothing but the feathers as a witness against him. Beyond this the footprints wind up towards the high ledges. On the sunny side of this hill we would probably find him stretched out, basking and blinking in the sunshine. The creature chooses this high ground evidently as a lookout and place of safety. But the hounds are not out to-day, and so he can rest unmolested; and if they were, it would not be their vision, but the scent of the tracks, which would lead them in the direction of the game.

Frequently you will see a dog test a track by running up and down it to see in which direction the scent is strongest, this determining the way he must follow. But to us, these footprints in the snow, which breath of wind or warmth of sunbeam can so soon efface forever, are written hints, by which, unconsciously to themselves, these creatures give us glimpses into their way of life.

Milton, Mass.

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SCROPE; OR, THE LOST LIBRARY.

BY FREDERIC B. PERKINS.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEXT morning, Adrian went to call on Mr. Scrope at the latter gentleman's place of business. Adrian was going to Hartford, and Mr. Scrope to England; and it was desirable that they should arrange their joint plan of operations in the matter of the Scrope estate.

The place of business in question was in Amity Street, a little off Broadway to the west, in a row of two-story red brick houses, which were respectable dwelling-houses a generation ago, but now degraded — or elevated — to business occupancy. The tenement where the agency of the Scrope Association was established was recognized by Adrian before he saw the number on the door, from a gay water-color drawing in the window, in bright blue, with gold-leaf and silver-leaf liberally laid on, representing a lion of the heraldic variety, surrounded by the other splendid adornments of a coat-of-arms, with crest, supporters, and motto complete, and having underneath the mystic formula: —

"BY THE NAME OF FERGUSON."

"Ferguson," repeated Adrian; "the Ferguson Arms! Mr. Mark Twain, I believe, met a member of that family — or installed one — in Italy." Reading further, upon a wonderfully resplendent sign hanging beside the Ferguson Arms, all white and gold, the announcement "College of Heralds, by Doctor Adelbert O'Rourke," he walked straight in, and entered the room designated by these gorgeous and aristocratic belongings. It was a dingy little place, of old a front parlor, with a few books on the mantel-piece, and two small office desks. On one of these lay a fat, red-covered royal octavo, which Adrian recognized as Burke's Encyclopædia of Heraldry; and at it sat a fat, red man, with moist, full eyes, no less obviously the King-at-Arms, so to speak, of the College. At the other desk sat Mr. Scrope, busily at work with papers and letters. He welcomed Adrian with a very genuine interest.

"Aw, ow do you do! The vewy man I wanted to see. Ave a chair."

"I want to congratulate you on making so good a speech yesterday," said Adrian, sitting down. "Most of you Englishmen hitch dreadfully in speaking."

"Aw, yes; you 're vewy kind, I'm sure. But Bird 's entitled to alf the credit, hat least. E coached me twemendously. Vewy clevah fellah, Bird, d' ye know, now?"

Adrian agreed that it was so, but could not help intimating that so much of the missionary spirit was not common among police reporters.

"No? Well, — fact is, e and I ave become vewy fwiendly, — quite pals, in fact."

"Hallo, Brab! how are you?" sung out a clear voice, the singer at the same time coming suddenly in at the door.

"Aw, ow de do?" said Scrope, evidently acknowledging this compendious appellation. "Take a seat. Mr. Chester, Mr. Bird."

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It was indeed the reporter who had thus profaned the majestic name of Brabazon. Adrian and he shook hands, and Adrian could not help laughing.

"Wat is it?" asked Scrope.

"Why," said Adrian, "I beg your pardon; but if you let yourself be called Brab, you 'll surely be supposed Barabbas, — not Brabazon."

"'Now Bawabbas was a wobber, you know," commented Scrope; "that would n't do at all. Must twouble you to say it in full, I 'm afwaid, Bird?"

"Very good," said Bird; "or I 'll say Scrope; but there 's something grand about Brab; I like it. However, we 're in the paper. You saw it, I suppose?"

"No," said Scrope, eagerly; "show me."

So Bird drew forth a morning paper, and opening it, pointed out to the young Englishman a paragraph in the gossip department, giving a brief account of the meeting of the Scrope Association.

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Scrope, reading it aloud; "could n't be better! Hinfinitely obliged, Bird. Don't know ow I 'm hevah going to weturn hall your goodness, I 'm sure! Now, Mr. Chester, his n't that good?"

"Very good indeed," assented Adrian, politely. "Excellent advertisement, I should say. But do you know, the first thing I think of when I see gossipy things in the papers, is Mr. Thackeray's maxim?"

"Wat 's that?" said Scrope.

Adrian quoted: "Infamation is infamation, and it does n't matter where the infamy comes from." And Scrope looked rather puzzled. Why should n't he? He did not understand such squeamishness.

Bird laughed, and said, "O, he wanted it in, so I put it in for him."

"Can you keep things out as easily?" asked Adrian.

"Not so easily. But it can be done. Pretty important for police purposes, every now and then, to keep things out of print."

"Well," returned Adrian, "I shall ask leave to apply to you if I ever want either of them done, as you are so influential with the papers."

Bird very civilly said he was at Mr. Chester's service, and then congratulated Adrian on the prompt and able manner in which he had intervened at the critical moment to decide the opinions of the assembly the day before.

"Yes," assented Scrope. "By Jove, do you know, now, the ole thing was dead as Julius Cæsar! It was just like a scene in a play! But now, my dear fellah, watever made you keep so vewy dark about that pamphlet?"

"Yes," said Bird, "I 've been thinking of that."

"Why," said Adrian, "I did n't keep so very dark. There were four people in the room yesterday who knew I had it. Besides, I had had it only a very few days. And how much stronger it made the effect. It 's a great deal more astonishing to make a dead man appear, than a live one."

This was good reasoning, and the two young men assented, though they still felt that it did not fully explain Adrian's keeping the knowledge of his secret from the one man of all most interested in it, viz. Mr. Scrope himself. It would not have been quite elegant to explain, for the chief reason was this: Adrian's opinion — or rather feeling — about Mr. Scrope was, that though he might be a good fellow enough, it was better to be in a position to manage him than to be managed by him. This feeling, in-

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deed, was so distinct, that Adrian even found himself concluding that in Scrope's hands, the financial part of their undertaking was pretty likely not to amount to much, even should it turn out that there was any money to be recovered. In truth, however, Adrian was little concerned about the money. His only real expectation was that all this stir and excitement might lead to the discovery of new information respecting the curious family history of the refugee, and of the Scrope family in general, and — a far more interesting point to him — that it might in some way or other put him on the trace of the Scrope collection of books, the Lost Library; and he was about as unwilling to state in full these motives, as he was his estimate of the personal character of Mr. Scrope. He had no doubt, moreover, in his own mind that these same motives — viz. the hope of discovering some genealogy and the Lost Library — had decided Mr. Philetus Stanley to join so heartily in the movement as he did, when he found he could not prevent it. It was the most natural thing in the world for a shrewd, sly, cool man to try joining the Association, with a view to manage it and get the benefit of it, as soon as he was sure he could not shut it off from the investigation which he would have preferred to monopolize.

Adrian, perceiving how intimate a friendship had been contracted between Bird and Scrope, judiciously accepted the situation, congratulating himself doubly upon not having made Scrope a confidant, as, he saw, Bird would have been his confidant too; and he believed, with shrewd old Gilbert Stuart the painter, that a secret known to III persons is too often known, not to three, but to a hundred and eleven. As, however, the doings of the Scrope Association could neither reveal his own interest in any secrets, or be much of a secret themselves, he proceeded at once, without any reserve on account of Mr. Bird, to discuss, as secretary, with Scrope as agent, the line of operations to be adopted. Half an hour's talk served to arrange this, and several shrewd practical suggestions from Mr. Bird were of a good deal of use, insomuch that Adrian suggested that he should be appointed a "brevet Scrope," by way of acknowledgment. The plan was simple; it was first to enlist as many more members as possible in the association, during the short remaining period of Mr. Scrope's stay in America, and to prepare full and legally authenticated transcripts of all documents and evidence that could be mustered of all Scrope descents on this side the water, with a view to opening the legal campaign in England. This campaign, which was to be the practical and decisive test of the enterprise, was only to be set on foot after the fullest possible preparation, and upon express authority, to be sent from the officers of the association in America, who were expected to furnish most of the means, and had a right to this control.

All this having been adjusted, Mr. Scrope now insisted that the three should step out and celebrate the happy beginning of his authentic official labors by a drink; "especially," he added, as it was time for his "bitters." Bird assented, and Adrian, reluctant to seem churlish, went with them. There are few blocks on that part of Broadway without half a dozen bars, and a shrine for the proposed libation was not far to seek. It was, indeed, evidently a regular haunt of Mr. Scrope's; for at his

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entrance the splendid creature behind the bar nodded familiarly, and said, —

"Your friend was just in — he's coming right back." And he added, "The same?"

"Yes," said Scrope; "two of 'em, as usual."

"What for you, gents?" continued the affable high-priest.

"O, I'll drink with them," said Bird.

"What is it?" asked Adrian.

"Absinthe," said Scrope. "Try it."

"Why, I'd like to know how it tastes," said Adrian, "but I hate liquor I'll do it if you'll let me off in case I don't like it. Besides, I can't carry any liquor; it muddles my head very disagreeably."

"All right," said Bird; "he *won't* like it. Give him a soda cocktail, too; then he can go through the motions, at any rate."

Adrian readily permitted the discreet Mr. Bird to adjust the ceremonial, asking only what a soda cocktail might be, and well pleased to learn how very slightly it differed from a glass of soda-water; and the barkeeper proceeded to the somewhat elaborate and scientific-looking process of mixing three glasses of the most infamous and fatal poison ever dispensed as a drink, — that liquid idiocy, the scoundrelly French invention of absinthe. The oily-looking, pale-green wormwood-juice was yet dropping and spreading cloudily in the last goblet, when the expected "friend," Mr. William Button, arrived, and boisterously greeting the company, signified his content with the order which had been given on his behalf, adding, with oaths, to Scrope, —

"You taught me to drink it, by ( ), and by ( ), it's fair to suppose I'll stick to it as long as you do, by ( )."

We may charitably believe that in commending such a deadly cup to the lips of the unfortunate young man whose very brain and spine were already dissolving in the same frightful disease which this fiend's potion so powerfully promotes, the scatter-brained Englishman was ignorant at once of the double power of strong drink in the stimulating climate of America; of the peculiar hateful influence of absinthe in causing or accelerating ailments that involve the brain and spinal marrow, and of the fact that such a disease was already rapidly establishing itself in Mr. William Button's frame.

However, the three others sipped off the stuff, and smacked their lips approvingly. As for Adrian, he tasted it, it is true; and at the contortion of his visage, and the abhorrent haste with which he spat forth the nauseous bitter filth and thrust away the glass, they laughed until they cried. Mr. Button rallied him a little on his inexperience; but Adrian said, —

"I'll tell you what, Cousin William, there's only one thing that I should wonder at more than at seeing decent fellows act as if they enjoyed that hell-broth."

"What's that, by ( )?" inquired Mr. Button, with interest.

"Why, I should wonder more to see anybody, except a natural fool, who should be afraid to say he abominated it, or who should be joked into even smelling at it a second time. Phew! Give me that other thing, please, Mr. Barkeeper."

It was done, and the quartette drank a solemn toast to the health and prosperity of the Scrope Association, and of Mr. Agent Scrope in particu-

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lar. And Mr. Button, who had evidently been drinking before, proceeded to bawl out that ancient chorus, —

"For he 's a jolly good fellow,"

With a rather uncertain modulation, and to tack on to the end of it the next song that happened to come into his head, having a curious chorus of —

"Skittyittyittyittykadink, a dink, a dink a dido,"

Quite too curious and elaborate, in fact, for his fuddled tongue; for he both broke down in the attempt to execute the swift quadruplicate repetition of its first half, and smashed all to pieces the glass he held in his hand, in trying to beat time with it on the counter. He then proceeded to order "four more, by ( )," in his usual roaring, peremptory way, on which Mr. Bird, winking at Adrian, said, —

"All right — go on, boys, we 'll be right back — Mr. Chester and I want to just look in a moment over the way."

And rising, he nodded at Adrian, who took the hint and followed him out.

"I wanted to say a word to you, Mr. Chester," he said, "and I reckon you are willing to get away from those fellows anyhow."

"Yes, I am," said Adrian, very sincerely.

"Well, just walk up a block or two, and we 'll cross over to Washington Square."

They did so, and as they were well wrapped up, found it no hardship to sit a while on one of the seats in the snowy open square.

"There," said Bird, "we 'll settle about running away next time we see them. What I wanted was to say to you that I had a note from Doctor Veroil about some matters that you are interested in; and that I will certainly do all I can to arrange the affair comfortably all round."

Mr. Bird's quiet, steady manner in any business of importance, his composed bearing, that indescribable texture of expressions which belonged to his calm, intelligent face, — "good sense," we say it indicates; nobody has described what it is in a face that makes us ascribe "good sense" to it, but we know it if we see it; — all this operated on Adrian just as Adrian's own ready kindliness and swift penetrating, sympathetic intelligence did on others; and he fell into an unreserved discussion of Civille's affairs far more easily than he could have imagined to be possible. After a good deal of consultation they agreed that she was undoubtedly quite beyond any suspicion, except so far as any very delicate and sensitive woman whatever may be capable of falling into insanity; that the real question was, not whether Civille had stolen, but who had stolen; and that the proper line of operations was, to keep perfectly silent, and try to trap the real thief.

"There 's so much shop-lifting, however," Bird said at last, "and so many of these respectable thieves — they 've got up a long name on purpose for 'em," he commented, — "anybody must be pretty well off to be able to afford such a long name as kleptomaniac — that it 's a pretty difficult job to catch the right one. And there 's one very disagreeable circumstance you don't know of — it don't prove anything to me, not yet at least, but it would make trouble if it were known — "

He hesitated a moment, but continued, looking very steadily into

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Adrian's eyes, "I 'm sure you 'll understand me, Mr. Chester, I mean just that; *it don't prove anything.* I have seen Olds since I heard from Dr. Veroil, and that 's how I came to know it. And it won't be mentioned, you need n't be afraid of that, but some of Jenks and Trainor's stolen goods, some laces, were certainly found in Miss Van Braam's possession."

Adrian was a very steady and strong young fellow, but at this plain assertion, a deep sinking pain at the heart turned him so white that Bird looked almost alarmed, and repeated his assurances.

"I know so much about such matters," he reiterated, "that the fact is to me only a fact. My theory is, that the real thief put the goods where they were found."

But Adrian's Puritan descent and training, and his Scrope traits, shy of every publicity, inexpressibly horrified at the publicity of crime, made this circumstance peculiarly horrible to him, particularly as his vivid imagination reinforced it with all its possible associations and consequences; and it was not until after many repetitions and enforcements of the arguments which the reporter used, that he could, even in part, recover from the shock. He however thanked Bird, very justly, for letting him understand exactly how the matter stood.

"Now," he continued, "I want to see this Olds. I want to judge for myself what manner of man he is. By what Mr. Van Braam said, he must look something like a prize hog. I never should pick out such a creature for a detective, I 'm sure; and it makes me uncomfortable to think of his rooting and snouting about within a hundred miles of Civille."

And, in truth, anybody out of all the thousands who in those days saw this eminent detective laboring along the street while he was in the full career of his usefulness, might very naturally have made the same observation as to his zoölogy.

"Necessary evils, detectives are," said the reporter. "Some very bad fellows among them, and some very decent ones. As for Olds, don't you see that his very waddling and wheezing, and general tallowy, stupid look, may be an excellent disguise? If he can make a thief think him just that, it helps catch the thief. Well, he has a sort of whim of never being at his rooms except in the evening; and I can't go with you to-night, for I 've got to arrange down at the office, so that I can be at Mr. Button's celebration. I 'll just give you a card. Olds knows me, and he 'll be civil."

So he wrote "from Bird" on the back of a business card, and gave it to Adrian, noting at the same time the address, which was in a "public building," on Broadway, near the New York Hotel, and the young men parted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It is not quite true philosophically, though it may be practically, that

> "*All* thoughts, *all* passions, *all* delights,
> *Whatever* stirs this mortal frame,
> *All* are but ministers of Love,
> And feed his sacred flame."

Not quite. For instance, try anger; try hunger; try fright; try love of property; try love of power! Not quite all, dear Coleridge! But a good many of them. Love, full, complete, perfect human love, is to feel, and express, and receive the counterpart of, all the attractions which make one human being desire another; admi-

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ration, respect, friendship, enjoyment, sympathy (*i. e.* co-enjoyment), affection, passion. All these are unselfish. As for the selfish consciousnesses which the wonderful English minnesinger, by a noble material fallacy included in his assertion, they are comprehended, if at all, only negatively, as crime and misery are included in Christian society, to be reversed and eliminated. But without any one of those unselfish elements, Love, though it may be Love, is imperfect. Still more, or rather most of all, is any one of them alone an imperfect love. The old saw that "Pity is akin to Love," is just as true, and no more, as that beauty is concerned with love. The beautiful object must be lovable too; the pitied object must be lovable too, before there can be a love in consequence of the beauty or of the pity. When Xerxes bejewelled the beautiful tree, he showed how love for a tree is not love. Whatever love comes of pity may be felt for a dog. Of sympathy in the sense of co-suffering, of pain by reason of the pain of another, the like is true. Whatever love comes of such sympathy, may be felt by man for beast, or by man for man. It is the sympathy of co-enjoyment which is a necessary part of love.

Surrender is the measure of love. This is true equally towards God and man; the truth is so deep as to be of the substructure of both loves, and it is conclusive accordingly of the criterion of unselfishness for human love. And let no one say that such an analysis is cold or passionless. It is, or at least is susceptible of being, vivid with a sustained, deliberate passion which is to any other what the sun's steady, white heat is to the thin flash of tinder.

No such analysis as this was passing through Adrian's mind, however, as he approached Mr. Button's mansion that evening. He was in a somewhat confused or questioning, and waiting frame of mind, from a number of causes.

He had visited Mr. Olds, the detective, early in the evening. That immense personage had wheezed and gobbled forth an awkwardly worded, but sufficiently clear statement, agreeing in substance with what Adrian already knew. This, indeed, was not what Adrian went for; he wanted, to use a scriptural phrase, to discern his spirit. In this he was puzzled, as was natural enough. We get our impressions about a man's soul exclusively through physical media If these media are unfamiliar, we cannot recognize the impressions; and this exceptional, vast, fat grossness acted as a perfectly impenetrable curtain before the soul of Mr. Olds. The best Adrian could conclude was, that the big man seemed to show a rough and vulgar good humor as well as good sense; but this was not enough, and Adrian remained accordingly in doubt what might be his influence upon the fortunes of Civille.

Burdened, therefore, with the constant pain of this heavy doubt about herself, and with the perhaps keener pain of a sympathy for her poor old father, Adrian was to do his best to make the evening a pleasant one to both. But he was to do this in the very focus of other interests, all converging upon him like a succession of burning glasses on one and the same object. He was hourly becoming more and more conscious that he was engaged to Ann Button. This engagement had subsisted, almost unfelt, hardly more than an acquaintance, for a year or two; permitted rather than encouraged, as the couple were

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so young. Adrian's offer to her, as Civille told Mr. Scrope on the evening when he first met Adrian at her father's, had been really an effect not of love, but of sympathy and pity for unhappiness. Ann was, not to the extent of being persecuted, but to that of being unpopular, a solitary and unloved girl; dry-natured, close, jealous, bitter, resolute, fearless, hard, exacting. The mere kind-heartedness of the young man, — none but the impulsively benevolent can comprehend the statement, — the mere unresisted power of kindly impulse, had sent him to her side, had devoted him to her service, had caused him to offer her his whole life, as one takes up the cause of the deserted and helpless. It was greatly less strange that she should accept him; he was a goodly young man, and it was a real triumph, one which she very deeply enjoyed, that with her homely features and unlovely ways, she should carry him off from so many bright and attractive girls, although she had never seemed exactly to be conscious of the way in which they regarded — or disregarded — her. It was of course, too, that she should be the very last to see what his real motive had been. Whatever she did not attribute to her own attractions, she attributed to her father's wealth; and it did not trouble her that this should avail in her behalf. Indeed, to a nature like hers, it seemed a perfectly satisfactory motive. And it is — within its proper limit. How should she know his real motive? She had not the faculties to recognize such a motive; he did not know what it was himself. Neither of them knew love; whatever sentiment they had for each other, in him compassion, in her selfishness and pride, they ignorantly thought was such.

Now, however, to the stinging of his suffering for the unconscious Civille, and for her sensitive and too conscious father, was added the uneasy questioning of a half-awakened consciousness of his own, which took the shape of a feeling of remorse and shame for becoming recreant to his highest obligations; and the steadily increasing repugnance which he was hourly feeling for Mr. and for Mrs. Button, for their son, and all their works and ways, was growing and growing, also in the form, as he saw it, of wrong feelings which he ought to subdue. And all of them, in a fashion which he could not understand at all, seemed only to be the stronger for his struggling against them; a sorrowful puzzle it was. Then over and above all this were the business offers of Mr. Button, guardedly made, it is true, but yet in such a way that, as Adrian knew perfectly well, he had only to consent, to receive an establishment for life and ample wealth. The very greatness — pecuniarily speaking — of the opportunity oppressed him. It is only a low nature that will grasp with unconditional eagerness at money chances or money certainties. Adrian liked the use of money, no doubt; but it was with a genuine and profound repugnance that he thought of giving up, as he must, if he bowed his neck to the Buttonian yoke, the whole of what he loved, — accomplishments, knowledge, all beautiful and noble growths of mind and soul. Were such hesitations foolish? The road along which Mr. Button pointed was one where angels would fear to tread, and surely a pure and brave young soul was excusable for hesitating.

However, Adrian, among his other good gifts, had one right rare one.

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He could put troubles and perplexities aside by a resolute exertion of will, and occupy himself fully with rest or recreation, still more with contributing to the enjoyment of others. So, as he was shown up the tall stairway to the gentlemen's dressing-room, and laid off his overcoat and adjusted his costume, he also laid off his cares, and adjusted his mind. Mr. Scrope and Mr. Bird, who had just arrived, were also, as the reporter remarked, "putting the last touches on their war-paint," and all three went down to the parlors together.

Mr. Button's home was what they call in New York, with an apparent contradiction of terms, a "high stoop" house; having a lofty flight of steps to the front door, so that there was a pretty high basement, in which was the dining-room. The first floor was entirely filled with the long range of three great parlors: lofty and richly furnished rooms, but hopelessly stiff and cold in effect, as if Mrs. Button herself had stood still in the midst thereof and let the rooms emanate from her. Even such attempts as there were at art decoration only made the frost more arctic, and the very north and south poles, one might say, were a couple of fearful full-length portraits, one of Mr. Button, and one of his spouse, that stiffened at each other from opposite places on the walls. There was a pretty numerous and friendly assembly, however; for the requisite number had easily been made out by inviting plenty of young and old from "the church"; so that, in fact, it might be considered a sort of love-feast jointly celebrated by Dr. Toomston's church and the Scrope Association. In the midst of them, here and there, were a few celebrities, literary and other, such as the hostess had contrived to gather at short notice. But in New York, as of old, you can always fill the places at the banquet in some way, if not with somebodies, then with common folks. Nobodies all are better than nobody at all.

In gatherings so unforeseen and hasty as this, the progress of affairs is always more or less like that process of hatching eggs which embryologists call segmentation. The company keeps gathering into small groups of such as know each other. These hang together in a comfortless, helpless way, very like the shipwrecked sailors of the "Polaris" on their little floe, until there intervenes a supper, or music, or a reading, or something of that generalized kind, which at once resolves the whole into separate atoms again. The entertainer, if skilful, is constantly circulating about, breaking up or recombining these groups, as they stir maple sugar in the kettle to keep it in the grained state. Now Mrs. Button and Ann were only moderately skilled in this art, and so their guests were a little too segregate. Adrian, however, and Civille, having good capacities for the work, circulated and chatted, and served as a kind of aides-de-camp, and kept things going with immense vigor and perseverance, and a good deal of success.

First, however, of course, the three young men did obeisance unto Mrs. Button, who was all shiny in a new purple silk, almost as stiff and resplendent as japanned tin; and then to Miss Button, standing near, whose costume made a surprising exhibition of her anatomy. The tendency towards low-neckedness of dress on the part of ladies other than fat, is undeniable, but easily explained. It is the flesh, and not the bones, that we are shy of showing; as it is the

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flesh, and not the bones, whose temptations we are commanded to shun. Therefore, of course, the leaner a lady is, the lower her dress may be cut in the neck without impropriety.

The official greetings over, the three friends were quickly launched upon the tide of social enjoyment by Mrs. Button herself, who presented all three, as a beginning, to a group of substantial persons, which included Mr. Button, Mr. Stanley, old Mr. Adam Welles, who looked rather apprehensive and out of place, a few others of the Scrope connection, and also the famous Mr. Kalokagathos, from Greece, now investigating the social and political situation of the United States; the celebrated German philologist, Herr von Kladderadatsch, and the eminent female reformer, Mrs. Hetty Maginn, so often and impertinently nicknamed "Hit-'em-again" by those jackanapes, the newspaper men, by reason of her energetic and combative ways. But, as she often said herself, the leader in a great cause must have the qualities of a fighter as well as a commander. And, indeed, her coarse, red face was appropriate, and her brawny and athletic figure, and strong, rasping voice, might have made her part good in any melee.

Any crowd magnetizes. The life and light of the large rooms, whose cold and stiff appointments were greatly relieved by the throng that stood or moved within them, instantly acted upon Adrian, who was already resolutely bent upon enjoyment; for himself if possible, for others at any rate. His eyes shone already, the color already rose in his cheeks, and before a word had been said, he felt a sort of light and elevation in his intellect; all his wits and all his senses — and his nonsenses, too — sprang up, wide awake, and danced with impatience for some activity.

"Good-evening, Adrian," said Mr. Button, with hospitable fervor, and with a heartiness which was, in fact, increased by his greatly increased respect for Adrian since his prompt action and forcible speech at the association. "Glad to see ye. Now fust thing, be sure and look in 't the office to-morrow morning at ten exact, will ye?"

"I will," said Adrian, "if I'm alive."

Then they all greeted him as he was presented, and Mrs. Maginn, looking approvingly upon him, observed, —

"You don't look now very much as if you would be dead to-morrow, Mr. Chester!"

"I don't feel so either, madam; but I think very likely some of the people on whom the tower of Siloam fell were as lively as I am at the moment."

"Mercy!" said the lady, "I hope you don't mean that this house is the tower of Siloam, and going to fall on us?"

"O, no, madam," with a smile and a polite bow. "I feel much more as if it were the pool of Bethesda, and I saw the angel just come down to stir up the waters."

"O, thank you! Very pretty indeed," said the stout old angel, highly delighted, as everybody really is at a compliment, no matter if they know it is mere talk.

"I have been at Jerusalem last summer," observed Mr. Kalokagathos, in pretty good English.

"Wal," inquired Mr. Button, "is it a fact that they have better artichokes there than anywhere else?"

The Greek gentleman stared and

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said, "I beg your pardon!" Adrian, however, interposed, saying rather impertinently, it must be confessed, "They've dug them all up excavating for the Palestine Exploration Society."

"Ah, ja," here remarked the German philologist; "very interesting mason's marks and remains there, on the wall of the Haram."

"Numbers to direct the builders, are they not?" asked Adrian.

"I could not array them in a numerical order," said Herr von Kladderadatsch, in his queer English. "But I think to have a similitude with Runic numerals on the Dighton Stone traced, and some more on an Indian relic to New Hampshire out."

"Ah?" said Adrian. "Then you are studying Indian philology? Their numerals are very curious, some of them. I remember when I was a boy, learning a Popatomcock numeration table, to a scale of five instead of ten."

"What was that?" asked the German, eagerly. "Will you it put down for me, please? Can you remember him?"

"O yes." And Adrian solemnly recited the following mysterious list, sometimes taught to young persons in New England.

"Een, teen, tuthery, futhery, pip; sayther, layther, co, jeffrey, dix; eendix, teendix, tutherdix, futherdix, bump; eenbump, teenbump, tutherbump, futherbump, giggets."

"Ah, so?" cried the German, in great excitement, "this is all most wonderful! And will you note him for me down?"

"O, certainly." And Adrian wrote the words on a card, while the others looked on with sufficiently puzzled faces, and the linguist plunged into an oration on the parallelisms of een and ein and one, pip and fif or five, dix and decem, and many others which he found amongst these numerals and the German, Latin, Welch, and forty or fifty sets more.

Then he began to inquire for the authorities about the Popatomcocks. The tribe is extinct, Adrian said; it used to be established near where New Haven is now. Authorities very scanty; and he referred him to that profound work, De Forest's History of the Indians of Connecticut, but added that he had learned their war-whoop when he learned their numerals. This the philosopher was eager to hear, and Adrian, without stopping to think, gave a tremendous Indian yell, slapping his mouth with his hand *secundum artem*, insomuch that his audience almost jumped off the floor with astonishment, and a small chorus of little squeals from all the women, and then a surprised silence, followed.

Mr. Button looked rather confounded, and was just saying, "Wal, young man," when Doctor Veroil's pleasant voice was heard; he laid hold on Adrian's shoulder, saying,—

"Here, what nonsense are you up to now?—how are you, Mr. Button? Good evening, Mrs. Maginn; come, Chester, the girls want you and Scrope and Bird."

And the jolly physician hauled them away, leaving the astonished seniors to compose their minds.

Civille, Ann, and a little knot of young people, were gathered near the folding-doors.

"What was that awful noise?" asked one of them.

"This young Sioux here," said the doctor, pointing to Adrian, "was shouting his war-cry, that's all. He'll

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scalp you if you irritate him, so look out."

"He could raise my hair easily enough," said the saucy girl, — a merry thing with bright black eyes, — "without troubling my scalp."

Miss Button looked very prim at so open an avowal, but the others laughed, though they blushed.

"Switch, hey?" said the doctor. "Well, you deserve another kind of switch for wearing that kind. What horrible nonsense it is!"

"What nonsense?" inquired Mrs. Maginn, who liked to be where something was going on, and now sailed up.

"Wearing false hair," said the doctor, "and feminine humbugs generally."

"You men are to blame," said Mrs. Maginn; "we are fools enough to adorn ourselves to please you."

"Nonsense," cried the doctor; "you dress to please each other, or rather to plague each other. Just see how you women quiz each other's rigs in the street: so you do here. There is n't one of you now, that could n't shut her eyes and make a full inventory of every visible article on every other woman in this set!"

They laughed, but they did not deny it. Mrs. Maginn candidly avowed that it was a shame to them.

"Yes," said Veroil, sharply, "and a stumbling-block to you women suffragists in particular. If you can't improve such a small matter as women's dresses, you certainly can't improve their social and political situation. Idiots and Indians don't vote, nor babies. What's the reason? It's because they are all alike in being undeveloped in mind — all substantially savages. You women — your dress is savage. It's out of the question for a man to vote as long as he is so savage as to stick feathers in his topknot and paint his face and flutter himself out with streamers and things, as only a savage, or a fool, or a child, or a woman, does. The quality and quantity of mind that permits the ornament prohibits the vote. I tell you, until you can make the women quit rigging out those spanker booms behind them," — here the doctor pointed with a grin at a finely developed *panier* or two, whereat the wearers thereof instinctively smoothed down the same as if to quench them, and then looked both annoyed and vexed, — "and those wild jungles of things on their heads in the street, and hair off corpses, and all such savage fooleries, — until you can make them quit all that, there's no danger that you 'll get the suffrage!"

"There's too much truth in what you say, doctor," said Mrs. Maginn.

"But, doctor," said Adrian; "you said the young ladies wanted me. What for?"

"O, only on general principles. They always want gentlemen."

"Why, you villain!" cried Mrs. Hetty Maginn, with a great affectation of fury. "We don't want him nor you any more than a toad wants a tail. Now you're here, you may as well entertain us, though. You must either sing a song or tell a story — that's the old rule."

"Very good," said the doctor. "I 'll begin. I can't sing a note, — was put out of the class by the singing-master because I put all the rest out if I stayed in. So I'll give a song."

And sure enough, he struck up with the most extraordinary tuneless croak that can be imagined, but with so little noise at first, that everybody

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listened carefully, — those graceful words of Longfellow's: —

> "I know a maiden fair to see,
> TAKE CARE!"

he shouted suddenly, without the least notice; and there was such jumping and such squalls! —

"There," said he coolly, to Adrian, who, the fact is, had really been as much startled as anybody, — "that's to pay you for your yell just now! It's your turn: so now for your song or your story."

"Well," said Adrian, — "but perhaps Herr von Kladderadatsch" — the philologist was just passing by — "can tell us some German ghost story?"

"O, ja!" said he, good-naturedly; "let me to think. So — yes. Not a ghost story, exactly, but of interest, — 'The Story of the German Pastor.'"

And he began in a steady, even, slow, delaying way, as if he were translating it all deliberately inside as he went along, as no doubt he was: —

"As I was walking upon the sea-shore one morning (this is what the German Pastor said), I saw a man standing by the shore of the sea, and holding a pistol to his head. 'My friend,' I said, 'why do you hold a pistol to your head?' — 'Because I will shoot myself,' said he. 'But,' said I, 'why will you do this wicked thing? Do not commit so awful a crime!' — 'Because,' he replied, 'I am plunged in the deepest misfortunes. I have lost my estates, I am exposed to the utmost legal persecutions; my hopes are ruined, my future is only misery. I am at the present moment pursued for a debt by one who will cast me into prison, and therefore I will shoot myself.' — 'But,' I said again, 'my friend, this is a terrible violation of all the laws, and will remedy no evil. What is the amount for which you are pursued at present?' — 'Fifty crowns,' said he. 'Well, my friend, now come with me to the parsonage and I will lend you fifty crowns; and by no means pursue or repeat this criminal design of shooting yourself.' He accordingly accompanied me, and we set out to go to my home. As we approached, I saw that the door was shut, and going up to it, I knocked. No person came. I then knocked a second time at the door of my house. Still no person came to the door. I accordingly knocked a third time, and my little daughter Fanny came to the door. Having opened it, she started back at seeing me accompanied by a person whom she did not know, and exclaimed, 'My father, who is this strange man whom you have brought home with you?' Said I, 'My daughter, as I was walking upon the sea-shore this morning, I saw this man standing by the shore of the sea, and holding a pistol to his head. "My friend," I said, "why do you hold a pistol —"'

"There, there," interrupted Mrs. Maginn, "you will kill us all. How many times would that long story be repeated?"

"As often as a new circumstance arises in the narration, Madame," blandly explained the Professor.

"And how long would they arise?"

"As long as it might please the ladies," replied the Professor, his eyes twinkling through his spectacles.

"That's two abominable deceits," said Mrs. Maginn. "Come, we'll try who has the nimblest tongue, — no, let's try 'Burying the City' first. I only learned that last week, and I made one to-day that I want to try you with."

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All acquiesced politely, and she recited the not quite unknown specimen, —

"In the next room a man was almost at the last gasp, and all night long his constant hic! hic! agonized me"

"Chicago," said somebody, after a few moments. Several others were offered; and at last Adrian recited what he called, —

"LINES FROM 'THE RUSSIAN PROPHECY.'
When Slavon sinewy, or Kalmuck fierce,
Through all embattled Europe west shall pierce."

It took them quite a while to disinter "New York" out of that; and then Mrs. Hetty, who had in spite of her zeal for big reforms, a decided liking for such childish rattletraps as these, insisted on her nimble-tongue exercise, as she called it. This was only the very juvenile amusement of trying to repeat, without error, divers difficult combinations of sounds; such legends as those of Peter Piper, of Crazy Craycroft, and Theophilus Thistle-sifter; that polar poem which tells how

"Midst thickest mists and stiffest frosts,
With strongest wrists and stoutest boasts
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts."

Mr. Adam Welles, who drifted up to them, with Mr. Philetus Stanley, suggested the short rural narrative, — "A skunk jumped off from a stump into a skunk-hole." Mr. Stanley gave, to be repeated four times very rapidly, "She sells sea-shells." One of the young ladies suggested one which will be found still more difficult, also for fourfold repetition, — "Shoes and socks shock Susan." And Mr. Bird, who had been listening very quietly, finally suggested the hardest though the shortest of all, to be repeated in like manner, very fast four times — "Black bug's blood."

After they had all tried and all failed on these last two, and indeed it is surprisingly difficult to say them in this manner, Adrian was called on for his song or story.

"Yes," said Mr. Stanley; "if you had heard him give the argument on the Scrope genealogy yesterday, you would know that he has a great talent for narrative."

"We 'll ave both," said Mr. Scrope; "e sings like a nightingale."

"Well," said Adrian, somewhat embarrassed by the compliments, "but one at a time, if you please. I have n't Sergeant Odoherty's talent of articulating and accompanying myself on the trombone. I 'll tell you a ghost story, and it 's a real one. It happened to me, last summer — "

At this moment, Mr. Bird, who had been standing quietly close by, exclaimed, as if to himself, "I declare, I've left my handkerchief upstairs, now!" and ran out to get it. Adrian, casually looking out into the front hall, through the open door of the back parlor, near which he was, could see part of the stairs; and on this, he saw Bird, who was springing swiftly up, pause and draw to one side, to let a woman pass down,— one of the servants, — and, as Adrian remarked by her dress, the same who had a few moments before brushed past him on some errand or other, and had herself proceeded up-stairs. But he fancied that the pause on the stairs was a little particular, — long enough, in fact, for some words to be interchanged, — and though he heard nothing, something in the carriage and movement of their heads made him imagine that Bird spoke, and the hired girl assented. With a moment's displeasure at such an unsuitable flirtation, — for Bird, as Adrian had already often reflected, was too

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much of a man and of a gentleman to be indulging in some of the low pursuits that he seemed to enjoy, — Adrian turned again to his audience.

The young ladies showed evident signs of fearful interest; and Adrian, assuming a grave and impressive manner, related as follows: —

"THE DEAD INDIAN.

"Just without the southern limits of my own city of Hartford, runs from north to south a ridge of trap rock commonly called Hartford Rocky Hill; and which, as I recollect, is figured and described in an early number of Silliman's Journal of Science, as affording a remarkable instance of the junction of trap with sandstone. Its southern portion was formerly the scene of public executions, and was called by the ill-omened name of Gallows Hill. Its precipitous western face has long been quarried for stone; while from its crest the ground slopes eastward in a broad and evenly inclined plane of fertile farming land. The northern portion of this slanting tract is intersected by various lanes, now, however, disappearing as the growing city stretches southward, throwing forward its feelers of surveys, and empty new streets, unsightly scars upon the bosom of the earth.

"There stands, or stood, a year ago, in Zachary's Lane, as one of these narrow semi-rural ways is called, a huge sycamore tree, one or two of whose lower limbs ran out horizontally to a long distance. Crouched under the protection of this old giant, just at the top of the sloping green bank by the roadside, was a miserable stone hovel, floored even with the ground, and with a cellar to which admission was gained in front by a passage cut into the bank. As far back as any local memory extends, this hut had been occupied, when occupied at all, by one or another disreputable negro family; but there was an obscure tradition that the spot had been the site of the wigwam of the sachem who ruled the neighborhood almost two hundred and fifty years before, at the first coming of the white man; and whose name is variously spelled in the ancient records of the colony, but most frequently Sunckquasson or Sequassen. In this dilapidated edifice some of my friends and I used last summer to pass an afternoon; sometimes in trifling amusements, sometimes in conversation, often very serious and earnest. We had added nothing to the accommodations of the old hovel except a few logs and blocks, which served us as seats, and the fantastic decoration of a human skull, which one of us, an admirer of Edgar A. Poe, had nailed up on the low, horizontal branch which stretched along above the hut, in a sort of imitation of that which plays so important a part in the story of 'The Gold Bug.'

"On one particular afternoon, a warm and pleasant summer day, we had gone out to the hut, and as the preference of the hour was for conversation, we took nothing for diversion or refreshment except a wine quart of claret, iced.

"We sat a long time, first on the green bank outside, and then within the single little room of the old hut, pleasantly discoursing upon a great variety of subjects. All the latter half of the summer afternoon glided rapidly away; the fleeting July twilight crept swiftly upon us, and deepened rapidly into the shadowing darkness of early, moonless nightfall.

"There was a small projection from

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the back of the cottage, within which a door opened upon a stairway to the cellar. I sat upon that side of our little circle farthest from this door, and of course facing it. While we still talked, and the shadows grew deeper and deeper, I happened to be looking directly at the cellar door. As I was doing so, it deliberately opened, and an Indian coming forth from it, stepped forward to one side of the little room, and halting, gazed steadfastly down upon us, as we sat on our blocks on the floor. He was of magnificent proportions; almost colossal in stature, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, straight as a pine-tree, and of singularly stately carriage. As he looked down upon us, gravely and in silence, though we all looked at him, we seemed to have no power to stir; and I clearly recollect how a warning against doing so seemed to take a tangible shape of oddly characterized distinctness before my mind. It was as if I saw a printed line worded and lettered thus: 'There will be a PREJUDICE against UNNECESSARY movement'; and I found the unintelligibleness of this monition accompanied by terrors that were vague but profound, at what might be the consequences of disobeying it. But there was something much more frightful. As the lineaments of the Indian's swarthy face became distinct before me, I saw plainly that though all the rest of the face wore the appearance of perfect health, the eyes were dead, and the flesh about them was dead; and though they seemed to look at us, there was something indescribably horrible in their livid shrunken look, and the fixed unmoving stare from under their purplish half-shut lids.

"After standing a few moments in utter silence, the Indian turned, silently retraced his footsteps, and, bowing his haughty head, disappeared down the stairway. We sat a few moments in the same motionless terrified silence. Then one of my companions, moving as if in a dream and apparently unconscious of the presence of any one else, slowly arose, stepped silently to the door of the cellar, and deliberately went down out of sight. In a few moments more another in like manner arose, and with the same strange appearance of unconsciousness likewise disappeared in the cellar. After another short pause, the third did the same. I sat a moment alone, and found myself slowly rising to follow their example, when the door was flung violently back, and Sam H., who had gone down last, sprang back into the room, shaking and stumbling with terror, his face white and his eyes almost idiotic in his fright. The sight of this natural human action broke the spell which had been holding me. 'For God's sake, Sam,' I cried, recovering my speech for the first time, 'let's get out of this!' And we rushed headlong out of the door. As we passed the outer entrance to the cellar, I summoned courage to approach it and look within; but all was dark, and its more distant portion was shut out of sight by a partition.

"Not daring to explore further, we ran homewards. As we went, my companion informed me that he had descended the cellar stairs and there saw our two friends seated at what seemed to be a table, on which was something that glimmered, while behind it stood the Indian, his head crushed up among the timbers of the floor, and as it were preaching to them, with fluent words and many gestures."

Adrian stopped. He had told the

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fantastic story with so much local detail, with such gravity and intensity, that all the women looked properly frightened.

"But is that all?" demanded Mrs. Maginn; "how horrid! you look as scared as any of us."

Adrian shook his head, and with entire sincerity said,—

"It was horrible — horrible— and it is because it was so frightfully true that you can't help feeling it. When I woke up —"

There was a general cry of relief; and the saucy girl who had defied the scalping knife, at once testified that she had known it was a dream all the time.

"But wait," persisted Adrian; — "when I woke up, so perfectly impressed was I with the reality of it, that I *knew* that Indian was standing at the bedside behind me in the dark, looking down at me with those dead livid eyes, and it was minutes before I could summon up courage to pull off the two poultices I had to keep on my eyes at that time, so that I could look."

"Ah," said Dr. Veroil, "very good; very well told too; those poultices were the dead eyes, and all the rest of the dream crystallized round them."

"Yes," said Adria.

But Civille, who had been gazing with her whole soul at the narrator, said softly, as if to herself, "I think the old chief is there!"

Before Dr. Veroil had time for the joking reply which he seemed about to make to this observation, one of Mrs. Button's progresses broke up the little set, and the ladies and gentlemen were sent circulating on rounds of one and another duty. Other similar gatherings, other chats and conversations followed; some serious, around good old Doctor Toomston and some of the elders; some comical, wherever there might be Dr. Veroil with his satirical sensible good nature, or Mrs. Hetty Maginn with her vehement blunt joviality, or even Mr. William Button, who had a decided taste for whatever of the funny sort he could understand. At the proper time came supper, and in the laughing and chatting procession down to the dining-room, there went just together, as it happened, these couples: first, Mr. Bird and Civille; next, Mr. Scrope and Miss Button; and behind them, Adrian and Mrs. Maginn.

"Do look at those shoulder-blades" said Mrs. Hetty, softly, to Adrian, pointing to the articles in question, very visible over Miss Button's dress, — the good lady knew nothing of any existing kinship or proposed affinity between her theme and her escort, — it must have been with reference to the funny *malaproposities* arising from such ignorances that the poet's wise observation came, about ignorance being bliss, —"do look at those shoulder-blades! You could drop a bullet through there to the floor and she'd never know it! I believe they put dried mutton-bones in a parchment bag nowadays, and call it a girl!"

Adrian, who could not consistently laugh, did the best thing he could, with another compliment,—

"Perhaps if she lives to be as useful a reformer and as delightful a companion as you, Mrs. Maginn, she will become as plump."

"Why, what nice compliments you make," said the good lady; "it would be ravishing if one could believe one single word of it!"

At the foot of the stairs stood one of the servants, waiting to go up.

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Adrian, looking carelessly down at her, saw that it was the same with whom he thought Mr. Bird was exchanging confidences in the hall, and at the same moment he also perceived with surprise that it was the same blustering, scolding Irishwoman who had gone off in such a fury from Mr. Van Braam's on the night when he had escorted Civille home. At the same moment he saw Civille recognize her too, and heard her say, smilingly, —

"Why, Katy, is it you? I did not know you were here."

"Yis 'm," said the girl, with that very same venomous, bitter, quick utterance, — and she added, "if ye've missed anything I could account to yez for it."

"I have not missed anything, thank you, Katy," said Civille, in her sweet, quiet voice, and passed on, completing some half-laughing remark that she had been making to Bird. Ann Button, Adrian thought, started. She certainly looked sharply at the girl. "What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"And this young gintleman can tell ye that he set out to search me bundle," said Katy, pointing to Adrian, and all in a quiver at the recollection of the outrage. Adrian briefly explained to Ann how oddly the girl had acted on the evening in question; and they went forward into the supper-room, where abundant and luxurious refreshments were awaiting their doom, — and received it.

In due time, they all came back to the parlor; and now there was a renewed demand for music; and various instrumental and vocal pieces were given, some ill and some well. Thus, one was a spirited nautical song, by a gentleman who articulated a little too distinctly as he gave one and another successive note to the same syllable, producing the following pleasing effect: —

"Aha, my bo-haw-haw-hoys,
These are the jaw-haw-hoys
Of the no-ho-ho-bul and the bray-hay-have,
Who love a life-fife-fife
Of toil and strife-fife-fife,
And a ho-ho-home on the bow-wow-wounding wave."

After a time, Adrian was called upon, and complied very readily, like a man of sense who is willing to do his best. For a moment or two, he could not collect his wits; and while the music was going on, and exciting him, as music always did, he had yet suffered his thoughts to fall back from their busy purposeful employment about the people around him, and although he promptly arose and went to the piano, his mind as he sat down was full of trouble; all the pains and doubts that he had thrust one side at entering the parlors, thronged back, more urgent than ever for having been shut out; and in spite of the trifling nature of the circumstances, and the perfect competence of the explanation which he had already given to himself, that momentary pause on the stairway, and the strange impertinence of the Irish woman at the stair-foot, plagued him; for by one of those associations which make themselves for us, the parcel of laces from Jenks & Trainor's, and the something which the girl implied that Civille might have missed, locked themselves together in his mind.

When, therefore, he took his place at the piano, he touched a few chords almost without knowing what he was about. The rich, strong sound of the noble grand piano in some measure awoke him; but yet no words, no air, would take form in his recollection.

"Do I know any songs?" he said, half unconsciously.

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"Yes," said Scrope, who was near by. "Give us 'The Child's Three Wishes' again."

"Give us 'Sparkling and Bright,'" said Doctor Toomston.

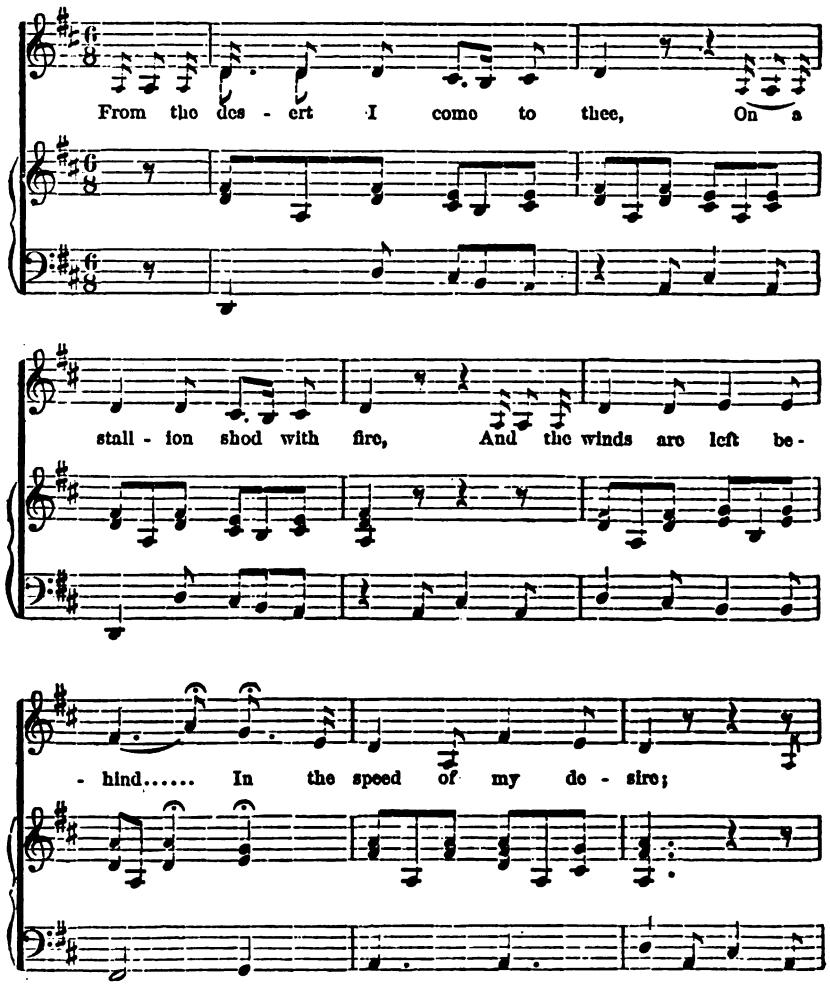
"That would be an anacreonism," punned Doctor Veroil.

"O, I did n't mean the rum version," said Doctor Toomston, rather indignantly.

But Adrian still tried in vain to remember, until he began to feel ridiculous, and with a sudden effort, he threw off all his preoccupation. At the moment there came into his mind a song that he remembered; and without waiting to choose, he struck at once into a prelude of strong, full, reverberating chords.

"I'll give you," he said, "the —

BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG.



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Un - der thy win - dow I stand, And the night - wind hears my

ad lib.

cry,— I love but thee, I love but thee,.....

ad lib. *a tempo.*

..... With a love that shall not die..... Till the sun grows

cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves.... of the

Judg - - ment Book un - - fold, And the

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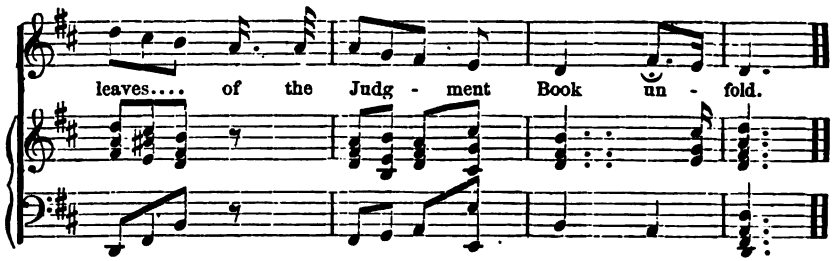

The company had excited him. The music, mediocre as some of it was, had excited him still more. The air to which he now sang, monotonous, if not heavy, has yet a recurring, persistent chant character that in some sense throbs along with the passionateness of the words; and the pitch was just right for his mellow and sympathetic barytone voice. Civille was leaning upon the instrument, and without intending it, Adrian looked at her as he sang —

"I love but thee; I love but thee —"

And as he did so, the intense passion of the verses seized him, and he was gone; he sang the rest of the wild, lawless song to her, to her only. She perceptibly trembled when he first looked; then cast down her eyes and stood silent, without looking up at him again. If he had known what he was about, he would assuredly not have sung it. He felt before he had sung the first stanza through, as if every one in the room must see exactly what he was — in spite of himself — doing; making an avowal of uncontrollable, passionate love to one woman, in the home and under the very eyes of another woman, to whom he had promised marriage.

But he sang it through, although with no very distinct consciousness of his manner of execution. He arose without a word, — there was a silence as dead as that of his Indian ghost, — and without looking up he moved off in a kind of dream, and sat down in the first chair he came to. In a few moments the applause and compliments began. Several of the ladies asked him where he got the music. He answered that he did not remember exactly, —he believed he had it at home somewhere. But Civille, who was passing behind him, moved perhaps by an impulse as unconscious as his own, bent down for a moment and said softly, so that nobody else could hear, —

"I know — *you* made it!"

It is possible that a few of the more enthusiastic votaries of pleasure — unblamable as the pleasure must have been, since neither cards nor wine nor even dancing were allowed — might have stayed a little too late; but there came an incident to disperse even the chatty familiars of the house who were last to go. These, mostly young friends of Miss Button's, including also Doctor Veroil and one or two others of the more youthful elders, had fallen into a reminiscent vein; also Miss Button, Civille, and one or two more who had, as it appeared in time past, attended the same school with them. One and another of their schoolmates, it quickly appeared, were married; one and another had disappeared. Disappearing is very common in our American city life, where society is an encampment rather than an establishment,

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and where riches gather like one of those volcanic islands that grow up from under the sea in one night, and disappear in another, yet hot with the fury of their accumulation.

"Where is that lovely fair-complexioned Mary Gray?" asked Civille at last; "don't you remember how she used to make the awfullest recitations, and she was so sweet and loving that even old Miss Piquette, the French teacher, could not find fault with her? She said she always hated books; but O, what perfectly splendid embroidery she used to do! I wonder what became of her?"

"I believe her father failed and died, and her mother, I think, was dead before. I don't know where she went to, I 'm sure," said Miss Button. "Do you, mother?"

"No," said Mrs. Button, "I don't."

"Who 's that?" asked Bill Button, coming up to Adrian's side.

It was Doctor Veroil who answered, with a significant tone and manner, looking keenly first at Ann, and then at her brother: —

"She died *Sunday morning*, Miss Button. Mary Gray, Mr. William Button."

Ann turned pale, for the meaning tone in which the physician spoke informed her plainly enough what he meant, and so it did her mother. But neither of them asked any questions. William, however, started violently, and caught hold of Adrian's arm.

"Hold me up, will you?" he said, "I 'm faint." And before Adrian and the doctor, both of whom instantly caught hold of him, could carry him off, he sank quietly down on the carpet, his limbs shaking, his face injected with blood, his eyes turned and set in his head: a frightful spectacle enough.

"Get away, all you visitors!" said Veroil, peremptorily. "This is not dangerous; he will come out of it; but do you all go home."

Nobody tarried to dispute so very proper an order, except Adrian, who waited to see if he could be of use.

"It 's epilepsy," said Veroil, after a moment; "a slight attack; he will come out of it in a few minutes. Give me some ice-water. Has he been so before?"

Neither of his parents nor his sister had ever seen anything of the kind. Adrian told the doctor, aside and in few words, of the attack in the billiard saloon.

"Hm, — must be attended to," was the only reply, and the doctor applied himself to the usual simple palliatives, dismissing Adrian about as brusquely as he had the rest.

So the young man went away, the circumstances abridging all leave-takings. As for Civille, her father, who had not been present at the party, had called to escort her home.

[To be continued.]

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The Examiner.

Upon the news of the death of Lewis Gaylord Clark, long well known as the editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," divers reminiscences — mostly not about him, but about it — occurred to one of the subordinate persons employed upon Old and New, — a person now becoming what is called "elderly," whatever that is. Probably it may mean one that hath reminiscences. For the reminiscences of a baby, for instance, cannot be anything, except perhaps select trails of those clouds of glory, which high ethical authority informs us, string along after the baby from its pre-existent state. Why should n't the trail of a baby be its glory, as well as the trail of a woodcock? What our old friend delivered was somewhat as follows: —

I never saw Mr. Clark. But I used thirty years ago to think "Ollapodiana," written by his twin brother, very funny — in spots. There was, in particular, an imaginary love-letter I remember to a squinting milliner, headed with a ridiculously apt quotation from Solomon's Song: "Thou hast ravished my heart with *one* of thine eyes." This twin brother must have been a pretty comical fellow. Lewis, however, was rather an admirer and chronicler of fun, than a maker of it. For a good many of the latter years of his life he was one of a band of brethren who were supported by the United States Government in the New York Poor — beg pardon, Custom — House. The alternative is not so disrespectful as it seems. They certainly had their Custom-House places because they had no other way in particular of obtaining an income. They were the New York Poor Brethren of the Charter House; such as worthy old Colonel Thomas Newcome was in his last days.

Well: It was in the Knickerbocker that I made my very first essays at magazining, — one or two modest little sketches, seeking gravely to delineate a few matters that seemed to me amusing. They were printed; more were invited. Then I wrote to inquire what was the pay. It was, as I soon learned, just what I had been promised ever so many years before, when I was a little boy, by a delusive serving-man, in case I would run of some errand for him. He said he would give me "a Great Silver Nothing." This Mr.

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Clark, with the utmost blandness, explained, though he did not use epithets of magnitude or of material, was unfortunately all that circumstances allowed him to pay; but whenever the future prosperity of the magazine, etc. etc., it would then afford him the utmost pleasure, etc. etc.; and in the mean time, he trusted that, etc. etc. *No!* I would n't, and I did n't. And this method seems to have been the rule of that office. I remember some years afterwards, while the poor old magazine was being edited along down its seventh age by a series of *gardes-malades*, like an old literary Chuffy in the hands of Gamp and Prig, that I just looked into the office to see, once more, if they paid now. The "nuss" on this occasion was a smooth and smiling clerical gentleman. What a tongue he had! He was most polite; spoke excellently on the nobility of literary pursuits; complimented me on certain papers — but of course *that* did n't influence me; explained with brief clearness how capitally the magazine was doing just now. It was true, he admitted, that it needed, just about this time, exactly a few of those spirited and attractive papers which I, etc. etc. To be sure, he said, they ought to be paid for — and well. So they should be in a very little while; and it really was a consideration, in the interim, that to be writing in that magazine was a reputation in itself. I declare I 'm suspicious enough, and crusty enough; but if that oily fellow did not come within a hair's-breadth of securing a promise of contributions gratis! By some mysterious good fortune — perhaps a guardian angel was whispering No! in my ear — I did not quite promise. But as soon as I had taken leave and shut myself out of the door into the dark stuffy entry outside, this magnetism was cut off, as the "fung shuey" of the Chinese are said to be by a wall or partition, — and I seemed to explode in a single instant into a rage, at myself for being so nearly fooled, at him for so nearly fooling me. I wanted to go back and strangle him, as Captain Dalgetty did the Marquis of Argyle in the dungeon at Inverary. I don't know but I really did execute a war-dance in the hall.

But I never sent any articles; and the magazine — in consequence, no doubt! — after being for some years little except a place for secreting printed papers, finally expired, as they say of some very excellent old persons, so gently that it was hardly possible to tell when it passed away. Who was the very last watcher at the bedside I do not quite remember, but whoever it was, R. I. P.

Thus far the reminiscent. Then a junior listener questioned the ancient a little about contrasts or similarities between now and then: for this patriarch was in some degree a worker in magazine literature in those days likewise. And he made answer nearly thus:

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"Things then and now were alike, as nearly as I can remember, in this at least, that it seemed difficult to find brilliant and powerful writers for magazines. You may say, to begin with, that for magazine purposes, the universe consists of Fact and Fiction. Fact is the whole domain of real things; which the magazine would fain chronicle or narrate or discuss with wisdom, strength, aptness, and brevity. Fiction is stories, long or short. There is a third realm, the limbo of magazining, — the Essay. An essay must be defined for magazine purposes, and this year, as an article pulled out of a brain where there was none to begin with, as the juggler dismisses a flight of pigeons out of a hat, when there were none in it. If there is any reason for it, your article instead of an essay is either fact or fiction. Fun belongs to fiction: omit the middle of fiction, indeed, and you have it, almost exactly — f'n. Then there is, once in a while, the article with an object, — meant to hit somebody or to advertise something; or, least blameworthy of axe-grinders, it is a paper by the deserving young person who would be certain to become successful if only one chance could be had of coming before the public! But don't meddle with any such, dear editor. *Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.* There 's an African in the fence, look out for him, my old Roman editor!"

Fact, Fiction, and Essay, repeated the audience. Under which head falls Poetry?

"I'm tired," was the reply; and the speaker quoted from the saga:

> "Now my weary eyes I close —
> Leave me, leave me to repose."

So they gave him a copy of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, and after waiting respectfully a moment until he was fast asleep, they went on their way.

TYNDALL'S LECTURES ON LIGHT.[1]

THIS book contains a course of six lectures, delivered during Professor Tyndall's late visit to this country, and gives in a popular form a sketch of the history of discovery in optics, — mainly in physical optics, — with a review of the present condition of the science. We propose to notice these lectures in the order in which they occur.

At the very outset, Professor Tyndall announces as the purpose of this and several of his earlier works, the popularizing of science; and explains the difference between laboratory results and lecture-table experiments. Working with minute quantities, and obtaining results almost infinitesimally small, is as satisfactory and as decisive to the mind of the student or the philosopher, as if he were operating upon a universe of matter. But the audience cannot

[1] Lectures on Light. By John Tyndall, LL. D., F. R. S. Delivered in the United States in 1872, 1873. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

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see the precipitate at the bottom of a test tube, or the changing color of the liquid in a watch-glass. And hence it is that Professor Tyndall has been so diligent and so successful. He has employed experiments by which these results, if not actually obtained upon a large scale, are so magnified before the eyes of his audience, that what he sees, they see; and the satisfaction and pleasure that fills his mind are equally shared by them.

Tracing the gradual and very slow development of the scientific spirit among men from what has been called the theologic stage, when all the acts and phases of nature were ascribed, by the ignorant and undeveloped, to the direct action of "gods many, and lords many," our author shows how science gradually took shape as the conception of natural forces, — astronomy leading the way, — until, "from the high table-land of thought, raised by Hipparchus and Ptolemy, Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, Newton shoots upward like a peak overlooking all others, from his (?) dominant elevation." In optics, he maintains that the discoveries of the ancients were confined to the facts that light moves in straight lines, and that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. This may be literally true, but if so, some of them made good use of their minimum of knowledge. Witness Archimedes defending Syracuse, with his paraboloidal reflector. He then gives simple experimental proof of this fundamental proposition, and, passing over a thousand years, notices, only to deride them, the notions of certain mediæval wiseacres, who maintain their ability to "evolve from their own inner consciousness the laws of the material universe",—sarcastically adding, "there are some small imitations of Schelling still in Germany."

Speaking of refraction, he mentions Alhazen's investigation in 1100, and shows how narrowly Kepler escaped adding Snell's law of the sines to his own grand code of three. This was the new impulse which carried the science onward with rapid strides. To this key the rainbow yielded up its long hidden secret, the grand difficulty of former ages becoming the grand confirmation of the new discovery. Another stage was reached when Newton, with the prism, first revealed to the eyes of man the beautiful and wonder-working solar spectrum, at once the revealer and propounder of enigmas, and thus proved that the beam of white light — the emblem of purity — was itself a compound of all the hues in the many-colored bow. But at this point Newton himself stopped short. He missed the irrationality of the spectra, and left to another to show the full benefit to be derived from the different dispersive and refractive powers of transparent substances, by so combining them as to produce the achromatic lens.

In the latter part of the lecture, Professor Tyndall refutes the once popular notion that the green of the spectrum is a compound of the overlapping yellow and blue, and proves that it is as elementary as is either of those adjoining it, — standing, in this respect, in strong distinction from all pigments of the same colors, — he also adding the explanation which Helmholtz has given of this fact.

In the second lecture, Professor Tyndall traces, with his usual beauty of expression and illustration, the history of the two rival theories of

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light, from the days of Newton and Huyghens to the present time. The story is one of the most striking illustrations in the history of knowledge, of the manner in which the authority of a great name may be able to give endurance to a hypothesis. The influence of Newton acted as a make-weight for nearly two centuries in favor of the corpuscular theory, in itself in nowise more satisfactory than its undulatory rival. The revolt of the growing science against this bondage of authority was led by the Somersetshire physician, Thomas Young, who, in spite of the opposition and the ridicule of Henry, afterwards Lord Brougham, in the "Edinburgh Review," succeeded in establishing, on a basis which every day has since confirmed, the theory that light consists, not of minute atoms shot out by the sun and other luminous bodies, but of ripples created by them in an ether of excessive tenuity, pervading and filling all the interplanetary spaces, and extending to the most distant star or nebula whose light can reach our earth. After paying a high tribute to the genius of Newton and of Young, the author illustrates the nature of the waves in the luminiferous ether with apparatus familiar to all who have read his work on Heat. We confess, however, to a feeling of disappointment at finding so unsatisfactory a treatment of the fundamental problem of all, — namely, the nature of the ethereal vibration that awakens the sensation of light.

Professor Tyndall expresses the desire that his readers "should realize with clearness the character of wave-motion, both in ether and in air." With this view, he describes an experiment (p. 48), which is rendered utterly unintelligible by the omission of any illustration. This is so important, and at the same time so difficult a point, that it should have formed a subject for the most careful explanation, even at some sacrifice.

The author is pointing out the difference between sound-waves and light-waves, and the analogy between sound-waves and water-waves. It is not more difficult to realize the transmission of a pulse of condensed air through the atmosphere, than to realize the transmission of a blow through a row of ivory balls. Every particle in the line of pulsation may be easily imagined in a state of oscillation forwards and backwards in the direction of the force. Now, is there any great effort in picturing before the mind every particle of a water-wave in ceaseless vibration up and down, in a curved path *across* the line of the transmission of the wave itself? But does not the possibility of this movement depend on its occurrence at *the surface of the fluid?* Would a particle of water be then free to move at any great depth when it is confined in all directions by the pressure of neighboring particles? These surface waves, of course, extend downwards, and their length bears a relation to the depth of the liquid in which they are formed. But are they formed at all, except at the surface? A body moving *in* a liquid causes no disturbance or wave-motion unless it or its effects come nearly to the surface, just as a whale makes no commotion when diving. Noises of course travel through water; but the sound-wave *in water* is different from the wave *on the surface*, and is probably transmitted as in air. But this fundamental distinction between a pulse propelled through the mass, and a wave trans-

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mitted along a surface, constitutes no small difficulty in forming "a clear conception" of the nature of the transversely vibrating spherical wave of light. And instead of a satisfactory description of this phenomenon, we only meet the disappointing foot-note: "I do not wish to encumber the conception here with the details of the motion." This is followed by a further reference to waves on water, which, of course, does not remove the difficulty of conceiving those ripples *in* the sphere of ether which surrounds the sun and which vibrate in every direction or azimuth across the line of their path. The difficulty does not occur where an isolated beam of light is concerned, and the analogy with a water-wave is then of use, especially if the light be polarized, for it must be borne in mind that the water-wave only exists in a state of polarization.

The third lecture contains a view of the rise and progress of the motions of attraction and of polarity, and of their influence upon the structure and molecular formation of crystals. From this, in the latter part, the author goes on to discuss the polarization of light, and its behavior when passing through these crystals. We observe that he advocates the idea, opposed by some physicists; that the ether not only surrounds, but permeates, all bodies, and that the transmission of light is accomplished by means of vibration in this, rather than in the molecules of the body themselves. We don't know if he would go as far as Dr. Young, and say that the ether passes through the very substance of the earth and planets, as the wind rushes through the trees in a forest; but, from his language, we take that to be his meaning. He does not give his reasons for this belief, nor does he explain why some bodies are capable of transmitting light, while others are opaque. This assumption of the permeation of all substances by the ether, as a vehicle for the transmission of light, necessitates the condition of an increase in its density round their molecules, and the further condition, that its elasticity does not increase in the same proportion. Though in opposition to Boyle and Marriotti's law, yet, as that law is known not to hold good at all temperatures and under all pressures, this need not be an objection to the assumption. But we may ask why bodies, whose pores are filled with ether, refuse to transmit light, as do the metals and many others. Also, why some substances, such as rock salt, transmit both light and heat, while others, such as the solution of alum, are perfectly transparent, and yet utterly adiathermic. The ether around these molecules should be, it would seem, equally capable of conveying both. Why is it that in face of this refusal they are our best conductors of heat? Both these forces travel from the sun to the earth by means of the same material, — ether, — and it seems more natural to think that they are able or unable alike to pass through matter, according as they are able or unable to awaken in it vibration responsive to their own. Taking for conceived, the fundamental idea of light-vibration, of which we have spoken above, the subject of polarization has been made, perhaps, as clear as it is possible in so short a space to make it, to those who have never studied these intricate phenomena; and whatever danger of misconception may

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lurk in the use of some of the physical imagery employed, thee can be no doubt of its success in accomplishing the purpose in view, that is, of giving the memory something definite to preserve and recall.

In the fourth lecture, the author investigates, or rather exhibits, by a number of beautiful experiments, the chromatic phenomena produced by the action of crystalline bodies in polarized light, as the consequence of interference caused by the retardation of one series of parallel waves, by a number of beautiful experiments. Not that the difficulties are all removed. Far from it. This Professor Tyndall would be the first to acknowledge. But his purpose was rather to awaken than to satisfy curiosity; and if, on this point, his printed book should aid his oral lectures, his purpose in visiting the United States will be more than accomplished. Any intelligent reader following him through these and the succeeding chapters cannot avoid the consciousness of being in the company of a master-magician, in whose hands this trembling, quivering matter is compelled to yield up the secret of the mysterious forces that play upon its atoms, and to which, indeed, it seems almost to owe its very being. Circular polarization, the magnetization of light, and the effects of a state of strain, are exhibited, and the lecture concludes with a few words, pointing out that the Wave Theory of Light stands upon a basis as firm as that on which gravitation itself is founded.

But, in the fifth lecture, Professor Tyndall comes upon what is emphatically his own ground. "In the domain of radiant heat," he is most thoroughly at home; and here he employs a richness of illustration and fertility of experiment surpassing himself. Armed with his favorite instrument, — Melloni's thermo-electric pile, — which has been the principal agent in not a few of his own discoveries, he sifts and filters and questions the two ends of the solar spectrum, or rather the spectrum of the electric light, until it is compelled to display before the audience its threefold nature, and reveal the identity in all substantial respects of its rays of heat, of light, and of chemical force. Their mutual convertibility follows, illustrated by the facts of fluorescence, as discovered by Stokes, and those of calorescence, due to Tyndall himself. By the former, waves of light, too small to appear to the eye, are increased in size, and by the latter, waves too large are reduced, so that both are brought within the limits of the vibrations to which the retina is sensitive. The invisible rays of the electric lights are shown to be far more abundant than the visible ones, and yet capable of being, in a great degree, converted into them. Refined and distant from common life as such a subject may appear, it yet affords the explanation of most of our means of artificial illumination, showing that the advantages of a science cannot be appreciated until it is thoroughly mastered. We may be allowed, in this connection, to quote a few words from an earlier lecture, in which (p. 57) Professor Tyndall speaks of this subject: "And here, let me say, emerges one of the difficulties which the student of pure science has to encounter in the presence of 'practical' communities like those of America and England. Imagine Dr. Draper spending his days in blowing soap-bubbles, and in studying their colors. Would you show him the necessary

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patience, or grant him the necessary support? And yet, be it remembered, it was thus that Newton spent a large portion of his time; and on such experiments has been founded a theory the issues of which are incalculable."

The seventh and last lecture contains only a few words on that recent and marvellous subject, Spectroscopy, on which it were idle to enter here. But this is of the less importance, because the greater part of it is occupied by an address to the audience, which alone is worth the price of the book; and if any readers find themselves unable to follow the intricate light-waves through polarizer, analyzer, and crystal, they may read with profit the true and manly words with which Professor Tyndall takes leave of his American audience. After paying a high tribute to the character of Fresnel, and speaking of his disinterested love of science for its own sake, he continues: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the core of the whole matter as regards science. It must be cultivated for its own sake, for the pure love of truth, rather than for the applause and profit it brings. I will bespeak your tolerance for a few concluding remarks in reference to the men who have bequeathed to us the vast body of knowledge of which I have sought to give you some faint idea in these lectures. What was the motive that spurred them on? What the prize of their high calling, for which they struggled so assiduously? What urged them to those battles and those victories over reticent nature, which have become the heritage of the human race? It is never to be forgotten that not one of these investigators, from Aristotle down to Stokes and Kirchhof, had any practical end in view, according to the ordinary meaning of the word 'practical.' They did not propose to themselves money as an end, and knowledge as a means of obtaining it. For the most part they nobly reversed the process, made knowledge their end, and such money as they possessed the means of obtaining it; and we may see to-day the issues of their work in a thousand practical forms." "I know," De Tocqueville says of you, "the man of the North does not care for science as a pleasure, he only embraces it with avidity when it leads to useful applications. What, I may ask, are the hopes of useful applications which have drawn you so many times to this place, in spite of snow-drifts and biting cold? Not because I taught you to make a single cent by science, but because I tried to present science to the world as an intellectual good. Surely, no two terms were ever so distorted and misapplied as these terms, 'useful' and 'practical.' As if there were no nakedness of the mind to be clothed, as well as nakedness of the body; no hunger and thirst of the intellect to satisfy."

"At the present time there is a cry in England for technical education, and it is the expression of a true national want; but there is no cry for original investigation. Still, without this, as surely as the stream dwindles when the spring dries, so surely will 'technical education' lose all force of growth, all power of reproduction. Our great investigators have given us sufficient work for the time, but if their spirit die out we shall find ourselves eventually in the condition of those Chinese mentioned by De Tocqueville, who, having forgotten the scientific origin of what they did, was at length compelled to

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copy, without variation, the inventions of an ancestry who, wiser than themselves, had drank their inspiration direct from nature." All this, and much more to the same effect, Professor Tyndall has said in favor of pure science in his concluding lecture, and has reiterated the same sentiments in his address at the farewell banquet in New York. And when to this we add, that he has devoted the whole net proceeds of his lectures, $13,000, to encourage students who devote themselves to original researches *in Germany*, — American students, we presume, — we think that he has shown a faith in his own statements, and a care for the future of science in America, sufficient to entitle him to the regard, if not to the citizenship, of the United States.

We do not know who is responsible for the revision of the proof-sheets, but in several cases a little more care would have been well bestowed. For instance, on page 30, powders are spoken of as transparent, when the power of reflection is evidently meant, pigments being under discussion. Again, on page 66, the undulatory theory is said to make the velocity of light in space less than that in glass or water. Some confusion also seems to have crept into the description of the diagram on page 87, etc. etc. If, as is not unlikely, a second edition should be called for, these and various other mistakes should be corrected.

E. W. CLAYPOLE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND ISRAEL.

[We have already borne our testimony to the value of Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma," as a "testimony" to the value of the Bible. The theologians by profession have not so many friends in the camp of the critics by profession, that they can afford to refuse such alliance.

We intimated at the same time that some of Mr. Arnold's statements as to the contents of the two Testaments are too extraordinary to be passed without further notice. And we have especial pleasure in presenting the comments of one of our most valued critics on the most extraordinary of all of them]

Of all the startling paradoxes in Matthew Arnold's interesting and suggestive book,[1] none has seemed to me so remarkable as the assertion that the primitive Hebrew did not regard his God under a personal aspect. The contrary is evident from the whole spirit and tenor of the Old Testament writings. The prevalent error of the early Hebrew was on the side of a too literally conceived personality. His conception of God was anthropomorphic. It was a pardonable error; it may be, an unavoidable one. Every little child, and the race in its childhood, necessarily thinks of God under a human form; and when he has learned to understand him better, the language by which his first conception was literally expressed, becomes the most fitting form under which his enlarged idea can be figuratively represented. Such language is the best, aye, the truest, by which God can be spoken of, by the heart and to the heart of man. We shall never cease, probably, to speak of the eye and the hand of God.

To a vast majority of healthy religious souls, a discussion of the personality of God, an attempt to prove it, or to justify the regarding of him in a personal aspect, seems quite superfluous. Of course, they say, we believe in the personality of God. How can we conceive of him otherwise! That conception is involved in our very idea of God. What al-

[1] Literature and Dogma, an essay towards a better apprehension of the Bible. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873. (See Old and New, vol. 8, p. 497.)

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ternative is there to so conceiving him, except atheism? And when they say this, they use the word in a somewhat vague and popular way, indeed, but still in a quite intelligible sense. When we come to look more deeply into the matter, we are obliged to confess that the word personal, applied to God, needs qualification. It has necessarily a somewhat different meaning, when used in reference to him, from what it has when used in reference to any other being. Personality implies limitation, and we cannot think of God as in any sense limited.

Can we, then, use the word personal in reference to God, and in what sense? The difficulty implied in these questions is the old difficulty, — as old as Job, and as far from solution as it was in his day. "Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" No, certainly not unto perfection. The finite mind cannot grasp infinity. None but God himself can sound all the depths of his own nature. But if we cannot know God unto perfection, we can know him. If we cannot comprehend him, we can apprehend him. We can have sure and certain knowledge of him, sufficient to inspire affection, peace, love, joy, trust.

Though God is in his own nature infinite, the several manifestations by which he becomes known to intelligent minds are finite, and therefore completely within our comprehension. We need not lose ourselves in speculations on the question, what the attributes of God are, as they lie unmanifested in the mysterious depths of his being. All such speculations are, indeed, entirely beyond our reach. But the successive manifestations of him in the objects and events of the outward world and in the motions of our own spirits, by which he shows himself to us in time and space, we can understand, and we can learn from them all that we need to know of his character, and of his disposition towards us. In the infinite fulness of the absolute being there is that which, as it is reflected by manifold objects and events, or refracted by passing into the medium of our spirits, shows itself, and shows itself truly, by a necessary law, as mind, wisdom, righteousness, love. It shows itself as necessarily and truly as the rainbow appears upon the summer cloud. In vain would you plunge into the cloud in search of rainbows; they are not to be so found. But there is in the cloud the possibility of innumerable rainbows. Every healthy and open eye that is turned towards it, at whatever angle, sees one; each a different, though an exactly similar one; sees it, because it is there, because that beautiful object is a reality; sees it by a necessary law, because it cannot help seeing it, except by turning away from it, or shutting the eye upon it.

What we mean, when we speak of God as a personal being, is, that when our finite spirits turn towards his infinite spirit, and regard him either in the outward world, or in the inner chambers of consciousness, he stands before us as a being who knows us, who loves us with a perfect and a righteous love, with whom we can hold communion, from whom we can receive light, help, influence. Is it a very unwarrantable use of the word, to call such a being a personal being? Is not the customary language of affectionate piety fully justified by this view of God, suggested alike by philosophy and religion?

The infinite fulness of the absolute being! As I have said, we lose our-

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selves in the contemplation of it; yet there are some things that we may safely affirm of it. It must include all modes of being, and especially the highest and most perfect that we know. Surely it is instinct with life. The informing principle of this great universe cannot be dead mechanism. It rests on the bosom of infinite life, and throbs with its pulsations in every part. Mind, intelligence, thought, conscious purpose, are among the higher modes of being. These, too, must reside in the absolute being. We recognize activity and will among the most exalted elements of our own being. We can ascribe no less to the inexhaustible fountain of all being. The highest form that activity and will can take is love, pouring itself out in the production of the greatest possible good; surely in the bosom of the infinite fulness there must dwell pure and perfect love, ever manifesting itself in all needed forms to all created beings.

As we contemplate the ascending scale of being, the first class to which we ascribe personality is man. Not the most perfectly organized and sagacious of animals do we ever think of calling a person. By giving that title to man, we mean to indicate a greater fulness and perfection of being than belongs to the lower orders of animals. We mean by it, generally, the possession of reason, free will, reflection, the power of choosing his own ends, and of devising means for effecting them; above all, a moral and spiritual nature. Every element that constitutes the glory of our own nature we must conceive to belong to the absolute perfection of the divine nature.

All the manifestations by which God is revealed will be found to involve the idea of personality.

When we study the works of creation, we feel ourselves to be communing with a mind of like nature with our own. As when we take up a book, we expect to find in it thought and meaning, and to hold converse by means of it with the author, whom we suppose to be a man like ourselves; so when we look into the great Bible of God's creation, printed with real objects instead of representative characters, we expect to find in it thought and meaning, and to converse by means of it with the mind of the author, to which we believe our own to be kindred. God has been from the beginning constantly conducting the intellectual education of man by means of the material creation, leading him on, from a knowledge of its simplest facts, and the most obvious uses of its materials, to the profoundest sciences and the most elaborate arts. Thus has God been the teacher of man, and the office of teacher is a strictly personal one. Teaching is contact of mind with mind. The teacher communicates himself to the taught.

So, too, when we look upon the sublimity and beauty of nature, we feel our souls stirred by unutterable emotions akin to those awakened by the poetry and eloquence of the rarest genius. Why is this? Could mere forms of dead matter exercise such mastery over our living souls? No: but the creative spirit of all beauty, that is in them, manifests itself to us through them, and speaks to us from them. We are holding communion with the Supreme Genius, the fountain and inspiration of all genius.

When we look into our own souls for manifestations of God, the first fact that meets us is that of conscience, — God's voice within us, as it is often called. That can hardly

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be regarded as a figure of speech. It does indeed express his counsels, directions, commands. A clear conviction of duty is the highest thought or feeling that can exist in us. It is the most sacred, the most authoritative. We feel that here within us is something higher than we. It cannot be rightfully overruled. Passion may plead with us to take an opposite course; appetite may attempt to seduce us into disobedience; interest may present the weightiest considerations against adherence to the right; the world may seek to sway us by the dread of its opinion; but we know in our hearts that here is a greater than appetite or passion, than any worldly advantage or human authority. We cannot escape the feeling that we ought to follow that conviction of duty. We can never, till our moral nature is thoroughly perverted, excuse ourselves for disobedience in consideration of the strength of the opposing temptation. We feel that a decision of conscience, considered as a motive of action, is altogether of a peculiar character; that there is no common measure between it and other motives, that no possible or imaginable accumulation of other motives can counterbalance it; that where it exists all others are as nothing. Thus absolutely imperative is a decision of conscience. It may be truly prefaced with "thus saith the Lord." When, in the course of reflection, we have come to the conclusion, this is my duty, we stand face to face with God, and we behold him a moral being, therefore a personal being; we bow before him as our moral governor, towards whom we stand in strictly personal relations.

Other manifestations of God within the soul are discerned with a clearness proportioned to the rectitude of the discerning soul. It discerns him, so far as it is at one with him, either through faithful obedience or true penitence. Of the pure in heart it is specially said that they shall see God. But in this aspect of moral governor, under which he presents himself in conscience, he is seen by the impure and disobedient. The most hardened contemners of God, and the most flagrant violators of his law, who are insensible to all other manifestations of him, and refuse to listen to him as he addresses them in any other way, are sometimes obliged to acknowledge and listen to him, as he manifests himself in conscience. They cannot escape the feeling of remorse. Within their own souls they find something higher than themselves which they cannot shun, and before which they tremble. It pursues them with a vague, indefinite terror. It torments them with a fearful expectation of judgment. In vain do they seek refuge in unbelief. That relief is denied them. They may deny even the existence of God with their lips, but they cannot avoid the dreadful intimation of his presence which they carry in their own hearts.

The manifestation of God in Christ points plainly in the same direction. Of all the works of God, the intelligent spirits he has called into being reveal him in a peculiar manner, and exhibit phases and shades of his moral character which do not appear in the manifestations of him in material nature. All examples of excellence in the lives of the best men, are stepping-stones by which we are helped upwards towards a worthy conception of the divine character. That revelation culminates in Christ. The spotless mirror of his spirit perfectly reflected the moral perfections

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of God. Therefore he is said to be the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person. Thus the learner in the school of Christ has the clearest and most definite conception of God that the soul of man has ever attained. He, in addressing God, can take upon his lips, with fullest conception and deepest conviction, the name of Father. The revelations of God are crowned and consummated in the revelation of him by a person.

To a mind deeply meditating on the nature of man and his condition in the world, the question whether there are personal relations between God and man is momentously interesting. It is equivalent to the question whether or not man is alone in the universe. If he were sufficient to himself, it would make little difference whether he were alone or not. He could afford to be alone. But he is not sufficient to himself. He has the germs of a noble nature; faculties and capacities that suggest a glorious destiny; mind that is eager to penetrate the secrets of nature, and capable of indefinite acquisitions of knowledge; strong and deep affections, craving infinite objects; a moral nature, giving him intimations of a law by which he is bound, but which he imperfectly comprehends; spiritual yearnings that point to a life above the world, and open to him glimpses of an endless and mysterious future: but these germs of a noble nature lie within him undeveloped and unadjusted to each other. He finds himself weak, and unable to take sufficient care of himself; ignorant, incapable of understanding his own highest interest and how to promote it; unable to comprehend the mysteries of his own nature and destiny, so as to form an intelligent plan of self-education. He feels the need of guidance at every step. Has he such guidance? Is there Mind and Intelligence to maintain the order of a world of mind and intelligence? Is there a Moral Governor who rules over moral beings? Is there a living spirit who is the loving father of all spirits? Or has man nothing to look up to in the universe, nothing on which he can lean? Is this child of yesterday an orphan, left to seek out his own path in the world by his own blind guidance, and to stumble through it in his own unaided weakness?

What, then, may we fairly say is included in that idea of God, which, in some form or other, is native to every human soul, the germ of which is in the first feeling of want, and, as the sense of want increases, becomes the correlative of our own finite, imperfect, dependent being, — to which everything we see in the outward world bears all the testimony it is capable of bearing, — our faith in which is identical with that faith in the stability of the universe, without which we could hope or do nothing; the idea which, when we become best acquainted with our own minds, is found to be one with our fixed ideas of the true, the beautiful, and the good; which becomes to us most clear and complete when our highest faculties are in fullest exercise; our faith in which reaches the most absolute certainty when we are living and acting in the manner most worthy of our nature?

I think we are entitled to say, that this idea, when it is most perfectly developed and finds its fullest expression, means that we have an infinite, eternal, all-wise Father and friend, with whose spirit we may reverently claim kindred, whom, be-

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cause kindred, we can sufficiently understand, and with whom hold communion. It means that all that infinite region of causes that lies behind the utmost reach of our knowledge and search, and from which issues the forces that determine the course of events in which our well-being is involved, is inhabited by a divine personality, in whose hands are all the powers of nature, under whose direction they all act, whose purposes they all serve, whose thoughts and designs they all express. It means that under the completeness of his control there is no chance nor accident, and that under his free and intelligent government there is no blind fate; but that all things are perpetually controlled by a wise and loving will. It means that he knows us more intimately than any earthly friend, and loves each one of us with a love with which no human love can be compared. It means that he desires our highest good, our moral and spiritual good, and is ever ready to promote it. It means that we may hold real communion with him; that the prayers we address to him are not sent out into infinite emptiness, but are breathed into the ear of a loving parent. It means that the government of the universe is all that, in our moments of deepest contemplation, we most desire it to be; and it perpetually invites us up to the loftiest heights of our own natures, that we may thus most perfectly realize the privileges and blessings involved in our relations to God.

CAZNEAU PALFREY.

BISHOP EDWARDS'S MISTAKES.

There are no people who hate controversy more than the Unitarian ministers. The best of them have a good deal better work to do, in general, than cutting off the heads of hydras, which show already that the climate or food of this generation do not agree with them. But when a bishop of the United Brethren, or of any set of Disunited Brethren, presumes on this good nature of the Unitarian clergy to revive the stock charges against the men of this communion, he sometimes finds that he has travelled out of his safe path, and that the consequence of his blunder is the enlightenment of the whole community as to the work and word of Unitarians. Such a discovery has just now been made in Southern Illinois. Bishop David Edwards, of the United Brethren, took occasion on a pastoral tour to warn the people of that region against the dangers of the rapidly growing Unitarian heresy. His effort gave good cause to Mr. Douthit, the missionary there of the Unitarian Association, for replying in the spirited and timely sermon, which he calls "Bishop Edwards's Mistakes." It is just the simple and unanswerable statement which must be of use in an intelligent community.

Here is a little passage from the close of this thoroughly good-tempered address.

"We ought to Have a Decent Respect for Each Other's Opinions.

"I am glad to know that our Trinitarian brethren have many noble and praiseworthy qualities of mind and heart, and that they are doing much good in the name of Christ, and I speak truly when I say that my Unitarian brethren have no temptation and no inclination to pray these brethren out of existence. We need their co-operation, and the world needs them, and we ought all to walk and work together as Christ

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hath taught us, and not spend our time in wrangling and calling each other hard names. I am sorry, if in this discourse I have seemed to any of you to violate the Christian spirit. I only know that I have tried to say nothing that I am not willing to live and die by. Unitarians may have serious faults, and their system of theology is defective, no doubt, and Brother Edwards might have done us some good and himself no harm if he had struck at our real sins and criticised us intelligently. But our Trinitarian brethren ought to know, if they do not, that our religious convictions are as sacred to us as theirs are to them. The Golden Rule applies here, as everywhere. Many Unitarians have been martyrs for their faith, and many more are ready to be offered, rather than yield what to them is gospel truth. Some of the leading reformers, philanthropists, scholars, statesmen, and patriots of the world have held to views known as Unitarian. Some of the sweetest hymns in the English language — namely: 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' 'How Sweetly Flowed the Gospel Sound,' 'In the Cross of Christ I Glory,' and, 'Come, Kingdom of our God, Sweet Reign of Light and Love' — were written by Unitarians. Christians of all sects gladly join in singing these hymns. Indeed, if I mistake not, the congregation at Mt. Zion sang one of them on that very Sunday morning that Bishop Edwards forgot to recognize Unitarians as Christians. And also, Unitarians pray and rejoice in the hymns of Wesley, Doddridge, and others. Brethren, if we can worship God in each other's hymns, why may we not come closer together in the fellowship of the spirit? Perhaps we should if we became better acquainted with one another through the holy spirit of Christian life and work, instead of through the often unholy spirit of sectarian controversy and bristling dogmatism. Old Father Taylor, a minister of the Methodist church, the faithful sailor missionary, lived and labored a life-time at the head-quarters of Unitarianism in America, Boston, and therefore had perhaps a better chance to know about Unitarians than some others have. He associated with them daily for many years, asked their ministers to preach for him, and he preached for them. Of course, there were some ignorant and bigoted people to find fault with this, and in answer to one of these he wrote the following letter: —

'SIR: You ask how it is that I, if a Trinitarian, am willing to associate so much with Unitarians. I am ready to answer your question. I associate with Unitarians, because they are the only people I go among where I am in no danger either of hearing my religion insulted, or of having my morals corrupted.

Yours, EDWARD T. TAYLOR.'

"But our Brother Edwards, who, it seems, has never learned enough of Unitarians to know the difference between them and 'Sadducees,' 'Gnostics,' etc., when he speaks to enlighten his brethren, who are supposed to know less than he does of this people, fails to credit them with a single good trait, and leaves the impression that they are only a class of dangerous heretics, to be shunned by all good people. A little more knowledge might sometimes make us a little more charitable to one another."

The sermon is printed with the following appropriate passage from Henry Ward Beecher, as a motto: —

"There is nothing imaginary in the statement that the creed power is beginning to prohibit the Bible as

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really as Rome did, though in a subtler way. During the whole course of seven years' study, the Protestant candidate for the ministry sees before him an unauthorized statement, spiked down and stereotyped, of what he must find in the Bible, or be martyred. And does any one acquainted with human nature need to be told that he studies under a tremendous pressure of motive? Is that freedom of opinion, — the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free? Rome could have given that. Every one of her clergy might have studied the Bible to find the pontifical creed, on pain of death. Was that liberty? Hence I say that liberty of opinion in our theological seminaries is a mere form, to say nothing of the thumb-screw of criticism, by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety. The whole boasted liberty of the student consists in a choice of chains, — a choice of handcuffs, — whether he will wear the Presbyterian handcuffs, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, or other Evangelical handcuffs. Hence, it has now come to pass, that the ministry themselves dare not study the Bible. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or if they do study and search, they cannot show people what they find there. There is something criminal in saying anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mould of age upon them."

OUTLINES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.[1]

With this title two authors modestly describe a compendious history of German Literature published in a volume of some five hundred and seventy pages. They have apparently availed themselves of some of the valuable works upon German literature by German authors, such as that of Julian Schmidt and others, wisely deciding that a translation of these authors would make too extensive a work.

The book embraces the history of the literature of Germany, divided into eight periods, the first embracing the fourth century and the last the literature of the present time, preceded by a little description of the German language, and closing with some account of recent German Literature, with some account of its theology and philosophy. To the less renowned authors, of course but a few lines can be devoted, but a careful biography is given of the more famed authors, with a study of their writings, and frequent translations are introduced.

An index of authors mentioned, makes this book valuable for reference. It contains over nine hundred names, to each of which, therefore, can be given but a proportionate space, which, however, as we have said, is happily adjusted.

[1] Outlines of German Literature, by J. Gostick and R. Harrison, London: New York, Holt & Williams; Boston, S. R. Urbino.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE PRINCE SOCIETY.[1]

The Prince Society was established May 25th, 1858, the anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Thomas Prince, author of the "New England Chronology." Its object is "the publication of rare works, in print

[1] Sir William Alexander and American Colonization. Including three Royal Charters; a Tract on Colonization; a Patent of the County of Canada and of Long Island; and the Roll of the Knights Baronets of New Scotland; with Annotations and a Memoir by the Rev. Edward F. Slafter, A. M. Boston: Published by the Prince Society. 1873. 4to. pp. 290.

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or manuscript, relating to America." At the present time it numbers one hundred and eleven members, exclusive of nineteen libraries which subscribe for its publications. As these are issued only in small editions, copies are rarely to be found in the bookstores, and the circulation of its volumes is therefore mainly confined to members. It has, however, already done good service by printing the volumes which it has issued; and there is ground to hope that other scarce tracts, with editorial notes and illustrations, may be added to its small list. Copies of the original editions of early books relating to America are now so rare that it is extremely desirable that many of them should be reprinted, and made accessible to students of American history. The number of persons, indeed, who care to buy books of this class is too small to offer much inducement for booksellers to reprint them; and it is only by means of publishing societies — such as the Narragansett Club, the Prince Society, and other similar societies — that the work is likely to be done.

The first volume published by the Prince Society was Wood's "New England's Prospect," one of the most valuable and best known of the early descriptions of New England. This was followed by a very carefully edited reprint, in two volumes, of Hutchinson's "Collection of Original Papers," many of the documents having been collated with the originals used by Hutchinson, and numerous notes and a copious index having been added by the editors, Messrs. W. H. Whitmore and W. S. Appleton. The fourth volume comprises a collection of unpublished "Letters from New England by John Dunton," the London bookseller, who was here in 1686, from the original manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Dunton is a very lively and entertaining writer, and though some of his statements must be taken with much allowance, the volume is an instructive contribution to our historical literature. The copy of the manuscript was procured and edited by that careful and zealous antiquary, Mr. William H. Whitmore, who also edited the two volumes of "Andros Tracts," which were next issued by the society. Much, and we think well founded, exception has been taken to Mr. Whitmore's estimate of the character and proceedings of Andros, while here; but whatever difference of opinion may exist on these points, it must be admitted by every one that Mr. Whitmore has rendered a real service by collecting these very important tracts relating to one of the most memorable periods of our early history. If the Prince Society had done nothing but to publish these volumes, it would have justified its existence.

The volume before us — the seventh in order of publication — contains a reprint of Sir William Alexander's "Encouragement to Colonies," with brief and judicious editorial notes and an elaborate memoir of the author by the Rev. E. F. Slafter. Numerous illustrative documents of much value are also added, with the necessary notes. Sir William Alexander's tract contains a short account of the previous attempts at colonization in America, and a strong plea for further efforts. His own schemes proved abortive; but they furnish an interesting episode in the history of American colonization, and are well deserving of the thorough and careful

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examination which Mr. Slafter has given to them. He has brought together and printed at length the various documents from which Sir William Alexander derived his title, — the charter of James I, granted in 1621; the amendatory and confirmatory charter of Charles I, in 1625; together with the *quasi* charter, granted by the latter monarch in 1628–9, of the county and lordship of Canada; and the patent from the Great Council for New England, granted in 1635. In the discharge of his editorial duties, Mr. Slafter has labored with the enthusiasm of a genuine antiquary, and has produced a volume of real interest and value. C. C. S.

MISS ALCOTT'S "WORK."

[SECOND NOTICE.]

A LITTLE group of sojourners at a country boarding-house, we have just finished reading aloud and talking over Miss Alcott's "Work," and I am commissioned to tell you how materially we all differ from your critic, Mary Thacher. Some of us had concluded not to read "Work," we had n't time to give it, we thought, after your criticism; but the tide went against us, when we got out here; "Work" was in the packet of books a good friend had put up for our summer reading, and after a while we dipped into it, the majority ruling. We are grateful to that majority; we like Miss Alcott; we forget we are not her personal friends when we come to judge her books; we grow enthusiastic when we sound her well-deserved praises; she makes us young again, and truer and better; we like her, — bad boys, slang phrases, and all; she is so true to life where she pictures it; no romance or falseness or glitter; only "good time," and honest, grateful happiness in humble homes and beside cheery firesides, such as we have need to thank God for, — at least, the memory of, — if prosperity and culture have refined them to only a memory.

We think Mary Thacher "damns with faint praise"; she leaves the impression of a well-told story of a work-a-day life, a mere matter of incident, sentiment, and circumstance. *We* think Christie's poor little romance a very poor thing, *if* that were all; just how she waited and worked and wept; just when she met defeat and how she overcame difficulty, and finally how she "found religion" in "*work*" instead of patient waiting. All these are facts of the book; but we think we have a deeper meaning in Miss Alcott's effort, unless she painted better than she knew, as many an artist has done before her. To us, Christie has presented, in pleasanter guise than either lecture or essay could, the author's serious convictions of the relationship which *ought to* exist between woman and her *work*, and how her way is hedged about and rendered painful, profitable, or possible, ast he case may be, in the various positions in which she places her heroine. It is *woman's work* and *woman's wages* of which Miss Alcott writes, not Christie's pitiful battle with fate, although she sustains her beautifully to the end; from the hour when she resolved with a girl's ignorance and enthusiasm to go out alone and earn her own living, until she comes home from her woman's mission of army nurse, with a broken heart and blighted hopes, still true to herself and her faith in God's best blessing of work, her "little one" demanding the final exertion which enabled her to live faith-

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fully through the last worst ordeal of woman's life, a widowed motherhood!

She seems to have left little unsaid upon this weighty question of woman's work and woman's responsibility. Take, for instance, Christie's life with the Carrolls; less, we think, meant to furnish a "skilful touch of the melodramatic" than opportunity made to most forcibly urge, without any special pleading, the terrible wrong that is every day done by young people, eager for their own happiness or ambitious of worldly ease and position, and ignorantly or weakly ignoring the facts which all old enough to contemplate marriage ought to know concerning hereditary disease. Nothing but a criminal ignorance or false modesty could deter a parent from the plainness of speech and earnest effort which *should* save a child from contracting an alliance with one, no matter how well beloved, who is the heir to hopeless disease, mental or physical; yet we all know that young people of today need more than a word spoken in season, and we can at least hope that the painful picture of Miss Carroll's fearful sufferings and suicidal death may not be so highly wrought that the readers of "Work" will not recognize it as the real experience of life, and profit thereby. Christie's brave espousal of poor Rachel's cause, who so patiently and pathetically perseveres in her work of self-redemption, is surely not so much to interest the reader in the trials and temptations of our heroine as to lay before us at least the outline of "*work*" which waits for us to do, and wrongs which are daily with *us* to be righted. Was the "*work*" of "Mrs. Wilkins, clear-starcher," the only "*work*" which suggests itself in that humble connection? The labor of love executed so unpretendingly towards and in behalf of her humble neighbors, the brave, unselfish, up-hill pull of Mrs. Wilkins for her country, to say nothing of her promising young sons of the republic, all give evidence of the good "work," and how it gets done in the lowliest places, or waits for *us* in narrow ways and broad. "Work" doesn't seem to be Christie's little story, but the dear Christ's "work" waiting for His followers everywhere, and we thank Miss Alcott for showing us her view of it. G.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK.[1]

THIS Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the Civilized World — a hand-book for politicians and merchants — has reached its tenth year of publication. A more useful volume for those who need constantly to appeal to facts regarding their own or other nations, or who take an interest in contemporary history, it would be difficult to find. Here are given the latest details concerning the government and constitution, the education and religious establishments, the revenues and expenditures, the army and navy, the population, the industry, the weights and measures, the railroads, post and telegraph systems, the shipping, the colonies, the debt and taxation, etc. etc., of all the nations of Europe and America, of many of those in Asia and Africa and Australia, of all in fact from which such information can be obtained. It is a small octavo volume of nearly 800 pages, in limp cloth, which, though not interesting to read, is invaluable for reference.

[1] The Statesman's Year-Book for 1873. By Frederick Martin. Macmillan & Co., London.

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Musical Review.

[Figures 1 to 7 inclusive indicate degree of difficulty; *e. g.* 1 very easy, 7 very difficult. Capitals (A to G), the key. Small letters without brackets, the range for the voice.]

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont Street, Boston.

Third Bolero. C. 4. Leybach 75

The Bolero is a swaying Spanish dance in $\frac{3}{4}$ time; very picturesque and graceful with its fitting costume. The rhythm is almost as endless as a tarantelle, though less rapid. The one before us is not difficult, has a good deal of repetition, and would be a useful study in scales and continuous running passages.

Vocal.

Weeping. F. (A to D.) 2. H. Millard 50

Dreaming. G. (D to F.) 3. H Millard 50

When the Tide Comes in. D. (C to F.) 3. H. Millard . .50

Three, from a series entitled "Harrison Millard's Best Songs," title-page embellished with a photograph of the author. Words of the first by Thomas Moore; of the second, by George Cooper; both telling the old story of false love; wisdom comes too late altogether.

For love is flown.
The year hath brought the May,
And still the dreamer dreams alone;
Though birds and roses say,
"O, foolish maid, beware! beware!
Why dream of him
Who thinks of one more fair?"

No. 3 is a descriptive song, of a true Donald who promises to return when the flowing tide came in. He kept his tryst, unfortunately, for

Across the strand,
Far up the land
The fierce, wild waters swept!
Laid at my feet,
A burden sweet,
With smile as if he slept.

The poor maidens seem in equally wretched plight, whether their lovers are faithless or faithful. Accompaniment of the last song rather more difficult than the others.

One Little Kiss. D. (C to E.) 2. Millard 50

A very simple ballad; first in a series of six, as sung by Miss Eliza Weathersby, whose photograph adorns the title-page.

Dear Birdie sing. 2. B^b. (F to F.) Camille 50

A song to delight a child, and not difficult. The title-page is also very pretty. The cottage piano looks like a Broadwood, and the suggestions are rather English throughout. The birdie sits on the music rack as delighted and happy as mamma and the little girl. We think mamma might play the accompaniment and the child voice sing the song very sweetly, while the birdling listened.

In Dreamy Eyes. B^b. (D to F.) 3. O. Loeg 50

Song and chorus. Photograph of Pauline Markham adorns the title-page. Music has nothing salient.

Sweet and low the Birds are singing. B^b. G. Dana . . .40

Song and chorus. Words by Annie M. Curtis. Illustrated title-page, a large oak-tree, apparently the home

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of all the birds in the neighborhood, who call in vain for "the darling whose grave is beneath the heather."

I love my Love. B♭. (F to F.)
4. Ciro Pinsuti 50

Charming in its buoyancy. Both the words (by Charles Mackay) and music illustrate the happy phase of loving which needs no other reason than "because my love loves me." One recalls pleasantly Louise Liebhardt's piquant accent as she gave the pretty love-song as an encore.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington Street.

Tears for the Departed. E. 4.
Teresa Careno 40

No. 3 of "*Plaintes au Bord d'une Tombe.*" The title is funereally suggestive; there is nothing cheerful in the theme or treatment; at the close one is still at a tomb on which *resurgam* is not inscribed. Such music seems to us morbid, like poetry with a chronic wail. The world is full of sunshine and good cheer. Why do young authors, musical and literary, insist so strongly on the Vale of Woe? Let us have sentiment, by all means, but not sentitentality.

Hunyadi Laszio. C. 3. Ch.
E. Pratt 35

A march arranged from an overture by Fr. Erkel; quite familiar to frequenters of Thomas's Concerts. Rhythm good and clearly defined. Played with spirit would be very pleasing. A few octave passages, not difficult ones.

Wiener Blut. Strauss 75

Every publisher this side the water offers an edition of the last Strauss waltz. This is called Vienna Temper instead of Vienna Bloods, otherwise it is identical with Prüfer's reprint noticed last month. Dashing and jolly.

Far away F. 3. Brinley Richards 40

The melody (by Lindsay) is arranged pleasingly in the fashion of Brinley Richards. Not at all intricate; likely to be popular with those who fancy easy transcriptions of popular airs.

Slumber Song. E♭. 4. Schumann 40

A lovely slumber song, with few finger difficulties; requiring taste, delicacy, and a careful observance of phrasing, and the delicate shades of expression which especially characterize all Robert Schumann's music. Movement *Allegretto.* Melody especially pleasing. All doubtful passages carefully fingered.

Liebeslied. B♭. 4. Henselt . .30

The most charming love song without words ever written for the piano. Requiring delicacy of touch as well as appreciation, to give fitting interpretation. Movement *Allegretto Sostenuto e amoroso.* Melody in the sweet middle register. The *Cantabile* or singing tone must be carefully preserved. If the first reading is accurate, and the fingering followed exactly, the composition will not be difficult; once learned, like everything else of Henselt's, it is a treasure, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

VOCAL.

Nothing. C. 2. Henriette . .35

Words by Alice Horton. Movement *andantino tranquillo.*

Romanza. F. 5. (C to C.)
Verdi 60

A Soprano cavatina from *Aïda*, translated and arranged by Theo. Barker; requires a high soprano and a good accompanist.

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Give. F. 4. (F to A.)
Arthur Sullivan 40

Words by Adelaide Proctor. If one could find a fault with Sullivan's songs, it would be that they are too exclusively for high sopranos. Everything from his pen is musical and well worth learning.

Little Celandine. 4. D. Ch.
Gounod. 40

A pretty duet for soprano and alto. The words, by Wordsworth, are familiar to every one.

GEORGE WOODS & Co., Cambridgeport.

Vox Humana 10

The November number of this musical journal contains (besides several articles of more or less literary merit) three instrumental selections and two songs. The instrumental pieces are a pretty and easy *Mazurka* by Hartmann, and "*Strange Countries and People*," and the "*Traümerei*" (Reverie) from Schumann's *Kinderscenen.* The songs are original compositions by Charles Barnard, possessing decided merit, viz.: —

1. *Apprenticed.* C. 2. (C to F.) Barnard.
2. *Old Gaelic Lullaby.* C. 2. (C. to F.) Barnard.

The first is a characteristic setting of Jean Ingelow's pretty verses, "Come out and see the waters shoot." It was written for Mrs. Jenny Twichell Kempton, and has been sung by her. Movement *allegro.* Number two is descriptive. The words are very quaint, and the melody pleasing. As a ballad, it has been sung by Miss Clara B. Nickels. Movement *andante.* Both pieces are sufficiently unlike ordinary songs to prove attractive. The harmony is carefully written, so that four mixed voices can give the music effectively without any instrument.

G. SCHIRMER, 701 Broadway, N. Y.

The Frolicsome. B^b. 6. (C to B^b.)
Luigi Arditi 75

Better known by the Italian name *La Forosetta.* A real Tarantella, composed for and sung by Mme. Adelina Patti. Difficult and brilliant, requiring flexibility and great range, only suitable for the concert-room, or as an exhibition piece. Very coquettish in spirit, and with words, both Italian and English, quite in keeping with the music.

Non so perchè. D. 5. (C to B.)
Tito Mattei 65

Melodia-Valse à Mlle. Christine Nilsson. Of course for a high soprano; there is also an arrangement in B^b for mezzo-soprano. Like the preceding, more suited to the concert room, or those *musicales* which are concerts on a small scale. Italian in style both as to melody and elaborate ornament. English and Italian words.

EDWARD SCHUBERT, 22 Union Sq.

Idylle. D. 3. Alex. Dorn . .50

Number 1 in "Hours of Leisure at the Piano," a collection of classical and modern compositions for amusement and instruction. Haydn, Jungman, Schumann, etc., contribute each to the series. The Idylle is in waltz time, very pretty, and just a little quaint, particularly in a little pianissimo passage after the key changes to G.

Reception Lanciers. 3. G. Weingarten 50

From a set known as the *Weingarten Dances;* includes five numbers in different keys. Not difficult. Rhythm good.

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Valse Esquisse. F. 4. Charles Haas 75

The title-page has a very Frenchy aspect; the design is involved, and as a specimen of color printing is quite noticeable. The composition itself is very pleasing, written in waltz time, not so much for dancing, as for the pleasant rhythm that is always so agreeable to the ear. Key changes two or three times, but always agreeably. Well worth learning.

Pauline Polka. F. 3. C. Fradel 50

A bright lively polka, with a trio and coda. If they must be played *furioso*, ought to be marked 4, or 5; but to most ears would be quite as agreeable played with spirit and animation only. A very attractive title-page in blue and gold. The series under the name "Beauties of the Season," includes the best and most popular dance music of the day.

Rest in the Beloved. F. 4. (F to B.) Gotthold Carlberg . .60

Dedicated to Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. The song is worthy the poem, which in the original is familiar to many,—*Ruhe in der Geliebten*, by Freiligrath. The translation given is by Howard Glover, and is generally well adapted to the music and quite literal; we object even to literalness, however, if one must have

"Upon my knees thus at thy feet
In *streamy rapture* let me rest;"

preferring the graceful version by Barkerfield, —

"Here at thy feet, oh let me lie
In dreamy joy, serene and blessed."

If it requires genius to write a poem, it certainly requires it to translate one.

The music is for a soprano, especially; but by omitting all the small notes, it is within a moderate mezzo compass, — movement, *andante*. Accompaniment not difficult, though requiring care.

Good Night. C. 3. (E to E.) O. B. Boise 40

A little German song with English and German words. Number two is a collection of popular and classical songs of all nations. Requires some care in practice especially in the first reading; but thoroughly learned and well sung, would be pleasing.

Then. D♭. (D♭ to G♭.) 4. Wm. K. Bassford 50

Words by Henry C. Watson, of the "Art Journal." When we read that

"The glad heart throws upwards thro' those eyes
That roseate tint which shim'ring land and sea,
Makes all things blest and beautiful and bright,"

We are involuntarily reminded of those who "tarry long at the wine and have redness of eyes." We suppose, however, the author means in a delicate and poetical way to describe the process known as "looking through rose-colored glasses." The air and the words will please a great many, if sung and played with taste and feeling.

[NOTE TO MUSICAL PEOPLE. — Any piece of music named in the above Music Review will be mailed to any address, free of postage *both ways*, on receipt of the retail price at this office.]

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Country Real Estate Wanted

We cordially invite your attention to the following description of our manner of doing business, and the opinions of a few of those for whom and to whom we have sold Real Estate, to whom we refer.

We make the sale of Country Real Estate our whole business, and when an estate is placed in our hands at a fair valuation, we continue our endeavors to effect a sale, whatever time and expense may be required, until a customer is found.

Our extensive advertising in the principal New England and New York papers, together with our own publication, "COUNTRY HOMES," an elegant 60 page book, finely illustrated, bringing multitudes of people to our office from all parts of the country, and our large force of practical experienced assistants, gives us unsurpassed facilities for the quick disposal of Real Estate.

Our terms give universal satisfaction, and will be made known upon application. Should you decide to place your property in our hands for sale, please inform us of the fact, and we will examine your property, at our expense, and give you our opinion of the prospects of a sale at your price.

Should you then decide not to place the property in our hands for sale, there will be no charge made.

When practicable we will photograph your buildings at our expense.

What the Press say of us.

"The New England Farm Agency is the only real estate house in New England that makes the sale of country property their whole business. We commend Mr. Chapin to our readers."—*New England Farmer.*

"Geo. H. Chapin is one of the most reliable Real Estate Agents—established in 1849."—*Boston Evening Traveller.*

Geo. H. Chapin's sales are very extensive."—*New York Tribune.*

Geo. H. Chapin is doing a large business. He has negotiated the sale of *fourteen* farms in this vicinity during the past season."—*North Bridgewater Gazette.*

"Mr. Chapin is one of our best known and most successful real estate agents.—*Boston Daily Globe, April*, 1873.

From the New England Farmer.

"CHAPIN'S FARM AGENCY.—We clip the following from the Daily News, Rev. Dr. Marvin's paper, concerning Geo. H. Chapin, whose name is as familiar to our farmers as household words: —

Does Advertising Pay?—Among the business men of Boston who have thoroughly tested the benefit of judicious and persistent advertising, Geo. H. Chapin, Esq., is one of the most successful. He has advertised more extensively than any other real estate agent in New England. He publishes an elegant octavo monthly, ranging from forty-eight to eighty-four pages, which has an immense circulation. We now have the February number of the fifth volume before us, and it is the most tasty real estate publication that we have ever seen. It is distributed gratuitously, and at the present cost of paper and printing it is a mystery to us how Mr. Chapin can furnish such an elaborate affair to his customers free of expense; but that his advertising does pay him a thousand-fold is proved by the fact that he has accumulated a fortune. We notice that the New York Tribune, the Boston Traveller and the press generally speak in very high terms of Geo. H. Chapin, of the New England Farm Agency."

We heartily commend Mr. Chapin to our readers.—*New England Farmer, Feb.*, 1871.

NOT A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. Chapin is one of the best established Real Estate Agents in Boston. His father established the business over twenty years ago. Any of our readers having business transactions with Mr. Chapin, will receive honorable and courteous treatment.—*Boston Courier.*

WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY OF US.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"The following letter which we have received f Thos. H. Rhoades, a well-known farmer of Lexing tells its own story: —

LEXINGTON, Feb. 18, 187

Editor Ploughman,—Dear Sir: — Geo. H Ch took my place for sale about three months ago, has this day closed a trade for the same, with Mes Smith, Merrill & Co., of Boston, to my full satis tion. If any of my brother farmers wish to sell t property, by all means employ Mr. Chapin. He just sold the Stewart Farm in my neighborhood about $8,000), and no other Real Estate Agent is ployed in this region to my knowledge.

Your ob't servant,

THOMAS H. RHOADES

From K. A. Shaw, Esq., Concord, Mass., wh Farm we sold for $12,000.

Geo. H. Chapin,—Dear Sir: — I want to express satisfaction, at the promptness and the manner which you have disposed of my farm. From care observation and inquiry I was satisfied before sold my farm, that *you disposed of more farms t all the other real estate agents in Boston, combin* Wishing you continued success,

I am truly yours,

K. A. SHAW

From Capt. Couchman, Charlton, Mass.

I bought an excellent little farm of Geo. H. Chap the Farm Agent, for $1,400. But finding that a fa was too much care for me, as I am getting along years, I concluded to sell, and put my place into Chapin's hands for sale at $2,000. Three weeks a he sold the farm for $2,000 with no trouble to me.

If I wanted to buy or sell a farm again I should to Mr. Chapin.

J. C. COUCHMAN

From Mrs. Loker, Lincoln, Mass.

MR. CHAPIN,—Dear Sir: — I am glad to info you that Mr. Drake, your customer from New Yo has bought my farm for Ten Thousand Doll ($10,000). We are surprised that you should ha sold it so quickly after it was placed in your han I hope you will continue so successful.

Very respectfully,

LUCY LOKER

LINCOLN, April 2, 1859.

From Damon Nichols, Charlton, Mass.

"Geo. H. Chapin, Esq.,—Dear Sir: — I have clos the bargain with your customer, Mr. Newton, $4,600. This is the sixth farm you have sold h within the past sixty days, and neither of them h been in your hands for three months. We are s prised and highly delighted at so soon disposing our farms.

Yours very truly,

DAMON NICHOLS.

From R. P. Orcutt, Concord, Mass.

A Vermont gentleman, to whom we sold a farm Concord for $10,500, writes as follows: —

"Geo. H. Chapin, Esq.,—Dear Sir: — We have come fully settled on the farm, and I want to info you that it proves much better than you describ We would not take $15,000 for the place to-day. Y may expect a large number of our Vermont friends your office this winter, for Massachusetts is the pl in which to farm.

Yours truly,

R. P. ORCUTT

From Jas. Thompson, Esq., the well-known sto breeder, to whom we sold a $20,000 *farm.*

"Geo. H. Chapin, Esq.,—Dear Sir: — Having s ceeded in purchasing one of the finest farms for sto raising in the State through your agency, I feel great pleasure to acknowledge the kindness and inf mation you offered me while in pursuit of it, an heartily enjoin upon all who desire to sell or purch real estate to apply to you for assistance.

Yours truly,

JAMES THOMPSON

Nov. 11, 1869.

Now, if you think of selling your pla just come in and talk the matter over with

Very Respectfully,

GEO. H. CHAPIN,

Up One Flight. (24 TREMONT ROW, BOST

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[PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.]

OLD AND NEW

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD E. HALE.

Is now completing its Eighth Volume and Fourth year; and now enjoys an establis reputation for Brilliancy, Interest, Courage, Good Sense and Ability.

In future, it will continue to supply better and better reading for both Amusement Instruction. It therefore suits three classes of our citizens particularly, viz: —

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The best existing combination of Brilliant Light Reading, Entertaining Instruction, Fearless and Disinterested Discussions of Living Topics. For instance, we are to have a of short stories by Mr. Hale, the best writer of short stories on this continent; some lightful papers on practical art subjects by Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, the accomplished writer and favorite pupil of Ruskin; papers on such topics as the Railroad Freight questi the Farmers' Association and Secret Society question, the Currency question, besides Nov Essays, Natural History, etc., etc.

Also, the best accounts of New Publications and New Music, on the principle of tell what they are, so as to show whether you want them or not.

Also, to furnish, free of postage both ways, books or music for the convenience of subscribers, — or anybody else — who sends us the retail price.

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Also, Our Premiums, viz., First: A number of our greatly liked Chromoli "Confidence," which shall be given out "first come first served," to subscribers paying $ in advance at this office, as long as they last (viz. the Chromoliths).

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